

STANDARD WAGES THOUGHT TOO LOW

Company Blamed for Strike by
Federal Investigators.

PAY LESS THAN COMFORTABLE LIVING

Settled Policy Toward Employees Is
Criticized—Laws Against Child-
Labor Strongly Opposed.

Chicago.—The report of George P. West and C. T. Cheney, who investigated the July, 1915, strike of the Standard Oil Company employees at Bayonne, N. J., for the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, was made public by Frank P. Walsh, chairman of the commission. The report said, in part, after stating that the strike was against the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey:

"The company is the most important of the Standard Oil group and this group is the principal contributor to the wealth, prestige and power of the largest estate in the country, if not in the world, that of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and his immediate family. The facts regarding the company's labor policies must, therefore, be regarded as of special significance because of the tremendous power wielded by the group of men who control this industry and because of their announced intention to enter the field of industrial relations with a view to widening their influence and activity, propagating what they deem to be the proper theories and principles that should govern the relations between employer and employee."

The following findings of fact are to be considered in the light of the foregoing:

"The Standard Oil company, of New Jersey, although conducting an enormously profitable enterprise, pays wages too low to maintain a family on a comfortable, healthful basis."

"It fixes wages, not with relation to the earnings of the company, but by taking into consideration wages paid by other companies in the same locality and then fixing the wage as low or lower than the prevailing wage in that locality. In Bayonne it paid common laborers less than those of two companies whose plants adjoin its refineries. This is in direct contradiction to the claims of the company in a statement issued at 26 Broadway that it has always paid the prevailing wage or better. The statement of the general manager of the company that the interests of other companies in the same locality are considered in the fixing of wages constitutes in effect an admission that the company combines with the poorest and least generous employers to fix the wage rate."

"The company has instituted no machinery by which real or fancied grievances may be peacefully and promptly adjusted. The officials say that any man has access to the general superintendent, but the employees allege that they would be discharged before reaching the office."

"General Manager Gifford is not a believer in child-labor legislation, and on the other hand, thinks the children should be allowed to go to work earlier. He and Mr. Hennessy apparently have little respect for the foreign-born men whose labor produces the company's earnings and are proponents of the extremely individualistic and reactionary industrial theories discarded by enlightened employers and by economists many years ago."

"The report then recited that the company employed a detective agency of New York City to furnish guards and strikebreakers. It quoted the attorney for the agency as referring to these men as 'a lot of thugs.' The investigators added: 'Their appearance amply justified his use of the term.'

"The strike was broken by Sheriff Eugene Kinkhead," the report stated, "who first overawed and disorganized the strikers by assaulting and arresting one of their leaders and then strengthened his control over them by promising to use his influence to obtain an increase in wages and by arresting 30 of the armed guards."

Cancer Foe Discovered.
New York.—The Rockefeller institution announced through the Academy of Science at Washington a discovery by two of its investigators whereby immunity from cancer, it is hoped, may be obtained. The investigation was conducted over a period of two years. The doctors discovered that in the white lymph cells of the blood there are the necessary factors in making animals immune from cancer. A decided increase of the cells gives absolute immunity, the physicians declare they ascertained.

Soil Studied in Prison.
Martinez, Cal.—Henry Kuckel returned to his home here Monday on parole from San Quentin penitentiary, where he served one and a half years of a seven-year sentence for forgery, to accept a position as soil expert in California for an agricultural implement concern. Kuckel occupied his time in prison by taking a correspondence course in agriculture from the University of California, in which he won three degrees.

St. Louis Strike Ended.
St. Louis.—The strike of 1500 transfer company teamsters and chauffeurs which began here last Friday has been settled. A general wage increase of 50 cents a week, a reduction of about one hour in the working day and better working conditions are granted the men.

OREGON STATE NEWS

How Dairymen Succeed.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis.—Successful dairymen are those who produce the largest amount of milk and butter at the lowest cost possible. Large and cheap production depends on the use of cows that have inherited the function of producing large amounts of milk, and supplying them with economical nutrients. Inherited productivity is determined by test applied to ancestors and to the individual cow, and economical feeding calls for food in such forms and amounts as will enable the cow to exercise her inherited ability to its full extent without drawing upon her own body for milk material.

From the foregoing, taken from Professor Graves' bulletin on feeding the dairy cow, it is seen that profitable dairying is rapidly being reduced to an exact science, and that it will be profitable just to the degree that it is conducted on scientific lines. System in breeding and feeding, and the right system at that, is requisite to steady consistent success. Hap-hazard methods of selecting the dairy cows and maintaining the dairy herd may occasionally win when conditions are favorable, but assured success only awaits those who enter systematically upon the work of securing real dairy cows for the dairy and then feeding them in such a way that their bodies will be maintained and their milk flow kept at the maximum for the amount of feed consumed with the least waste and at the least cost.

Of course, the handling and marketing of the milk and dairy products are parts of this system, but that is another story. Those who are interested in proper methods of feeding may get a copy of the bulletin, "Feeding the Dairy Cow," prepared by Professor Graves and issued by the college extension division, Corvallis, Oregon.

\$600,000 Plant to Rise.

Medford.—Two industrial projects, vital to the future economic and agricultural prosperity of the Rogue River valley, are assured: The beet sugar factory promoted by the Western Sugar company, backed by Mormon capitalists, and the Portland Beaver Cement plant at Gold Hill.

Both projects represent an outlay of more than \$1,000,000. A \$600,000 factory will be built in the Rogue River valley in time to handle the 1916 crop.

The Portland Beaver Cement plant at Gold Hill has issued a call for its superintendents, foremen and employees to report for work at once. The plant, which has been in course of construction for the last 18 months, is now 85 per cent completed and practically all of the machinery has been received and installed. The analysis of rock near Gold Hill shows one of the finest deposits of cement material in the West.

Tests made by the beet sugar expert of seed planted in the valley this year shows a high degree of saccharine and size and productivity. On some land sowed to beets the crop is estimated at from 20 to 24 tons to the acre. The beets have not yet reached the height of their development.

In the best sugar beet districts of the Rocky Mountain states, the average tonnage is from 15 to 20 tons to the acre. The bottom land is highly adapted for the growth of beets. Mr. Bramwell will arrive in Medford soon and with the sugar interest expert A. Storey will pass a month inspecting conditions here.

Too Few Sign Petitions.

Marshfield.—The movement for bonding Coos county for \$370,000 to construct "permanent" roads met a rebuff when the petitions were circulated for two days and, instead of the required 1000, less than 500 signed them. The campaign was opened as a plank road proposal, but the plan was criticised. The petitions were drawn by District Attorney Liljeqvist, and the promoters stated the word "permanent" would be construed as hard surface when the court would finally pass upon the term. It is planned to obtain another 500 names and ask the County court to grant a special election.

Sewer Plans Approved.

Forest Grove.—Plans, specifications and estimates for the construction of sanitary sewers in the city have been completed by Consulting Engineer E. E. Koon, of Portland, and A. A. Kirkwood, city engineer, and approved by the city council and state board of health. The final date for remonstrance has been set as August 24. The work will consist of about 14 miles of pipe sewers and a disposal plant. The estimated cost is \$90,500. The entire plant will be constructed in one district.

Woman Runs for Office.

Roseburg.—Mrs. F. E. Alley, wife of a former Roseburg land attorney and prominent horseman, has announced her candidacy for the office of city treasurer. Miss Agnes Pitchford, incumbent of the office has declined to accept another term. After August 1 she will pass her entire time looking after other interest in this section.

MRS. CHARLES REID RILEY



Miss Minnie Conrad, daughter of the late William G. Conrad, a Montana copper magnate, was married recently to Charles Reid Riley, who owns a large farm in Clark county, Virginia, near the Conrad home. Mrs. Riley and her sister inherited \$3,000,000.

MEXICAN FORCES CROSS RIVER AND ATTACK AMERICAN TROOPS

Brownsville, Tex.—About 100 Mexicans, under cover of darkness, Tuesday night forded the Rio Grande near Mercedes, about 30 miles up the river from here, and partly surrounded 21 men of the 21st United States cavalry. They killed one trooper and wounded two. For a time it was reported that the Mexicans had crossed the river, but at midnight all had disappeared. Soldiers and possees are searching the brush for them.

The battle at the crossings was short but sharp. The troopers are unable to say whether the main body of Mexicans crossed to attack them or whether the crossing was a cloak to cover crossings at other nearby river points.

In addition to darkness, the Mexicans had the cover of thick brush and bends of the river. During the height of the fighting the soldiers said many shots were fired from the Mexican bank opposite their camp. This camp was near Progreso, an excellent ford, where man and horse could cross with ease at a gallop, and where for two days cavalrymen and rangers have been watching the gatherings of Mexicans in considerable numbers. A Mexican at this point fired on the soldiers but hit no one.

Ranger Lieutenant Reynan in an early report said he understood 270 Mexicans had crossed and that they were coming to attack Mercedes.

The report from Ranger Reynan said that the Mexicans had crossed the river in three bands. Mercedes, according to details of troops in that region, should have available 70 United States cavalrymen and half a dozen rangers for protection, besides vigilantes who have been organized in force there.

Reynan said it was reported that in addition to the Mexicans who had crossed the river, a large number of others were lined up on the Mexican side. Reinforcements of rangers and soldiers from Harlingen were hurriedly ordered to Mercedes by automobile. Harlingen is about 15 miles from Mercedes. Mexicans who crossed the river would have seven or eight miles to cover before they reached Mercedes. Reinforcements to Mercedes should reach there ahead of the Mexicans, according to officers at Brownsville.

Russians Resist Bitterly.

Rotterdam, via London.—No point is yielded by the Russians to the advancing Germans until the railroad bridges and everything else of military value has been destroyed, according to German reports received here. The Cologne Gazette admits the difficulties confronting the invaders and says: "The great area west of the Vistula is covered by ceaseless processions of wagons bringing up supplies. An incredible amount of work has to be done. Only by herculean exertions have we been able to carry supplies over the Vistula."

Russia Courts America.

Milan, Italy, via Paris.—A long dispatch from Petrograd outlining the situation in Russia, which gives the impression of being inspired by Sergius Sazanoff, Russian foreign minister, is published by the Corriere Della Sera. The article says in conclusion: "The proposal for a Russian-Japanese alliance finds no opposition on condition that it be not aggressive against China and even less so against America, whose friendship is necessary to Russia."

Wilson Studies Union Pay.

Washington, D. C.—Demands of machinists at the Washington navy yard for increased pay were taken up by President Wilson in a conference with a committee representing the workmen.

The president promised to discuss their demands as soon as possible with Secretary Daniels. N. P. Allfas, president of the local branch of the machinists' union, said the delegation was much encouraged by the president's attitude.

Foodstuffs Price Trouble.

Paris.—A dispatch from Bucharest says that Austrian and German agents at points along the Roumanian frontier are paying three times the normal price for wheat, corn, hay, flax, peas and beans exported from that country. This is the result of heavy export tax.

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XXVI.

—18—
Congratulations.

The Duc de Tremont saw what splendid stuff the captain in the Cavalry was made of by the young man's quick convalescence. Sabron could not understand why Robert lingered after the departure of the Marquise d'Esclignac, the Comtesse de la Maine and Miss Redmond. The presence of the young man would have been agreeable if it had not been for his jealousy and his unhappiness.

They played piquet together. Sabron, in his right mind, thinner and paler, nevertheless very much of a man, now smoked his cigarettes and ate his three meals a day. He took a walk every day and was quite fit to leave the Orient. Tremont said: "I think, Sabron, that we can call this week."

Sabron looked at him questioningly. "You are going, then, too—?" "Of course," said the young nobleman heartily. "We are going together. You know I am going to take you back in my yacht."

Sabron hesitated and then said: "No, mon vieux, if you will excuse me I think I shall remain faithful to the old line of travel. I have an idea that I am not in yachting trim."

Tremont was not too dull to have noticed his friend's change of attitude toward him. He smoked for a few moments and then said:

"When we get back to Paris I want to have the pleasure of introducing you to my fiancée."

Sabron dropped his cards. "Introducing me!" he repeated. Then putting out his hand, said cordially: "I knew you were to be felicitated, old fellow."

Tremont shook his hand warmly. "Yes, and the lady is very anxious to know you. It is Madame de la Maine."

A very warm color flushed the cheeks of the invalid. He remembered all he had heard and all he had known. He congratulated his friend with sincere warmth, and after a few moments said:

"If you really want me to go back with you on the yacht, old chap—"

"I really do," said Tremont solemnly. "You see, when we came on the boat we scarcely hoped to be so fortunate as to bring back the distinguished captain."

Sabron smiled.

"But you have not told me yet," he said, "why you came down."

"No," said Tremont, "that is true. Well, it will make a story for the sea."

CHAPTER XXVII.

—19—
Valor in Retrospect.

In the month of May, when the chestnuts bloom in the green dells, where the delicate young foliage holds the light as in golden cups, a young man walked through one of the small allees of the Bois at the fashionable noon hour, a little reddish dog trotting at his heels. The young man walked with an imperceptible limp. He was thin, as men are who have lived hard and who have overcome tremendous obstacles. He was tanned as men are browned who have come from eastern and extreme southern countries.

The little dog had also an imperceptible limp occasioned by a bicycle running over him when he was a puppy.

The two companions seemed immensely to enjoy the spring day. Sabron every now and then stood for a few moments looking at the gay passers-by, pedestrians and equestrians, enjoying to the full the repose of civilization, the beauty of his own land.

Pitchoune looked with indifference upon the many dogs. He did not stir from his master's side. When Sabron was quiet, the little animal stood at attention; he was a soldier's dog. He could have told dog stories to those insignificant worldly dogs—could have told of really thrilling adventures. His brown eyes were pathetic with their appeal of affection as they looked up at his beloved master. He had a fund of experience such as the poodles and the terriers led by their owners could not understand. Therefore Pitchoune was indifferent to them. Not one of those petted, ridiculous house dogs could have run for miles in the dark across an African desert, could have found Beni Medinet and fetched relief to his master. Pitchoune was proud of it. He was very well satisfied with his career. He was still young; other deeds of valor perhaps lay before him—who can tell? At any rate he had been shown about at the ministry of war, been very much admired, and he was a proud animal.

When Sabron spoke to him he leaped upon him and wagged his tail. After a few moments, as the two stood near the exit of an allee leading to one of the grand avenues, Pitchoune slowly went in front of his master and toward two ladies sitting on a bench in the gentle warmth of the May sun-

light. Pitchoune, moved from his usual indifference, gave a short bark, walked up to the ladies, and began to sniff about their feet. The younger lady exclaimed, and then Sabron, lifting his hat, came forward, the crimson color beating in his dark tanned cheeks.

The Marquise d'Esclignac held out both hands to the officer:

"It's nearly noon," she said, "and you don't forget that you have promised to lunch with us, do you, Monsieur le Capitaine?"

Sabron, bending over her hand, assured her that he had not forgotten. Then his eyes traveled to her companion. Miss Redmond wore a very simple dress, as was her fashion, but the young officer from Africa, who had not seen her near by until now and who had only caught a glimpse of her across the opera house, thought that he had never seen such a beautiful dress in all his life. It was made of soft gray cloth and fitted her closely, and in the lapel of her mannish little buttonhole she wore a few Parma violets. He recognized them. They had come from a bunch that he had sent her the night before. He kissed her hand, and they stood talking together, the three of them, for a few moments, Pitchoune stationing himself as a sentinel by Miss Redmond's side.

The Marquise d'Esclignac rose. The young girl rose as well, and they walked on together.

"Mes enfants," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, "don't go with your usual rush, Julia. Remember that Monsieur de Sabron is not as strong as Hercules yet. I will follow you with Pitchoune."

But she spoke without knowledge of the dog. Now feeling that some unwonted happiness had suddenly burst upon the horizon that he knew, Pitchoune seemed suddenly seized with a rollicking spirit such as had been his characteristic some years ago. He tore like mad down the path in front of Sabron and Miss Redmond. He whirled around like a dervish, he dashed across the road in front of automobiles, dashed back again, springing upon his master and whining at the girl's feet.

"See," said Sabron, "how happy he is."

"I should think he would be happy. He must have a knowledge of what an important animal he is. Just think! If he were a man they would give him a decoration."

And the two walked tranquilly side by side.

Pitchoune ran to the side of the road, disappeared into a little forest all shot through with light. He came back, bringing the remains of an old rubber ball lost there by some other dog, and laid it triumphantly in front of Miss Redmond.

"See," said Sabron, "he brings you his trophies."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

—20—
Happiness.

Le Comte de Sabron finished his dressing.

Brunet surveyed his master from the tip of his shining boots to his sleek, fair head. His expressive eyes said: "Monsieur le Capitaine is looking well tonight."

Brunet had never before given his master a direct compliment. His eyes only had the habit of expressing admiration, and the manner in which he performed his duties, his devotion, were his forms of compliment. But Sabron's long illness and absence, the fact that he had been snatched from death and given back to the army again, leveled between servant and master the impassable wall of etiquette.

"There will be a grand dinner tonight, will there not, Monsieur le Capitaine? Doubtless Monsieur le Colonel and all the gentlemen will be there." Brunet made a comprehensive gesture as though he comprised the entire etat major.

Sabron, indeed, looked well. He was thin, deeply bronzed by the exposure on the yacht, for he and Tremont before returning to France had made a long cruise. Sabron wore the look of a man who has come back from a far country and is content.

"And never shall I forget to the end of my days how Monsieur le Capitaine looked when I met the yacht at Marseilles!"

Brunet spoke reverently, as though he were chronicling sacred souvenirs. "I said to myself, you are about to welcome back a hero, Brunet! Monsieur le Capitaine will be as weak as a child. But I was determined that Monsieur le Capitaine should not read my feelings, however great my emotion."

Sabron smiled. At no time in his simple life did Brunet ever conceal the most trifling emotion—his simple face revealed all his simple thoughts. Sabron said heartily: "Your control was very fine, indeed."

"Instead of seeing a sick man, Monsieur le Capitaine, a splendid-looking figure, with red cheeks and bright

eyes, came off the boat to the shore. I said to myself: 'Brunet, he has the air of one who comes back from a victory.' No one would have ever believed that Monsieur le Capitaine had been rescued from captivity."

Brunet's curiosity was very strong and as far as his master was concerned he had been obliged to crush it down. To himself he was saying: "Monsieur le Capitaine is on the eve of some great event. When will he announce it to me? I am sure my master is going to be married."

Pitchoune, from a chair near by, assisted at his master's toilet, one moment holding the razor-strop between his teeth, then taking the clothes brush in his little grip. He was saying to himself: "I hope in the name of rats and cats my master is not going out without me!"

Brunet was engaged to be married to the kitchen maid of the Marquise d'Esclignac. Ordonnances and scullions are not able to arrange their matrimonial affairs so easily as are the upper classes.

"Monsieur le Capitaine," said the servant, his simple face raised to his master's, "I am going to be married."

Sabron wheeled around: "Mon brave Brunet, when?"

Brunet grinned sheepishly. "In five years, Monsieur le Capitaine," at which the superior officer laughed heartily.

"Is she an infant, are you educating her?"

"When one is the eldest of a widow," said Brunet with a sigh, "and the eldest of ten children—"

The clock struck the quarter. Sabron knew the story of the widow and ten children by heart.

"Is she the tax at the door?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Capitaine."

Pitchoune gave a sharp bark. "You are not invited," said his master cruelly, and went gayly out, his sword hitting against the stairs.

The Marquise d'Esclignac gave a brilliant little dinner to the colonel of Sabron's squadron. There were present a general or two, several men of distinction, and among the guests were the Duc de Tremont and Madame de la Maine. Sabron, when he found himself at table, looked at everything as though in a dream. Julia Redmond sat opposite him. He had sent her flowers and she wore them in her bodice. Madame de la Maine bent upon the young officer benignant eyes, the Duc de Tremont glanced at him affectionately, but Sabron was only conscious that Julia's eyes did not meet his at all.

They talked of Sabron's captivity, of the engagement in Africa, of what the army was doing, would not do, or might do, and the fact that the Duc de Tremont was to receive the decoration of the Legion of Honor in July. Tremont toasted Sabron and the young officer rose to respond with flushing face. He looked affectionately at his friend who had brought him from death into life. The moment was intense, and the Marquise d'Esclignac lifted her glass:

"Now, gentlemen, you must drink to the health of Pitchoune."

There was a murmur of laughter, Madame de la Maine turned to Sabron:

"I have had a collar made for Pitchoune; it is of African leather set with real turquoise."

Sabron bowed: "Pitchoune will be perfectly enchanted, Madame; he will wear it at your wedding."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GREAT NEED TO STOP WASTE

Lesson That Should Be Impressed on America by the Frightful War in Europe.

Waste is the crime of today, and it is especially the great crime of this awful war; waste in human life, in hope, in love, and in the common savings of us all. Millions of dollars' worth of the savings of the people of this earth, all of them our brothers and our sisters, are daily burned up, exploded, and wasted in the madness of the nations; and even that is a trifle when we compare it to the great human value of the lives that are lost. It will not make any people rich; and we Americans, rarely fortunate in not being involved in the awful strife, shall find our part of the burden to bear. Some time the war will be over, and then waste must stop; it must stop if we are to advance in humanity and civilization over and beyond the yawning gap made by the lust of blood, pride of race, and the vanity of kings. The war has been in progress but a little while and already the cost of it is being borrowed from future generations; extra hard labor and sweat must come from infants now at their mothers' breasts, to make good this debauch of blood and fire. And in the very measure that we waste is the sentence at hard labor upon the rising generation prolonged. We cannot get out of it by being American; the debt is upon us, in unequal measure it is true, but the debt, the obligation to make up the losses, is upon us all.—Atlantic.

Responsibility and Prayer.

"We learn on unimpeachable authority that Lord Fisher, first sea lord at the admiralty, makes a habit of going to a certain church practically every day for prayer and meditation before beginning his responsible duties," says the Church Family Newspaper; "we understand also that Lord Kitchener follows out a similar rule whenever he is in London."—London Globe.