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FOUR WOMEN STRIKERS

By M. QUAD

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After due mature deliberation Mrs. Henry Skaggs sent her son, Sammy, with three written notes to three wives in the neighborhood—Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. White and Mrs. Davis. They were asked to call at her house at 2 o'clock in the afternoon to help bring about a social revolution for the benefit of the female sex all over the world.

When the hour arrived the three women also arrived. They were very busy women, but anything that promised to benefit the sex aroused their sense of duty.

"What I have to say is this," began Mrs. Skaggs as she took the floor and cleared her voice. "The men are on a strike east, west, north and south. Some are striking for higher wages, but most of them want eight hours' work a day. Their claim is that no man can work more than eight hours a day and do his best and great numbers of them are completely tired out when the eight hours have expired."

"Have they given a thought to us women amid all this turmoil and confusion? Not a thought—not even one. We arise at 6 o'clock in the morning and are through with our housework about 9 in the evening. That makes fifteen hours' work for us, and most of the time we are on our feet. Poor man! He can't work more than eight hours a day without being tuckered out, and he thinks we can work fifteen without having the least cause for complaint. So it has always been and always will be unless we go at it and raise a revolution."

"Let us raise one!" was shouted in chorus.

"That's what I wanted to see you about, and I'm so glad you agree with me. We shall raise a revolution. We will raise it right here and now! From this village it will spread all over the known world, and if our sex in Eskimo land as well as at home do not bless us they deserve to be slaves forever."

So thought Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Davis and Mrs. White, and the four women then and there entered into a conspiracy and perfected the details. Each one pledged herself to die rather than surrender, and each went home with a grim look on her face.

What befell Mrs. Skaggs befell the others. When her husband came home that evening she met him with a query:

"Henry, you are on a strike for eight hours a day?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply.

"Well, I want to say to you that, beginning Wednesday morning, I shall go on a strike myself. If you feel that you can't work more than eight hours a day I feel that I can't either. I work almost double that now and have worked so ever since we were married, and it's no wonder I look like an old woman at my age of thirty-eight. Have you any reasons to advance why I should not strike?"

"Not a single reason," he replied when she expected him to advance a dozen or more. "Your work is hard and long, and if you can manage to

make it easier I shall do all I can to encourage you."

Mrs. Skaggs was much surprised and put out by the attitude of her husband, but she was grimly determined to carry out the conspiracy. When Wednesday morning came she said to her husband across the breakfast table:

"Henry, this is the day."

"Yes, this is the day," he quietly replied.

"But you will be home to lunch, as usual. But after that is cleared away the strike begins."

Soon after 2 o'clock and just as Mrs. Skaggs was getting interested in a book Mrs. Jinks, a colored woman of very ample proportions, entered the house. She was chasing the three Skaggs children before her, and as she took off her hat and made herself at home she said to their mother:

"Those children need to have dar ears cuffed, an' I'll tackle dat fust."

"And who on earth are you?" demanded the surprised Mrs. Skaggs as she closed her book and stood up.

"Why, I's Mrs. Jinks, of co'se," was the reply.

"But I didn't send for you."

"Of co'se not, but your husband cum fur me an' said I was to be de second relief. I cum on at 2 o'clock an' leaves at 10. Dat makes my eight hours, an' durin' my time here don't you have too much to say about things. I knows all about runnin' a house an' don't need no bossin'."

"Now, then, Mrs. Jinks, or whatever your name is, you take yourself right out of here or I'll have a constable take you. You are not wanted here, and it's singular that my husband sent you."

"But you is all tired out wid your work an' am strikin' fur eight hours," was the reply.

"And I'll be striking you if you don't move on. When it is time to get supper for my husband I shall do so."

When Mr. Skaggs came home he found a better supper than usual prepared for him, and his wife had slicked up a little in matters of dress. All he said as he took his accustomed seat was:

"I see, dear, that you have won your strike, and I am glad of it."

Mrs. Skaggs looked at him indignantly and reproachfully and made no reply. She had gone back to fifteen hours a day.

Little Surprises.

"Mister, here's them five tons of coal you ordered this morning."

"No, sir, this isn't the real, genuine olive oil. That's the reason we sell it so cheap."

"You don't need to waste any sympathy on me, old peg. I am satisfied with my job, my boss and my wages."

"Gentlemen, the conductor is asking us to move forward in the car. Come on; there's plenty of room."

"Young man, we find that we have not been paying you enough, so we'll increase your salary \$10 a week, beginning today."—Portland Express.

His Inheritance.

Askitt—Did young Dodge inherit anything from his father? Noit—Yes, I believe he inherited the old man's desire to avoid work.—Exchange.

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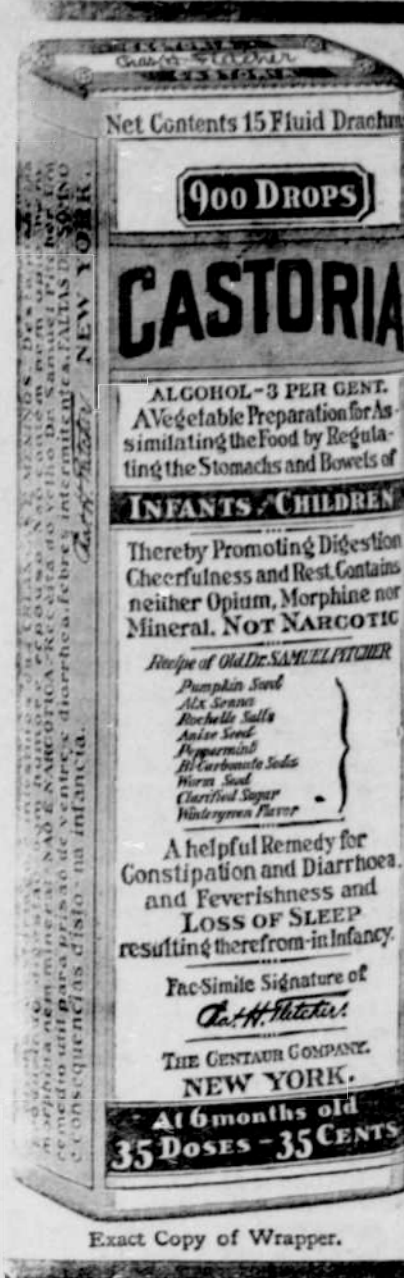
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STAYTON ORE.

AVERTING A STRIKE

The railroad strike will not occur; the Nation has narrowly escaped the disaster of a great domestic convulsion when on the verge of war.

The public will not begrudge the brotherhood the grant of an eight-hour basic day. There will be less unanimity about the grant of higher wages, although it will be agreed that the trainmen ought to be well paid. There will be still less approval of the method by which the result has been reached.

Yet the question of hours and wages become almost negligible in view of the matters of "nearer consequences and greater moment" involved in the controversy. The welfare of the Nation has been in the balances.

The trainmen have set for all other workers the bad precedent of rejecting arbitration as a means of settling labor dispute. Last summer they staged their demands for higher wages and fewer hours during the critical hours of a presidential campaign and now they have shown how advantages may be taken, by any important group of men, of a grave international situation. The men gave public assurance of their patriotism, indeed said they would not strike in case of war. But they certainly intend to strike when we are

practically in a state of war. We believe in their patriotism, but we are forced to believe also in their determination to capitalize for their benefit in an ominous hour the patriotism of others.

It has been a trying and alarming experience for the country. It may be worth all it has cost. There is such a thing as preparedness to avert a strike through legislation which will conserve fully the interest of employers, workers and the public just as there is such a thing as preparedness for war.

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