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### THE STRIKE OF THE STEVEDORES

**WE** HAVE a stevedores' strike. We have had it a long time. It is not the purpose here to seek to interfere, or to advise, or to criticize, or to fix blame, or to find fault, but only to make an observation or two.

A stevedore sometimes, by a streak of fortune, or by exceeding ability, or by extraordinary frugality, becomes a great employer. Other workers, like loggers, for instance, once in a long while by similar processes become captains of industry.

This type of employer, remembering his former condition, and hardened by the processes of his advance, and made mercenary by his accumulations, usually expects all labor to be as he was, to endure the trials through which he passed and to accept the standards of living he was compelled to accept. Because he succeeded on a small wage and at excessively hard tasks, he insists that all workers can so succeed, and that long hours and low wages should be the portion of all workers.

It is life. It is human nature. Perhaps we should be patient with it. But we are compelled to question it. We are compelled to question it for the sake of the captain of labor himself. He hurts himself when he insists on degrading workers. Every employer harms himself when he insists on degrading workers by forcing a low wage and long hours upon them.

Thus, employers who so insist may be unconsciously providing the standards for degrading their own children hereafter. Fate is fickle. The whirligig of time is a reckless shifter of scenes and situations. The employer of today may be a wage-earner tomorrow. The petted child of fortune today may be a horny-handed toiler tomorrow. Nobody knows what is in store for either employer or employe, for man or child.

We cannot afford to degrade workers. It is dehumanizing to pay inadequate wages and exact over-long hours. It is destructive of the republic. It is unpreparedness. To sap the life and material substance out of workers undermines prosperity. When wages are good, trade is active, because workers have something with which to buy. Economically, it is sound policy for workers to have a good living in keeping with the requirements of self government, with a liberal school system and free institutions.

Labor is not a commodity. It used to be so regarded. Many employes so treat it now. They class it with raw material. They bring it over from Europe in pauper form so as to get it cheap. They fill American factories with it for the sole purpose of getting it cheap. They import it just as they import raw silk, or Japanese hardwood or other raw materials.

The practice is not only a moral and economic mistake, but it is against the law of the land. One of the measures in President Wilson's legislative program declares that "labor is not a commodity." It is the Clayton act. Speaking of that provision in his address July 4, President Wilson said:

I am sorry that there are any judges in the United States who had to be told that it is not a commodity that is the right of man to work for a living wage. It is not a commodity that is the right of man to work for a living wage. It is not a commodity that is the right of man to work for a living wage.

Were "labor a commodity" to be bought and sold like the clay for the potter or ore for the smelter, we could not boast of liberty. It would be slavery, wage slavery, a slavery as complete as that which Lincoln abolished in the Emancipation Proclamation.

Looking at all strikes squarely in the face, we must admit that it is better to counsel together than to strike, but we must also admit that a worker is worthy of his hire; that he ought not to be dehumanized by inadequate wages and extreme hours; that to degrade him is to undermine the republic; that to starve him limits selling and buying; that to do so may be harmful later to the employer or his children; that to insist that "labor is a commodity" is contrary to law and a denial of human liberty.

Often our great employers gather together in banquets, amid rich housings, surrounded by costly luxuries, to felicitate over their happy lot in life and to plan together to raise prices while keeping wages down. Often, their wealth has been acquired by securing easy and extensive possession of great natural resources in which every worker originally held an equal share in law and morals. There is no disposition to ensure them for this gathering and banqueting and consuming the good things in the fleshpots and in being happy and at ease as to things worldly.

But the point is this: You never saw or heard of a body of workers feasting and delighting on the good things amid glided surroundings where costly viands and rich wines are placed before them in prodigal profusion.

Does that not mean something? Is there not a thought here for the captain of industry to take home with him and, as he sits by his hearthstone and gazes into the eyes of his children, ask himself that tremendous question, that paramount question, that stupendous question: Is the worker not worthy of his hire?

And as he muses and gazes on the luxury, the happiness and the delightful ease of his home and its inmates, let him ask himself the final, fundamental and mighty question: But for the workers, where would employers be?

prey upon the workers out of business. It lends the workers money upon security at lower rates of interest. The stockholders are limited to 6 per cent annually. It is a cooperative enterprise in which capital accepts a legitimate return and strives for no more, and the borrowers and community get the profits.

It has proven itself well worthy of confidence and support.

Ann Morgan, sister of J. Pierpont Morgan, cables from Paris that she will come home to join with New York's "400" in opposing President Wilson and work for Mr. Hughes. Wilson took the credit and banking of the country out of the hands of Wall street and put it in the hands of the American people.

### "AND" OR "OR"

**T**HE Golden Rule is the foundation principle of all law. In it can hide no finespun technicality, nor from it none of "the law's delays" can spring. Used as a standard by which to test the acts of men it sways the balances to the mark of ultimate justice until the right always outweighs the wrong.

It is refreshing to hear a man of the standing and legal equipment of Judge Wanamaker of the supreme court of Ohio, talk so frankly and so sensibly as he did at Gladstone a few days ago. It is seldom that a judge will admit that the courts belong to the people and not to the judges and the lawyers who practice before them. It is an unusual thing to hear a member of a supreme court say that the delays of the law are due to the delays of the judge and that the law is standing still while other sciences and professions are forging ahead with advancing civilization.

Judge Wanamaker contends that the Golden Rule should be applied by the courts and that common sense principles should be followed in formulating their decisions. He says that had Rip Van Winkle been a lawyer he could have slept fifty years and then felt at home upon his awakening, because of the fact that the law has made so little advance.

Oregon has had a recent and a potent illustration of the tendency of courts to forget the application of the Golden Rule and to neglect to follow the principles of common sense in the decision of the Oregon supreme court in the White case. There the court had the whole case before it on appeal. The

occasion is thus related in the day's news of that time:

The president was introduced by Senator Chamberlain, who introduced the members of the crowd when he said:

"One of our purposes must be to do all we can to help the president see that the price of his goods is not weighted down with great responsibilities. We want peace, and we know how earnestly he is striving to bring about peace in all the world, however, can stand alone."

Robert Wyzchewicz, who is asking a New York court to change his name, any judge that would refuse to give him relief ought to be recalled.

**Letters From the People**

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on one side of the paper and be not over 300 words in length, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the contributor. We do not desire to have the name published if the contributor so states.)

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It is the only force which is interesting when it is back on their responsibilities. If they have no responsibilities, it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence, and leaves the consciousness in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

**A Woman's Appeal.**  
 AMOBA, Or., July 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—I have read several letters and editorials recently upon the subject of the Democratic party's admiration for the life and character of Abraham Lincoln, in which claims were made that the crimes committed by Democrats during the Civil war were evidence why present day Democrats should not admire or had Lincoln as a model for their conduct. I would like to stop to consider the matter they would realize this to be unreasonable. We cannot hold the present generation responsible or accountable for events which happened half a century ago. In voting I cast my ballot for a candidate regardless of party and I exercise the same privilege in my regard for those who have lived in the past. It is not a matter of party but of principle. Some of our present dissatisfied Republicans may in the future admire and commend our Democratic statesmen for striving so patiently to keep us from a civil war. And is it not far better to settle controversies leading to war by peaceful means, rather than to suffer the consequences of warfare, which include the sacrifice of thousands of human lives and millions of dollars' worth of property, to say nothing of the grief stricken homes?

The clamoring for war should join our army or allow their sons to do so. I wonder how many of the subway lawyers, J. Pierpont Morgan's counselors, the munition trust's agents and the military and naval officers, who marched in the preparedness parade in New York city, have enlisted?

Until recently I had believed the nation and its people were in the Civil war between the people of our nation had been forgotten, and the wrongs suffered by each side had been forgiven, for certainly anyone must admit that the Civil war was a necessary and just struggle for the people to receive forgiveness for in the period of reconstruction following the war, as the Democrats had in the rebellion. Forgiveness is no longer looked upon as a virtue, but as a necessity. We are asking that the people of our nation who actively denies himself a privilege—the privilege of wrath and revenge; hence, he was considered a hero. In our present view, the one who forgives is not a hero, but a man who is not worthy of his body clean. Forgiveness constitutes a complete mental bath which rids us of the poison of hate and revenge, and therefore is a necessity.

**MRS. LEW W. GRIMM.**

**The Bearers of Burdens.**  
 PORTLAND, July 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—The meeting held in the council chamber on Thursday, July 13, was a new revelation of an old spirit, which has been fostered by our never-devised in me motives. The Unerring One charged the Pharisees with "binding heavy burdens grievous to be borne, and laying them on men's shoulders, but they themselves will not move them with their finger."

In precisely that spirit an effort was made, and is still persisted in, to lay the big end of the burden of building houses and other structures on the shoulders of the people who are able to build skyscrapers, own imposing automobiles and take life easy—to lay the most of the financial burden on those to whom life is a pleasure, who need just a few dollars to live in modest homes and enjoy the mere necessities of life. Very few homes of the peninsula are owned by persons of affluence—most are owned by the masses of the people and economy to possess a little spot of earth they could call their own. Men who put their trust in their riches are disposed to ignore or forget the less fortunate in life and are often possessed of Nebuchadnezzar's pride when he exclaimed: "Is not this great Babylon which I have built for the glory of my name?"

Let it not be forgotten that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth," and that most of earth's benefactors have been men who have been clothed in riches. The greatest man who ever trod the earth "had not where to lay his head." If all men who aspire to be leaders were possessed of His spirit they would be no oppression of the poor.

But another thought. Mr. Tucker was called down for mentioning religious morals in the discussion, least of all in the discussion of the matters. The first amendment to our federal constitution does forbid such union; but the recognition of moral obligations in civil matters does not imply such union. God is the author of three institutions—the family, the church and the state, and has incorporated in His word distinct laws for each, which, if we follow, keep them separate. Moreover, He appointed a vicar on earth to represent Him in the administration of those laws. Parents, church officers and state officials are God's agents in the earth, and He has laid down the law for each. He has clothed anyone on earth among men with infallibility in the administration of law in any of these institutions. But He does not require the Jews to be a law unto themselves, and the same is true of each and all His human agents; a failure to do which results in disaster to the disobedient.

In conclusion, I wish most heartily to commend the editor of The Journal for his attitude with reference to the wise and Christian administration of national affairs of our level headed president.

**H. LEIFER.**

**Time for Oregon Farms.**  
 CORVALLIS, Or., July 14.—To the Editor of The Journal—I note with pleasure your splendid editorial in the issue of July 5 on the subject of time for the lands of the valleys of Oregon. There is no question of the great need of lime on these soils. Lime would transform these apparently worthless farms into garden spots. The elements of fertility are here. To render them available is the only thing

### PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

**SMALL CHANGE**  
 The national prohibition convention delegates at St. Paul are complaining of the president's attitude. The wire now says that the delegates to those senators who hate the child labor bill, the president makes the villain who still pursues look like a child laborer. The list of the "official reports from the crumpling war scientists" seems to be that those lines look better straightened, say they.

**OREGON SIDELIGHTS**  
 The Times-Herald records two burglaries in the city in one week, and then remarks: "People have to take to locking their houses since we are becoming more civilized, it seems."

**URGENT INVITATION**  
 The telephone company says the Bay City Examiner, "is planning some improvements for its beach line. The wire now says that the company will install new equipment to do away with this. It will be a big improvement from the beach to the county road."

**NATIONAL CONVENTIONS**  
 National conventions at Chicago and St. Louis complained about the cold. The national convention at St. Paul for pure water. You can do for the state as great a service as the Times did by voting for the man who will have the support of the thousands who know that lime, at cost, would be a boon to every citizen of Oregon.

**IN REPLY TO MR. BLAIR**  
 YAMHILL, Or., July 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—The letter from Mr. J. N. Blair, in the Journal of July 11, describing the attitude of the Democrats when Lincoln was nominated as the Republican candidate for president.

**JOURNAL JOURNEYS**  
 79—Need of a Portland Booklet

Looks as if our bit of missionary work for a Portland booklet that will impartially describe attractions of this vicinity might gain a number of friends and help to the cause of the Snow-Capped Mountain in its hour of need.

Mr. Hood is much closer to Portland, and while the road to the south side is not the kind they have to Tacoma, the mountain can still be featured, with the other great scenic attractions of the coast, in a booklet that cannot be equalled anywhere.

Recently I read "The Journey" about the necessity of a booklet or folder about Portland, and calling attention to the beauties of our city. On the same day I had picked up one of the publications of the railroads and a folder of the railroads office a folder entitled "Four Hours—Tacoma to the Glaciers—The Most Wonderful One-Day Trip in the World." It was well gotten up, and it certainly drew attention to the beauties of the country.

Tell Timothy Geer, who was governor of Oregon once upon a time to the intense dissatisfaction of his constituents, why he did not get out into the Oregonian demanding war with Mexico. He would shoot real bullets instead of notes.

The Oregonian prints these incendiary comments quite glowingly because it will do anything to score a political point. That has been its rule of action for over half a century and patriotism and all humanitarian impulses are the only things that keep it from going down into Mexico and slaughtering a poor, weak, ignorant people who in their own blind way are really engaged in a struggle against centuries of oppression and degradation. This is no reason for a single Oregon boy should be sacrificed on account of the Mexican trouble unless matters along the border reach such a state that this Mexico is committing an act, and that time comes not a soldier boy will fall to his duty.

Does not the Oregonian realize that if war with Mexico comes some of the 1500 many boys who marched away from Portland, Salem and other Oregon cities, will never come back again, that they will return home maimed and crippled for life, a burden to themselves, their country and their families? The horrors of war will be his own good or was requested to leave for the good of the country, and so it would be for those who are to go in place of his lad.

It seems too bad that narrow minded, ill bred, uneducated and ignorant men should rush into print, sign themselves as "German-Americans," and through the language used and opinions expressed in their communications, cast discredit on all citizens of German birth. The future should be held from Hood River should disgust the strongest pro-alls as well as any independently thinking Americans.

**On the American Submarine.**  
 PORTLAND, July 15.—To the Editor of The Journal—Kindly allow me space for just a word of praise to Viola Kaufman's letter of July 17 and for the fairness of The Journal in printing the satire and denunciation of his enemies. For a few months ago he asked for bids to submit the submarine and refused his proposals as impossible, because if they built such boats now, it would be unnecessary to scrap them next year, and so profits would be sacrificed on the altar of patriotism.

**Who Will Furnish These Poems?**  
 OREGON CITY, Or., July 17.—To the Editor of The Journal—I would thank The Journal, or some reader of The Journal, to furnish me copies of the following poems: "The Brown Dwarf of Rogan" and "Ben Hazard."

**UP NEAR** the juncture of the Cornell road and skyline boulevard some brush was growing densely across the road and a car was traveling that way ordered that the brush be forthwith slashed. A week later they passed that way again. The brush was still there. The street supervisor lost his job. The one of the county officials happened to ask, "Why didn't you do what we told you when we told you?" "There was a hornet's nest in that brush and I'd rather be fired than stung," briefly answered the ex-supervisor.

**The Once Over**  
 BY REX LAMARCA  
 HUMAN NATURE—according to certain friends of the people—can't be trusted.  
 —and it's responsible for war—and poverty—and oppression.  
 —because the people are lazy—and won't treat each other.  
 —and need tyrants to rule them.  
 —and all that.  
 —And I heard a man—a very prominent friend of the people—talking this way about human nature—yesterday.  
 —And I suggest that he get out—on the stump.  
 —and talk this stuff.  
 —so the people will know what he thinks of them.  
 —The next Fourth of July—he could deliver an oration.  
 —and could stand up before the people and express his views.  
 —and take his hand out from the breast of his Prince Albert.  
 —and clear his throat—and take a swallow of water—from the pitcher—on the little table.  
 —And after this preparedness—he could say:  
 —"Friends and fellow citizens—"  
 —"And then go on—and make a patriotic speech."  
 —and tell that a grand free people we are.  
 —and low—as long as there are such men and women as I see standing before me here today—the liberties of this nation are safe.  
 —and all that stuff you know—that most of us like to hear—on the glorious Fourth.  
 —And after the applause had died down—and his friend of the plain man had finished his oration—"water"—he could start talking again.  
 —and tell the people his secret thoughts about them.  
 —how they are too lazy—and shift-tortured—be treated with greater opportunity.  
 —and how they won't work—unless they're driven to it—by the scourge of poverty.  
 —and so on—through the whole tenor of his speech—till he heard my friend retire—yesterday.  
 —"He could keep right on talking—until all the flowers of his regard—for the common men and women of America—had been laid on his own political bosom."  
 —and this kind of people—by his frankness—would be unique—in the tribe of politicians.  
 —And he could go up and down the country—telling the people how stupid—and base—and mean—their nature is.  
 —and how that's what's the matter with the world.  
 —Human nature—la says—in to blame.  
 —And everyone would come to hear this remarkable man—  
 —who spoke his own opinions.  
 —And enthusiastic Chautauque managers—in their desire to exploit him—might bill him as "the only one of his kind in captivity."  
 —And he'd make a lot of money.  
 —because he wouldn't have any competitors.  
 —And after he got all the money he wanted—and his throat wore out—he could retire.  
 —and live at ease—and—  
 —"LISTEN—After a while he would die—without ever knowing that human nature—with all its faults—is the best thing that ever existed in every good thing—that we live in the world."  
 —WORK AS AN END.  
 —(Rodin.)  
 —How much happier humanity would be if there were no end of existence, were its end. But in order that this marvelous change may come about, all men must be free to express their own ideas, or better yet become artists themselves. For the word "artist" in its widest sense means one who is free to do as he pleases in what he does. So it is in all trades, artist carpenters, happy in skillfully training beams and cornice; in music, the artist who plays with pleasure, artist carvers, proud of carving for their homes and of not running over the lines in the streets; the artist who is free to the rest of the world which might be otherwise fruitful.

**Our Own Tabloid Book Reviews.**  
 "The Dated Alexander (Coinage of Silver and Ake," Edward T. Newell, The Oregonian Press, Has a decided mint flavor.  
 "Tadpoles in the Ownership of Law Books," Hampton L. Carson, (Philadelphia: The Philobiblic Club), Deals most interestingly with the matter of "The Spelling of Elixir," Aristotle Bell, E-G-Y-P-T.  
 "Early Days in Old Oregon," K. B. Judson (McClurg), Ask George H. Hines.  
 "The Way of the River," (McMillan), Toward the sea.

**Romany.**  
 From the Canyon City Eagle.  
 A wandering band of gypsies meandered through the valley this week picking up everything they could get their hands on. For a coin they dip into the future and lifting the maze that belies futurity, they arrive around with the hand of the owner of a horny fisted hand will connect up with a fortune. The gypsies are the kind that tell the credulous just when the dark haired villain will slip out from the breast or when the girl with the straw colored hair will give you the double cross. In telling fortunes they are not so much as picking up loose chattel and personal property and at the same time they are getting a considerable in the way of real estate the gypsies are not to be overlooked when we invoice humanity.

**Propos of a Desire to Plant Dorothy Perkins Roses All Around One's Own Home.**  
 Sir: When you put your own home you'll be a damsite worse off and you'll also be a damsite more careful of it than a rented home. —O. C. L.

**Uncle Jeff Snow Says:**  
 Sometimes I almost think the world is growing better, but you never can tell. My wife's relations are doing just as well as they can. I'm volunteering to fight down in Mexico.

**Stories of Streets and Town**  
 OF TWO EVILS.

**UP NEAR** the juncture of the Cornell road and skyline boulevard some brush was growing densely across the road and a car was traveling that way ordered that the brush be forthwith slashed. A week later they passed that way again. The brush was still there. The street supervisor lost his job. The one of the county officials happened to ask, "Why didn't you do what we told you when we told you?" "There was a hornet's nest in that brush and I'd rather be fired than stung," briefly answered the ex-supervisor.

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