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HOW LOGANBERRY GROWERS TREAT PICKERS.

Editor Statesman:

There is an insistent cry from fruit raisers for help to gather their crops and I hope sufficient labor will be secured so that none of the fruit will be lost, but it might as well be plainly told now as any other time that whatever of unwillingness there may be among women and boys and girls to respond to the call of the berry growers they are themselves to blame for it. They do not in some cases treat their help properly and in some cases not honestly. Some growers provide no means and make no effort to make life agreeable or even bearable for those who go to work for them. Soft, dusty grounds, no camping facilities, no decent water, no toilet conveniences, no comforts whatever offered. They do not seem to give a tinker's imprecation for the people they hire, and that kind of a disposition is not going to attract help in this enlightened age.

Another, and the worst feature, is that some of the berry growers swindle their pickers out of one-third of their earnings unless, forsooth, the pickers remain through the entire picking. I know of several cases wherein the agreed price was one and a half cents a box, but when the pickers became dissatisfied with the surroundings and quit, the grower refused to pay only one cent a box. You can readily see that women with children might find it impossible to continue as long as they expected, hence it is neither honest nor just that they should be docked in such a way. When growers learn to prepare for and treat their help decently, they will have no trouble getting their crops gathered.

—Laborer.

The Statesman prints the above communication in order to exonerate the great majority of the loganberry growers.

It is safe to say that 95 per cent of the growers are free from the guilt charged by the above correspondent to the few scrubs in the business.

The scrubs deserve the condemnation.

But they should not be made to stand in the public estimation for the great majority of the men who grow loganberries.

The growers generally are going to great expense to make the picking conditions in their yards pleasant.

Some of them are putting up permanent buildings. Some are buying expensive tents.

Some are offering potatoes and other vegetables free to the pickers.

Most of the growers are now proposing to pay a cent and a half a box straight for picking.

Some are paying a cent and a quarter, with a quarter of a cent bonus to those who stay throughout the picking season. Their reason is that some pickers will stay in a yard through the best part of the season, and then leave the grower in the lurch when the berries get small and thin on the vines. This is unjust, especially as these pickers have taken the places of pickers the grower might have secured in the beginning, and who would have been fair with him, and remained to the end of the season.

There are unfair pickers as well as unfair growers.

But, be it said to the credit of the pickers in general, that the unfair ones are in the minority, decidedly.

However, the bonus proposition has been abandoned by a large number of the growers. These growers will run the risk of unfair treatment at the hands of the pickers.

The Statesman wants to say again that the great majority of the loganberry growers are fair and honest, and that they are taking especial pains this year to make the conditions in their yards pleasant and decent and agreeable for their pickers.

Austria-Hungry is the new spelling.

You can hear anything about Russia.

The rumor of the ex-czar's death persists. Perhaps it has not been exaggerated.

It is the psychology of war that a starving people, fed up on four years of "victory," may like the taste of defeat.

The admission that Germany can not win the war will cost Kuehlmann his office. The fact that Germany can not win the war may cost Kaiser Bill his crown.

A committee of the British board of trade calls for the surrender of all enemy shipping at the close of the war as a condition of peace. However, it would be adequate to demand merely that shipping, belonging to allies or neutrals, which has been unlawfully destroyed, be replaced. The allies want restitution, not plunder.—Springfield Republican.

FUTURE DATES

June 29, Saturday.—Home-coming day.
July 1, Monday—"Work or fight" regulations become effective.
July 4, Thursday—Celebration at Mehama.
July 2, Tuesday—Oregon Prune Growers meet in Portland to fix price.
July 4, Thursday.—Races at State Fair grounds.
July 5, Saturday—Republican State Central committee meets in Portland.
July 6 to 14—Annual convention of Christian church at Turner.
August 26, 27 and 28—Western Walnut Growers' Association to tour nut groves of Willamette valley

CHANCES FOR WORKERS.

One of the results of the war will be that the rising generation in the United States will not lack for employment.

The millions of men slain and disabled have been mostly drawn from the pursuits of industry.

The return of our soldiers, when the war shall be over, and the resumption of diminished immigration from Great Britain, France and Italy will not supply the need of industrial workers.

Immigrants from Germany, Austria-Hungary and even Russia will find it difficult to receive the indorsement of the immigration commission.

As a result every man and every woman and every boy and every girl who is willing and able to work will have no difficulty in securing well-paid employment anywhere from New York to Oregon.

A MONROE DOCTRINE FOR THE PACIFIC.

(London Times, June 3).

Mr. Hughes, speaking in New York on his way to England, has enunciated an Australasian Monroe doctrine for the Pacific, and has underpinned the claim by advancing two propositions—first, that this war "means life or death to Australia," and of course to New Zealand too; and next, that it is essential for the United States, as well as for British Australasia, to have "guarantees against enemy aggression" in the Pacific in the future. This truth would be more generally understood here if it were realized that the Pacific is an ocean with the western coast of America as one of its limits, and with Australia and New Zealand flung like a barrier across one of its pathways to the South Pole. Unhappily—the globe being round—convenience of map-making has encouraged the illusion that the Pacific severs by a vast and illimitable expanse of almost trackless sea the western from the eastern hemisphere. That is a very fallacious idea, which it is the interest of the United States as much as of Australia and New Zealand to uproot from the European mind. A sounder conception of the case is that, so far from severing, the Pacific unites America with China, Japan, Australasia, and the Far Eastern outposts of the empire. Its innumerable islands, isolated or in groups, offer themselves as stages on the way of the traveler who takes the Pacific route from Australasia to Great Britain, as the Australian and New Zealand members of the imperial war cabinet have done this year. This Germany saw. Her so-called "colonies" in the Pacific were not colonies at all in the British or the French sense, but strategic points where her ships of war or trade might coal and water or have some prospect of shelter in time of war. It was this that dictated the prompt capture, when war broke out, of German New Guinea, with its naval base at Herbertshohe, by Australian forces; of Samoa by a New Zealand expedition; of the Marshall group by the Japanese. And now the statesmen of Australia and New Zealand see clearly that Germany can not be allowed to re-establish these strategic outposts in the Pacific. Thus Mr. Hughes, when he proclaims an Australasian Monroe doctrine for the Pacific, does but enunciate an axiom of security for Australia and New Zealand which must appeal with almost equal force to Western America and to Canada.

OVER HERE.

(By Cylde B. Wilson of The Vigilantes).

What's that? Three thousand miles away?
God, man! Say softly, that, I pray,
For fear our friend who lives just down
The street—yes, right here in our town—
May hear this thoughtless thing you say:
That war's three thousand miles away.
I'd answer not for his reply
If he should hear. He'd pass the lie
To you so quick, hot blood you'd sweat
At words you speak but to regret.
For just a moment, come with me
A few steps only, you shall see
Right at your door this thiny you say
Is full three thousand miles away.
The list of "Killed in Battle" gives
Our neighbor's son—yes, he who lives
Just down the street. Come, see, I pray,
If war's three thousand miles away.

CAMP LEWIS NOTES

Foch hit first.

And he hit in two places.

It was a synchronous offensive.

Now Hindenburg will do the guessing.

Foch has been doing the guessing long enough, and it should be the other way around till the end of the big show, as the boys "over there" call the war.

Hindenburg cannot meet his belated engagement in Paris, and he cannot get to the channel ports. But he might get back across the Rhine, and to Berlin, if he would start soon enough.

Loganberry picking is going on now; but it will be in full blast next week.

The growers who amount to anything in the loganberry business have made better provisions for their pickers than ever before. The pickers will be treated right, in nearly every yard.

When the United States Marines hear of how the British and French got onto the front page this morning, they will be hard to hold around Chateau Thierry. They will want to be trying their luck on some German chateaus and castles on the Rhine.

Scale of Wages Will Be Fixed by Polk Farmers

DALLAS, Oregon, June 28.—A meeting has been called to take place tomorrow afternoon in the circuit court room of the Polk county court house by the Polk county food adminstration for the organization of the threshermen of the county. At the meeting George W Cable, county agent of Benton county, and Prof. G. H. Hyslop of the Oregon Agricultural college, will talk on organization of a permanent body and assist the membership in preparing a wage scale and scale of prices for threshing this year.

WAR SPIRIT IN AMERICA.

America's feet are winged as she hastens along with the war. No more the drowsy sleepers grunt as voices of "Awake! Prepare! Fight!" ring over the country. Men hasten into the ranks headlong. No more conscription harrassments, no more the need for ding-donging duty into the sons of the nation! All that is behind, gone forever.

America is a big nation, a country of one hundred and more millions, and it takes time for an idea—for an ideal—to sweep from coast to coast and leaven the mass. But consider the momentum behind that hundred millions once—as now—it goes into action.

Not only are the young men taking up arms, but the nation as a unit is into the war work with ever-growing concentration and intensity. The school children comb the cities for old papers and waste, all of it being carried with ant-like multiplicity to swell the Red Cross funds; the Red Cross has taken from every class and caste tender, brave, loyal women, some to go to the battlefields, some to carry on the work of the organization at home. Tax on tax has been laid across the country, and never a murmur. Every Liberty Loan has been oversubscribed. Miles on miles of broad acres, hitherto untilled, has been brought under the plow. Factories and shipyards ring day and night with the clangor of labor. The work goes on crescendo, and every blow of every hammer, every penny that rattles into the cup of the classroom, every dollar that goes to Red Cross or Liberty Loan, every spear of what is consecrated to war work; it belongs to the men behind the guns on the fields of Flanders and France, on the waves of the seven seas. America is behind them, fighting with them, for them. It matters not how tight the pinch at home may be, how long endured. While those boys are in the field or on the sea they can have anything and everything.

America may well be proud and loyal. Our fighting men abroad are doing what we expected. They fight like four-year veterans. French and English communiques daily pay the tributes of unstinted admiration, and it takes tremendous valor, brilliant dash, homeric courage to stir unusual admiration in the breasts of those generals who for four years have captained as brave soldiers as the world has ever seen.

These Americans have in them the blood of all races. It is not so much that they were born Americans as that they and their fathers have lived in America. Like the Australians and Canadians, whom the Germans hold in deadly dread, they have been bred in forests and prairies and mountains. Their fathers and their fathers' fathers had to oppose to the elements, to nature, the stubbornness, the initiative, the hardihood that make men determined and fearless. And here's the main point—our American fighters are freemen fighting for themselves, not vassals of any kaiser or crown. And though the years of comfort which have come upon America in late decades appeared to soften the national character, made the people careless of thrift, indifferent to the needs of valor, yet the true blood was within their veins, the true fighting blood.

Revelations of a Wife

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

A MISTAKE REALIZED TOO LATE

"Oh, say, please, Missis' Graham, there is a man here he says he must spik to you."

Katie's voice, anxious, troubled, followed her deprecatory knock upon my closed door. She had been in my employ less than 24 hours and she evidently was very much in doubt as to the reception of her interruption of my afternoon nap would get.

"Thank you, Katie." I tried to make my tone reassuring. "Will you ask him to sit down? I will keep him waiting only a few minutes."

I dressed rapidly, resenting with every movement this interruption of my quiet hour and nap. I had been much upset the evening before over the discovery that Katie, the maid whom I had just engaged, had once kept house for a group of artists, of whom Dicky was one, acting as a model when not busy with her kitchen work. As a consequence my sleep during the night had been fitful.

Dicky had not added to my peace of mind in the morning when, after eating the really excellent breakfast of Katie's cooking he had said heartily:

"Well! Katie, as long as you keep this up, you may be sure of a home here."

To me later, as he bade me goodbye in the hall, he had added in an undertone:

"For heaven's sake, Madge, keep her. Put up with anything from her until I finish that picture of Poland for which she was posing when she ran away from us."

Evidently the fact that I might not relish this combination of servant and model had never occurred to Dicky. The very fact of his blindness disarmed me. I had resolved to accept the situation for a time at least, but it disturbed me nevertheless.

Then, too, the knowledge that I had not answered Mrs. Smith's courteous letter proffering me the leadership of the Lotus Club's history section weighed upon my mind. I had resolved that the matter of my acceptance of the position must be thrashed out with Dicky before another day had ended. All these things made me welcome my quiet hour and nap as a preparation for the discussion I foresaw in the evening. It was too bad, I told myself, resentfully, that I should be disturbed just because some unknown man on an unknown errand awaited. awaited.

But my resentment vanished when I saw the shabby little man who sprang to his feet as I entered the living room. Evidently a tradesman, he was such an inoffensive, humble, little man, with an appealing look in the big eyes that met mine half timidly.

"You are Mrs. Graham?" he queried.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Graham," I answered. "Pray be seated again. What can I do for you?"

"I am sorry to trouble you, madam," he said, "but I can never find Mr. Graham in, and this has been running a long time."

He held out a folded paper. I opened it, and read:

"Mr. Richard Graham, Dr.:

"To Tourane Bros., cleaners and dyers. Balance July 2, 1914, $27.35."

I made a mental calculation. Why, his bill was over a year old!

What did it mean? Was it possible that Dicky, lucky, prosperous Dicky, who, I knew, had plenty of ready money, was careless or worse—about the payment of bills such as these to tradesmen who so evidently needed the money?

"There must be some mistake," I said, looking at the man. "I am sure Mr. Graham cannot know about this or he would have paid long before this."

The man coughed deprecatingly.

"I am sorry to say it, Mrs. Graham, but Mr. Graham does know it. In fact, he stopped sending his clothes to me to be cleaned and pressed last summer because I asked him for the bill. You see I didn't know he had guests when I came to his studio and he was much annoyed. He told me then I could wait till—well—ma'am, I guess I'd better not tell you just what he did say, but he meant I'd have to wait a long time for my money. I didn't trouble him again for several months, for I hoped he would think better of it and come back—he had traded with me for years, Mr. Graham had—but I've given that up now, and I do need the money. I must have it, in fact."

"You shall have it," I said impulsively. I went to my bedroom and emptied my purse. Yes, there was enough, three 10-dollar bills and some small change were there. I took the bills and went back to the living room.

"Here is your money," I said handing it to him. Will you kindly receipt the bill?" But Mr. Touraine was looking at the money in embarrassed fashion.

"I shall have to come again," he said slowly, "or perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me part of the money. You see, collections are so bad and times are so hard I have very little ready money, and today none at all for change."

The embarrased flush on his face was not as deep as the one on my own. Here Dicky and I had every comfort and many of the luxuries, and this poor tradesman, to whom Dicky owed money long due, was forced to such straits.

"Take it all," I said, pushing it toward him, and, indeed the very sight of the money was hateful to me. "Give me the receipted bill, and then some day when you are passing this way you may bring me the change."

I wanted to tell him to keep the change, but something about the man warned me not to make the offer. He was no mendicant, only a man who wished his rights and nothing more.

He took a fountain pen from his pocket, adjusted it in precise, methodical fashion, receipted the account in full, folded the bills and put them in his pocket, and made me an old-fashioned bow.

"I am very grateful, Mrs. Graham," he said. "I hope Mr. Graham will not be angry. I will return with the change later."

It was not until after the door had closed behind him that I realized the full force of his remark. After all, this was Dicky's affair, not mine. I had paid a bill which he had deliberately ignored. Would he consider my action an unwarrantable interference with his affairs? I had had glimpses of Dicky's almost ungovernable temper, and this man's story had shown that he was utterly unreasonable when he was annoyed. I felt a sudden deadly weariness assail me. There was nothing which I so detest and dread as a scene of any kind. It looked to me as if life with Dicky would be one disagreement after another.

(To be continued)

THEY SHALL NOT PASS.

(By Alison Brown of the Vigilantes).

They shall not pass,
While Britain's sons draw breath,
While strength is theirs to strike
with shining sword.
They shall not pass,
Except they pass to Death—
For British fighting men have
pledged their word.

They shall not pass—
For France knows no defeat,
Nor hestitates to nobly pay the
price.
They shall not pass,
Till brave hearts cease to beat,
And none shall stand to fall in
sacrifice.

They shall not pass—
America will stand
As long as lips can answer her,
"I come."
They shall not pass,
To strike the loved land,
That Freedom's children rise to
call their home.

BRITISH TAKE PART OF FOREST OF NIEPPE

(Continued from page 1)

in attacks against the Germans have advanced their line over a front of nearly three and a half miles to an average depth of nearly a mile east of the Nieppe forest, which lies between Bailleul and Bethune, according to the British official communication issued this evening. West of Merris Australian troops also captured enemy positions. On both sectors prisoners and machine guns were taken.

More than 300 prisoners and 22 machine guns have been captured.

All objectives were gained, including the hamlets of L'Epihette Verterue and La Becque.

The enemy was taken by surprise and British casualties are light.

At the same hour Australian troops attacked and captured certain hostile posts west of Merris, together with 43 prisoners and six machine guns.

On the remainder of the British front the situation is unchanged.

ARTILLERYING INCREASES.

BERLIN, via London, June 28.—Between Bailleul and Bethune and south of the Aisne the allied artillery fire increased to great intensity Friday morning, says the German official communication today. Infantry engagements developed on isolated sectors.

The statement follows:

"There has been lively activity on the part of the British and the French on both sides of the Somme. On other sectors also, between the Yser and the Marne, the artillery fire increased Thursday evening. The enemy's fire this morning increased to great intensity on both sides of the Lys, between Bailleul and Bethune and south of the Aisne. Our artillery replied vigorously. Infantry engagements also developed on isolated sectors.

"Strong flying forces have been brought into action and led to violent aerial combats. Yesterday our aviators shot down 25 airplanes and one captive balloon and our anti-aircraft guns shot down five airplanes."

TWENTY PLANES DOWNED.

LONDON, June 28.—Twenty German airplanes were destroyed by British aviators in air fighting over the western front Thursday, according to the British official communication dealing with aviation, issued tonight. In addition nine enemy aircraft were forced to earth out of control

The British themselves lost 14 machines.

ANGLE IS IMPORTANT.

LONDON, June 28.—A successful advance of nearly a mile was made today by the British troops between Bailleul and Labassee according to Reuter's British headquarters correspondent. He says the captured ground lies at the most debatable point on the British front, just west of Bois d'Oval, which forms the foremost angle of the Nieppe forest.

SUGAR BEETS BLIGHTED.

YAKIMA, Wash., June 28.—Several hundred acres of sugar beets in the Sunnyside district have been destroyed by a disease resembling blight which is unknown to beet experts. The ground is to be replanted to beans.