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Let us speak plain; there is more in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if is skulk
Behind the shield of some fair-sounding name.
Let us call tyrants tyrants and maintain
The only freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by His grace must fall;
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.
—James Russell Lowell.

STRIKE OF THE "HELLO GIRLS."

The strike of the Spokane telephone girls against the unreasonable and oppressive restrictions of the company meets with hearty approval from the public.

The company has a right to demand good service, close attention to duty, courteous treatment to patrons, regular habits and good morals from its employes.

It has a right to say that its employes shall work while on duty, and desist from smiling out of the corner of their eyes at customers, but it has no moral right to introduce a rigorous code of discipline in this free country, which would tend to reduce American girls to the plane of Kaffir slaves.

The company has no moral right to say that young women, in the bloom and happy spirits of youth, shall not wear a buttonhole boquet if they desire, or that they must wear their hair in a certain symmetrical Psyche knot, on top of the heads, no matter whether it causes headache or not.

The company has no right to say that these girls shall sit all day long before the switch-board wearing a regulation high collar which makes life miserable for them every minute of the day. It has no moral right to deny them the common comforts of the season, in the way of lighter clothing, low-necked dresses, flowing hair and boquets galore, if such little items make life more bearable and conduce to the cheerfulness of their dispositions.

The girls have revolted against unreasonable restrictions and public sentiment is with them.

It is only a step from one specie of oppression to another. If such aubses of freedom as these are not nipped in the bud, it will be but a few years until these same girls would be compelled to belong to the campony's choice of a church, keep company exclusively with friends of their employers' choice and be nothing but machines instead of thinking women.

The individual rights of employes must be closely guarded in order to insure happy surroundings and contented lives for them.

In justice to the girls and to the American principles involved, the people of Spokane should see that the strike is won.

A little bevy of poverty-stricken corporations, not named in the news item, have employed a lawyer of Portland and will test the validity of the corporation tax law of Oregon. All right, gentlemen, test it. The farmers of Oregon, the stockmen and merchants who have been paying the taxes and building up the state, are willing for you to test it. The result will only fasten the law more firmly on the statute books and your efforts to dodge a just tax will only make the people more determined that you shall pay it. Just a little cool, deliberate reason on this matter will convince these dodgers that it is but common justice for capital to bear its share of the burden of government. Oregon is not after the corporations. It is a plain business deal, and yet they cry "persecution."

The effort of the city council to abate the firecracker nuisance should have the support of everyone. The increase in the size of the firecracker and invention of new and louder infernal machines for use on festive occasions has run this amusement to the danger line. More eyes are lost and hands blown to atoms by firecrackers than by toy pistols and the toy pistol was thought to be the limit of folly. It has become necessary for the legislature to take notice of the firecracker and it is now a misdemeanor in this state to make use of them on public streets or in crowds. It is a matter of self-preservation with the public and will be rigidly enforced.

American cattle, from the healthful districts of Indiana, while being shipped to South America, developed pronounced cases of foot and mouth disease, en route. They were confined in pens on board the vessel, in which Argentine wool had been shipped to this country, and as the Argentine sheep have this disease, the authorities say the cattle contracted it from the infected quarters on the vessel. A movement is now on foot to quarantine against the wool from that country.

The statement of a prominent Portland hotel man to the effect that her hotel facilities are ample to care for the crowd during the Lewis and Clark Fair, sounds like some crossroads tavern keeper talking. A modest affair like an Elks' carnival fills the old burg up to the garret, and many an Eastern Oregon man can testify to walking the streets until daylight, longing for even a straw bed on the woodshed floor, with his boots for a pillow.

One of the most disastrous coal mine explosions in the history of the West, occurred at Hanna, Wyoming, yesterday. There is a tendency on the part of the coal mining companies to reduce the means of escape from underground works, on account of expense. There should be more rigid government restrictions in such matters.

The pictures of the pope which have been hunted out from among the miscellaneous collection in printing offices, in anticipation of his early death, can be laid back on the shelf. The old gentleman has gone out for a drive.

A movement is on foot to organize the farm laborers into unions, throughout the West.

DRIFTWOOD.

His was a hard and common lot,
Which thousands bear as well:
He bore it meekly—his was not
The nature to rebel.

He seemed a commonplace, who tried
A good machine to be;
The columns of a railway guide
Were not more dull than he.

And when he died, strange hands laid bare
His dull life's secret spring:
A rose, a lock of baby hair,
And half a broken ring.

A beauty, radiant as the sun,
And baleful as the moon;
A woman for whom youth was done
Too utterly, too soon.

She often laughed a laugh, we knew,
To which joy lent no breath;
She laughed at all things sad and true,
At children, love and death.

Yet when they nailed her coffin close,
They laid beside her there,
A broken ring, a withered rose,
And a little lock of hair.
—E. NESBIT.

* * *

Rufus Choate believed in hard work and struggle. When some one said to him that a certain fine achievement was the result of accident, he exclaimed "Nonsense! You might as well drop the Greek alphabet on the ground and expect to pick up the Iliad."

* * *

William M. Evarts once told this story on himself. "A few summers since at the earnest request of one of his younger daughters, he sent up to her country place in Vermont a donkey for her use. She had read about donkeys, but was not familiar with their peculiar vocalism. The animal's strange noises inspired her with profoundest pity, for its evident distress. So she wrote to her father. 'Dear Papa: I do wish you would come up here soon, my donkey is so lonesome.'"

* * *

At the trial of Horne Tooke, Lord Eldon, speaking of his own reputation said: "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and, by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the attorney general, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke, "what on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied: "He is crying to think what a small inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

* * *

Probably the most successful appearance ever made by anybody in any theater occurred at San Francisco some years ago. The place was a colony of rough miners at that time and women and children were seldom seen. One evening during a performance at the theater, a child was heard to cry, whereupon a rough, blackbearded giant leaped upon his seat and shouted: "Stop them d—n fiddles and let's hear the baby cry. I haven't heard such a blessed sound for years!" And the fiddles did stop and the baby did cry, while tears rolled down the cheeks of wifeless, childless men. Tutuilla, June 30.

THE "PEOPLE'S PAPER."

Picking up the speaking tube the managing editor called down to his chief assistant:

"Has the president of the First National read proof on the editorial page?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has the general manager of the street railway company made his corrections?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has the president of the Consolidated Steel Company put on his O. K.?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you made the corrections ordered by the first vice-president of the X. Y. & Z. railroad?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure that the Eastern Confederated Telegraph and Telephone Company is satisfied with the editorial on public ownership?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Run a red line across the top of the first page saying that the Bugle is the people's paper, and start the press."—Will M. Maupin, in Commoner.