

THE TIMES

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Each man should have the right to earn his way,  
 And each should have for fair day's work a fair day's pay,  
 Each man should governed be by Justice's right  
 And gain his ends by peaceful means—not dynamite.

CLOSING OF THE BRIDGES.

JUST AS LONG as people are compelled to cross Portland's bridges, just as long as traffic is maintained on the Willamette river, there will be created friction. This will continue until this problem is settled, and settled right. As the matter now stands the boat people seem to have the best of the situation, and the thousands of persons who must use the bridges feel that they are aggrieved. It must be acknowledged that the frequent and prolonged delays are exasperating to a degree. It is a Federal law, we will admit, time honored and ancient, that obstruction to navigation on the inland waters of the United States is forbidden. This measure was established to cover all cases in general. When Portland was a village, and the traffic by water was largely in excess of trans-river traffic, a larger number of persons were better served by upholding the rule. But times have changed and Portland has grown and is growing so big that trans-river traffic exceeds that by stream. Laws are man-made institutions, anyway, and when good reasons exist for amending, abrogating and repealing them, the same power that created them has the right to nullify them. It is a theory of government that when the laws of a sovereign state conflict with those of the national government, the latter shall prevail. The national government has vested in it absolute control and jurisdiction of navigable inland streams. The control of these is placed in the Department of War.

An interesting complication has thus arisen. THE TIMES does not believe that the Federal Government desires to work any unnecessary hardship upon Portland's citizens. It believes that the requirements of the great majority should be justly and equitably considered. It believes that the present law should be liberally construed, and exact justice done to the opposing sides. Furthermore, it believes that by cutting out much red tape and concerted action by commercial bodies and representative business men, that the War Department will grant the needed relief.

It must be conceded that river traffic here has always been an important factor of development. In a recently printed interview Captain Buchanan is quoted as saying, among other things:

"In the first place, I do not believe that any county judge, the county commissioners or the railroads should be allowed to dictate matters pertaining to river traffic. These matters should be left entirely to the United States engineers and the government. If they are not interfered with, the steamboat men and transportation companies will be treated right and the general public will have nothing to complain of."

With no desire of contradicting the worthy captain, we do not consider any action looking to relief of trans-river traffic as a matter of interference. It is merely an effort to relieve a great number of persons from an apparently insolent assumption by the steamboat men. Captain Buchanan directs attention to the opening of the Panama Canal, also to that of the Celilo Canal, "which will tend to increase traffic on the river, but how can the people of the City of Portland expect these immense aids to navigation to help the city if they place obstacles in the way of that traffic?" We would reply to Captain Buchanan that the War Department could readily regulate the closed periods for bridges. At first this might disarrange boat schedules, but this matter would settle itself in time. Just regulation is not placing "obstacles in the way of navigation."

Persons using the bridges see only their side of the question, the same as do the boatmen. Regulation would afford relief, but even that must be temporary. The true solution must come in the future when tubes are laid in the river or tunnels driven under the stream. These would prevent all congestion and solve a vexed question.

Portland needs all the river traffic it can get, but river men must view the matter fairly. Let us hope some relief shall come soon.

DANGEROUS ELEMENTS.

PORTLAND, and other cities as well, may soon be called upon to solve a very serious question. Spokane had her experience with the problem, as Aberdeen is now having. In this city there are a number of exorciseses afflicting the body politic, which must be handled vigorously. The disturbing elements to which we refer are the Industrial Workers of the World, the Socialists and bitterly radical clique dominating the labor unions. Each is at loggerheads with the other, but the declared purpose of each is the same—to rule or ruin. Openly in the public streets as well as in low resorts, resistance to public authority, as constituted by law, is urged. Defiance is hurled at the police. It takes but little, sometimes, to fan the lowest passions of men into a mob, who would murder, burn and commit all manner of crimes. THE TIMES believes Chief of Police Slover is able and competent to put these bourgeois, these contemptible canaille, out of business if a riot starts. But why let it start? It is easier to prevent these things than to stop them. People of intelligence look on with amused contempt at these jawsmiths on soap boxes. They admittedly have the "gift of gab." Their small souls exult in receiving the plaudits of those even more ignorant than they. It is to them the breath of life. If every time one of them appeared on a box in a public street and begun uttering their damnable sentiments they were yanked off by a bluecoat, "it would help some."

Inasmuch as the I. W. W.'s, Socialists, union strikers and all whelps of these mongrel breeds despise each other, THE TIMES suggests a good rule to enforce. Why not capture the ringleaders of each gang, put them all in the same room, and let them exterminate each other?

Not to be flippant in this matter, a serious problem is here presented. Each day it will grow harder to solve. There is ample warrant of law to nip these offenders, and it should be done. One hears them howl because the capitalists have money, while they have none. If they expended one-third of their energy in honest toil they could have money, too, the same as honest and industrious workmen have. Others before them have hurled their billingsgate and anathemas at law and order and decency and capital. They have passed to "tongueless silence and forgotten dust." So will these denunciatory agitators. The powers they assail, founded in common sense, still serenely hold their place, and will, until they are, like—

"Immortal Caesar, dead and turned to clay,  
 To stop a crack to keep the wind away."

So the riff-raff scum proposes to boycott respectable merchants who protest because their street meetings injure the latter's business. Well, well. The merchants do not worry over this matter. They know these pitiable parasites haven't any money now, never had and never will have, so they couldn't buy anything, anyway. Their proposed boycott is so harmless that if the little bauble pleases them, they might as well have it to play with. Suppose they should "make a touch" of some industrious person for a piece of money and really desired to buy of a merchant. The great "unwashed" would leave behind them such an odor of uncleanness that disinfectants would be necessary.

WELCOME (?) FOR WEARY WILLIES.

THE INDECENT W(EAR)Y W(ILLIES) are about to delight Portland by an invasion. They would be about as welcome as a flock of buzzards, or a flight of locusts. According to one John Gilmore, whom Patrolman Foster corraled after a fight, they intend to clean Portland up. His remarks were in part: "We are going to clean you all up. When we get all our men into this town we shall raise merry hell with you. We will give you police all you want to take care of, and we'll do as we like. There is no police force in the country can stop us. We'll talk on the streets and we'll please ourselves. So many of us are coming that you will have to turn every scab and every one else into an officer. Oh, we'll fix you all right."

Aberdeen, Washington, handled the I(ndecent) W(andering) W(illies) all right, and it's a cinch bet that "Cap" Bailey expressed the sentiments of the entire police force, and plenty of outsiders that would willingly help, when he said: "If we do get them here, there is one treatment and one only for them—first read the riot act and then use a cold water hose. We'll show them whether they can run this city."

A lot of bos, tramps and bums are coming in on the rods and bumpers, as well as in the empties. This bunch look like I(ndecent) W(andering) W(illies), and probably are.

Here's luck to "Cap" Bailey and his officers, as well as all the others on the other shifts. "Cap" Bailey's suggestion of the cold water hose sounds good, but don't let him overlook the fact that there are a great many Spanish-American War Veterans on the force who are artists at applying the real water cure, that beats an external application in bad cases. The wetting down would be fine for breaking up mobs, but a few of the ringleaders would be absolutely cured of running at the mouth, with the water-cure applied army style. It is this sort of gabby gad-a-bouts that injure the cause of decent union labor, and the sooner the unions take steps to suppress these boozey bums, the more converts they can make to their cause. These lazy loafers queer the earnest efforts of well-meaning street orators. These hand-out heralds use no judgment. These greasy grafters are trouble breeders for the unions, the police and the general public. More power to "Cap" Bailey and his water-cure, external and internal. If there is no room in the jail for them, put them in a chain gang and work them on the roads. What a shock that would be to them! It would be hardly fair to lock them up with a nice, decent drunk. Rent some tents, work them in a chain gang on the road and get some pleasure and profit out of their visit. This is the prescription THE TIMES would wish to see filled.

WESTERN UNION'S SENSIBLE STAND.

THE NEW RULES promulgated by the Western Union in Portland are receiving high commendation on all sides. The one prohibiting messenger boys from carrying messages to and from dives and shady resorts is a right step forward. Such places have already done too much to contaminate the morals of growing boys, and the new rule strikes directly at the root of the evil. The places must learn to take care of their dirty business in some other way.

Another commendable rule just established is that of charging no messenger fees upon telegrams delivered anywhere in the city limits. These often have run from a dime to 60 cents in addition to regular tolls, which is a burdensome tax. The boys are placed on salaries, which should have been their basis of pay long ago. Here we find, in this rule, one reduction at least in living expenses, for which let us be truly grateful.

"THE BARRIER TO BLISS."

A RECENT issue of Puck contains a series of four clever cartoons on the union label, accompanied by explanatory reading matter that does one good to read. The series is entitled "The Barrier to Bliss." In the first a union man is represented as sitting upon a sofa with his "best girl," while Cupid surveys the couple from the outside, through a window. Cupid thus soliloquizes:

"Why doesn't that guy get wise? Can't he talk about anything but 'Labor No. 17'?"

In the second picture he lets fly his arrow directly into the heart of the lover, with the remark: "I guess that dart will help some!" The lover's face, as he feels the entering shaft of love, is radiant with amorous smiles, while the maiden looks aghast.

Picture third shows the look of contentment on Cupid's visage. The lover plucks the barb from out his heart, his features aglow with love-light. The girl closes her eyes and entwines her arms about his neck in ecstasy. The suitor says, confidently: "Darlin', see the golden arrow Cupid shot me wit'."

The finale shows the suitor in flight, the maiden collapsing in tears, the arrow cast at her feet. All that is visible of Cupid is a pair of chubby legs, as he stands on his head outside. The suitor says of the dart as he takes flight: "But it ain't got no union label on it, so farewell! Farewell!"

This is a trite illustration of the absurdities of the union label, though THE TIMES hardly believes that even a radical union man would be controlled in his affairs of the heart by a union label.

AFTERMATH OF GYPSY SMITH.

THE FINANCIAL finish of the Gypsy Smith meetings was not a howling success. Offerings amounted to only \$8,172.22, this sum being split as follows: Fifty per cent to the local investors who formed the corporation to build the tabernacle, and fifty per cent to the Council of Evangelical Churches of ENGLAND—NOT AMERICA. The building and the expense of the meeting cost about \$14,000. Some one is evidently to blame for not financing things so that our local corporation could buy the ground, erect the Tabernacle, and show some profit in seventeen days. Some one was asleep at the switch.

Gypsy Smith is a good hired man. He has established a record that will be hard to beat. His recompense is \$3,000 per year; he, therefore, earned more than his year's salary in seventeen days. The chances are good for his retaining his position another year or so.

Now, regarding our local corporation, which has rented the hall to the grocers for ten days at \$1,000. This sum lacks but \$200 of paying the ground rent for one year. It can be readily seen that if imported attractions on an even split basis can be eliminated that our PHILANTHROPISTS may yet receive their imported religion at no cost.

Let us hope that the Council of Evangelical Churches of England, Alexander Dowie, Mary Baker G. Eddy, Purple Mother Tingley, and their eloquent hired men, are kept far away, in the Great Hereafter, from each other. If this combination should ever amalgamate, we common suckers would have to hunt up the real doers of good—the Salvation Army—and beg for chuck and a bunk, after we cross the Great Divide and are admitted to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

It has been intimated that some of the local Socialists, I. W. W.'s and union strikers do not like the way THE TIMES speaks about them. Glad to learn of it. We are not printing a paper to please what we consider the most dangerous class of persons in America. We shall continue to speak the thoughts we believe are right, and with no fear of these deluded mortals. With a few penstrokes we can say more in print in a day than their combined forces can unsay in a year. We are unafraid at all rumblings, grumbings and threats. We are glad to know that our sledgehammer hits a sore spot now and again. We know none of these persons as individuals, so refer to no one personally. We don't care to know them. For the honest toiler, poor or rich, who produces something, we have respect. For the idle crowd of mouthy mischief makers we have nothing but disapproval. If they don't like the way we point our guns, they had better stand aside, for we shall aim to shoot straight.

WHAT MILWAUKEE SOCIALISTS PROMISED.

(Los Angeles Times)

1. New city charter providing for home rule. (Not done.)
2. Initiative, referendum and recall.
3. Ownership of public service enterprises. (Not done.)
4. Municipal terminal station. (Failed.)
5. Prosecution of "tax dodgers."
6. Erection and maintenance of public slaughter-houses. (Not done.)
7. Four public markets. (Not done.)
8. Municipal storage houses. (Not done.)
9. Reorganization of the public works department.
10. Eight hour work day.
11. Union wages for city employees.
12. Abolition of contract system of public work. (Not done.)
13. Work for the unemployed. (Not provided.)
14. Municipal stone quarry. (Not done.)
15. City coal and wood yards. (Not done.)
16. Municipal ice plant. (Not done.)
17. Annexation of contiguous territory.
18. Immediate redistricting of wards.
19. Free medical services and dispensaries. (Not provided.)
20. Four municipal hospitals. (Not done.)
21. Free public crematory. (Not done.)
22. Protection of youth and suppression of vice. (Not done.)
23. Establishment of public comfort stations.
24. City to do plumbing and sewerage work. (Not done.)
25. Utilization of garbage and waste for profit. (Not done.)
26. New method of sewage disposal. (Nothing.)
27. Additional parks and playgrounds in congested centers. (Nothing.)
28. Planting and caring for trees on streets. (Not done.)
29. Substitution of model homes for slum habitations. (Not done.)
30. Municipal lodging-houses to mitigate tramp evil. (Not done.)
31. Protection of public schools.
32. Free text books. (None provided.)
33. One free meal a day to needy school children. (Not done.)
34. Social centers in schools.
35. Greater use of Auditorium by public.
36. Free concerts in the Auditorium. (Not free.)
37. Extension of free concerts in parks.
38. Public trials for firemen and policemen.
39. Compulsory public holidays for elections.
40. New isolation hospital.
41. Improved methods of conducting city's business. (Worse.)
42. Better conditions for children and women in factories.

WHAT THEY HAVE DONE.

1. Reorganized department of public works; increased cost, \$15,000.
2. Passed municipal terminal station ordinance; rejected by voters.
3. Engaged tax ferrets; legality doubtful; ease in court.
4. Annexed strips of contiguous territory by petition.
5. Redistricted wards.
6. One comfort station built.
7. Inaugurated public concerts in Auditorium; small admission price.
8. Placed city employees on union wage scale, and eight hour day.
9. Issued bonds for an isolation hospital.
10. Started inspection of factories.
11. Submitted forty bills to Legislature for authority to carry out pledges.
12. Engaged experts on municipal research system and started improved financial methods of keeping accounts.
13. Secured new city charter, which is so vague that nothing has been accomplished.

BEACH AT TWIN ROCKS.

For years upon years, down on the beautiful Garibaldi Beach, old Father Pacific has just about had everything his own way, but time has wrought a wonderful change; mighty trees have fallen; tunnels now pierce the mountains; bridges span deep ravines and rapid streams; steel rails glisten in the sunlight; the shriek of the iron-horse is heard above the roar and boom of the breakers; and see! what greets the eye.

A perfect sand beach, ten miles long and two thousand feet wide; no boulders; as far as eye can reach, the restless ocean; at your feet, the white crested breakers; north of you, grand old Neahkahnie; back of you, mountains and mountains; yes, and fine trout streams hidden away in these same mountains. All around you, the salt sea breeze; and what life it brings; you feel as if worlds could be conquered. Hand in hand with that same life comes a pleasant companion; nothing less than a splendid appetite; no other word can describe it. From the little old log cabin which nestles under the sand dune comes a delicious fragrance, analysis of which brings forth fried chicken and coffee; yes, and clam chowder; Nehalem Bay clams, too. Here's where we take a hike for the inner workings of said log cabin.

In your busy life you may have forgotten about the new road to the beach, built by the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company. This road from Portland to Tillamook will be in fine running order by next season; they will complete the laying of track this month. Trains are now running up the coast, from Tillamook to the mouth of the Salmonberry, and these trains are crowded; in fact, "Standing Room Only" is the best seat to be had, at times.

Next summer you will have to pay twice as much for a lot on this beach as you will if you purchase this fall; there are thousands of people in Oregon, and Oregonians, like the rest of the human race, are looking for something new; to find it they will take the trip over the Pacific Railway & Navigation Company's line; when they see this beach nothing could keep them from buying. Many have bought at Twin Rocks, for after traversing the length of Garibaldi Beach, this sixty-acre tract appeals to one. It is a natural park, being covered with fine

trees; running through the property is a sparkling brook, whose waters will be piped for use, and is equal to Bull Run water. A comfortable, home-like hotel will be ready by June 1st, and "good things to eat" will be the order of the day. The owner is renowned at North Beach for her clam chowder.

If you select a lot or lots now, they will be put in good shape for this winter, so you can pitch your tent or put up your little cottage by the sea next summer.

Write for particulars: G., care THE TIMES.

THE FLEET.

The country pays its taxes,  
 And it can't see much to praise,  
 Till the fleet comes steaming, steaming,  
 Where the shore-bound millions gaze.  
 Then it's: "See the masts and guns.  
 Say, but they're nifty ones;  
 We'll sweep the seas, just how we please,  
 With ships like those, my sons."

Drab shapes all snug at anchor,  
 Our ten million dollar brides;  
 Do you need an inspiration,  
 And forgotten thrills besides?  
 Watch the flags hauled up and down,  
 See the wicked muzzles frown,  
 Your blood will race, in maddened chase,  
 From your shoe tops to your crown.

We all forget our taxes  
 In the handclasp of our pride,  
 As we see the fleet go steaming  
 Where the farthest billows ride.  
 Then it's: "Guess they know the way,  
 If it's war or if it's play;  
 Since we own them, now we've known them,  
 We're more chummy, anyway."  
 —Detroit News Tribune.

THE HARVEST MOON.

How peacefully the broad and golden moon  
 Comes up to gaze upon the reaper's  
 toil.  
 That they who own the land for  
 many a mile,  
 May bless her beams, and they who  
 take the boon.  
 Of scattered ears; oh, beautiful! how  
 soon  
 The dusk is turned to silver without  
 soil,  
 Which makes the fair sheaves fairer  
 than at noon,  
 And guides the gleaner to his slender  
 spoil.

So, to our souls, the Lord of love and  
 might  
 Sends harvest hours, when daylight  
 disappears;  
 When age and sorrow, like the coming  
 night,  
 Darken our field of work with doubts  
 and fears,  
 He times the presence of his heavenly  
 light  
 To rise up softly o'er our silver  
 hairs.  
 —Charles Tennyson Turner, in the New  
 York Evening Mail.