

Stand by your Colors

THE TIMES

Play the Game Fairly

"WE STAND FOR THE OPEN SHOP"

Vol. I. No. 8

PORTLAND, OREGON, DECEMBER 9, 1911

Price 5 Cents

STRUCTURAL IRONWORKERS GET A TURNDOWN BY MAYOR RUSHLIGHT IN BROADWAY BRIDGE CONTRACT

On Wednesday the structural ironworkers filed a petition with Mayor Rushlight that was all right from their point of view, but not from the public's viewpoint.

The petition states that the Pennsylvania Company opposes labor unions, and that the company will import all its labor to perform the work; that Portland union labor should be given the preference, etc.

Mayor Rushlight very sensibly views the matter. He says the Executive Board can do nothing but let the contract to the Pennsylvania Steel Company, because the law requires that the contract must go to the lowest responsible bidder.

right to employ such labor as it sees fit to engage.

Mayor Rushlight does not question the responsibility of the contracting company, but he does question any authority by the Executive Board to even request, much less dictate, whom the steel company should employ.

Had the structural ironworkers taken the pains to consult an attorney, they would not have made so egregious a blunder. The Pennsylvania Steel Company has a large and important contract to fill, which it must carry out in a specified time.

THE TIMES, all things being equal, would like to see all local improvements made by local men—"open shop" men—but, in a case like the present, it appears impossible. It approves the stand taken by Mayor Rushlight, because it is common sense, backed by law.

"A LESSON."

Under the caption, "A Lesson," The Oregonian thus editorializes on the result of the recent city election at Los Angeles:

A Socialist offered himself as a candidate for Mayor of Los Angeles, frankly avowing his socialism and declaring his purpose to give a socialistic administration. He polled nearly 20,000 votes in the elimination primary and approximately 40,000 votes in the election Tuesday.

to arouse the apprehensions and stimulate the active opposition of all who are not socialists is quite obvious.

The plain lessons of the Los Angeles result are:

(1) Los Angeles is not ready for socialism.

(2) Los Angeles deems all other political, factional, municipal, personal and institutional differences trivial and unimportant in comparison with the one overpowering dread of socialism.

All parties in Los Angeles buried their little differences for the purpose of fighting the common socialistic foe in the recent election.

Republicans discovered suddenly that Democrats were after all friends, neighbors and fellow-citizens with common aims, desires, hopes and patriotism.

Progressives hailed reactionaries as allies, compatriots and brothers, and struck hands with them in the fresh delight of the pleasing revelation.

Newspapers that had been barking and biting at one another for years, stimulating the deadliest enmities and perpetuating the bitterest animosities, tossed their journalistic feuds to the ash heap, destroyed their ready-for-use lexicons of abusive epithets, and presented to a gratified people the rare spectacle of responsible newspapers uniting in common effort for the common good.

The experience of Los Angeles would appear to teach that most of the questions that divide people into scattered and quarreling groups are after all not worth while. Portland possibly may profit by the Los Angeles example.

THOUGHTS OF GREAT MEN.

That which weighs heavily in youth, and commits us to desperate action, will be a trifle under older eyes, to blunter senses, a more enlightened understanding.—George Meredith.

If people would dare to speak to one another unreservedly there would be a good deal less sorrow in the world a hundred years hence.—Samuel Butler.

The measure of our sincerity is the amount of health and wealth we will hazard in the defense of our right.—Emerson.

We must carefully distinguish between the absence of tact and the presence of principle.—John Davidson.

The third international aeronautical exhibition will be held in Paris in November and December.

A German explorer has discovered a South American native tribe which regards eating in public as something of which to be ashamed.

HOWARD M. CUNNINGHAM PREDICTS THAT UNLESS CURBED I. W. W. RIOTS WILL OCCUR IN PORTLAND

In a letter to The Oregonian Howard M. Cunningham registers the following protest against the unrestricted use of streets by speakers representing the Industrial Workers of the World:

The writer begs leave to state an opinion and to suggest that some rapid disposition be made of a bunch of idlers calling themselves the Industrial Workers of the World, who are nightly creating disturbances on our streets, that is proving a menace to law and order, a disgrace to any civilized community and a detriment to free speech, for which they are continually howling and clamoring.

Language which is unfit for publication, unfit for the public to listen to, of an anarchistic and profane nature to the utmost degree, is dealt out every night by this ruffian class and seem to be permitted by our city officials.

This bunch is composed principally of degenerates and foreigners; many unable to speak the English language and two-thirds have no vote. They will not work for any wages.

They use language and threats against our Nation, state, county and city officials. Even the abuse of our police officers in public is permitted, as well as the continual denunciation of the National flag.

If these fellows are permitted to continue their street-speaking, I would suggest that every religious and political organization be given a certain corner to speak on and be confined strictly to that corner.

This bunch of undesirables make it a point to usurp the street corners in the vicinity of Burnside, Couch, Second and Third streets, which have nightly been used for religious organizations, by the Salvation Army, Volunteers of America, Apostolic Faith Mission and the Portland Commons, by getting on the streets before the religious organizations do, and taking the stands that they have occupied for years. Should they fail in doing this, they take a position immediately next to one of these religious organizations and endeavor to drown the voices of the men and women who are earnest in the endeavor to do mankind good by singing revolutionary songs to the tune of some sacred hymn and by continual cheering when one of the religious speakers endeavors to speak. Their songs are of a

revolutionary and anarchistic nature. The riotous scenes that this creates is a disgrace to our city, to humanity and to law and order. The sidewalks and streets are blocked during these meetings to such an extent that pedestrians cannot pass. These meetings are of an extremely riotous nature, at one time requiring the services of a sergeant and seven patrolmen, and should be suppressed at once and for all time. They should be arrested for disorderly conduct (there would be no doubt of a conviction) and given the full limit of the law in fine and a good long jolt on the rockpile.

HONESTY IN BUSINESS ALWAYS PAYS.

(By Alfred De Rothschild, famous European banker.)

The line dividing keen business from dishonesty is perfectly distinct.

But nearly half a century spent in business has left me convinced that it does not even pay to be dishonest and to do things in commercial life which a gentleman's ordinary sense of honor would keep him from doing in private life.

The city man recognizes at once the difference between an advantage to be used and an advantage not to be taken. Your business rival is not going to give away anything to you.

But you also expect that he will conform to the rules of the game, playing along certain recognized lines of honorable conduct.

If you know something that other people don't know, you have a perfect right to use that knowledge for your own ends. No stockbroker goes and publishes to the world private information that is going to put him at an advantage in the markets.

But then, again, while the rules and customs of the stock and money markets are well recognized and acted upon, shifty dealing is at once marked down.

You can be dishonest once, but not twice. No one will deal with you if your reputation has been stained.

And it is so much simpler to be straightforward. Trickery wants learning, and is worthless from a pecuniary point of view when you have learned it, for it loses you in reputation far more than you will ever gain in cash.

The ethics of business are quite as definite and binding as in any of the professions. Some professions I could name would suffer by comparison.

Boiled potatoes are better than soap for cleansing hands blackened by contact with kitchen utensils.

Adhere and stick, thou gooey pot of paste; Thou savest time when writers are in haste.

Through thee, at times, our "copy" much is stuck; Yet, saying work, thou bringest us good luck. —C. E. S.

Vaccination is a voting qualification in Norway.

In their chemical composition the banana and potato are almost identical.

An Italian university professor claims to have found radium in ordinary dew.

The United States has issued nearly 60,000 patents for inventions along electrical lines.

M'NAMARA BROTHERS SENTENCED AT LOS ANGELES—ONE FOR LIFE ANOTHER FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

Judge Bordwell, at Los Angeles, on Tuesday, pronounced sentence upon James B. McNamara, who confessed to the murder of Haggerty, in the dynamiting of the plant of the Los Angeles Times, sending him to the penitentiary for life. The sentence passed upon John J. McNamara, for dynamiting the Llewellyn Iron Works, was 15 years.

District Attorney Fredericks urged the clemency of the court for the guilty pair because they had pleaded guilty and had rendered services to the state.

After the condemned men had been brought before the bar, Judge Bordwell inquired:

"Are you ready to proceed?" "The state is," said Fredericks, and read James B. McNamara's confession amid absolute silence.

"Is that statement correct?" "It is," said McNamara.

"Then the court finds," said the judge, "that the degree of guilt of the defendant is murder in the first degree."

"James B. McNamara, you may stand up," he said.

"What is your full name?"

"James Boyd McNamara," said the prisoner.

The court then began a formal statement reciting the indictment for murder of Charles J. Haggerty upon which McNamara pleaded guilty, and asked McNamara if he had any statement to make.

"I have not," he said.

"Have you anything to say?" he asked Fredericks.

"There has been no dickering or bargaining in this matter," he said. "Counsel on the other side are well aware of the usual custom of granting clemency to per-

sons pleading guilty. This defendant by so pleading has settled for all time a question which otherwise would always have been in doubt. He saves the state great expense and has served the state in other ways."

"The defendant will arise," said Judge Bordwell, and commented upon McNamara's declaration that he did not intend to destroy life.

"The circumstances are against you in making that statement," he said. "A man who will place 16 sticks of dynamite in a place where you, as a printer, knew that gas was burning in many places and knew many were toiling, must have had no regard for life; must have been a murderer at heart and undeserving of clemency."

For reasons other than such a plea of nonintent, Judge Bordwell declared he would impose a sentence other than death, and he would impose the penalty of imprisonment for life.

John J. McNamara was taken next, and to him the Llewellyn Iron Works indictment was read by the judge. He said he had nothing to say. District Attorney Fredericks, however, said that, as in the other case, the plea of guilty merited consideration, but pleaded that the defendant be given "a few years of freedom at the end of his life."

Judge Bordwell declared that the strictures against James B. McNamara would also apply to him. Clemency, he declared, was not because of merit as to intent. He then imposed a sentence of 15 years in San Quentin penitentiary, one more year than had been predicted.

IT WON'T HURT THE UNIONS.

The bullpen, and the constabulary rifle volleys, and the blacklist, and the scab with a blackjack, have frequently brought retaliation in the shape of bombs and fires and riots, but always the vast majority of the workers were not in sympathy with violence, and were union men only to get a square deal.

Because a crooked labor leader proves a confessed felon, a murderer, a bomb thrower, affects not at all the vital principle of the good of the mass, the helpless mob; just as a crooked banker who deposits his depositors does not damn all banks, and as a raving fanatic, shouting weird imaginings in the name of some strange god, does not corrupt the undefiled religion that dwells in the hearts of mothers and babes.

The McNamara brothers pleaded guilty to murder; they should hang by the neck until dead for their crimes. And if the prosecution has any evidence against any other labor leader, no matter who he may be, involving him in this dirty mess, that leader should get the limit. The best thing that can happen to organized labor is to get every crook, every felon, and every dynamiter behind the bars or under the gallows, as soon as possible, and the sooner the rank and file get rid of the motto, "Our leaders, right or wrong," the better for the rank and file.

Organized labor in Oregon has never been guilty of an outrage; it has, with the grange, been the only big agency for the political good of the state. When organized labor becomes the chief agency for political reform everywhere, there will be no room for McNamaras, nor any other fatwitted, bone-headed thug who has no greater idea of justice than the average detective employed by the Citizens' Alliance.

"Put the cause of labor back 20 years," one fool "leader" is reported to have said on reading the confessions of the McNamaras. Bah, if every crook that has been fooling his honest fellows and hiding behind the union's skirts would confess and get what's coming to him the cause of labor would be advanced, for when violence is eliminated, and the man who works stands simply on his inherent right to a square deal, the fight is won.

If the men who work tomorrow voted together they could win in a day the battle for the ninety-nine out of a hundred; and that's the only way all the problems confronting the nation are every going to be settled. Meanwhile, little by little, the work will go on, the crooks on both sides will be exposed and kicked out, the old brutality, the relic of barbarous days when the bosses ruled su-

CONFESSION OF J. B. McNAMARA.

James B. McNamara's brief confession penned by his own hand and bearing many evidences of a man little skilled in letters, is as follows:

"I, James B. McNamara, defendant in the case of the people, having heretofore pleaded guilty to the crime of murder, desire to make this statement of facts:

"And this is the truth—On the night of September 30, 1910, at 5:45 P. M., I placed in Ink Alley, a portion of the Times building, a suitcase containing 16 sticks of 80 per cent dynamite, set to explode at 1 o'clock the next morning. It was my intention to injure the building and scare the owner. I did not intend to take the life of any one. I sincerely regret that these unfortunate men lost their lives. If the giving of my life would bring them back, I would gladly give it. In fact, in pleading guilty to murder in the first degree, I have placed my life in the hands of the state.

"James B. McNamara."

preme will be a better place for all of us.

And the I. W. W. agitator, who loafs and curses, with the strike picket, who is a thug, will depart forever.—The Daily News.

LIST OF McNAMARA'S VICTIMS.

Above the consecrated dust of the victims of James B. McNamara, whose silent forms are more eloquent than any spoken word, the Los Angeles Times recently erected a suitable memorial to remind all men that, though dead, they are not forgotten. The Roll of Honor comprises the following names:

- Robert L. Sawyer.
Harry L. Crane.
J. Wesley Reeves.
Charles Haggerty.
Frank Underwood.
Howard Courdaway.
J. C. Galliher.
Eugene Caress.
Fred Llewellyn.
W. G. Tunstall.
Don E. Johnson.
Charles Gulliver.
Churchill Harvey-Elder.
Carl Sallada.
Harry L. Flynn.
Elmer E. Frink.
Grant Moore.
John Howard.
Ernest Jordan.

Peace to their ashes! Forever green be the turf which California, through all her perennial summertime, will graciously tend above their cherished graves! Sweet be their eternal rest, sublime their solace!—General Harrison Gray Otis.

But the great majority are frightened by socialism. Whether their fears are well grounded, whether socialism is a terrifying reality or an unsubstantial shadow, is not now material. Its power