THE TIMES

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A FEARLESS EXPONENT OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE

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Saturday, January 13, 1912

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.

OUR PLATFORM

THE TIMES is earnest and outspoken. It advocates what it believes to be right, and that without fear or favor, and unencumbered by the shackles of circumstance. **THE TIMES** will not swerve from the path of duty, and it cannot be purchased or compromised. **THE TIMES** unqualifiedly subscribes to the great principles of human liberty under the law; of equal rights in all fields of legitimate endeavor, industrial freedom and to the advancement of the great Pacific Coast.

TO THE EMPLOYER—**THE TIMES** will ever be open to the employer of labor, that he may have, through its columns, an opportunity to place the truth before the public regarding the business conditions which govern him and his environments. The co-operation of the employer and the employe are the substantial proofs of what has made the Pacific Coast what it is today. Their interests are identical, are inseparable. The mutual experience, foresight and confidence between the business man and the wage-earner have made and are making for success. The investments of the one coupled with the efforts of both are solid bulwarks of present prosperity and the assurances of the future. Minus these, advancement along the lines of industrial and commercial progress of the Pacific Coast is impossible. Without this hearty co-operation, a continuance of the highest possible development of our agricultural, horticultural, timberal, mineral and other resources is out of the question, and we must retrograde and decay.

TO THE EMPLOYE.—The columns of **THE TIMES** will always be open to the employe, whether he may be an independent toiler or claim affiliation with a trade organization. **THE TIMES** hopes that by thus affording a medium for the interchange of opinions and by untrammeled discussion of labor questions in its columns, that a better understanding will be brought about between the employer of labor and the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. **THE TIMES** believes that by this method the rights of both will be conserved and advanced.

In the field of labor **THE TIMES** will champion the principle of "equality of opportunity," with all that it means to independent labor and to the average good citizen. This paper will be the staunch and undeviating friend of all honest toilers, of all unshackled, law-abiding, sincere workers; and while never denying the right of workmen to organize lawfully, this paper will be the unyielding foe of lawless, proscriptive, monopolistic and exclusive labor organizations, because they are the selfish enemies of their own class, and the common danger of the industrial world. Our position in this matter is unmistakable, and will be maintained.

THE TIMES will at all times stand for the conservation of human life and energy and character, with all their tremendous potentialities; for the preservation of the community and the nation; for the protection of property; for the flag and its glorious traditions; for the national life and honor with their pregnant possibilities; for the continuance of a brave, virtuous and patriotic citizenship, without which no nation can be either truly great or really good.

DIFFICULTIES IN ENGLISH.

THERE IS no living language spoken by civilized nations but that is in a constant state of evolution and improvement. The Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek and Latin—the dead languages—are fixed in form, in orthography, for obvious reasons. There are slowly being added to all living tongues new words, new idioms, due to the constant advances being made in the fields of invention and science and in the arts. There is no language undergoing more rapid changes than the English, due to the fact that it is so widely spoken. Cosmopolitan in its nature, the English is still far from being a perfect tongue. The welding together of its two main sources, the Teutonic, or Anglo-Saxon, and the Romance, or Latin, has resulted in giving us a powerful and expressive vehicle of thought and expression, no doubt, but it has, at the same time, brought us face to face with many apparently incongruous elements. We refer to the matter of grammar and spelling, which are so difficult of comprehension by foreigners. So far as the latter is concerned, there is not wanting what is pleased to style itself the Reformed Spelling Board. Every now and again, this self-appointed body sends out to the world a list of new words "fonetikly" spelled, hoping for their adoption. There are some, of course, who are ready to adopt any new fad, and notoriously poor spellers are, of course the very ones to subscribe to this new-fangled plan. Even the strenuous Roosevelt favored Reformed Spelling (or rather Deformed Spelling), but did not adhere to it because it is impracticable. Changes in spelling cannot be arbitrarily brought about, for such are matters of slow growth. The changes, when made, are imperceptible, but gradual.

Now the English language, aside from its main sources, is admittedly a hodge-podge, with copious dashes of Spanish, considerable Greek, a **soupcon** of Norman French, fragments of modern French, German, Italian and even Russian. In the United States words have been adopted from the tongues and dialects of the aborigines. In England many words from the Celtic have crept into the language, and a surprisingly large number have come from India. For the most part, it has been necessary, in adopting a foreign word, to adopt along with it the grammatical rules governing it in the language from whence it came. This has resulted in a very complicated grammar. Now the tongues emanating from a purely Latin source or Germanic source, do not meet these embarassments. It is conceded of all the Romance tongues, the Spanish has the most nearly perfect grammar.

Writers of English, in their efforts to accomplish smoothness of diction, have met a stumbling block in the matter of genders of personal pronouns. To remedy this, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of the Chicago schools, offers an ingenious solution. She has coined three pronounns, intended to represent both the masculine and feminine genders at once. For example:

"He'er" means "he or she."
"His'er" means "his or her."
"Him'er" means "him or her."

In illustration to which the new coined pronouns could be put, we quote from Mrs Young:

"A principal should so conduct his'er school that all pupils are engaged in something that is profitable to him'er, and where the pupil is required to use knowledge in accomplishing his'er task.

"I don't see how one can map out the work for the fifth or sixth grade when he'er has always done the work in the grades above or below."

The London Chronicle one time suggested that by translating the French "on" as "they" one could surmount the difficulty of a pronoun meaning either "he" or "she". This led to the actual insertion in a very popular dictionary of a coined word "thon".

In a French school where English was taught, an American consul reports the struggles of a French boy in attempting to conjugate the verb "have" in the sentence "I have a gold mine". The boy said: "I have a gold mine; thou hast a gold thine; he has a gold hisn; we have a gold ourn; they have a gold theirn."

A class at Heidelberg, engaged in the study of the English language, encountered the same sentence. Prof. Wulff called upon Herr Schmitz:

"Gonjugate 'do haff' in der sentence 'I haff a gold mine.'"

Herr Schmitz proceeded:

"I haff a golt mine; du hast a golt dein; he hass a golt hiss. Ve, you or dey haff a golt ours, yours or deirs, as de case may be."

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH."

THE GOOD BOOK says "The wages of sin is death". This is true. At first there is a yielding to temptation. Frequent commission of sin begets a calloused conscience, and finally the sin becomes a habit, most difficult to break. Within the last few years we have had a local illustration of a young man who has had unusual opportunities to establish himself in the good graces of a corporation which would gladly have rewarded his best efforts. Instead of following the path of strict honesty and integrity, this young man could not withstand the tempter, it is alleged, and finally became involved. He is charged with having dishonestly, by means of forgeries, numerous and frequent, made way with manw thousands of dollars of his employer's money. It is hinted that perhaps othres are entangled in the alleged peculations and that a clean sweep of an entire department may be made. If the guilt of the young man shall finally be established beyond all cavil, a blight will come upon his young manhood taht all the years to come will not efface. THE TIMES feels regret that this is so, but it is the universal human experience. Fate ordains it, and the decrees of fate are inexorable. We feel greater regret that when the hour of temptation came, the young man in question or any other young man similarly placed, failed to have fortitude to trn a deaf ear to temptation. Every time one yields, they become weaker; every time they manfully stand for what they know to be the only right course, they become stronger, and honesty, equally with dishonesty, can become a habit. Modern life in cities has much to do with so many young men going "to the bad". They are forced to compete in the ways of extravagant living (or think they are), and when they cannot by their toil earn sufficient to keep up the gait with those who have plenty of means, they begin to seek recourese in pilfering, always with the hope of returning it before it is missed. Old Ben Franklin, hits the nail squarely on the head when he says that the most unfortunate hour for a young man is when he begins to think how he is to get money without earning it.

In the local case it is noticeable that a large number of persons offered to come to the unfortunate young man's assistance with finanical aid. There is no fault to find with that, but how many instances might be cited of cases far less deserving, of young men under arrest charged with the commission of crimes, perhaps far less guilty or even positively innocent, for whom there has come not one helping hand?

Let us suppose that a young man starts out in life, and little by little is inducted into offices of trust. He follows the even tenor of his way, is faithful, honest and upright. Very seldom will he go long unrewarded in the matter of finanical reward. If his employer does not or cannot pay him what he is worth, there are always others ready and waiting who will do so. The laborer is worthy of his hire. But far and beyond financial emolument is the basis of the building of a worthy and honorable name. Old Solomon truly said:

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

And Shakespeare declared:

"Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, nothing, and has
been slave to thousands;
But he who filches my good name, robs me of that which not enriches
him, and makes me poor indeed."

A man can leave behind him no better legacy than an unsullied name.

And now the world is startled to learn that General Horatio Mulford Stratton, commander-in-chief of the United Boys' Brigades of America, recently deceased, led a double life up to the very hour of his death. He had one wife and three children at Paulsboro, South New Jersey, and another in Flatbush, New York City. He must have been a man of more than usual ability to keep his secret so well that neither family suspected the existence of the other until after his death. Then again, he must have had pretty good money-making qualities to have been able to take care of two families, when most men find it all they can do to look after one. It is lamentable that General Stratton, who had been looked up to by so many thousand Sunday School boys as a bright and shining example, should after all have led a life of deceit. Human nature is really unaccountable at best.

Japan's Mission Is to Unite the East and West

By Dr. INAZO NITOBE

Head of Imperial College of Japan

WHEREVER a white power enters the east and seizes a piece of territory and when, as always follows, the country that has suffered the loss raises a great hue and cry you always hear it said that Japan is somewhere behind the eastern country. The INFLUENCE OF JAPAN IS ALWAYS SUSPECTED. But I can assure you that the suspicion is not just.

WE THINK OF OURSELVES IN JAPAN AS THE GO-BETWEEN OF THE EAST AND THE WEST AND NOT THE LEADER OF THE EAST AGAINST THE WEST. WE PREFER TO BRING TOGETHER THE NATIONS WHICH HAVE SO LONG TROD DIFFERENT PATHS AND UNITE THEM BY BONDS OF SYMPATHY AND RESPECT.

The location of the Japanese empire in the Pacific so far from the shores of America and from the centers of the world had made the Japanese GREATER STRANGERS TO THE WORLD than almost any other nation. The difficulty of passing from Japan even to California was enough to make understanding a matter of time.

The tendency to explain the character of a people by their environments is often OVERDONE. Some western travelers have tried to explain all Japanese life by our volcanoes and our earthquakes. But I think the mental influences have been small. In the Shinto religion, where there is a god for everything, there is only one mention of a god of earthquakes. The volcano and the earthquake have had an effect on our art and our architecture, but not an appreciable effect on the psychology or emotional life of the Japanese.

The insularity of Japan had made the Japanese a homogeneous people with a STRONG PATRIOTISM.

How the Stack Was Straightened

A Story of a Mechanical Genius

By SAMUEL G. MONTFORD

"Happy the man who has found his vocation." This is an old adage which in these times, when life seems too short to learn a profession before middle age, the saying should be, "Happy the boy in whom some especial gift shows itself that can be later on turned to success."

Tom Swartout, a farmer's son, seemed to his father to be worthless because, as the older man said, he was too lazy to eat. And there was reason for the imputation. Tom detested farm work. The hoe handle would never stick to his hands, or if it did he would constantly be stopping in his work to look up in the sky at some bird soaring above and wonder how it kept a fixed position without the slightest visible motion of its wings.

Under the circumstances life was intolerable to Tom and his parents. No one can blame fathers and mothers whose children seem to be useless for showing their disappointment. Tom knew that he was a disappointment, and one night after an expression of his father's disapprobation he resolved to leave home and go somewhere else. In the morning, long before dawn and before any one was stirring on the farm, he got out of bed, dressed himself and started down the road he knew not whither.

Then followed hardships that might have been expected. A week after his departure he stopped at an open door of a factory to look in at an engine that was moving machinery distributed through a whole building. There was something in the regular and continued stroke of the piston, the steady revolution of the flywheel, that fascinated the boy. He wondered what kept it going. He had seen machinery on the farm moved by hand power, but nothing driven by heat. While he was looking the engineer, a pale man, who was evidently suffering from some disease, began to shovel coal into the furnace. The work was evidently hard on him, and he stopped to rest between every shovelful.

"I'll do that for you," said Tom.

The man looked at him, then, taking a ten cent piece from his pocket, said:

"I wish you would."

Tom put in the coal, then asked the engineer all about the engine—the principles on which it worked, what the piston accomplished, why the flywheel was there, how uniform motion was achieved and a lot of other questions. The man answered his questions and was surprised at how quickly he understood the explanations. Then Tom told him that he had left home, had no means of a livelihood and asked if he might not shovel coal and do odd jobs about the engine room.

The engineer went into the office, and when he came back told Tom that he could stay at a salary of $4 a week. The boy was beside himself with joy.

One day a wooden post that was a part of one of the machines in the building and that was intended to turn on a pivot like a rudder post began to open in fissures as it turned. Every time it turned the fissures grew larger, and it was evident the post would soon be twisted in two. Some work that had been promised the next morning was dependent on the machine, and there was no time to put in a new post. Tom stood beside the foreman, who was looking at the post not knowing what to do.

"Get some wedges," said the coal heaver, "and every time the fissures open fill them up."

The foreman turned to the begrimed boy in astonishment. Then the wedges were brought, driven in and the post was again rigid.

The incident advanced Tom many pegs in the opinion of his employers, and they tried him in various places where good work was needed, but he failed in them all. He had no aptitude for work that did not interest him. It was drudgery, and he had not been made for drudgery any more in a factory than on a farm. There seemed nothing that he could do but assist the engineer, who was a sickly man and often was obliged to absent himself from his duties. So Tom was sent back to the engine room and made assistant engineer. At this work he seemed to get on better than at anything else, for he loved the machine that could keep the mills supplied with power all day—and all night, for that matter—without getting tired. In its own field, though senseless iron, it was better than a man. The man consumes different kinds of food; coal alone would feed the engine. The man must stop for sleep and rest; the engine need never stop.

Several years passed during which Tom got no further up in the ladder of success than assistant engineer. There was a vague idea among his fellows and his employers that he was born for success, but there was a screw loose somewhere in his bodily mechanism. One day when he was a grown man his opportunity came, and the only person unconscious of its arrival was Tom himself.

He made the discovery that the smokestack, a huge brick, hollow, round tower set on a square base and a hundred feet high, had lost its original perpendicular position, veering at the top about two and a half feet. Within a few days it was found to veer six inches more. At this rate it would not be long before it would fall, not only a ruin in itself, but crushing one of the most costly wings of the factory.

The management were in sore distress. They were in the midst of their busiest maufacturing season, yet work must be stopped while the chimney, valuable as it was, must come down to be replaced by a new one. First a scaffolding to the top must be erected, brick after brick must come off, then be replaced from the bottom till the stack reached its original height, standing perpendicular from its base.

Tom, having reported the matter to his employers, was forgotten by them in their anxiety about the chimney. The same evening they called a meeting of engineers and builders to discuss some means of propping the chimney to tide them over the busy season. Not an expedient was suggested that could be relied upon. If the stack should fall and wreck the wing the loss would be far greater than that occasioned by stopping work while the chimney was being taken down and rebuilt. The propping plan was abandoned, and the meeting adjourned with the understanding that the stack must come down.

The next morning Tom Swartout in overalls went into the office of Mr. Rogers, president of the corporation, and, leaning his bare arms, black with coal dust and grease, on a rosewood railing, said reflectively:

"Mr. Rogers, I've been wondering if a way of straightening the stack I've been thinking about wouldn't work."

"You've been thinking about it! Do you know that last night we had the best engineers in the country here discussing the matter, and they all agreed the stack must come down."

Tom was about to take his departure when the president asked, "What's your plan?"

"Why, you know the base is square."

"Well?"

"And the stack leans in a perpendicular line with one of the faces of the base."

"Yes."

"Now, if a line of brick on the sides of the base other than that in the direction the stack leans could be removed the stack would settle on that side, swinging the top toward the perpendicular."

"The removal of brick under so heavy a weight would be impracticable."

"I was wondering if it couldn't be done in this way: Remove the brick at intervals, so as to leave several little pillars for support. Now, supposing we wish to take out three inches of the brick, we begin by removing six inches on the other three sides, filling up the spaces with blocks of wood of equal thickness, leaving three sides wood instead of brick. Between the blocks put in brick piers three inches high, which would leave a space of three inches, the distance required to right the stack, between the top of the piers and the top of the brick piers. This done, burn out the woodwork, and the upper brickwork of your base gradually sinks down on to the piers."

Tom made this suggestion with no more consciousness of its importance and ingenuity than if he had prepared a plan for mending a broken machine. As he progressed the president kept his eyes fixed on him with a growing interest mixed with wonder. When Tom had finished Mr. Rogers continued to stare at him for a few moments, then brought his fist down on a bell beside him. A boy came hurrying in and the president thundered out the order:

"Send the superintendent here at once!"

Within an hour Tom's plan of righting the chimney was begun and within eighteen hours had been completed. The amount of change to swing the top of the chimney into position was a matter of a brief mathematical calculation and was made before the removal of the brickwork was begun. When the woodwork had all been removed by fire the settling was found to be correct and satisfactory, and the stack stood perpendicular.

Mr. Rogers inspected the work, saw that it was good, went to his office and called for Tom Swartout. When Tom reported he hadn't the slightest idea what he was wanted for. The president handed him a check for $10,000. Tom looked at it, then at Mr. Rogers for an explanation.

"I would gladly have paid an engineer twice that sum," said the president, "for your suggestion. It has saved thousands on the stack—thousands for breach of contracts and thousands, besides, for contingent loss of business."

Tom couldn't get it through his stupid head how a little matter like that should be made so much of.

A few days after this Tom received a leave of absence to go home. Neither his father nor his mother knew him, for he had bought good clothes and looked prosperous. They welcomed him home, and when he set about supplying their every want they were thunderstruck.

"How ever did you do it, Tommy?" asked his mother, beside herself with wonder.

"Oh, I did a little job on a smokestack that any other fellow could have done as well as I, only nobody happened to think of it."

Tom Swartout was given a position at the factory, which had no name. His duties were to think out all sorts of problems that were impossible to others. He was never at a loss for a device and invented methods for expediting and bettering work which put enormous profits into the pockets of his employers and made him rich.

All this his father and mother could never understand.