

THE TIMES

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A FEARLESS EXPONENT OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE

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Saturday, January 19, 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 be governed 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, timber, mineral and other resources is out of the question, and we must retrograde and decay.

TO THE EMPLOYEE.—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, proscription, 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.

CHINA, NEW AND OLD.

The rapidity of change made manifest in China is unique. There has never been anything like it known in all the era of recorded history. Yesterday, at it were, China, old in a civilization that had the weight of centuries behind her, today, new-born and already rapidly advancing along the highway of modern idea. We are presented the other day with the spectacle of the Dowager Empress weeping the bitter tears of sorrow because Fate had decreed that the Manchu dynasty must end forever, afterstary must end forever, after having been in power for three centuries. To step down from high position into which they had been born, is a bitter pill for the princes of the reigning house to swallow. In retiring from the throne a parallel is presented to the end of the Saracenic dynasty in Spain, when by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella and the union of Castile and Aragon, the power of Spanish arms drove out the Moors to Africa. Who has not read the beautiful description of Washington Irving, "The Last Sigh of the Moor?" The sun was setting. Before the royal tent of the conquerors sat Ferdinand and Isabella, Boabdil, the last king of the Spanish Moors, was compelled to pass them, and to bend his knee in token of subjection, ere he took his departure to Africa—to him a foreign shore. Ascending a hill to perform this last act of humility, he cast his eyes down into the valley below, where stood the Alhambra—palace of his forefathers, which even now, in its ruins is an imposing pile. As he saw the setting sun gilding the minarets and domes and he realized that he and his people were leaving the beautiful Andalusian land forever, a sigh of regret escaped him, stoic though he was. The Spaniard, mindful of the poetical significance of that sigh, at once christened the spot *El suspiro del Moro*—the Last Sigh of the Moor. So with the end of the Manchu dynasty comes the tears of the reigning house.

If given the proper opportunity, young China, awakening from the sleep of the centuries, keenly appreciative of the benefits of Western civilization, will graft the new upon the old, rejecting all that is inharmonious and stride forward to her destiny. But there is a possibility that this plan may not work out at once, without travail and sorrow. Let her beware the stealthy creep of the Russian bear. For China to develop into a modern nation as has Japan, would not suit Adam-Zad at all. Russia never sleeps. She, too, has her dreams of empire, and will never relinquish them without a struggle. She desires to grab all the Chinese territory she can for her own aggrandizement. Only a certain distance can she go, before she will encounter the British lion, ever watchful, ever vigilant. If Young China is not caught between the two and literally torn limb from limb, it will be a miracle.

The United States of America trusts that the Russian Bear may be forced back into his lair. It trusts that high-minded British statesmanship may be strong enough to maintain the integrity of the new Chinese Republic. This country can present no armed interference in China against Russia or Great Britain, but it can offer its friendly offices to prevent dismemberment, should such become imminent.

But Russia is cruel and unjust. She is cruel to her own subjects, and there is no country in the world where there is so little patriotism. Internecine troubles may some day disrupt the oligarchy and the house of Romanoff go down into oblivion. Russia is cruel to the Jews, to her own peasantry. Regardless of treaty obligations, playing the bully, she took part in the wicked partition of Poland

Coming down to recent years, she cruelly and outrageously trespassed upon the rights of Finland, and swallowed that liberty-loving people at a gulp. Already she has seized and occupied a part of Manchuria, and is seeking to gobble up a goodly portion of Persia. Young China needs friends among the Western nations, and we trust that England may become one of them. The United States is certainly one of them.

ABATE THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

NOW IS THE TIME for the city to take decisive action in the matter of the smoke nuisance. As Portland increases in size, she must greatly increase the number of her business blocks and office buildings. Along with these there must ever come an increasing number of factories. Factories cannot be conducted without the aid of power, and this power comes mostly from steam produced by oil, coal or wood fires. The smokestacks discharge soot and smoke, which, on a damp and murky day, are bound to settle down upon our handsome buildings to their disfigurement. THE TIMES would not discourage, or attempt to throw in the way of manufactories any impediment to their progress. Quite the contrary. It would earnestly urge that all factories adopt smoke consumers that will relieve the atmosphere of the black discharges from the tall smokestacks. To be sure, these will involve some additional expense, but in the interest of public cleanliness, there should be no hesitancy along this line.

THE TIMES does not believe that Portland manufacturers already here would refuse, or even hesitate, if they were approached in the proper manner, to do all they could to abate the smoke nuisance, which must, the greater the city becomes, greatly increase public discomfort. It is probable that they would willingly assent to so reasonable a restriction. The encouragement of an ordinance embodying the desired change would establish a precedent that all future manufacturers coming to Portland would be compelled to follow.

The time to make this change is NOW. Portland should benefit by the example of Chicago, which allowed the matter to run so long that it became a matter of extreme difficulty to correct the evil, but it was finally corrected, and the result is that Chicago is a much cleaner city than it used to be.

It is always the custom, whenever a change like the one suggested is made, to find a few bitter opponents. We trust that this may not be the case in this instance, in case our City Fathers shall think well enough of it to pass such an ordinance.

COLLEGE ATHLETES DEIFIED.

IN THE OLD DAYS of our forefathers the standard of excellence for students in great collegiate institutions was their proficiency in the course of studies prescribed by the curriculum. In these degenerate days, alas! the most brilliant achievements of mind are forced to take a back seat. Now the question is not how great a student's attainments may be in the realm of science, of mathematics, of Greek or Latin, but their proficiency in football or their ability at the oar. Athletics have their proper field, and are worthy of cultivation, but they should not be made to occupy so much of the student's time and attention as they do nowadays. The popular theory of our great institutions of learning is that there, under expert professors, the student may prepare himself and arm himself with a better equipment mentally, through the accumulated knowledge of the ages, for the battle of life. To do this he must have a strong mind and a sturdy body. *Mens sano in sano corpore*—a sound mind in a sound body. Athletics were intended as a means toward an end, not the supreme end itself.

But is this true? A glance at the news columns of any daily paper any day in the week will prove that it is not so. It is unreasonable, unjust and absurd that athletics should be given more importance in universities than class standing. There is something decidedly wrong when a professor, who needs must be a man of superior mind and of exceptional learning, works for a beggarly salary, while at the same time, in the same college, a football coach, for a limited service, receives as much or more pay than the hard-worked professor can earn in a year. The realm of mind is vastly superior to the realm of physical attainment. Some day, we hope, the teacher will be paid what he or she is worth.

An illustration of our thought is found in a recent occurrence at the University of Washington. Coach Gilmore Dobie was engaged to coach the University football team for three months at \$1000 a month, three hours daily, while professors are expected to be grateful if they receive \$1500 for nine months' work at from twelve to fifteen hours per day. College athletics have been placed upon a pedestal and deified. Let us hope for some records of scholarship and better pay for the professors.

A better proof of the utter degeneracy to which the cocaine habit will lead one need not be found than that furnished in the case of Harry Johnson, alias Frank Redfern, yegman, arrested by the local authorities. Tuesday morning when taken from the city jail for arraignment before Judge Tazwell, he attempted to make his escape. Detective Captain Baty, Detectives Royle and Pat Moloney and Frank Parker, a prisoner, who prevented his escape, each received jabs with a yenshee needle (used in cooking a "pill" for the opium pipe). The yegman is wanted at Salem for the thefts of valuable silks. He will now be charged with assault with attempt to kill. There are severe restrictions against the sale of pernicious drugs, spasmodically enforced on occasion. The war against unscrupulous dealers should be constant and unrelenting. As for Johnson, he deserves the fullest limit of the law.

WISCONSIN JOBS OF DYNAMITERS PROBED BY JURY

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Three explosions in Wisconsin, alleged to be a part of a widespread dynamite conspiracy, were investigated by the Federal Grand Jury. Two men of Portage, Wis., said to be relatives of Ortie E. McManigal were examined in connection with the transportation of explosives from Chicago to points in Wisconsin. The explosions were at Green Bay, November 21, 1909; Superior, August 2, 1910, and Milwaukee, March 16, 1911.

On his way to do the Milwaukee job, which resulted in lamage to an unloading bridge and a steamer near the dock, McManigal says he carried four quarts of nitroglycerine in a suitcase from Chicago and found six quarts awaiting him in Milwaukee. As only four quarts were required to destroy the property, he left the remainder in Milwaukee for future use. In whose custody he left it and how some of the explosive happened to be there awaiting him, are supposed to be some of the points inquired into by the grand jury.

Other witnesses were C. J. Brucker, of Jordan Station, Ontario, and J. C. Childers, of Pittsburg, employees of an "open shop" constructing company, which claims to have suffered over the country.

"WON'T WORKS" AT SAN FRANCISCO MIX WITH GOPS

SAN FRANCISCO. — Black eyes and broken heads and three men under arrest and out on bail because of a fight between the police and a street meeting in Industrial Workers of the World.

H. W. Wright, the speaker at the meeting, faces a charge of resisting an officer. His head is cut from a policeman's club, he says, and his clothing is in bad shape. His companions, Frank Swiski and Conrad Waage, were arrested for refusing to move on. All were bailed out by members of the organization to which they belong.

Wright was talking on a downtown street corner when the police ordered him to get off a box on which he stood. Wright resisted and the fight began.

Molly

She Sold Butter and Eggs, but Carried a Revolver

By GEORGE ARNOLD WELSH

In the summer of 1863, when the Army of the Cumberland was at Murfreesboro, Tenn., preparatory to the move on Tullahoma, the general commanding called for volunteers for secret service. One young man who reported was entirely devoid of a beard and had ruddy cheeks and blue eyes. "You could go anywhere as a girl," said the general, "and as long as your sex is not suspected you would be safer in skirts than in trousers."

"My hair is too short," said the youngster.

"It is long enough to cut square around your neck, and that's the way girls up to eighteen about here wear their hair. Would you like to try it?" "I wouldn't mind, general."

"Well, I want you to go down to Tullahoma and learn what you can. Bring me back a statement of the defenses, the guns on them, their caliber and the number and condition of Bragg's army encamped in and about the town."

The next morning a Tennessee country girl left the Union picket line at Murfreesboro with a basket on her arm, taking the direct turnpike to Tullahoma. Stopping at a farm, she bought a supply of eggs and butter, which she put into her basket, and on reaching the vedettes of the Confederate army told them that she came from a farm up the road and was going into Tullahoma to make a little money by supplying the soldiers with her farm produce.

Molly Atkins—this was the name the farm girl gave herself—had no difficulty passing into Tullahoma. What troubled her was that so eager were the soldiers on the picket line to buy her goods that the supply was exhausted before she entered the town.

However, she had plenty of money and went about among the shops buying such supplies as farmers needed which they could not raise themselves. Having refilled her basket, she cast about for a place to lodge, for she had no idea of leaving Tullahoma for several days. Passing a house occupied for General Bragg's headquarters, it occurred to her that if she could find a lodging near it she might elicit information by keeping an eye on what was going on there. So she knocked at the doors of several houses on the opposite side of the street till she found a family who was willing to take in a country girl for a few days who had come to town to make some purchases. She was given a room in, the third story, on rather, the peak of the roof, from which she could look right down on General Bragg's headquarters.

Officers and messengers were coming and going, citizens were applying for passes, while a sentinel paced back and forth before the house, every few minutes stopping and facing to salute an officer passing in or out. Molly couldn't see anything to be derived from this, so she sallied forth to visit the camps and the defenses of the town. Having picked up all the information available in this way, she returned to her lodging and, gathering up her purchases, went over to headquarters to ask for a pass to leave Tullahoma. An aid-de-camp, a young man about twenty-two years old, was in charge of the granting of passes and, seeing a pretty girl come in, was quite beside himself with admiration. Molly showed him the articles she had purchased, telling him that they had been bought with money derived from the sale of butter and eggs. He was convinced that she was what she represented herself to be, but he had explicit orders from his general that he should grant no passes to persons going northward, and he dare not disobey.

Molly appeared disappointed, and when the aid looked at her sympathetically cast her blue eyes down at the floor. "How far beyond the picket line do you live?" asked the aid. "Not very far," Molly replied. "I tell you what you do. Meet me just within the picket post on the Murfreesboro road tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, and I'll see what I can do for you. I can't write you a pass, for that's contrary to orders, but I may be able to get you home. You see, I might go with you and satisfy myself that you are what you purport to be, that you wouldn't carry information and all that. In this case it wouldn't be any harm for me to leave you at home, and I wouldn't be acting contrary to my orders."

Molly thanked the young man, looking very demure and modest, and withdrew. The following morning on dressing she examined a revolver she had carried strapped to her waist under her skirts, and, since she would very likely have need for it, she tried to think of a place on her person where it would be concealed and yet be easily grasped. Fortunately in those days there was usually a pocket in a woman's dress, and Molly, having made a search, discovered one. She slipped her revolver into it.

Shortly before 10 o'clock she started up toward the picket post. Hearing the sound of horse's hoofs behind her, she did not look around, but presently heard the aid bid her good morning. "Go to the picket post," he said, "and pretend you didn't know you must

have a pass to get through the lines. I'll ride up on a tour of inspection and ask what's the matter. Don't let on you've ever seen me before. I'll do the rest."

"How kind you are!" exclaimed Molly in a burst of gratitude, and she proceeded on her way, while the aid turned off in another direction to make a circuit. When Molly reached the picket post and, having been refused an exit, was beginning to force tears into her blue eyes the young officer rode up, inspected the post, then asked what was the matter with the girl. Having been informed, he said to the officer in command of the post:

"I'll take her home and see that she is what she represents herself to be. If so I'll leave her there and no harm done. I'm Captain Robbins of the general staff."

That settled the matter, and Molly went on, Robbins walking his horse beside her. Picket posts are usually placed at points where the road is visible for some distance ahead, and so long as they were in sight Captain Robbins was not so gallant as to give the girl his horse, but when they had passed over a crest he dismounted and assisted her to his place, which she accepted with alacrity. For a time he made no mention of the distance they must go to reach her farm, for he had taken a desperate fancy to the blue eyed beauty and was pleased at being in her company. But after the vedettes were passed and he was in debatable territory he began to think that he might come upon some bluejackets and he was not safe. He asked Molly if her home was not near, and she replied that it was just beyond the next turn in the road. When they reached the turn she told him it was just over the next crest. When they were descending from the crest she pointed ahead, telling him that he might see an eave of her home just above a clump of trees. While he was peering to discover it Molly reined in her horse so as to drop a little behind him. Suddenly he heard a click. To a soldier in wartime a click means a good deal. The officer turned and saw Molly pointing a revolver at him.

"Wh-a-t do you mean?" he stammered, puzzled.

"Face about and move on!" The voice, which had been skillfully modulated, had now the hoarseness of a man's. It flashed across Robbins that he had been sold. He started to put a hand to his hip, but was deterred by an order:

"Stop that! Hands up!" It was plain from the tone in which the words were spoken that any further movement in the direction of the revolver would be met with a bullet before the weapon could be reached. Robbins desisted, raising his hands above his shoulders.

"Now you face about and march mighty quick!" came a second order. There was nothing for it but to obey. Molly had drawn him to a point well beyond the Confederate picket line, and there was no assistance to be expected. They were on a strip of territory free from either army, inhabited by Confederate sympathizers and roving bands of guerrillas, who usually sympathized with the southern side. Therefore the danger was far greater to the Federal than the Confederate soldier, and the penalty if captured was infinitely more terrible to the former than to the latter. His landing within the Union lines would be humiliating, but nothing more than serving a term as prisoner of war. But if Molly were captured—a Federal soldier in disguise with information of the Confederate forces on her person—the inevitable result would be a hanging.

Only the keenest watchfulness and a cool head enabled her to drive her captive over the considerable distance that lay between her and the Federal lines. Once she saw half a dozen horsemen ahead, and since they looked brown rather than blue she knew they were not Union troops. She drove the man in front of her into a wood and waited till the coming men had passed. Again she saw a house ahead, around which several persons were loitering. She made a detour, but in doing so was obliged to leave her horse.

Being now on foot, she disarmed Robbins and had two revolvers instead of one. But it was not weapons she needed; it was to escape wayfarers. Now and again she would stop to listen. The distant creaking of a wagon, the thud of horses' hoofs, would drive her, she still driving her captive, into cover. At last she heard a distant shot. A soldier in that country at that time knew a picket shot by instinct. This one must be from a Federal musket. The northern picket line was not far distant.

The last scare Molly had was when, crossing a road, she saw on her flank a cloud of dust. Not stopping to satisfy herself who caused it, she pushed her prisoner on. A ridge was in front of her, which she recognized as one favorable for a picket line. Then from a field before it came:

"Halt there!" Molly cheerfully obeyed the order, for she knew that the man who halted her was no southerner, since he spoke with a German accent. She told her story, the man called for the officer of the picket, and the goal was won.

"Captain," she said as soon as the race was finished, "it has been a question of capture for you or a rope for me."

The captain made no reply. Molly went, dressed as she was, to the general's headquarters, reported the success of her mission and furnished the information she had been sent to get. The next morning commenced that movement which, though comparatively bloodless, was one of the most trying of the war—the Tullahoma campaign.