

THE TIMES

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A FEARLESS EXPONENT OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE

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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 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 untrammelled 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.

They do queer things down San Francisco way. We are advised that a woman there pawned her fat husband's teeth so that she could procure food for her own nourishment. When reminded that perhaps her husband would suffer, in that he was thus left minus the means of mastication, that unkind female retorted that it didn't matter, "he's too fat, anyway." Compelling him to consume his own surplus, as it were.

It appears that the position one occupies in the social scale in London governs the amount of the fine assessable against them for profane swearing. The Metropolitan Police Guide gives the sliding scale of fines for "cuss" words, thus:

- "Day laborer, common soldier or common sailor, 25 cents.
- "Every other person under the degree of gentleman, 50 cents.
- "Every person of or above the degree of gentleman, \$1.25."

Should a person swear several times on one occasion it constitutes one offense, with a cumulative penalty.

N. B. Phillips, a graduate of the University of California and a traveling salesman for a San Francisco firm attempted to "make a mash" on three Portland girls with "Oh, look who's here. Good evening, ladies." The girls were self-respecting and resented such familiarity. Their escorts gave the masher and his companion, who escaped the police dragnet, a severe drubbing. Then Patrolman Black carted Phillips to the City Jail. When Phillips was brought before Judge Tazwell, he received a tongue-lashing at the hands of Judge Hennessy, Deputy District Attorney, who was in a hellish mood. He considered that such barnacles on the body politic would look well cracking rocks at Linnton, which would be better than "cracking" remarks such as he made to women. And Phillips was fined \$25.

Guy Allen is totally lacking in the instincts of a gentleman. Mrs. E. A. Carter is an evangelist at a mission at 281 1/2 Hawthorne avenue. Allen says that he went to the mission to "get religion." Instead of doing that, he awaited the time when Mrs. Carter was at prayer. Her handbag was within reach, and he became curious as to its contents. He took a peep. There was a Bible and a dime in the bag. He forgot all about his search for religion. He would rather have that dime. In his anxiety to secure it, it eluded his grasp and fell with a tinkle to the floor. It all ended by Guy's falling into the grip of Patrolman Fuller to whom he admitted the theft, and said that he had thrown Mrs. Carter's Bible and handbag into a mud-puddle. Later on Judge Tazwell committed him to the rockpile where he will remain for four months. By the end of that time Guy will conclude it would have been better had he experienced religion and had not tried to "swipe" Mrs. Carter's ten-cent piece.

Here's something new in the matter of doling out fines to minor lawbreakers, invented by Judge Carlisle, of Kansas City. Here are some of the fines he imposes: For winking at a lady without provocation, \$100; second offense, \$125; fourth offense, \$200. For carrying a revolver, \$100; for writing with chalk upon a building or sidewalk, \$25; for using impolite language to ladies in stores or other public places, \$25; for throwing chewing gum on the sidewalks or floors of streetcars, \$5; for stealing a gate, \$10; porters who talk rudely to people who have not been generous enough in their tips, \$10 for each offense.

hobo," and said that the only reason Christ did not beat his way on a box car was because there weren't any box cars in those days, so he beat his way by stealing a donkey. He intimated that if the city officials did not look out they (the Socialists) would take what they want. The trouble with short-eared asses like this is that they merely give evidence of an unbalanced mind. If they would take out their frothings on themselves it wouldn't hurt any, but they are liable to incite others to make trouble. Persons of the Lewis class are to be pitied, rather than condemned. They require treatment in a sanitarium where others who are criminally insane are incarcerated. They gloat in newspaper notoriety and they are not worth it. Space is too valuable to be used up in this way.

Whoever would think that checker-playing was a dangerous habit? But it seems that Myron Gould, of Kansas, has become a devotee to the game to such an extent that it landed him in a mess of trouble. He was recently committed for wife desertion, but at the plaint of the wife he was released on his promise to comply with the orders of the court to contribute \$6 a week for the support of his wife and two children. But the lure of checkers was too much for him and he got to be such a terror when he sat in a game, that he defeated all comers and went about looking for new victims to dangle at his belt. He became so infatuated that he forgot all about his little \$6 promise, and he had to get "pinched" again and go back to prison. It would seem that a checkerboard can become as dangerous as roulette wheel.

Mayor Rolph, of San Francisco, is a man of common sense and one who does not propose to allow any political party to dictate his appointments. He recently sent a letter to the Socialist county committee informing them of this fact. He told them that he was the servant of the entire people of San Francisco and not of any party or faction, and that every other political party had the sense to realize this, it seems, but the Socialists. But one must not expect too much of persons of this class, for their brains are unhinged, anyway.

POWER OF SILENCE.

John Randolph Used It to Confuse a Powerful Opponent.

In painting the sacrifice of Iphigenia the artist, it is said, exhausted the emotions of grief and horror in the faces of the bystanders.

"He has left nothing unsaid. How can he depict her father's sorrow?" was the anxious query of those friends who were watching the development of the picture. The artist threw a mantle over Agamemnon's face. The blank silence was more effective than any picture word.

One of the most extraordinary effects produced by an absolute silence is recorded in the reports of a convention in which the foremost men of Virginia took part. John Randolph had a measure to carry in which he looked for the opposition of Alexander Campbell, a man then noted for his scholarship and power in debate.

Randolph had never seen the Scotch logician, but he had heard enough of him to make him and his partisans uneasy. When, therefore, the gaunt stranger first rose to speak in the convention Randolph looked at him with such an air of alarm as to attract the whole attention of the convention and as he glanced around seemed to be asking for sympathy in his coming defeat. He then composed himself to listen in rapt attention.

Campbell, aware of this byplay, hesitated and lost the thread of his argument. Randolph's face by turns as he listened expressed weariness, indifference and finally contempt. He leaned back and yawned. Campbell sat down hastily. He had lost the whole force of his speech. Not a word had been spoken, but he was defeated.—St. Louis Republic.

Kept Him Modest.

Lord Herschel, having delivered an address before a large audience, was afterward waited on by the local reporter, who requested a digest of the deliverance. "How is it you were not present to hear it for yourself?" inquired the noble peer. "Oh," said the reporter, "I had something more important to attend to—a big boxing match!" Lord Herschel admitted that this kept him modest.—London Opinion.

Everlasting.

Vicar's Daughter—I'm sorry you don't like the vicar's sermons, William. What is the matter with them? Are they too long? William—Yes, miss. You t' curate 'e says, "In conclusion," and 'e do conclude. But t' vicar 'e says "Lastly," and 'e do last.—London Mail.

About Nothing.

Mamma—What in the world are you two quarrelling about? Little Dick—Nothing. "Nothing, eh?" "Yes'm. Dot left her box of candy here, an' when she came back there was nothin' in it."

The Distant Uncle.

Shortleigh—My Uncle Frank is a veritable Klondike. Longleigh—Why, how's that? Shortleigh—Has plenty of wealth, but is cold and distant.—Smart Set Magazine.

Misleading.

Mugg (applying for a job)—Sir, I am honesty itself. Prospective Employer—Indeed! I imagined it looked different.—Boston Transcript.

OLD TIME MIDDIES

They Were Tots of Schoolboys, Some Not in Their Teens.

TOO YOUNG TO WEAR SWORDS

So the Midgets Were Armed With Dirk Knives Instead—They Were Fighters, Though, Farragut and Porter Being in Battles at the Age of Twelve.

Something more than a hundred years ago the midshipman was, indeed, the "midshipmite" that he was popularly called, for he was but a mite of a lad, usually receiving his appointment before he reached his teens. Admirals Farragut and Porter were midshipmen, afloat and in pitched battles, at twelve years of age, and Goldsborough was appointed when only seven years old. Nowadays, however, the midshipman is quite a different person. He cannot enter the Naval academy under fifteen and is therefore when on a regular cruising ship after completing his four years' academic course usually a well developed man, physically mature and athletic and with a trained mind. He is far better equipped mentally than the lieutenants and many of the captains of even seventy years ago.

The old time middies were mere schoolboys. All the warships of any size carried in their regular complements a schoolmaster, whose duty it was to give the lads as liberal an education as possible in the odd periods between strictly professional duties. This rating of schoolmaster was abolished, in fact, only about twenty years ago, but after the establishment of the Naval academy, in 1841, these officials devoted their energies to the sailor apprentices only, the enlisted boys of the forecastle. Even these now obtain their education on shore.

There is a tradition that the three brass buttons the midshipman wears on the sleeve of his full dress coat during his four years at Annapolis originated a century or more ago, when their presence was needed to discourage the youngsters from brushing their noses with their sleeves. This is probably a base slander, modern research indicating that the buttons are relics of the days when there was a cuff flap on the sleeve.

At all events the extreme youth of the midshipmite used to be his most conspicuous characteristic. Instead of the full sized regulation officer's sword that he now carries, he wore a little straight bladed dirk about a foot long. He was to a large extent a messenger for carrying orders about the ship, but he also took charge of boats and commanded men despite his youth. He was frequently placed in charge of a prize captured in war, taking her into port, and not infrequently suppressing mutinies among the prisoners on board. Farragut was a prize master at twelve and got his prize safely in.

The title "midshipman" is an ancient one. He is above the seamen and the petty officers forward and below the commissioned officers in the wardroom aft; hence "midshipman." There was formerly a higher grade called passed midshipman, but this was abolished before the war between the states. Then the grade was restored, but called midshipman, the former midshipman being designated as a cadet midshipman. In 1882 the title of the latter was changed to naval cadet, which it still remains, and the midshipmen were merged with the ensigns. Accordingly the time honored title of midshipman no longer exists officially in the United States navy.

While officially a naval cadet, that young officer is still regarded and often referred to verbally as a midshipman, for he is the same creature as of old as far as his duties go. But by the side of his earlier prototype the twentieth century "middy" is a savant. Trigonometry was about as high up in mathematics as the old timer ever went. The twentieth century lad goes far beyond. He goes through analytical geometry of three dimensions, differential and integral calculus, applied mechanics.

Gunnery a hundred years ago was little more than loading, aiming and firing at short ranges. It now involves metallurgy, theory of the combustion of powder gases, stress and strain, mechanical engineering, manufacture and preservation of complex explosives and other abstruse subjects, in all of which the midshipman of the present day must be proficient.

Midshipmen were conspicuous in all our early wars, notably those with the Barbary States, with the West Indian pirates and with the British in 1812. They were equally conspicuous during our conflicts with the Spanish and Filipinos. Midshipmen, naval cadets, had charge of the extremely hazardous picket duty in the Santiago blockade, close under the Spanish batteries and often under musketry fire from shore. Cadet Powell ran his open launch right into the harbor of Santiago after the Merrimac, remained all night under the menacing guns of the inner batteries and steamed out again under their fire in the morning.—New York Press.

Blood and Fire.

A French editor, anxious for sensations, came into his office and asked his deputy what had happened. "Nothing," he was told, "except that a man's nose had been bleeding in the Place de la Concorde and a chimney is on fire in Montmartre." "Enough," said the other and wrote the placard "Blood and Fire in Paris!"

Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of dispatch and skill, but neither of them ever learns his master's trade.—Colton.

DEALING IN STOCKS.

Know What You Are Buying Before Investing Your Money.

We hear of fortunes quickly made in Wall street, of miners who have accumulated enormous wealth by a lucky strike, of inventors that have made inventors rich. But how many of these instances are there? Just a few, while countless thousands and hundreds of thousands have lost everything in unsuccessful ventures.

The prosperous, successful man or woman is the one who buys with knowledge of what he or she is buying, whether it be a piece of beef, a dozen of eggs, a horse, a house or stocks and bonds.

Money has been made in Wall street and will continue to be made. Those who buy stocks when they sell low and sell them when they advance must make money. The operation is no different from buying a house or a farm at a bargain and selling it at a profit. But one should exercise just as much care in one transaction as in the other.

Have nothing to do with those who offer glittering opportunities to get rich quickly. This will save your money. It may sound very nice to say that one owns a thousand shares of a gold, silver or copper mine with a par value of \$10,000 and that cost the holder only \$50 or \$100. But what use is such a certificate unless it has real value? Better put the \$50 or \$100 in one share of a dividend paying stock and be satisfied with moderate returns and a moderate profit on any advance the stock may enjoy.—Leslie's.

EAGLES IN COMBAT.

Fury of the Belligerent Birds in Their Duel in the Air.

An old time observer in Maryland says that the Eastern Shore eagles can fly faster, remain in their lofty flight longer and descend from it to the earth with more velocity than any other created thing with wings. He also says that the fierceness of the eagles and the tenacity and power of clutch they can put into their immense talons are beyond belief, and he cites as an instance of it a fight between two of the big birds that he once saw.

Just what incited the two eagles to the combat this spectator of the fight did not know, but they came together high in the air. A long time the two fierce birds fought with beak and talon and wing, rushing upon one another, delivering their blows and retreating for advantage in a new attack. Then at last they clinched and fought at close quarters.

In that position they came plunging to the earth, but neither made any effort to stay the fall, so desperately intent was each on the savage battle. They struck together in the freshly turned furrow of a plowed field, and the impact failed to separate them or to cause an instant's delay in the fight, and the coming on the scene of a man with a club, with which he at once took part in the battle, did not distract their attention from one another, and the man killed them both. Their talons were buried so deeply in each other's flesh that to separate the two belligerent eagles it was necessary to cut off their legs.—New York Sun.

Married Young to Beat Smallpox.

When I was a lad the number of people whose faces were pitted with smallpox was legion. "Blind from smallpox" was on the card worn by most of the unfortunate street beggars who had lost their sight.

The anxiety of parents to have their daughters married at an age which would now be considered almost scandalously immature was one by-product of the frequency and severity of smallpox. If a girl's face were marred her prospects of matrimony were, of course, impaired, and the ambition of mothers—so common was smallpox—was to see their daughters safely married before they caught the disease.—From Walter Gilbey's "Recollections of Seventy Years" in Nineteenth Century.

What Life Is.

Nothing is of real value in the world except people. Never hurt a person by a wrong thought or by word or by act. Never hurt each other. Then go on a big discovering expedition and find each other. Never say, "That person has nothing in him," for that only means that you haven't found it yet. Then, last of all, never think you are the only person. You are just a part of "each other." You are not somebody and the rest of us everybody else. We are each other. Life is each-otherwise, not everybody-eiseness.—St. Nicholas.

The Hornbill.

The hornbill, a bird which is widely distributed in India, the Malay archipelago and Africa, has a very loud note. Its call has been described as between the shriek of a locomotive and the bray of a donkey and can be heard a distance of about a couple of miles.

Twisted.

Hicks—I hear that Brown's speech at the club dinner last night was quite funny. Wicks—The opening sentence was—very! He rose and said, "While I was sitting on my thought a chair struck me." Everybody roared.—Boston Transcript.

Company.

A crowd is not company. Faces are but a gallery of pictures where there is no love, and talk but a tinkling cymbal.—Francis Bacon.

When men are pure, laws are useless; when men are corrupt, laws are broken.—Diersell.

Cleveland's Birthplace May Become a Memorial Museum



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THE movement looking to the preservation of the "Old Manse" at Caldwell, N. J., the birthplace of Grover Cleveland, as a memorial museum and repository of relics of the ex-president is making progress. The plan involves the raising of \$50,000, one-tenth to be subscribed by the citizens of Caldwell, the remainder by the people of the country at large. Title to the parsonage property has been taken by the Caldwell memorial committee, the members of which are hopeful of securing the necessary subscriptions in the near future. The plan contemplates the acquisition of an adjoining plot of ground and the erection of a memorial library. The house is the one in which the future president lived with his parents until he was four years old, his father, a Presbyterian minister, then removing his family to Fayetteville, N. Y., a village near Syracuse.