

THE TIMES

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 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, 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, 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.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THERE was recently held in this city a meeting of Socialists, attended, as we understand, by many women who desire to see the right of equal suffrage extended to their sex. We are further informed that while thus assembled, our respected Portland women were inexpressibly shocked at the tone permeating the meeting. Draped upon the walls were American flags, of which these patriotic women were proud, glad that they were the daughters of the grandest and most progressive nation on earth. But as they listened, hoping to gain inspiration, if not co-operation from the Socialists, who promise so fairly but who speak so damnably, the refined instincts of these women met with a shock. They learned how traitorous were these same Socialists. They felt the insult to the well-beloved national colors amid such utterly incongruous surroundings. They heard, through red Socialist songs, issued out of red mouths, that the red banner of Socialism was to be kept waving, and that the flag for which their fathers had bled was to take second place. The lesson will not be forgotten.

The damnable blot of Socialism as expounded by the frothy street-corner speakers (orators they are not) is the most disgraceful and dangerous cult of the age in this country. It is composed of a horde of malecontents, the riffraff of society, the mob, the cannaille, who respect neither the laws of God nor man. They openly preach defiance to law, to organized government and order, to religion, to everything that makes for good. They seek to tear down and offer nothing in exchange.

THE TIMES does not deny that there are many public abuses, but it does not believe in appealing to the basest of the passions of men to rectify them. The United States is a young nation as yet, compared to the other great nations of the world. It has great problems to work out, and will solve them, one at a time, if given the opportunity. We admit that the administration of law is often in error; that many guilty men escape and that many innocent men suffer, but that is woven into the history of all nations. At the same time, our country has made wonderful progress. The trusts are wrong; a high protective tariff is wrong, making the rich man richer and the poor man poorer. Yet, we believe in the American people, and consider that they will find a way out of all difficulties. But this takes time. We are trying out the experiment of a free republic. The Socialist would tear down and offers nothing tangible to build up again.

It is true that an undue proportion of our national wealth is centered into a few hands, but such a condition will not forever continue. Eventually all this wealth will find its way back to the people, to whom it belongs. The veil between Socialism and anarchy is so thin that the two are destined to merge. Organized labor, degenerated as is has in these latter days; Socialism, of the American brand; Independent Workers of the World (who never work except with their mouths fanning class against class), are the result of the ferment of modern conditions. They will all pass away, perhaps in a night, as soon as the masses of the American people see and realize the enormity of their teachings. Then will dawn the era of sanity and good sense, and the red flag, so defiantly floating now, will become the gory shroud which will environ all these elements. Perhaps it may be necessary to go through a baptism of blood to attain come the gory shroud which will environ all these elements. Per the majesty of the law will in the end reign supreme and all these discordant elements will be blasted into the dust of forgetfulness, but America will rise supreme above it all, for its people love liberty.

AN ABSURD PROPHECY.

THE wisdom of some of the latter-day prophets is amazing, for we learn that Elder Charles Thomas, of Nevada, Ia., announces that he is "looking forward to the time when people shall be taken up bodily from the earth and transported directly into Heaven without death." This preacher is a Seventh-Day Adventist. Should his prophecy ever come true, it will cut out all funeral expenses, bust the coffin manufacturers, throw undertakers out of business, deprive medical students of "subjects," and raise hot generally. Cemeteries will be abolished and crematoriums will never have occasion to light their fires. The absurd assumption of such men is ludicrous, yet the yare given full credence by their followers. There are two things in this world that are inevitable—taxes and death. These are part of the fate of man.

A frugal German woman, Mrs. Hannah Krueger, of Chicago, admits that she has raised three children on an income of \$10 a week and has deposited \$2 a week for six years and a half with a building and loan association. Such a gute Hausfrau deserves the highest praise, and we believe her children will do her honor.

It is touching to read that Massalah, the blind chief of the Kalispell Indians, has plead for a teacher in order that his tribesmen's children may gain an education. It is gratifying to discover that Uncle Sam will grant his wish. How different from the old days when the great book of Nature sufficed for all the knowledge the red man required.

Abe Ruef, the erstwhile "curly boss" of San Francisco, "doing time" for his past crookedness, has a spark of nobility in his make-up—the regard he has for his aged and bed-ridden mother. She has been kept in ignorance of his evil ways, believing he has been traveling abroad. Such lies as these, for so tender a purpose, are not recorded; or, if they are, the Recording Angel drops the sympathetic tear, which blots them out forever.

Some of the straight-laced people, particularly the Prohibitionists, will sadly shake their heads because the item of wines at the opening of the Multamah Hotel cost \$14,000. What of it? Whose business is it? Those who bought it spent their own money, as they had the right to do, and there were no disgraceful scenes resulting, either. Notwithstanding, a few narrow-minded cranks may see fit to "butt in" and with a "holier-than-thou" spirit criticize functions with which they have no concern.

A PLEA FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

THE CHILDREN of today are the future citizens of the city and State. They are an asset of tremendous value. They have rights—the right to shout, to play, to enjoy life—as Nature intended. Thus they develop sound minds and sound bodies. Are the pupils in all the Portland schools allowed the exercise of their birthright? SOME OF THEM ARE NOT. They are marched from the fetid air of the school room to the basement, given a few meaningless calisthenics and then marched back. This is their rest (?) period. They are forbidden to speak aloud. If we were the boys and girls in these schools we would yell, if only in protest. The abominable school system maintained in Portland is not going to stand much longer. The old and antiquated fossils who control it—School Board, School Superintendent and all—will one day find their bones bleaching on the shores of forgetfulness.

THE TIMES isn't afraid to say just what it thinks. It believes that the parents of this city ought to speak through the polls. They ought to elect men fitted for the place who will treat our children fairly and not as though they were little convicts in a chain gang. Kick out the old fossils; get in new men with some ideas; men in whom the qualities of justice and right are not atrophied and dried up.

Let the boys and girls run at recess untrammelled. Let them shout and laugh and fill their lungs with good air. They are entitled to it. Since "the system" says nay, kick "the system" out and its originators.

Bennington, Vt., has 20 women to one man. The women themselves are seeking to change disproportionate ratio, and have appealed to the Pacific Coast for husbands. Come West, girls; for we've got a fine lot of men at present running wild, but if once broken to double harness, would prove docile and tractable.

Three fives in a dice game at Fresno last Saturday settled the fate of Lizzie Shorton. Two prospective bridegrooms threw the "bones" for her hand and Ernest Legler won. Peter Dermer, the other man, was a game loser. When Fortune declined to smile on him, he burned up his marriage license and gave Legler a clear field.

GOVERNOR WEST COMMENDED.

GOVERNOR WEST has been at times criticised by THE TIMES, particularly in his policy regarding criminals who should "stretch hemp," but we are always as glad to comment as to condemn. Last week the Governor addressed the Central Labor Council. He unhesitatingly condemned it for sending out its infamous letter to the governors of other states, giving Portland and Oregon a dastardly stab in the back. Every remark of the Governor was sensible, just and true. THE TIMES gives him unstinted praise for doing exactly the right thing at the right time and in the right place. He covered the same grounds that the press in general covered in criticism of the infamous and lying document. The result was that the Central Labor Council agreed to name a committee of ten to confer with Governor West as to the most effective manner to counteract the evil done. This is better than nothing, but it seems much like locking the stable after the horse is stolen.

A COOL THIEF.

THE United States Bakery, at 24 North Seventh street, was the scene of a singular occurrence one night last week. During the night a thief entered. He appropriated several cans of salmon and sardines. He also made away with an alarm clock. This thief evidently desired to make some sort of payment in appreciation of the favors he received, or rather took, for he left a religious book—"Sovereign Grace, or How to Be a Christian," by Dwight L. Moody. He was evidently unable to apply its principles himself, but might have hoped that others would be. This fellow was evidently in no particular hurry, for he built a fire in a small stove, made himself several cups of cocoa, and, having dined sumptuously on pies and cakes, made himself a bed, spent the night in comforting rest and departed "in the cold, gray dawn of the morning after." Can you beat it?

A GLIMPSE OF WAR.

The Sensations of a Young French Soldier at Sedan.

We could see the lines and lines of helmets. A bad sight to see those helmet spikes.

And I cannot remember when it was that there crept through our ranks the feeling that those helmets were not only in front of us, but in every direction round about, and that we were surrounded. I suppose it came from the sound of firing coming from so many directions.

It is at such a time that one feels of a helplessness. And the noise—did I tell you of the noise? There were single booms and crashes of volley firing, and then there would be just one great roaring, one great thundering, that deafened you and in which you could not tell one sound from another.

There was smoke, smoke, everywhere, and the ground would tremble when the cavalry made charge. I would tell you all that I remember of most interest. But is it interesting to tell you that shells burst and that our ranks thinned and closed up

and that I felt more and more that we were to be beaten?

I would have wept, but I had too much to do in firing and in watching the lines of helmets.

It is that a soldier gets full of an excitedness. You do things and you scarcely know that you do them or why.

It was early that day that my comrade was killed. And he jumped up twice—so, so! And he fell flat on his face. I turned him over, and my captain said: "No time for that. You are a young soldier or you would know there is no time for that."—Robert Shackleton in Harper's Weekly.

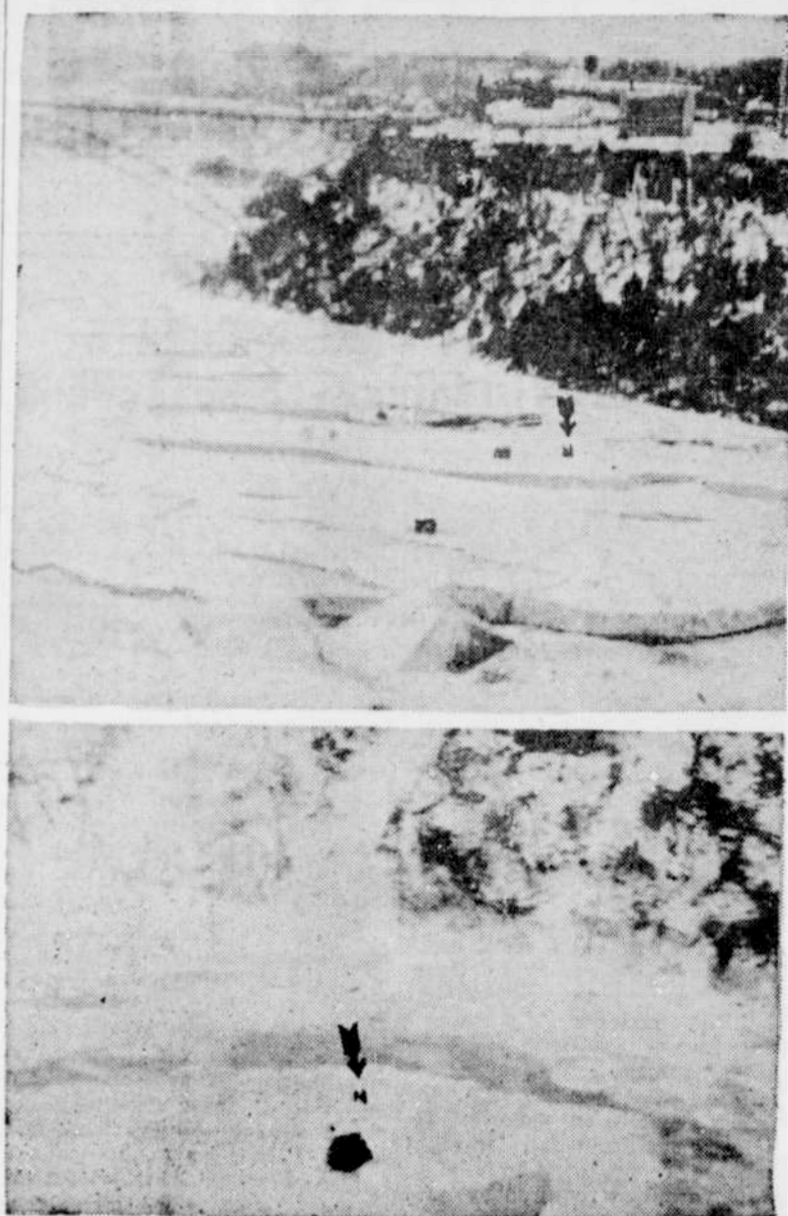
Justice.

Justice claims what is due, polly what is seemly; justice weighs and decides, polly surveys and orders; justice refers to the individual, polly to the community.—Goethe.

A Hint That He Should Beat It. Staylate (at 11:45 p. m.)—The light is going out.

Miss Weary—Are you going to let it beat you?—Guston Transcript.

Remarkable Photographs of Niagara Ice Bridge Tragedy



Photos by American Press Association.

NIAGARA has been the scene of many tragedies, but of few if any more thrilling than that enacted there when the ice bridge which spanned the river below the falls went to pieces and carried three sightseers to death in the Whirlpool rapids. The day was bright, and among the crowds which watched the scene from places of safety was the photographer who made the extraordinary pictures from which our illustrations are reproduced. The two lonely figures indicated by the arrows were Eldridge Stanton and his wife of Toronto, and the two views show them as the ice foes on which they were imprisoned moved slowly to destruction in the grinding maelstrom of the great whirlpool. Mr. Stanton had an opportunity to save himself as the foe drifted under a bridge from which would be rescuers had let down a rope which he caught and vainly tried to fasten about his wife. The third victim, Burrell Heacock of Cleveland, caught on another ice cake, succeeded in grasping a rope thrown to him, but could not keep his hold upon it and fell back into the river.

Steeplejack's Parachute Leap From Liberty Statue



Photo by American Press Association.

MOVING picture spectators will have thrills when they see the films presenting the jump of Frederick Law from the torch of the statue of Liberty, upborne by his parachute. The leap was made expressly for the purposes of the cinematograph men. Yet, as Law is a steeplejack, it is conceivable that he might make some practical use of a parachute in his hazardous calling. The one used at Bedloe's Island was of special design and light material. It did not arrest his fall for the first hundred feet, and, though it spread out, as our illustration shows, in time to save his life, he struck the ground, 275 feet below his jumping point, with enough force to bruise himself somewhat. It is safe to predict that, despite the success of Law's experiment, other visitors to the torch (in which young people have a habit of getting married) will still descend by walking down the interior of Miss Liberty and taking the elevator from her feet to the ground.