THE TIMES

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A FEARLESS EXPONENT OF INDUSTRIAL PEACE.

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Saturday, March 30, 1912.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

THE recent action of the mill owners at Grays Harbor, Washington, in flying the American flag to show that all workmen employed there were true American citizens, was a highly commendable act. Whenever a person belittles themselves to the extent that they have no respect for our flag, which stands for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it is high time that something was being done on the part of the loyal and patriotic citizens.

It is not the aim of The Times to create any disturbance, but since The Times stands for TRUTH, LIBERTY, LAW and EQUAL RIGHTS, it is our contention that the officers of the law should protect all those who are endeavoring to earn an honest and peaceful living, and when the officers of the law fail, then it is the duty of every loyal American citizen to help.

UNIONISM RUN MAD.

THERE was an apt illustration of the extreme lengths to which unionism will go in its attempt to carry out its intolerant ends, in the recitation of witness Schmidt, an independent worker, put on the stand by the defense in the Hicks' case. Let the intelligent reader read Schmidt's story and they will understand the peculiar vindictiveness of the picketers. Let it further be remembered that all this took place in Portland, without let or hindrance, and entirely against the law.

At the regular weekly meeting and luncheon of the Portland Realty Club at Hotel Multnomah, to which delegates of other commercial bodies were invited to discuss the "Soap Box" nuisance. The following clubs were represented: Portland Commercial Club, by Addison Bennett; the Progressive Business Men's Club, represented by E. C. Brooklings; the Portland Ad Club, represented by V. Vincents Jones; the Chamber of Commerce, represented by E. C. Giltner; and the Rotary Club by C. V. Cooper.

Fred Larson was appointed to act as chairman of the day. A committee was appointed to discuss the matter over with Mayor Rushlight.

At the recent banquet of Scout Young Camp of the United Spanish-American War Veterans the public Socialist and I. W. W. nuisances were properly scored by Gen. Thomas M. Anderson and Capt. M. D. Phillips. The general said:

"I don't care how much people theorize on soap boxes, but when a set of people begin to talk in a way that injures the United States and the prosperity of Oregon and Portland, then, it seems to me, it is time to call a halt. The Nation is safe enough, and the Constitution, I hope, is safe enough, but the obligation remains with us to see that the laws are properly executed. A great many people are being tempted by the Delilah of anarchy. She seems to be a very fascinating maiden, and very dangerous."

According to Dr. Lindsay Wynekoop of Chicago who is attending the National Mothers' Congress at St. Louis, it would be a sad day for all the wage earners. Her theory is that all persons, man or woman, married or single, whose salary is twenty dollars a week or more should take care of one child.

She thinks that married couples whose weekly income is twenty-five dollars or more should have one child. All old maids or bachelors over thirty years of age should adopt a child.

"I think if some of the bachelors would cut out spending so much for silk sox and cigars and have the unmarried women cut their candy down one-half it would save more than one child's health and some time their lives."

While taking some photographs of the strikebreakers coming out of the Albina shops Tuesday noon M. E. Blaine who lives at the Y. M. C. A. was mobbed by pickets and painfully injured. While focussing his camera some one threw a brick and hit him on the back of the head. He fell over in a faint and when he came to his senses he found that they had broken all his negatives. After bathing his head in some cool water he was able to go to his room.

And now comes the announcement that Mayor Rushlight has in incubation an ordinance which will prohibit street meetings at any point within the fire limits, unless he gives a written permit for the purpose. If this ordinance passes, it ought to put a curb upon all the I. W. W. and Socialist crowds that impede the highways. The experiment is worth trying. When the thing drops, the public will be able to convince itself that the Mayor is really in earnest in his alleged desire to preserve order.

The ship carpenters' and caulkers' strike at San Francisco will be Portland's gain. At the present time there are many ships that need overhauling and repairing and the local repair men are sure to get work as the result of the strike.

Jesse Lewis played the role of Horatius last week at Hoquiam, Wash., where, armed with a gun, he kept a bunch of I. W. W.'s, amounting to hundreds at bay, on a railroad trestle. He prevented them from calling sawmill workers out on a strike.

The Appeal to Reason, the Socialistist's organ, published at Girard, Kan., has sung its swan song, and suspended publication. Even a Socialist rag has to have financial support. Since Socialists are impracticable dreamers and idlers they have no money even to pay subscriptions.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Ruse of a Woman Who Was Scared, but Who Kept Her Wits.

The following is a true story of an incident that happened in an English village:

A husband had gone out for the evening and left his wife and child at home. The woman was about to retire for the night when, to her amazement, she perceived the foot of a man beneath the bed. Instead of calling for assistance, as some would have done, she coolly went to the child's cot and sat and sang till the child went to sleep. Two hours then remained before her husband came in. He was surprised to find her waiting up, but when his wife handed him an envelope, saying, "You might run and post this," the cause of her waiting was revealed. Instead of a letter the following was written on the envelope: "A burglar is under our bed. Run; fetch police." The husband returned in a minute with a policeman, and the man was arrested. The burglar when brought up before the magistrate remarked that he had come across a few brave women in his time, but this one must have had a nerve like iron, for she sat there for three solid hours. He had the impression that she didn't know he was there til the policeman pulled him out.—Exchange.

Grocers Who Dressed In Colors.

In the early part of the fifteenth century it is recorded that the "grocers' guild appeared in livery of scarlet and green." A few years later scarlet and black were adopted. Funeral services of deceased members "were attended with much show of pageantry." At the burial of Sir Philip Sidney, who was a member of the grocers' guild, his worship the mayor, aldermen and other civic officials were present, "rydinge in purple."—London Telegraph.

Their Difference.

"The baby likes to play with my hair."

"But you don't trust him with it when you are out, do you?" inquired her caller.

And thus a coolness arose between two women who had been lifelong friends.—Washington Herald.

CHANGED HIS MIND.

He Was Awful Strong, but He Took a Dislike to Boxing.

Talking of the padded mitt and its practitioners, some one remembered a story of Tom O'Rourke when he was managing that black warrior, Joe Wolcott. Every now and then some greenhorn would happen along and beg to be tried out. It afforded Mr. O'Rourke and Mr. Wolcott a great deal of innocent pleasure to try them out—plenty. On one occasion a large walnut colored man came, hat in hand, to O'Rourke. "Ah'm most powerful desperit, Mr. O'Rourke," said he, "an' strong! My, my, Ah'm that strong Ah'm jes' natchally afraid to leave mahself go. Ah want you to match me to fight wiv somebody."

O'Rourke said that would be easily done if the caller was as good a fighter as he believed himself to be. But he'd have to be tried out first. The stranger said he was willing, and O'Rourke called Wolcott. "Take this man out in the gym," said he, "and try him out."

The pair fiddled and fenced about for awhile. Then Wolcott got his chance, whanged that right hand over, and the stranger bounced three times before he came to rest. By and by he waked up to find O'Rourke bending over him. "Mebbe Ah'd make a pretty good wrestler, Mr. O'Rourke," said he hopefully.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

WALL STREET TIPSTERS.

They Are a Numerous Tribe and Are Always Ready to Advise.

Wall street is the home of the tipster. You can always find him. You do not need to ask for him. He seeks you out in seductive advertisements, in circulars, letters and all the ways of the shrewd trader. And there are none shrewder than those who nest in Wall street.

You will find the tipsters in every broker's office. Stand at the ticker for a few minutes and hear them as they come up one after another. "This is the time to sell," says one. Directly another appears, takes up the tape, scrutinizes it for a moment, lays it down and exclaims, "A good time to buy!" But go to the head of a house, especially if it be an old, conservative and well established institution, and ask him what he thinks about the market. See how many tips you will get from him. Not many, as a rule.

He will discourse upon the situation, tell you the favorable and unfavorable factors, call attention to certain stocks that may be influenced by current rumors, to others that have new possibilities, to others that may suffer from various reasons, and then he will conclude with a general observation that one man's opinion is as good as another's.—Leslie's.

Cold Blooded Man.

"Man is the coldest blooded animal there is," said a well known doctor. "Man's low temperature," the doctor went on, "is responsible for more than half his ailments. Your normal temperature is 98½ degrees F. It is only when you have a bad temperature that you get as warm as any of the lower animals—that is to say, when you are in a high fever, with a temperature of 102, you are at the normal heat of the cat, the dog, the ox, the rat, and so on. In the coolest of seas the porpoise is never cooler than 100 degrees. The bat, the rabbit, the guinea pig, the hare and the elephant likewise are all cool at 100 degrees. The hen has the highest temperature of all the lower creatures, and it is a good deal warmer, too, when a chicken. Its temperature then is as high as 111, but age and experience cool its blood by 3 degrees."—New York Globe.

The Trouble In That Family.

"You told me when you said goodby yesterday that I should never see you again," she complained as she straightened up beside the tub.

"I know I did," he replied, leaning wearily against his breath, "but you know wha' th' philosoph'r says, donshu? 'A bad promise is (hic!) better broken.' Why donshu try to be (hic!) more philosophic'l? Thash whatsh always been the trouble in thish fam (hic!) fam'ly. You ain't got 'ny phil (hic!) osophy in your system."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Willie's Anguish.

"Say, ma," asked little Willie after he had been in conjunction with the paternal slipper, "did anybody besides pa ever ask you to be his wife?"

"Oh, yes. I had lots of proposals before your father came along."

"Well, do you think you gained anything by waiting?"

Sense of Smell Gone.

"This egg seems to be tainted, ma'am," said the cook to the mistress of the boarding house.

"Well, give it to Mr. Smith. He's got a bad cold in his head and probably won't notice the difference."—Detroit Free Press.

Easier.

Blobbs—I understand your friend, the dentist, has given up poker? Slobbs—Yes; he says it's much easier for him to fill a tooth than a hand.—Philadelphia Record.

A But In the Case.

Festive Gentleman (returning home) —It's all very well saying thersh no place like 'ome, but it's getting thersh the trouble.—London Opinion.

The Modern Girl.

He—What do you call a real typical modern girl? She—One who prefers an heir in the castle to a castle in the air.—London Answers.

JOGGED HIS MEMORY.

A Bit of Humor That Brought Phil May to His Senses.

The most refractory among dumb beasts may sometimes be won by persistent kindness. It is also evident that the obstinate of the human species may be influenced by an assault of humor.

Phil May, the English artist "of most dear memory," had promised to do a colored design for the Christmas number of an illustrated weekly publication. The date fixed on for its delivery passed by, and no design had been forthcoming.

Letters and telegrams were unanswered, and when a messenger was sent to May's house it appeared that he had gone to Paris without leaving any address. This, according to London M. A. P., is what happened next:

The publishers were at their wits' end, but one of them, paying a day's visit to Margate, was overjoyed to see May basking in the sunshine by the water. The publisher did not make himself known, but cannily ascertained where May was staying. Then he hired six sandwich men to parade up and down before the artist's window with boards bearing different legends. This was their tenor:

"What about our Christmas cover?"

"We are waiting for that cover."

It was a delightful reminder, and in a few days the publishers received one of the most brilliant designs May had ever executed.

ENLIVENED THE PLAY.

Juliet Wanted Limelight and Got More Than She Expected.

At a small seaport town in England a lady star actress of the third magnitude appeared as Juliet. "I cannot do justice to myself," she said to the manager, who combined theatrical enterprise with the conduct of a row of bathing machines, "if I do not have a lime (limelight) thrown on me when I appear on the balcony."

"We ain't got no limelight, miss, but I think we could get you a ship's blue light," replied the obliging manager, and to this the lady agreed. The lad who went to the shop to buy the blue light brought back a signal rocket which was given him by mistake. The prompter was her own man, and in his ignorance took the rocket in good faith.

Romeo—He jests at scars who never felt a wound.
(Juliet appears. Prompter lights the match.)
But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
(This was the match lighting the fuse.)
Arise, fair sun!

The sun, or rather the rocket, did rise with a hiss that sounded far louder in a theater than it does in the open air. Juliet was knocked off the balcony, the fly borders were set on fire and the theater was filled with sulphurous smoke, while the audience, which was fortunately a small one, made a stampede to the doors.—Exchange.

Hibernation of Mosquitoes.

That cosmopolitan pest, the mosquito, does not necessarily perish with the coming of winter. On the contrary, mosquitoes have been observed to hibernate, adult specimens living from November until the succeeding April or May with all their powers of torment unimpaired, although their activity is suspended in winter. The mosquito needs but little food, and it is the female that thirsts for blood, the males contenting themselves with water and vegetable fluids. The fact that mosquitoes are often found upon dry prairies many miles from water is ascribed to the longevity of the adults of certain species which enables them to survive seasons of drought. Railroads have been responsible for the transmission of mosquitoes into regions where they were previously rare.—Harper's.

Keeping Out the Wind.

Willie was a smart boy and ambitious. His first job was a post in a local bank.

"Well, Willie," asked his uncle one day, "how are you getting on in business? I suppose you will soon be manager?"

"Yes, uncle," Willie replied. "I'm already a draft clerk."

"A draft clerk! Good boy! And what are your duties?"

"I open and shut the windows accordin' to orders," said Willie, "and close the doors after people that leave 'em open."—London Ideas.

Three Manifestations.

"You may give three important illustrations of the power of the press," says the teacher to the class.

The pupil who had not hitherto particularly distinguished himself was the first to reply:

"Cider, courtship and politics."—Judge's Library.

Wasted Effort.

"I don't like the way they reported my speech," complained the new congressman.

"Why, they sprinkled in plenty of laughter and applause."

"Yes, but how about all them gestures?"—Pittsburgh Post.

Bunkoed.

"Hans," said Gottlieb as they reached a pause in the conversation, "dit you efer puy a golt brick?"

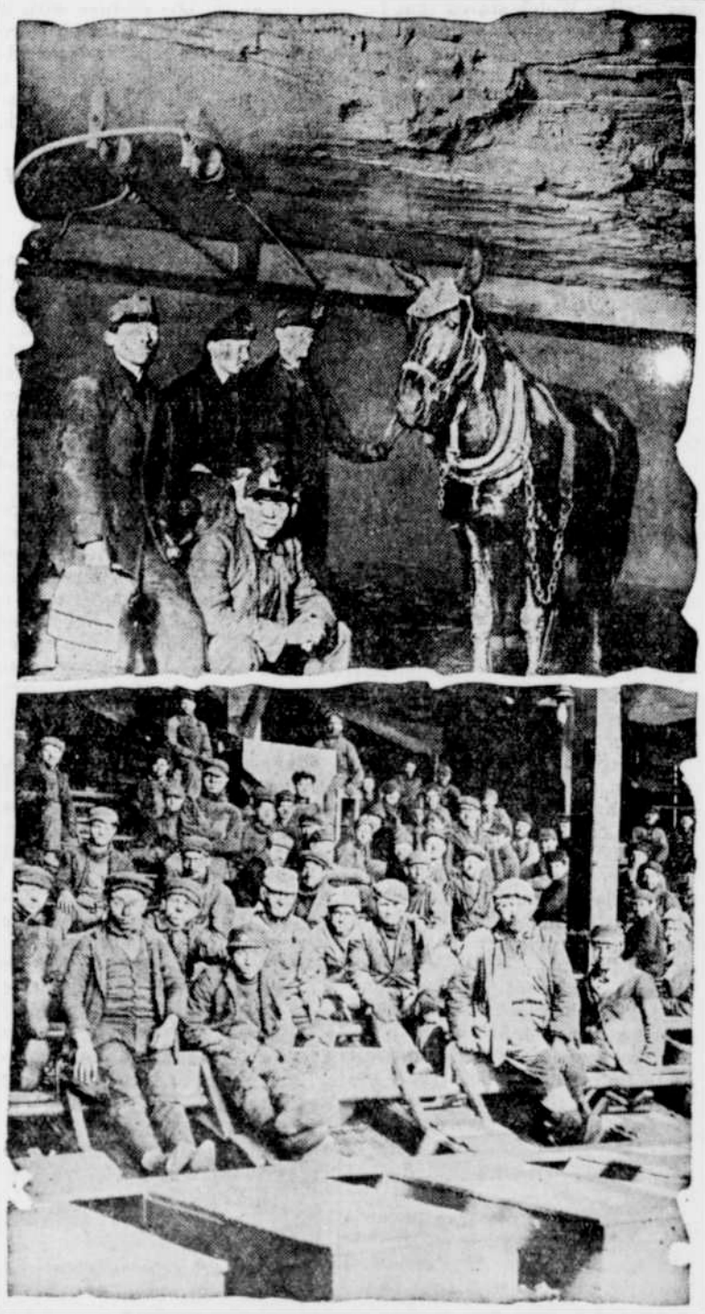
"Nein, nein!" replied Gottlieb. "I nefer puyed a golt brick, but once I puyed vat I t'ought vas one."—Everybody's.

If we did but know how little some enjoy the great things that they possess there would not be much envy in the world.

Where Americans In Peking Were Sheltered From Rioters

WHETHER or not China escapes the humiliation and danger of an occupation in force by the troops of the powers, there can be no doubt that the disorders which have prevailed in Peking and other cities have seriously impaired the prospects of the republic. Yuan Shih Kai, the so called "strong man" of China, has lost prestige, too, though most observers must have realized that his policy of conciliating hostile factions was one that would tax the resources of the astutest statesman and diplomat. During the rioting the safest place, owing to the presence of the foreign troops (who are maintained there under treaty arrangements), was the legation quarter. Many Chinese sought to take refuge there, but only a few of the better class could be received. In common with most of the great powers, the United States has recently increased its legation guard and has also sent 200 men to Tientsin. If it should be necessary, other re-enforcements can be rushed to China from the Philippines.

With Anthracite Miners In Northeastern Pennsylvania



Photos by American Press Association.

EIGHTY or ninety million tons of anthracite coal are mined in an average year, most of it in northeastern Pennsylvania, in the region about Scranton, in which the photographs shown above were taken. The upper is of a typical scene in a mine gallery, with the workmen and the horse that draws the mine cars; the lower is of a group of boys in one of the "breakers," in which the coal as it comes from the pit is broken and sorted. A long continued strike, even in mild weather, would mean much to New York, which uses more coal than any other city in the country—about 10,000,000 tons of anthracite and 8,000,000 tons of bituminous annually. Many large consumers in that city have supplies for months ahead.