

THE TIMES

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Saturday, September 7, 1912

THE VICE COMMISSION.

Trouble in assorted varieties seems to have come to the Vice Commission following its report of Portland's sinfulness. A real estate firm is seeking for some method of suing the commission for criminal libel, and the Council and grand jury is trying to make the worthy gentlemen and ladies on its staff tell what they think they know. And the Vice Commission, meanwhile, is sitting tight and keeping mum—all except Dr. Talbot.

Dr. Talbot, who was at one time rector of an East Side parish, breaks the silence by saying that the Vice Commission was formed merely to gather information and to make reports. He points out that the information is gathered under pledge of confidence, and that it would be a personal breach of etiquette to make public this same information. Only glittering generalities are to be given to the public the doctor tells us, and then he relapses into dignified quietude.

Maybe the doctor is right. Maybe a vice commission that emits reports every now and then is the right kind of a commission. But it would seem that if the vice commission really believed the mass of junk handed out in their last outburst, that they could feel like taking some steps towards remedying conditions. No sober and decent-minded man or woman could believe the things that the Vice Commission reported and then be content to sit back and lament. Any person with a desire to better the city would feel morally bound to act on the information—always bearing in mind that they were convinced that the report was true.

The present profound silence from the Vice Commission, however, is probably due to the fact that its members realize that they have been bunced by some of the investigators. They have probably learned by this time, for instance, that the group of eighteen apartment houses which they listed as being mostly impure were, and are, perfectly respectable. They have probably also discovered that the fancy of Paddy Maher was stretched in quite a number of places, and that the late county detective told them about a great number of dives that no longer existed. Realizing this, they are probably keeping quiet to prevent further embarrassment.

The Vice Commission could be very useful to this community. It should be useful. But as it manages its affairs at present there is grave doubt as to its value. It would be an excellent thing if the Vice Commission would cease relying upon the "information" given it by self-serving investigators. It would be quite proper for the

members of the commission themselves to do a little investigating. They would then find that there is much less wrongdoing in Portland than they suppose, and that the wrong that is done is accomplished outside of the "notorious" dives reported by its recent "investigation."

Argument is now being heard between a minister and some common people as to what stopped the rain last week. The minister says he prayed for the rain to stop, and points to the fact that the sun shone the next day. The common people say unpleasant things, and while admitting that the sun did shine, also call attention to the fact that it rained the next night and all the next day. And this in Portland, in the year of enlightenment 1912.

Daniel Kellaher, he who runs a grocery store on the East Side, is a busy man these days. Aside from being high private in the rear rank of the Bull Moosers, he is engaged in building railroads in the Willamette valley, and in generally looking after the interests of the East Side. There is a proverb somewhere that says it is better to do one thing well than to do a number of things in a mediocre manner.

Councilman Clyde is in temporary retirement, his favorite organ of utterance being at present taken up with the efforts of other councilmen to swat the system in the neck. It must be hard for Clyde to be out of the limelight, especially when he thought he had things cinched for his own process of boss rule through the medium of the press.

It must have pained the good Mr. Coffey when his fellow police commissioner, Mr. Seton, defended a saloonman in court the other day. But, as usual, Mr. Coffey, suffered in silence. Mr. Coffey is the quietest member of the present administration.

A MAGIC MIRROR.

Experiments With the Moon and Stars and a Hand Glass.

A pretty experiment can be made with a hand mirror any night when there is a full moon. Hold the mirror so that the moon's image will be seen in it and you will be surprised to see four moons instead of one. One moon will be very bright, but the other three will be in a straight line and quite dull, one dull image on the side of the bright moon and the other two on the other side. Turn the mirror round slowly, still holding its face to the moon, and the reflections will seem to revolve round a common center.

You can make the same experiment with one of the very bright stars, such as Sirius, Venus or Jupiter, but with these there will be three images instead of four, as the number seen depends on the breadth of the object. The explanation is quite simple. There are two surfaces in the mirror, one in front and the other where the quicksilver is. The brightest reflection comes from the object itself, the others are what are known as secondary images reflected from the front to the back of the mirror and thence to the eye. The magic mirror never fails to excite a good deal of wonder, and is an interesting experiment as well.—London Chronicle.

Lovely Landscape.

George IV. on one occasion casually entered a private apartment at Windsor castle and encountered, somewhat to his surprise, his valet, who was seated at a table loaded with viands and eating with great avidity.

"Ah!" exclaimed the king. "I was always fond of scenery, and here is a lovely piece of landscape spread out before me."

The valet smiled feebly, but politely intimated that he did not understand the king's allusion to landscape and scenery.

"Why," replied the first gentleman of Europe, "do I not see before me a smiling valet with a magnificent gorge?" The valet thereupon rose and retired, excusing himself to the king on the ground that he had turned suddenly "hill."—London Tit-Bits.

His Eloquence.

The curate of a country parish lately preached a charity sermon, and the collection which followed amounted to £20 7s. 4½d. In the vestry after the service the churchwardens counted it out and mentioned the result. "Well," said the reverend preacher, "I must have preached pretty well to get all that." "No doubt you did, sir," replied one of the churchwardens who had been collecting, "but the squire put in a £20 note, and he's deaf."—London Mail.

Rushlight Idea Behind Attacks On City Force

(Continued from Page 1.)

North Yakima even, have found of all these examples, and hundreds of others that might be listed, does Portland want to retrograde and go back to the old days of spoils and political plunder?

Welcoming American Victors Home From Olympic Games



Photo by American Press Association.

FRIENDS and admirers of the American victors in the Olympic games recently had an opportunity of viewing and cheering their heroes assembled in procession in the streets of New York. The athletes rode in automobiles, two and three in a car, and each car bore in large letters the names of its occupants, so that the crowd might cheer and know whom it was cheering—a piece of thoughtfulness on the part of the management which was probably not appreciated by thousands of young Americans who knew the faces of the winners by heart. Of course the mayor reviewed the parade (the illustration shows him shaking hands with James Thorpe, the Indian who carried off the prize for all round athletic prowess), and tens of thousands of grownups watched its progress down the city's great show thoroughfare, but the spectators to whom it meant most were the schoolboys, lined up by schools along the curb, who on that occasion saw more of their ideals in the flesh than they ever had seen before or are likely to see again.



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