

THE TIMES

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Saturday, October 5, 1912.

THE RESULT OF GREED.

A few weeks ago the pressmen went on strike in sympathy with the feeders employed in Portland job printing shops. Some remarks were made in this paper about the occurrence at the time. Since then the International Pressmen's Union has considered the strike of the local pressmen, and has ordered them back to work, and denied them any strike benefits. The International officers, imbued with a sense of justice and reason, have decided that the local pressmen had no grounds upon which to strike.

In the meantime, other pressmen had been found for a number of the places made vacant, and as a result, there are quite a number of pressmen who had formerly been drawing good wages, who are now facing the winter without a steady job. This is a hardship upon them, but they brought it upon themselves when they cast their lot with a group of striplings who wanted to get men's wages for work boys could do. Sympathy must be felt for the families of these men, but sympathy cannot blind the world to the fact that the pressmen had no grounds upon which to sever their relations with their employers.

As to the pressfeeders, who caused all the trouble, there is little to be said. Already well paid for unskilled work, they are now not only seeking employment elsewhere, but they have brought their union into disrepute by attempting to extort a dollar or two more a week from shops that were already paying them ample wages. Possibly their youth and inexperience should be considered in viewing their case; but even then, it seems that they are paying the usual penalty of greed—which is failure.

ABUSING A PRIVILEGE.

When the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company sought to obtain a referendum upon the council's act in passing the franchise of the Northwestern Electric Company, which promised to rival them in the local power field, they deliberately abused the "Oregon System," which was designed to give the people a more pronounced voice in their government. The officials of the company knew that about 4700 votes were required in this instance to obtain the referendum; and they knew that they had 4,900 employees who could be relied upon to sign their petition if necessary. They also knew that when they ordered their petition circulars to tell people that the petition was "for a vote on the Northwestern franchise," that they were instructing their agents to put an improper and prejudicial face upon the matter. The vote desired was a vote against the franchise, a thing that possibly many signers of the petition did not know.

The referendum was sought solely for the purpose of holding up the franchise. The officers of the company must have known that at election the referendum would have been defeated, for the majority of people want to see competition in furnishing electric power in Portland, so that prices will be reduced. The adoption by the company of this referendum plan was neither fair nor just; and it shows that the company really fears competition, and that it is willing to go to any length to postpone the time when it will have to reduce its present charges for light and power.

PEASANTS OF RUSSIA.

They Can't Read and Have to Be Aided by Signs and Symbols.

All Russian shops have signs indicating the business carried on within them. Most of them have paintings describing the articles sold. For example, outside the fishmonger's is a large picture of fish; outside the butcher's, of meat; outside the poultryer's, of chicken and game; outside the tea-shop, of teapots, glasses and saucers.

Houses are painted red, green, yellow, blue, so that the peasants may easily differentiate them or explain the way. Trains are sent off by bells at the station because the peasants cannot read the time tables. The first bell, one chime, is a quarter of an hour before the train starts; the second, two chimes, is five minutes before, and the third, three chimes, means the train is starting.

At postoffices men are employed to write letters for peasants or read them at a fixed tariff: For addressing an envelope, one farthing; for writing a postcard or a short letter, penny farthing; for writing a long letter, twopenny halfpenny, and for reading a letter aloud, one penny. Every pillar box has a picture of a letter on it, so that the peasant may know it is the place in which to drop his postcard or his envelope. Russia is, as a rule, free from billboards, because the peasant cannot read.—London Family Herald.

ENGLISH INN NAMES.

Some of Them Are as Quaint as Their Origins Are Queer.

Many explanations have been given of curious signboards for inns. The Goat and Compasses is supposed to be a corruption of a motto set over inns during the Puritan period, "Good encumbrances us;" Bag of Nails of "Bacchanals." Why Not and Dewdrop Inn are described as invitations to the wayfarer; Bird in Hand and Last House, or Final, suggestions that he should not waste his opportunities to imbibe.

The Bull and Mouth is said to be a corruption of Boulogne Mouth, captured by Henry VIII. Bull and Gate, it is suggested, may possibly be a similar vulgarism for Boulogne Gate.

Great battles fought and fortresses taken are commemorated by Gibraltar, Waterloo, Battle of the Nile, and Trafalgar. Admirals range from Blake to Napier, generals from Marlborough to Wolsley, Wellington, Nelson and Keppel being the most common.

It is surprising how many of the Nelson inns are buildings three or four centuries old, "showing that the innkeeper was prepared to sacrifice the

SYRIA'S HUGE MONOLITH.

Largest Stone Ever Quarried is a Relic of Antiquity.

One of the most interesting proofs of the wonderful civilization of the ancients is afforded by the great-slab of stone at Baalbec, in Syria. This huge monolith is sixty-nine feet long, fourteen feet broad and seventeen feet in depth. It is said to be the largest piece of stone ever quarried and its estimated weight is 1,500 tons.

It is thought by archaeological scholars that this huge stone was intended by the ancient builders to adorn the Temple of the Sun near by—now, of course, in ruins. Here in one of the walls which still stand are to be seen huge slabs of stone, which careful measurements show to be sixty-three feet long and thirteen feet high.

And, more remarkable still, they are placed in position nineteen feet above the ground level. Moreover, although no sign of any cementing mixture is to be found in these ancient buildings, the stones have been squared and polished so evenly that only after the most minute search can the joints be found and when traced it is impossible to thrust the blade of a pocket knife between them!

How these things were done is a standing mystery to the scientist—Wide World Magazine.

THROWING THE DISCUS.

Methods of the Grecian Athletes in Homeric Times.

Discus throwing was a refined form of hurling the stone. In Homeric times, and even at Olympia, a stone or mass of iron was first used for the purpose. This was held by a leathern thong, swung in a circle and hurled as far as possible. A circular or lenticular disk of bronze was used at least as early as the beginning of the fifth century.

A standard weight must, of course, be assumed for the great games. A discus now in the British museum, which seems to have been used, weighs 11 pounds 9 ounces, but whether this was the standard weight or not is not definitely known.

The thrower took his stand upon a slight elevation of limited circumference, where he could have a secure foothold and was prevented from running. Then, with a swing of the arm and a corresponding movement of the whole body, he hurled the discus as far as possible.

The value of the body movement was recognized by the sculptor Myron in his famous statue, "The Discobolus," and is understood by the modern athlete when he swings the hammer or even when he makes a drive at golf.

The Guest House in Asia Minor.

The guest house is a real institution in Asia Minor. It is sometimes owned by an individual, but is usually the common property of the village. To this guest house, like the traveler's bungalow in India, every traveler has a right, but as all have the same rights one may have more company than he desires. However, the head man of the village will usually arrange matters for the foreign traveler, and the native guest will often courteously make way for him. In the guest house is one large room, in one part of which our horses munch their hay, while in the other part we spread our rugs and set up our beds and unlimber our cooking apparatus. Some guest houses have two rooms connected by a wide opening, without a door, in one of which the animals and animal drivers sleep and in the other the pampered guests from abroad.—Dr. Francis E. Clark in National Geographic.

Proposed by Accident.

Mr. Spooner, the clergyman who became famous for those humorous misplacements of initial consonants that have become known as "Spoonerisms," is said to have owed his marriage to a characteristic slip of the tongue. He was very shy and would never have had the courage to ask a woman to be his wife, but one afternoon in a friend's drawing room he was requested to ask one of the ladies present to make tea. In doing so he blundered as usual. "Will you take me?" he said, instead of "Will you make tea?" Blushing, the lady "took him," and thus he "blundered" into a happy marriage.

Evident.

"This car," said the demonstrator, "is almost human. Perhaps you have noticed?"

"Yes, I have," said Binks dryly. "It reminds me of several men I know—been smoking ever since we left the garage, and the last bill we climbed it puffed like a porpoise. Haven't you something that is less human and more generally satisfactory?"—Harper's Weekly.

Why She Thought So.

"Mamma," said the little girl, "sister doesn't tell the truth."

"Why, Jennie," said the mother, "you mustn't say such things."

"Well, last night I heard her say, 'Charlie, if you do that again I'll call mamma.' And he did it twice more and she didn't call."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Strange Youth.

Doctor—What makes you think the boy isn't normal? Mother—Every thing. He was sixteen years old last month and yet he doesn't think he knows more than his father.—Philadelphia Record.

For one word a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish.—Confucius.

Police Oe'r-Step Rights In Raids Without Papers.

(Continued from Page 1.)

the officers fearing to go to this length in their maneuvers.

Among the rooms invaded was one occupied by a man and wife from Tacoma. Patrolman Black and Long both did their utmost to persuade this man and wife to admit that they were not married, and their methods were not exactly gentlemanly. Later on, when taken to task for abusing the couple, the patrolmen said they had been "told by somebody to talk strong to them."

Throughout the entire raid there were only a couple of men, aside from the sergeant in charge, who behaved reasonably. Most of the officers seemed to think that "strong arm" methods were necessary, and that billingsgate was the only language appropriate for the occasion. Following the raid, the prisoners were walked down to the station, the courtesy of a patrol ride not even being accorded them.

As a result of this last raid without a warrant, the moral squad of the first night relief will probably undergo a change in its personnel. Charges will be preferred against a number of the men and some lively testimony is expected to be brought out in the hearings on the various phases of the matter.

Book Reviews

A Man in the Open. Cloth. By Roger Pocock. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Publishers.

That there is often buried beneath a rough exterior the heart of a true man with the purest thoughts and motives is shown in the life of Jesse Smith. He lived always in God's out of doors and oped in him a bravery, honesty and purity of love for the woman of his choice which made him a man in the truest sense. With the perfume of the pine-needles and the music of the streams, and of the cries of bears and cougars the environment of Jesse Smith strikes the responsive chords in his life and develops the bravery and purity of true manhood. He is rough and uneducated in the ordinary sense of the word, but rich in the knowledge of Nature and her laws.

MOTION OF THE EARTH.

It May Easily Be Demonstrated by a Simple Method.

It is quite possible to prove that the earth revolves on its axis by a simple experiment and without having recourse to mathematics. Take a good sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water and place it upon the floor of a room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street.

Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder, a white substance which can be bought at almost any drug store. Then upon the surface of this coating of powder make with powdered charcoal a straight black line, say, an inch or two inches in length and lying north and south.

Having made this little black mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor a stick or some other straight object, so that it shall be exactly parallel with the mark.

Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours and then notice the position of the black mark with reference to the object that it was parallel with. It will be found to have shifted its direction and to have moved from east to west—that is to say, in a direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth on its axis.

The earth in simply revolving has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder on the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which is good proof that everything else has moved the other way.

No More Smiling.

The new vicar was paying a visit among the patients in the local hospital. When he entered ward No. 2 he came across a pale looking young man lying in a cot, heavily swathed in bandages. There he stopped, and after administering a few words of comfort to the unfortunate sufferer, he remarked in cheering tones:

"Never mind, my man, you'll soon be all right. Keep on smiling; that's the way of the world."

"I'll never smile again," replied the youth sadly. "Rubbish!" ejaculated the vicar. "There ain't no rubbish about it!" exclaimed the other heatedly. "It's through smiling at another fellow's girl that I'm here now."—Pearson's Weekly.

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