

# Washington County Hatcher

## AND FOREST GROVE TIMES.

EST. Established 1895, CONSOLIDATED JUNE 4, 1896.

FOREST GROVE, OREGON, TUESDAY, JAN. 12, 1897.

Vol. II, No. 41, Vol. VIII, No. 50

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**THE TELEGRAPHIC "THIRTY."**  
How the Cipher, Which is Now Universal,  
Had Its Origin.

I attended a funeral the other day where there was a lovely flower piece with the figures "30" in the center. The deceased had been familiar all his life with that signal, having been connected with telegraph or newspaper business for nearly 30 years, and yet I doubt if ever he or any one who contributed to the flower piece knew or dreamed how 30 came to mean anything, especially 30, or the end.

As a part in telegraph history I will explain how this signal, which has come to mean so much, had its origin. Like a great many other expressions, it was started accidentally, as it were. In the infancy of the telegraph business dispatches were sent paid or collect, many of them abbreviated in telegraphing, and all newspaper dispatches were not only abbreviated, but sent collect. There were no news agencies then, as now, and papers had friends in all the towns, who were authorized to send them dispatches to be called for.

Every beginner in the art of telegraphy was given a book of abbreviations and signals, which he had to commit to memory and practice till he became expert in their use. Among those signals that of 30 was found, and it meant "collect pay at the other end."

Whether a news dispatch or common business message, if not prepaid, the signal 30 was attached. As all press dispatches were paid for where received, they all had 30 at the end. So when news agencies began their work the signal was retained, for they were still paid for where received.

This signal has come in these days to be a universal finish to all press dispatches, private, special and general, and a secondary meaning, or perhaps, better, a legendary meaning attaches itself as "the end" and is a proper and beautiful expression of the finish of a telegraph operator or any other person.

It will be a signal to the spiritual dispatch of a human soul to the great center of rewards and as a notice to estimate its value when received and "collect pay at the other end."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**PURITANICAL LAWS.**  
How They Round Up Delinquent Debtors  
in Cultured Boston.

"Just wait till I catch him in Boston. Then I'll make him come to the center," remarked an angry man the other day while roasting a theatrical manager who owed him a few hundred dollars for services rendered. I told him that I supposed he would then clap the debtor into the Charles Street jail. "That's just what I will do if I ever catch him there, you bet." And then the mad actor explained how easy it was to get even with people of that sort in the Hub. No matter what the debt, nor where or how it was contracted, all one has to do is to enter a complaint and that settles it. If one who owes is averse to notoriety, he'll hardly take the poor debtor's oath, which releases him for a certain number of years, but does not wipe out his obligations, but will linger in the bastille until he can interest his friends or realize on his collateral and settle.

I know several New Yorkers who have run against creditors in the bean burg and have suffered. Some joke about their incarceration and the questions put to them during the process of administering the poor debtor's oath, but most all agree that the Boston law is a puritanical provision that should be materially amended. Bostonians who are dodging process servers are agitating a change that will permit them to pay up on the installment plan instead of being forced to cash in the full amount or remain a guest of the Charles street hotel. If such a law was on the New York statute books and was enforced here—well, the Tombs or some other prison would be holding hundreds who now look as if they owned the town instead of merely owing the townspeople.—New York Letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Poisoning by Tinned Food.**

Some light is thrown by The Lancet upon the mysterious cases of poisoning by tinned food which from time to time are reported. They are believed to be due to neglect of the caution against eating tinned foods that have been exposed to the air for some time after being opened. The exact manner in which poisonous substances, technically known as "ptomaines," are generated so rapidly is not known with certainty, but the fact that they are produced in sufficient quantity to cause very grave symptoms of poisoning have been brought out in a multitude of instances. In one well known case the first half of the contents of a tin of lobster was consumed with no ill effect, but the rest a few days afterward proved extremely poisonous. It is suggested that as a safeguard manufacturers might label the tins with some such notice as "The contents of this tin are perfectly wholesome when eaten fresh from the tin and afford good food, but the public is advised not to expose the contents for any length of time to the injurious influences of the atmosphere." The Lancet writer even goes so far as to suggest that some such warning might be insisted on by the legislature.—London News.

Palestine is about the size of New Jersey, but more books have been written about it.

**GOOD SIDEWALKS DESIRABLE.**  
Essential Points to Be Considered Are  
Smoothness and Durability.

Good sidewalks add much to that appearance of neatness which every well regulated town strives to attain, and a little care in their construction is only necessary to achieve this desirable aim.

Sidewalks should be as carefully regulated in their construction as street pavements. The idea of permitting abutters to decide upon the pavements for the roadways in front of their premises should not be entertained for an instant. But they appear to be given entire freedom of choice in relation to sidewalks. If there is any regulation in this respect it is a regulation that does not regulate very effectively. While it might be well to permit an abutter to lay the very best sidewalk that could be had if he so desired, some approach to uniformity of standard should be insisted upon, within the extent of a block at least, and the character of the work should never be allowed to fall below a certain minimum.

The elements essential to the construction of a good sidewalk are sufficiently known to make any falling below the standard inexcusable. Evenness and comparative smoothness, combined with sufficient durability, are the great considerations.

It is important that the people of a community should be saved as much fatigue in walking as possible. They have so much more strength left for their work, and their productive capacity is correspondingly enhanced. The chief factor in this matter is the quality of the footway. A person can probably walk twice as far over an even sidewalk as over a rough one with the same expenditure of muscular and nervous energy. Whoever has given thought to the matter has perceived that, while on a surface of varying level, a considerable degree of attention has to be given to the process of walking in order to adjust the action of the muscles to the spot where the feet are to fall, thus causing a continuously uneven gait, on an even surface this attention is not necessary. In the latter instance walking becomes automatic in character, with a corresponding economy in physical energy.

**ACTION OF THE RAIN.**  
The Wonderful Factor It Is in the Disintegration of Rocks.

The rain falling on the rocks sinks into every crack and crevice, carrying with it into these fissures surface material which has been degraded by the weather, and thus affording a matrix sufficient to start the growth of vegetation and afterward to maintain the plants. The fibers and roots of these plants, bushes and trees thus brought into life, growing and expanding, act as wedges to split up the surface of the rock and to commence the process of wearing away. From this quality of destruction a large class of plants derive the name of saxifrages, or rock breakers, from their roots penetrating into the minute fissures in search of water, and so assisting in the process of disintegration. In winter the water collected in the hollows and crevices becomes frozen, and expanding as it changes into ice acts like a charge of blasting material in breaking up the rock. The pieces thus detached become further disintegrated by frost and weather, and being rolled over and over and rubbed against each other as they are carried away down the mountain torrents, are ground gradually smaller and smaller, till from fragments of rock they become bowlers, then pebbles and finally sand. As the mountain stream merges into the river the pebbles and coarse sand continue to be rolled along the bottom of the channel, while the rapacious particles and salts become mingled with the water and flow on with it either in suspension or solution.

While this disintegrating process is going on inland the rocks and cliffs on the coast exposed to the sea are suffering degradation by a similar process and are also being worn away by the incessant action of the waves of the ocean beating on them and attacking them, not only with the impact of the water, but also with the fragments broken off, which, dashed against the face from which they have been eroded, are thus used as implements of destruction.—Longman's Magazine.

**A Village Lighted by Electricity.**

The village of Batavia, N. Y., has made a successful experiment with its municipal lighting plant. Formerly it paid \$7,200 for 72 arc lights, or \$100 a light. By the issue of bonds a new plant costing \$22,609 was completed one year ago. The number of lights was increased 11, making 83 in all. The statement of operations the first year shows that the actual cost of running the 83 lights was \$3,576.08, or \$41.62 per light per year—less than 11 cents per night. Adding extraordinary expenses, as interest, a new armature costing \$500, freight, telephone, etc., a total of \$2,480.49, Batavia paid for 86 lights under village ownership \$6,056.57, or at the rate of 16 cents a night per light.—New York Times.

**Their Occupation Goes.**  
If streets were clean and sidewalks were bright, if men and politics were right, if everything beneath the sun  
Exactly suited every one,  
Say, wouldn't that bring deep distress  
To makers of the daily press?  
They couldn't get a paper out  
Without some "sings to kick about."  
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

**One Way to Tell Time.**

"What time is it?" I asked the janitor of a down town office building. The old fellow reached into his vest pocket, pulled out a battered silver watch, looked at it intently, and then taking a pencil from another pocket jotted something down on a bit of paper. Next he reached into another pocket and pulled out a second watch, the companion of the first, looked at it and again jotted something down on a bit of paper. Then he began a little computation on his slip of paper, after which he announced:  
"At the time you asked, sub. B. is just 27 minutes past 3. That's correct."  
"Much obliged," I said. "But I you kindly explain to me why you had to look at two watches and go through all that figuring—before you could tell me?"  
"Why, you see, sub.," he replied, "this here watch that I carries in my vest is a mighty good watch, but it loses just ten minutes every day. This other watch that I carries in my pants is just as good, but it gains ten minutes every day. So first I looks at one, and then I looks at the other, and then I takes my pencil and figures out the average between the two. That way I gets the time exact, sub.,"—Buffalo Express.

**Kisses.**

An English journal prints the following: "A very disagreeable habit of the king of Portugal is that he kisses his male friends. The princes of our reigning house all do this, and of course it is common enough abroad; but, thank heaven, so far this nasty looking (no matter how really innocent) habit has never become fashionable in this country. It is of course all a mere question of etiquette, but let us fervently pray that Englishmen when they meet with or part from their friends will never get to think it the correct thing to kiss one another. Etiquette in parting varies all over the world. In America the men shake hands and the women kiss one another and sometimes cry, for the American ladies are champion weepers. In France and in Italy even more the women weep, while the men kiss and hug one another almost as vigorously as if they were in a wrestling match. An English woman shakes hands with a man of her acquaintance, while in Spain she always gives her hand to be kissed. It makes the same sensation in Madrid for a man to take a woman's hand and shake it as it would in London for a foreigner to seize a lady's hand and kiss it."

**A Tramp's Trick.**

"Say, partner, yer from New York, ain't ye?" I heard one tramp say to another the other day as they sat sunning themselves on opposite sides of the path in Union square.  
The weary gentleman addressed made an evasive reply intended to create the impression of a negative without being one in terms.  
"Yes, y'are," continued the first in an aggravatingly persistent tone of voice. "I've been watchin' yer, an' yer've been keepin' that foot o' yours movin' all the time yer was asleep, an' th' ain't but one place in this country where the gazabes learn that, an' that's in City Hall park, New York, where yer have to give the cops some kind o' excuses while yer settin' up sleepin' or they'll run yer in. I've been there, partner, an' I kin do it myself."  
"But, say," and the voice assumed a confidential, contemptuous tone, "you don't have to do it in this town."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**The Shop Has Brains.**

The tendency of successful business is to enlargement, and with enlargement come a new multitude of agents, a new variety of markets, a new kind of competitive danger, to avert which absolutely requires mind. The very number of his employees compels the great tradesman of our day to become a judge of character; the very expansion of his market drives him to study many countries, many tariffs, many laws, and his extreme danger from competition makes of him an artist, a chemist and a critic. The process is slow, because he is always governed by the idea of selling, and he often learns rather to know public taste than to know what taste is and to seek in his purchases the popular rather than the good, but still the process must develop his mind.—London Spectator.

**Could Recommend Them All.**

Customer—What kind of insect powder have you got that you can recommend for cockroaches?  
Druggist—Well, I have half a dozen kinds, but I hardly know which is best. My wife has tried them all, and she says the cockroaches at our house don't seem to have any preference.—Chicago Tribune.

**A Different Species.**

Wheeler—The bicycle, it may be said, makes every man his own horse.  
Watts—From the noises I have been hearing on the streets for the past few days I rather thought it was making asses of a good many of them.—Indianapolis Journal.

**A Foolish Question.**

Wife—Shall I put your diamond studs in your shirt, dear?  
Husband—What on earth are you thinking of? Do you want to ruin me? I have a meeting with my creditors this morning.—Texas Sittings.