POVERTY STAINS CHARM OF CHINA

Incessant Cry of Beggars Hideously Repellant.

DEAD LITTER ROADWAYS

Tourists, Surrounded by Starving Throng, Horrified by Plight. Price of Lives Is Cheap.

(Continued From First Page.)

grovels beneath the interminable procession of feet that pass it by, and from it issues the thin whine that pursues you. Kinder than silver or fair words it were for the tall sikh at the north gate, wearing his red turban with the pride of caste, to enter here and thrust his bayonet home. On Sundays in the native city the headsman plays his craft against the offenders of its peace. If the magistrates were soft of heart, and not inured by birth and long tradition to human misery, surely they would bid him stifle this misery with a clean stroke.

Where was one is now a score of beggars. The word has raced down the street. They ring you round hideously, grasping at your sleeve, fawning, entreating, capering. A woman thrusts herself before you, tears aside the covering of her breast and points to the child that sleeps there in some strange stupor, its head lolling, its lips parted, its wee arms stricken with a horror of scurf. The curious dwellers smile humorously at your plight, and laugh to see that the beggars have brought a foreigner to bay. By silver you may win your escape through that noisome cordon, yet at your hasty heels there follows a stripling whose yellow face is touched with the finger of a mortal illness.

"Master," he pleads, "I be one, one only. Your heart is kind. Your heart is good."

Sleeper Will Not Waken.

Across the path an eager boy thrusts an enfeebled ancient. In his fumbling step there is the mark of blindness, yet he lifts palsied hands to catch his eyelids and bare the empty sockets. There are children now, a score, brats of the street, each in the gray quilted garment of beggardom. They strive and stumble to gain a place, to achieve a salute quite smartly, and to join the cry of the elder mendicants. You will find this, and more—much that cannot be written—in the place of the singing birds, which is near the city temple and the well pot teahouse, and near, as well, to the cool quietude of a mandarin's garden planned and planted and walled five centuries ago. Yet Shanghai, as all know, is one of the foremost modern cities of the far east. I think the sleeper will not waken, or not for many lifetimes yet to come.

One week ago, when first we came to Shanghai, it was the beggar folk who gave us greeting. Up from the Yellow sea, up the saffron current of the Yang Tse river and so into the equally muddied tide of the Whang Poo, the Bay State picked her careful way through fleets of high-sterned junks, bobbing their course to sea or moored in long files from which the cooking fires sent smoke. As the ship entered the harbor beside the Bund four sampans darted out from shore and sculled rapidly alongside. With pikes the boatmen grappled the Bay State, shouting hoarsely to their wives. The sampans tossed and pranked in the swift tidal current. Children and women and boatmen shouted upward to the passengers at the rail: "Hello, money! Money, hello!" From lower ports the garbage poured as a gift, and with swift dip nets the women caught it, as they caught the stale bread cast into the river. Such squalor was there beneath us in that covey of dismal river boats that the novice tourists were moved to pity. But the returning residents smiled in superior fashion.

"These are not poor," they said. "Save your pity for some you'll see in a day or so. Why, these people have boats. Comparatively they are well to do."

Conditions Are Shameful.

I am aware, as I review these paragraphs, that what I have written is not what one really ought to write of a first glimpse at China. I am cognisant of the fact that ordinarily poverty and its attendant evils are neither polite nor edifying subjects. Too, I recognize the fact that much might be said, for instance, of Shanghai that would please and maintain the illusion. Yet I submit that here despite contrasts elsewhere that are far more disconcerting, is a condition of far greater importance and concern to all of us than all the tabulated statistics of import and export ever compiled. Really there seems nothing to be done about it, and so it is easy enough to argue. Why think of it? However, I must beg an indulgence. These things also are true, however casual they may be, and being true they are shameful.

Should you pass sometime through the north gate, in search of the place of singing birds, you may be privileged to witness a native policeman drive his heavy club point foremost into the ribs of the grandfather of all beggars. The old man was a triumph of tatters, he was an art of himself—but he erred in being off his beat, apparently. As he shambled along he was counting the coppers of his morning toil, mumbling over the thick and greasy Chinese cents. I recall how Captain Inskeep once told me that a nightstick, driven end foremost, was the acme of punishment known to the police. The identical blow was demonstrated here, so viciously that the withered recipient staggered at the impact. It was odd to observe that he did not wince, nor even cease his reckoning, nor glance up. Blows had been his portion for so long that he was impervious, imperturbable, to anything less than a fractured rib.

Spectators Are Indifferent.

Indeed, the common attitude toward suffering, both personal and apart, is or seems to be one of apathetic indifference. On Nanking road a day or so ago we passed a native woman, huddled face down on the pavement and writhing in agony. A stolidly interested circle of Chinese stood about her, none offering assistance, and all seeming to regard her affliction as a mild diversion for themselves. An hour later, at the same spot, the woman was yet moaning in her anguish, and the attitude toward her varied not at all, despite the fact that hundreds of native spectators had paused for mild amusement during the interim. It may have been that they considered her to be afflicted of devils and were not disposed to take unnecessary risks. It is well known in these parts that such discarnate terrors often pursue the luckless and may at any incautious moment be distracted to the undoing of another. The rule is to take no chances.

Last year it was that the Shanghai authorities, I speak now of the international city, were perturbed by an unusual increase in the traffic fatalities, which even normally are high. Scarcely a day passed but some Chinese pedestrian, of the coolie class, darted indiscreetly before some speeding motor car and was run down. It was some weeks before the explanation of this high motor mortality was delved from the coy recesses of the native mind. Then it appeared that some yellow logician had reasoned it out that, if one were to lose one's personal devil or demon, the handiest plan was to dodge in front of an automobile, allowing just a fractional second for safety and insuring that the malignant pursuer would be dashed under the wheels. It was all simple enough. In fact, the only drawback to the endeavor was that a miscalculation meant death or maiming. That, however, never occurred to the oriental mind. None holds their lives more cheaply than they themselves. You frequently hear it said that human life is quite the cheapest thing in China. I reckon they know whereof they speak.

Mixed Court Presides.

Here in the international area a mixed court presides over criminal trials. It is composed of Chinese and Europeans in equal parts, according to the law. Let us say that a native offender has been taken for some petty crime, comparatively so, that merits a year in prison. The mixed court sometimes discovers that its own jail is already filled to capacity, and asks the honorable magistrates of the native city to extend their penal hospitality to the culprit. It is never refused. The sequel is death at the sword of the executioner.

"In such a case," said an English merchant, who has resided here for many years, "the poor devil has no luck at all. Do you fancy they'd board him for a year? Not they. It's far cheaper to whack his head off and that's precisely what they do, you may depend on it. Of course the mixed court isn't supposed to know about it, but everyone does know."

To return to that maze of alleys and that babel of singsong that is the native city of Shanghai, to the caged turtles and the reek of too much propinquity, the letter writers at their tables, the food sellers chanting comestibles, the common confusion and amiable fraternity of it all, let's hope that you will find the four swordsmen bounding and leaping through their whistling steel. Most fearsome fellows, those, stripped to the waist and glistening of smooth, cat-like muscularity, each with a yard-long blade of scimitar shape and a yard-long pigtail lashing at his back. They were exhorting a circle of impassive spectators to toss them pennies, striding to and fro with quick, nervous steps, wheeling as cats turn and boasting of their skill. One glimpse of the foreign devil and they had whirled their swords before the faces of an unprofitable crowd and cleared a course for his vision. As one man they flashed to salute, the blades thrown sharply over their left shoulders and down with a cutting stroke, so briskly that the air sighed to the slash. One might fancy that the Malay pirates were such bravos as these and such swordsmen.

Swordsmen Get Little.

From the waist their bodies swung lithely in swerve and thrust and edged blow, and as the swords glistened and twirled and fell in movements too rapid for the eye, the left arms of each wove a measure in the vortex of steel, seeming ever at the keen edge and the peril of dismemberment, yet ever withdrawn from the sinuous track of the blades. The pace grew wilder, more extravagant of gesture and daring. The four swordsmen leaped high in air and whirled to the clay as though the upturned edges would sever their bodies at the middle. Yet heel and shoulders alone touched earth, and as they touched the swordsmen were upright again, unscathed, and at salute. I grieve to say that they complained most bitterly, or seemed to, and with antics almost as abandoned as their dance when they were tossed a single piece of silver, valued at 20 cents "Mex." The impression remained that they considered the performance worth at least twice as much, so they should have had a silver dime apiece, and that it would have delighted any one of them to give yet another demonstration gratis—a more practical one. Yet what of it? They ought to have been in the army, anyhow, instead of strolling about China to wheedle coppers from the coolies. As for the grinning native spectators, they were well content. Had they not waited until someone came along and paid for the entertainment?

Garden Haven From Beggars.

The garden of the mandarin of the Ming dynasty proved a calm and heavenly haven from the beggars. It is true that one is lured through its gateway by a plausible friendly fellow who appears from nowhere, with deep concern for your tribulation, and who thereafter reveals himself as a guide and states his modest fee. Yet the silver is well spent. Here is quietude and a couple of bearded old men and a shrine of gilt and a painting of the illustrious ancestor, and a stone dragon that twists himself along the wall never quite to engulf a most complacent granite frog. So silent and peaceful is the place, so filled with gentle reverie and carp ponds and slumbering gold fish and pervasive antiquity that you would not guess, did you not know, what turmoil and trouble and manner of squalid life exists outside of its thick and comforting wall. It is good for a 15-minute resplite, at the least, and dignified bows from the old gentlemen at its portal, who have just refreshed themselves with tea. There are few such sanctuaries in native Shanghai. In truth it seems the single place in all that seethe wherefrom one may issue or wherein one may walk without the uncomfortable feeling that he ought forthwith to bathe and use much soap.

(To be continued.)

Rainfall Is Not Enough.

GRANTS PASS, Or., May 6.—(Special.)—Farmers of this vicinity were disappointed by the small amount of rain which fell during the past few days. Although the district is now supplied with water from the ditches of the Grants Pass irrigation district, crops had been planted which needed rain. Only .03 inch fell in the two days that a storm threatened.

Fir knots for furnace and fireplace. Edlefsen's. Broadway 70.—Adv.

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ON EXCURSION BOAT
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BIG FIGHT COMING IN QUAKER STATE

Political Interest Turns to Pennsylvania.

GOVERNORSHIP BIG ISSUE

Religious Question Injected Into Politics of This State Likely to Be Factor in Election.

BY MARK SULLIVAN.

(Copyright by the New York Evening Post, Inc. Published by Arrangement.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 6.—(Special.)—With the Indiana primary out of the way, we can now look forward to several fairly crowded weeks of similar tests of political sentiment in widely separated states.

The first comes in Pennsylvania a week from next Tuesday. In Pennsylvania two senators are to be chosen. These senators will be the permanent successors, until the ends of their terms at least, of Penrose and Knox. But it is not in these senatorial choices that the largest interest in the Pennsylvania primaries lies. The big fight in Pennsylvania is on the governorship, and the chief reason for its interest lies in the fact that Gifford Pinchot is a candidate.

Pinchot is running for the republican nomination for governor on an anti-organization basis. The republican organization in the state wobbled a good deal in the early stages of the fight and made several abortive and, in the judgment of politicians, seriously blundering moves. At one time there were as many as five organization candidates for the nomination. In due course, however, the organization pulled itself together and showed enough power of discipline to eliminate all but one, so the fight now is a square one between Pinchot and the organization candidate, Alter.

It is because Pinchot will have the bulk of the old Roosevelt votes in Pennsylvania, the old progressive votes, and the vote of republicans with a tendency toward independence, plus a considerable portion of what was not long ago an integral part of the organization—it is because of this that Pinchot is believed to have a chance of winning far beyond what would normally be the case in a state where the organization ordinarily manages things so successfully as it does in Pennsylvania.

In Pennsylvania, in connection with the governorship, it should also be said that the democrats have pulled themselves together and have agreed upon one man, McSparran, who is universally described as the best they could have chosen.

* * *

After these Pennsylvania primaries the next contest will occur in Oregon on May 19. In the Oregon primaries no senator is to be chosen, and the only national officers involved are the three representatives in congress. A considerable slate of local officials, including a governor, three members of the supreme court, a state treasurer, together with county officers and members of the legislature, are also to be chosen. The three sitting in the house from Oregon are republicans, and all three are candidates for renomination. Oregon is a very strong republican state, and ordinarily whoever gets the republican nomination for each of these congressional seats would be elected. But there has been injected into the politics of Oregon a most disturbing complication, which not only affects the coming primaries, but will also be certain to affect the election in November.

For the first time since 1893 a religious question has been injected into Oregon politics. It is of the same sort that has turned up sporadically in several other isolated localities this year. In Oregon a number of anti-Catholic and anti-alien elements, occasionally referred to as the Federated Patriotic societies, and including the Ku Klux Klan, are very active. The Ku Klux Klan is especially active and strong in Oregon, having a membership of something less than 10,000. One of the sitting representatives from Oregon is a Catholic. The Ku Klux Klan and the anti-Catholic elements generally are not only opposing him, but are also opposing another of the sitting members of the house who is not a Catholic but appears to be objectionable to the Ku Klux Klan for other reasons.

As regards the governorship of Oregon, the activities of the "patriotic societies" have created a situation which may cause Oregon to elect a democratic governor this fall.

After Oregon, the next state to hold primaries will be North Carolina. In this also no senator is to be chosen, but the entire congressional delegation from the state is involved. Among these the only one nationally prominent is Representative Claude Kitchin. Kitchin is officially the head of his party in congress. He is the democratic floor leader and is also the ranking democratic member of the ways and means committee.

In the event of the democrats winning the lower house of congress this fall, Kitchin would hold the combined functions now held by two republicans, namely, Leader Mondell and Chairman Fordney of the ways and means committee. Whether the democrats carry congress as a whole, or fail to, in either event Mr. Kitchin will be on hand. He has no opposition in his home district.

* * *

On the first Tuesday in June come the Florida primaries. At one time these primaries promised to give the public a spectacular picture of William Jennings Bryan as a candidate for United States senator. Bryan was undoubtedly willing, and possibly a little more than willing — possibly even anxious to make the fight; but his friends discovered that he had not enough following in the state of his adoption to give reasonable promise of success. The result is that the present senator, Park Trammell, will in all probability get the nomination and subsequent election.

* * *

On June 5 Iowa will give the country the spectacle of a primary contest of considerable importance. It is to fill the seat made vacant by the widely-discussed resignation of Senator Kenyon to become a federal judge. To fill out the present session, the governor of Iowa appointed Charles A. Rawson, who is now sitting. Senator Rawson however, is not among the candidates for nomination in the coming republican primaries. For this nomination there are six candidates. One of them, Stanley, is an ex-service man and appears to be running primarily on the basis of his affiliation with the soldiers. Another is Clifford Thorne, widely known because of his frequent appearance as an attorney for interests seeking lower railroad rates and railroad regulation generally.

In the democratic primary the situation is quite different. That primary will undoubtedly nominate Clyde L. Herring. Mr. Herring was for many years the official distributor of Ford automobiles and Ford tractors in Iowa. This relation to the farmer of the state has given him widespread acquaintance and a strength beyond the limits of his own party.

* * *

In Minnesota in June there will be primaries which will, without much doubt, result in the extraordinary spectacle of a square fight between a man running on the republican ticket and a woman on the democratic ticket. The man will be the present republican senator, Frank Kellogg. The democratic candidate will be Mrs. Peter Olsen.

* * *

The other two primaries to be held in June will be in Maine and in North Dakota. In Maine the sitting senator, Fred Hale, will be opposed for the republican nomination by two candidates. The general belief, however, is that Hale will get the nomination. The democrats in Maine will nominate a strong man—ex-Governor Curtis—but it is hardly to be expected that Maine will elect a democratic senator.

In North Dakota the senator whose fortunes will come to a test on June 28 is Porter J. McCumber. The fact that Mr. McCumber has already had a long service and has arisen by a process of seniority to be chairman of the finance committee of the senate, where he is in a position to have strong influence on all tariff and taxation legislation, will make considerable drafts on local state pride in his favor.

GAS MEN WILL CONVENE

CONSERVATION OF NATURAL PRODUCT IS KEYNOTE.

Prominent Men in Big Industry Will Discuss Vital Topics at Coming Convention.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., May 6.—Conservation of gas will be the keynote of discussions at the 70th annual convention of the Natural Gas Association of America, scheduled to be held here May 15-18, according to the announcement of Leslie B. Denning of Pittsburg, Pa., president of the organization. Delegates are expected from all parts of the country, including the middle-western states, the productive fields of Texas, Wyoming, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Kansas and as far west as California and from eastern fields.

Several prominent men in the gas industry are on the programme for discussion of such subjects as "Standardization," "What the Natural Gas Companies Are Doing to Help the Consumer Get the Greatest Value From His Natural Gas Service," and various phases of gas production and distribution.

Open forum discussion in charge of a chairman for each subject will be held on the following topics: Production, transmission, distribution and public relations.

The convention activities are designed for all classes of gas workers and many employes of the gas companies, as well as company officials, are expected to attend, President Denning announced.

Large exhibits of field equipment and household appliances will be open to the public during the convention, with the announced purpose of impressing the gas men with the thought that they must work in close harmony with the patron and appliance maker.

The prestige of Oregonian Want-Ads has been attained not merely by The Oregonian's large circulation, but by the fact that all its readers are interested in Oregonian Want-Ads.

FRANCE HESITATES AND LOSES CHANCE

French Diplomacy Has Failed Again, Says Tardieu.

BARTHOU FOUND WANTING

Failure to Take Resolute Stand on Soviet Guarantee of Property Held Fatal Blunder.

BY ANDRE TARDIEU,
Former French High Commissioner to America.

(Copyright, 1922, by The Oregonian.)

PARIS, May 6.—(Special Cable.)—French diplomacy has failed again. Barthou had the opportunity to take a resolute stand at Genoa to compel the Russian soviet to guarantee the integrity of private property. Other delegates would have supported him. He did not do so.

I wrote you last week that the soviet refusal effectively to guarantee private property would kill the Genoa gathering economically. Events since then have borne this out. The memorandum to the Russians—substituted for the ultimatum originally planned—was drafted without great difficulty until paragraph seven was reached. This dealt with the restoration of private property. Lloyd-George, who is holding more and more private conversations with the soviet delegates, frankly opposed any obligatory restitution, which, nevertheless, was the only solution guaranteeing proprietors their rights.

Moreover, the proprietors, called in the document "former proprietors"—which looks much like recognizing that their titles have ceased to exist—merely get the vague promise of "compensation," which depends finally upon the central, or even the local soviets', judgment. This is why Belgium refused to sign the document. Our representatives missed their opportunity to raise the issue then.

Chief Delegate Overruled.

Barthou, at the May 1 session, announced that he accepted the opinion of the experts that the text of the document did not support the viewpoint of the Belgians. Then, while en route to Paris to confer with Poincare, the latter telegraphed Barrere to reserve France's signature 48 hours, but meanwhile stated that he did not object to sending the memorandum to the Russians. Finally, on May 3, the French government overruled its chief delegate and decided to stand by Belgium and not to sign. Thus Barthou returns to Genoa to take an opposite position to what he held before he left there.

The situation thus produced is extremely complicated. For myself, I won't hazard any prediction of the outcome. Like most Frenchmen, and I expect most Americans will agree, I believe that the private property issue is one upon which we must not yield at any price. First, private property rights must be guaranteed as the keystone of modern society. Second, by defending this principle we have a firm ground whereon to defend ourselves against bolshevik propaganda and also to secure world-wide approval for our stand.

Motta, chief of the Swiss delegation, declared on May 1 that if France would support Belgium, Switzerland would follow. Need I add that a Belgo-Franco-Swiss bloc on such a proposal undoubtedly would have attracted other nations?

France Misses Chance.

Opportunity knocks but once, and so the decision should have been made without a fortnight—or an hour's—hesitation. Hesitating, France let the favorable moment pass. The support that was available yesterday has vanished. Returning to the Belgian viewpoint carries much less weight than to have supported it from the outset.

The future of the conference is full of mystery. Those who originated it, notably Lloyd-George, have always said that the value of its decisions would lie in the unanimity wherewith they were adopted. It now is obvious that this unanimity is impossible. Moreover, the British premier, through daily overtures to the Germans and the Russians, has sketched a policy which provokes disquietude and alarm throughout a large part of Europe. Finally it grows clearer that the great majority of British opinion does not follow Lloyd-George in his constant pressure on the allies and neutrals.

All this being so, how can we believe that anything substantial can be accomplished? I have re-read Trotzky's speech to the red army on May 1 administering the oath. There was neither fraternity nor peace therein. To give money credits and railway materials to men who spoke thus is at least imprudent, but thus far this is the only practical measure that has been discussed.

Portland Man Gets Two Years.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 6.—Morris Silverman, a Portland pawnbroker, was sentenced to two years in McNeil island penitentiary and a $1000 fine today upon his conviction yesterday on a charge of selling altered government securities. Silverman was charged with having sold to a San Francisco pawnbroker $3000 in altered war savings stamps which had been stolen in their original state from the postoffice at Dayton, Or.

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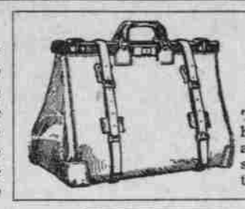

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Regular $40.00, now special at.. $30
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Murine .....49¢, 98¢
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Pettit's Eye Salve...30¢, 50¢
Thompson's Eye Water....30¢
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Two-quart hot water bottle, 2-year guarantee; regular price $3.50; special at.....$1.75
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will kill that spot or stain in your ceilings or wall.
½-pound package 25¢
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You can clean up your old brushes as good as new with Savabrush.
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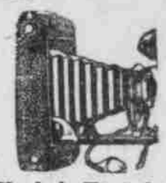

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It *BEATS*... as it Sweeps as it Cleans
We will gladly deliver a Hoover to your home subject to approval and you may arrange for convenient payments if desired. See demonstration at our store.

TWENTY TO GET DIPLOMAS

New Falls City High School Will Graduate Its First Class.

FALLS CITY, Or., May 6.—(Special.)—Twenty students, comprising the first class to be graduated from the new Falls City high school, will receive diplomas the night of May 24, when the annual commencement exercises will be held in Victory hall. This is the second-largest class in the history of the Falls City schools.

Dr. Edward Reed of the Oregon Agricultural college will deliver the commencement address.

Members of the graduating class are: Mildred Grant, Eva Chappell, Dorothy Guthridge, Gladys Paul, Ila Buell, Verna Tittle, Ruth Tittle, Helen Jobes, Ralph Lunde, Albert Morgan, Calvin Horn, Calvin Barnhart, Wentworth Van Den Bosch, Westley Woods, Walter Thrasher, Edith Rutter, Bernice Rutter, Bernice Dodd, Louise Dueltgen and Birdie Howe.

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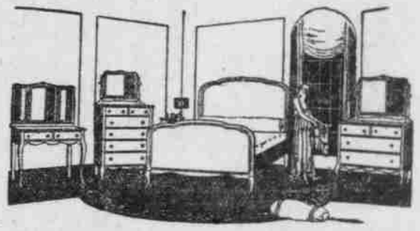

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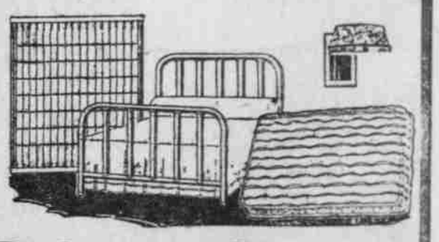

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Correcting
An Erroneous Report

Mrs. Walter J. Holman is now the sole owner of Edward Holman & Son, and no other person or persons by the name of Holman own or control any part of the firm.

This statement is made to correct the wholly baseless and erroneous report that there had been a change in ownership.

(Signed) MABEL M. HOLMAN.

Edward HOLMAN & SON, Funeral Directors Since 1854. Salmon at Third.

Dr. A. M. Abrams

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