

# THE OREGON STATESMAN

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## THE LIMITATIONS OF FREE SPEECH.

Is talk more sacred than human life? The Socialists, pacifists and draft obstructors say so. The case of E. V. Debs, the socialist leader who was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for violating the espionage act, has attracted wide attention. Debs's defenders argued that it was all right for anyone to talk all he pleased, so long as he didn't actually urge a violation of law; free speech must be preserved, they asserted. But in war time a nation has a right to draft its citizens for military service; it can command not only their tongue but their very life.

The soldier in the ranks may be strongly tempted to vent his ideas in speech, but the law makes him be silent and if he attempts to obstruct his country in its war operations he is liable to be imprisoned or even shot. If then the Government can take control of a man's very life, how absurd and wrong it would be to hold that it had no right to take control of his voice.

It is a rule that human life is sacred and inviolable, but every nation has the inherent power to call on its citizens to lay down their life for it if necessary.

Would it be right for our Government to draft three million men for the defense of the country, and then not even impose on such mischief-makers as Debs the little requirement that they hold their tongue?

Would that kind of justice or democracy be worth fighting for? No; there is a limit to the right of free speech, and this right must be so used that it will not infringe on higher rights.

Liberty is not license; in short the more liberty there is, the more restraint there must be.

In a state of savagery there are no restraints; speech and everything else is free, and there is no liberty or protection for anyone. The tongue is a member of the body, the same as the hand is, and it is possible to do just as much damage with one as with the other.

Such men as Debs would like to be allowed to go the limit with their tongues and stir up others to commit wrongs, while they were themselves immune. But they must be taught that they will not be allowed thus to prostitute the liberty which has been won by humanity at such cost.

The flowers are the alphabet of the Angels wherewith they write on hills and fields eternal truths. The hills and fields of Oregon are now proclaiming the glad Easter time. They are giving the news of the Resurrection in verdant story and florescent song.

## OUTSIDE THE BREASTWORKS

(Los Angeles Times)  
The League of Nations will have at least one outsider. Col. George Harvey refuses unanimously to sign it. He is both inextinguishable and implacable. No will be he content with dumb protest. Far from it. No one ever saw a photograph of the colonel with a muzzle on, nor is it likely that such piteous spectacles will ever be disclosed to human vision. With a few—possibly several—well-chosen words Col. Harvey will record his opinion of the world covenant and the erring band of publicists who whipped it into form and being.

In a recent issue of Harvey's Weekly the colonel devotes some space—we say "devotes" because with him it is a work of devotion—to expressing the views of Col. George Harvey on the League of Nations and contemporaneous matters. There are twenty-four pages and twenty-two of them are boldly and hoisterously Harvey. The magazine is so thoroughly Harveyized that it would seem impossible to explode it.

As an eminent and erudite editor Col. Harvey is righteously impressed with his handiwork. He may even be permitted to regale himself with some complacency before his mirror. But, hyssop and hemlock! all his creations have not been of the same

## HEALTH TALK

When the cause of disease is removed Nature restores the body to health.

One of the greatest causes of disease is EYE Strain. Have the cause removed. Get rid of the EYE Strain.

Have EYES tested by an Ophthalmologist. Glasses will be correctly prescribed if needed. If glasses are not needed, other effective treatment will be prescribed to remove the cause of your ailment.

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splendid mould. It will be remembered that it was Col. Harvey who gave to the world one Woodrow Wilson. It was the colonel who went over into the wilds of Trenton or Princeton and dug the Wilson out of his shroud when he was but a humble Governor of New Jersey. It was Col. Harvey who insisted on making the Wilson a President and established him in the seats of the mighty!

And then what happened? It is a sad tale, my iads: When it was too late the colonel found that he had built him another Frankenstein that, having realized its power and strength, raged up and down the earth with devastation and ruin marking its blind and maddening course.

And alack! there are no yokes or restraints for Frankenstein. Therefore it only remains for the colonel to array himself in sackcloth for the past and ring the bell and toot the whistle for dangers ahead. Hence the twenty-two out of twenty-four pages of the printed word and hence the speech at Indianapolis, where he stood up before a company of two or three hundred fellow-citizens who were assembled for banquet purposes and impassionately pleaded with them not to forget the traditions of a Washington before the rhetorical posturing of a Wilson. For hours—or what seemed like hours—he begged and implored that the lessons of history be not lost or his own words of wisdom be cast aside. He presented his own attitude toward the world league in this unyielding and uncompromising phrase:

"I am opposed to the covenant as it stands. I am opposed to it as it may be amended. I am opposed to it in principle. I am opposed to it in theory. I am opposed to it in practice. I regard it as the most un-American proposal ever submitted to the American people by an American President. I am opposed to this country entering into any perpetual or permanent alliance with any power for any purpose—for war, for peace or for anything else."

Having made this declaration in favor of the isolation of the hermit he continued his scorching of the league and, looking at a spot on the wall where there might have been a picture of Woodrow Wilson had the President been photographed lately, he solemnly announced:

"I hope to die before I see any red-blooded American sitting as President in a council controlling the world."

The guest of the evening said much more to the same purpose. Of his complete and enduring opposition to the world covenant there was no room for doubt. If the Monroe Doctrine, the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule, the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount were enshrined in its paper walls his voice would still be raised in stern and vehement protest against the same. Nothing good can possibly emanate from Wilson since he has passed beyond the control of his sponsor.

Col. Harvey takes himself so seriously that many others have unconsciously fallen into the same habit—or is it error? He was at once assigned a place among the fifty-seven immortal editors east of Pittsburgh. He was unhesitatingly accorded the title of "kernel" because of the rich character of the meat in his nut. He spoke as one having authority, because he always had a magazine or two at his command. He was so surfeited with the splendors of his own imaginings that he impressed us all.

But when a man stands up before an audience of progressive Americans and says he would oppose "any alliance with any peoples for peace or any purpose" he may masquerade as an editor, but he belongs in the infant class. If George Harvey's ideals prevailed there wouldn't be a marriage certificate on earth and America would be bounded by a barb wire fence and not much else.

am opposed to it in practice. I regard it as the most un-American proposal ever submitted to the American people by an American President. I am opposed to this country entering into any perpetual or permanent alliance with any power for any purpose—for war, for peace or for anything else."

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## TIMES DO CHANGE

This year Easter Sunday falls on April 20. The last time it fell on this date was in 1862. Women were wearing hoop-skirts, and stories of the Jane Austen type were favorites. Louisa Alcott and her sisters were living at Concord the same old healthy life whose record is the foundation of "Little Women."

On this Easter women will bloom forth in gowns so narrow as to impede the freedom of their step. The slender silhouette will be the mark of Fashion's child.

Problem plays are the favorites at movie and theater, while the novel which does not deal at length with thrills, hair-breadth escapes and questionable morals remains unwanted on the book-shop shelves. Times change, indeed.

## WORLD MISSIONARIES

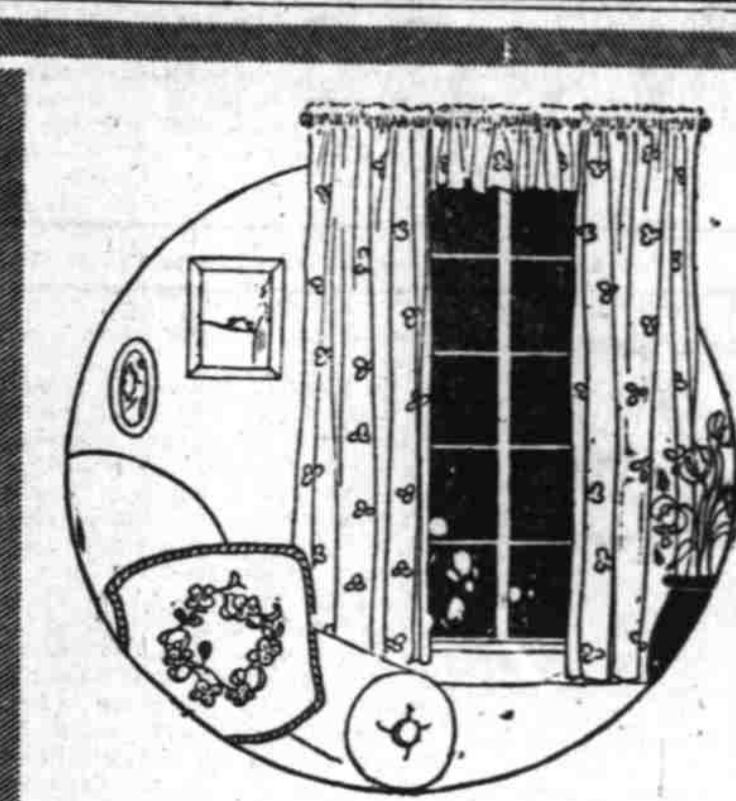
Doubtless Japan will make it an even thing by excluding American missionaries from her sphere of influence. If the Mikado wishes he can consider the missionaries as mainly responsible for the break from Japanese domination in Korea. The League of Nations is expected to stand for freedom of religious thought; but if the Buddhists get to sending missionaries to Boston by way of reciprocity some objections may be filed. It may be necessary to have the status of missionaries specifically determined. Why not require a civil service examination and

then have them assigned by an international board? The crusader spirit exists and must be recognized. Why not direct it to the larger good? At present there is some duplication and waste, although the average missionary would hesitate to admit it.—Los Angeles Times.

## MRS. DOOLEY'S ADVICE TO WORKING GIRLS

Milwaukee, Wis.—"I wish all girls who work and suffer from functional disorders would profit by my advice and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I was married, when I came home from work at night, I would just worn out with pains which dragged me down. I too took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me feel like a new woman. I can work from morning until night and it does not bother me, and I wish all girls who suffer as I did would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. H. DOOLEY, 1135 25th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Working girls everywhere should profit by Mrs. Dooley's experience, and instead of dragging along from day to day with life a burden, give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It has overcome just such conditions for thousands of others, and why not for you? For special advice, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.



# Announce the NEW SERANTON DRAPERY FABRICS

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Too often his money, as well as his patience, has given out, and no Draperies or Pretty Curtains are used to give the one thing lacking, "Homey Effect," in his otherwise nicely furnished home.

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THE CHURCH THAT I ATTENDED  
I went to church last Sunday in a sunny little nook. Where the preacher talked of beauty And read from Nature's book! Consider well the lilies, They neither toil nor spin; Yet at heaven's open portals They freely enter in. The choir were noted singers And numbered quite a score; They all flew down in airplanes And alighted at the door. They sang songs of sacred music. Of psalms and hymns and sonnets Their gowns were quaint and lovely And they had feathers on their bonnets. And though their leader was a mocker If they knew, they gave no token, And not a word of condemnation Was by anybody spoken. The doors are always open And their service never ended. And they worship in the silence In the church that I attended. We drank the wine of gladness From a golden poppy cup Which at the table of communion They are daily holding up. —AGNES JOSEPHINE RIX

And others call it God. A picket frozen on duty. A mother, starved for her brood, Socrates drinking the hemlock, And Christ upon the rood; And millions who, humble and nameless, The straight, hard pathway plod— Some call it Consecration, And others call it God.

LEST WE FORGET!  
The tumult and the shouting dies— The captains and the kings depart— Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice, An humble and a contrite heart, Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget!

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.  
She sat on the sliding cushion, The dear, wee woman of four; Her feet, in their shiny slippers, Hung dangling over the floor. She meant to be good; she had promised, And so, with her big, brown eyes, She stared at the meeting-house windows And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher, But she thought of the honey bees Droning away at the blossoms That whitened the cherry trees. She thought of a broken basket, Where curled in a dusky heap, Three sleek, round puppies, with fringing ears Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle, Such queer little hearts to beat, Such swift, round tongues to kiss, Such sprawling, cushiony feet; She could feel in her clasping fingers The touch of the satiny skin, And a cold, wet nose exploring The dimples under her chin. Then a sudden ripple of laughter Ran over the parted lips So quick that she could not catch it

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