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GOVERNOR ALLEN'S POSER TO SAMUEL GOMPERS

Mr. Gompers logically lost the debate Friday night when he refused to answer this question propounded by Governor Allen:

"When a dispute between capital and labor brings on a strike affecting the production or distribution of the necessities of life, thus threatening the public peace and impairing the public health, has the public any rights in such a controversy or is it a private war between capital and labor? If you answer this question in the affirmative, Mr. Gompers, how would you protect the rights of the public?"

The labor leader declined to answer, asserting that it was a catch question.

It was not a catch question in any sense of that term.

It was a fair, straightforward, searching inquiry, going to the heart of the subject in controversy—just such a poser in Socratic logic as Lincoln put to Stephen A. Douglas in the historic Lincoln-Douglas debates.

Governor Allen's question put Mr. Gompers in a dilemma. If he had answered that strikes in vital key industries were private wars between capital and labor the answer would have been tantamount to a declaration that the public has no rights which warring labor and capital are bound to respect.

If he had answered that the public had rights in such conflicts the answer would have carried an admission that the public rights should be protected.

The Kansas law does protect the public's rights.

There are some very wise and very good men in the United States who are saying that it is fair alike to capital and labor, and that there is no other way to provide such protection.

While the great labor leader, who is president of the American Federation of Labor, sought refuge in silence, the public knows the exact nature of his silent answer. Though he dare not flatly admit it, his position is that such conflicts are merely private war between capital and labor; that the public must suffer in meekness and inaction; and that the law and the courts must not interfere in the slightest when labor and capital fight out their differences.

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."—Romans 14:7

So wrote the apostle to the Gentiles.

Sixty generations of men have come and gone since these words were written; and the significance of their truth has grown stronger with the passing ages.

Under English law, until 1818, private disputes might be settled by trial by battle—that is, men might go at one another with their fists and with clubs, when they had disputes; and the victor was the winner in the eyes of the law.

During all the ages past, the trial by battle has been the only way of settling differences between nations. All the world is hoping for a better way, through the League of Nations.

Trial by battle in private disputes has long been taboo.

Trial by battle in disputes of nations will have to go, in time, because it is against reason; more against reason than was the settlement of private disputes in that bloody way.

And the trial by battle of the strike will also have to go, because it, too, is against reason.

The Kansas law is the result of the coal strike of last winter. Governor Allen, who had been elected chief executive while he was fighting in France, finding his people freezing and the industries of his state at a standstill, called out 5000 of the returned doughboys and as many volunteer workers and took over the coal mines of Kansas and worked them and gave the people coal.

Then he called the Kansas Legislature together in special session, and they made laws setting up courts of arbitration in labor strikes.

In short, they outlawed the strike in Kansas.

Kansas led the way—

As Kansas has been in the habit of doing, in more or less ram-bunctious fashion, throughout its windy and otherwise stormy history.

Kansas has been somewhat careless of convention and contemptuous concerning moth-eaten precedents—but Kansas has frequently got results while the pussyfooters of other states split hairs and dawdled and twirled their thumbs.

And the wide world is sitting up and taking notice now of the Kansas way of outlawing the strike, under the direction of Governor Allen, who has convictions and dares maintain them and act upon them, regardless of how all the old women in breeches the wide world over hold up their hands in holy horror.

This writer will risk his reputation as a prophet on the assertion that there will be other laws in this country and in other countries before the globe, fashioned after the Kansas labor laws; and that before the waxing and waning of many moons.

"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," and this little old world is gradually becoming one great family of nations; interdependent; intersympathetic; interrelated. It is a long, long way to the millennium, and it may never come; but we will at least get more hints of it if we live a hundred years more.

Populists and pet stock slogan tomorrow.

Champ Clark says he will not attend the San Francisco convention. This will take much from its gaiety.

Pancho Villa has returned to his brigand ways, it is reported. Once a bandit, always one, is the general rule.

It Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, the eminent slacker, is coming to hide himself on the Pacific coast he will

probably be found in San Francisco. It is the safest place in the world for those of his kidney.—Los Angeles Times. (How those Californians do love one another.)

Sixth-three per cent of the total number of medals distributed for war services were received by the enlisted men. What better evidence than this that the World War was a people's war? Every war preceding 1914 was linked up with names of a half dozen or more men. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Dewey were

among those we delighted to conjure with. But the names of the generals in the last war are little known. The honors have gone where they are doubtless due. Such is the democracy of fame.

That noise you hear just outside the political paddock is caused by the neighing of the dark horse getting ready for the Chicago races.

Goat glands are the latest thing to rejuvenate those smitten by old age and other things. But it would be bad stuff for those who are now inclined to do too much butting in.

This is the final chancery decision call: Tell the Statesman what you know about the poultry industry; and do it today.

The bill increasing the wages of postoffice employees will now go to the president for his signature. It is a justice too long delayed.

The investigation of the campaign expenses of the Democratic aspirants for that nomination show small amounts. It is getting so that folks are a bit chary about putting their money on a dead horse.

After the fourth of March next Secretary Daniels will not be compelled to hire a hall to tell of his troubles with Admiral Sims. He runs a newspaper in Raleigh, N. C., and he can compel the sheet to even print some of his poetry if he so desires.

Nathan Straus, the millionaire philanthropist, says it is a disgrace to die rich. It has appealed that way to the newspaper profession for a long time, and the most of the boys are getting rid of their millions as quickly as possible—by investing in an occasional feed of pork chops.

Sir Auckland Geddes, the British ambassador, is making good the claim that he is a smooth article by denying that the British government intends cornering the oil supply. In spite of his protests, however, Uncle Sam will keep his eye on the situation.—Exchange. (You mean, of course, after March 4, 1921. Up to that date, Uncle Sam will continue to be blindfolded and going around in circles like a loosed jack-ass.)

Regardless of who may be put forward to occupy the place of president of Mexico, it seems that Obregon will be the master. And Obregon, if he is not too much flattered by his press agents, is a Mexican who has conceived a fairly accurate opinion of the United States. That is, he is represented as understanding that this country, with all its incredible strength and riches, is still desirous of being not only fair, but generous, to Mexico, and that it wants nothing from Mexico but a reasonable degree of hesitation in murdering Americans and stealing their property.—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

There is something exasperatingly unreal, as there is something potentially dangerous, in this farce of presidential primaries. What sufficiently condemns it, however, is that it decides nothing. After all the time and money and effort expended, after the creation of animosities and irritations, it is clear that the primaries, this year, amount to very little and settle nothing. The national conventions will have to do, on their own hook, the work of selecting their candidates. It may be said that this is what they ought to do; but what has been the use of the primaries? In each convention there will be delegates who never could have been elected if the principle of party integrity had been maintained. It is a reproach to the American political intelligence that so much of comedy, of trickery and

of illusion should attach to what is supposed to be a consultation and indication of "the people's will." It has failed stupendously. It ought to be abolished.—New York Times. (We think most observing Oregonians will agree with the Times.)

WORK AND JOY.

"A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has done otherwise shall give him no peace." So spoke America's wise man, Emerson. And, as he had the way of doing, this seer put his finger on the core of a great truth. He pointed out in these few words the real inwardness of much of our unrest and distress.

Work for the sake of the work, work because work is one of the greatest functions of a human being and absolutely necessary to individual and social existence, that is what the world needs right now; and is the surest cure for the unsettlement that is threatening and terrifying all thinking people today. The laborer, whatever his place, who works with his eyes upon the pay alone, whose cunning and skill are measured to the gain he expects to get, rather than by the purpose of doing his best and leaving the natural consequences to follow, is the slacker in life. The laborer who malingers on his job, the employer who counts profits more than human beings, the merchant who profits, the manufacturer who labels shoddy all wool—they are all slackers, who bring destruction in their wake. It is the false conception which thinks of pay first of all, which counts on what it gets for its labor, before all things else, that is sapping the whole construction of society. For this spirit of looking to the end instead of to the performance not only robs the individual of peace and contentment—it is the fundamental evil that is robbing the world of peace and contentment.

The man who does his work perfunctorily, for the sake merely of getting a living or of increasing his bank account, does it with no real satisfaction to himself. He looks for his pleasure and peace of mind to something outside his work—and he does not find it. It is an immutable law of life that the highest compensation possible to a human being comes through the achievement of an honest piece of work, which he knows represents his best, whether it be painting a house or a masterpiece; whether it is turning out a true and perfect nail or keeping an industrial plant running smoothly and delivering honest values.

Our present condition of labor, in which much of the work done becomes purely mechanical; our industrial system, which makes the individual simply a cog in the great wheel of industry—these have taken away from men opportunity for much individual creation—the delight of the craftsman in the thing his own hands have shaped. Yet it is still true that the whole is no stronger than its parts—that the humblest tool sharpener or fireman is as necessary to the perfection of the output as the man who runs things. And it is also true that the worker who finds pleasure in doing his best at any sort of job is pretty certain to land in the job where he can do his best, because it is the thing he alone can do best—and life holds no better reward than that.

Consider the roses—
How they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin;
And yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Hi Johnson is speeding to Chicago, giving off hot air as he goes.

He hammered the whey out of old Hi Kost and split the ears of the groundlings at Pittsburgh last night.

But he is in a class with the folks who always complain about the weather—and never do anything about it.

His idea of reducing the high cost

of government in California when he was governor was to create about 400 useless commissions; which made for that state the most profligate administration and the highest taxes of any state in the union.

The New York Tribune says the most beautiful women in the United States are on Broadway, Los Angeles. He has evidently never been in Oregon. Joaquin Miller was, and he said Oregon had the most beautiful women in the world. He attributed this to the Oregon climate. And this can be proved by every man in Oregon who is not stone blind.

With the death of former Vice President Levi Parsons Morton there is not now living one of these former officials. In spite of the general opinion on the subject, vice presidents are not immortal.

If Uncle Sam should take the mandate for Armenia it might ruin the genuine Far Eastern rug supply now being filled at Patterson, N. J.

So far President Wilson has not asked for the resignation of David Lloyd George.

A FEW FEN PICTURES OF LOVELY OREGON.

(By W. T. Riddon.)

How lovely are the mountain streams
That gush and gurgle on their way,
From snow-capped peaks down mountain steep
To where Pacific's billows play

How lovely are thy hills and dales
Where rarest golden flowers bloom;
Where Nature's best, in peaceful rest,
Spreads out the products of her loom.

How lovely are thy luscious fruits
That grow on thrifty tree and vine;
Where Nature's wiles, in sweetest smiles,
Invites the epicure to dine.

How lovely are thy fields of grain
That wave like golden billows seas,
Near forests green, in lovely shade,
Shekinah-like—a heaven to please.

How lovely are thy placid lakes
When shimmering "neath a golden sun
Or sparkling bright in clear moonlight
When royal day has closed his run.

How lovely are thy waterfalls
That leap from out a silvery sky,
Come streaming down with siren sound
Entrancing every passer-by.

How lovely are thy ocean sands
Where water foam and whirl about;
Where lovers stroll, and billows roll
That wash the treasured agates out.

How lovely are thy star-lit skies
When sable night has veiled the sun;
When one can view the heavens
Through the transparent ether run.

How lovely are thy snow-clad peaks!
When Boreas hides within his cave
They look around, throw kisses down
And flit, with ocean's silvery wave.

How lovely are thy fleecy clouds,
Pleasuring, sure, a clear tomorrow
As shadows fall and checker all
In Nature's free and grand scenario.

Oh, sweetest, loveliest Oregon,
No pen can draw thy lovely crown,
It reaches high, from earth to sky
And draws its gem from far adown.

Oh! let me live in Oregon
Where I can bask in her delights—
And when I die, please let me lie
Among her lovely mountain heights.

NEW TRAIN SCHEDULE

PORTLAND
To
SPOKANE and EAST
Via
THE NORTH BANK ROAD

Effective Sunday, May 30th, the S. P. & S. Ry. is making a new and improved train schedule between Portland and Spokane and in connection with the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways and Burlington Route to Montana points, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago. All of the Spokane trains will arrive and depart at the Union station, Portland.

No. 4 will leave Portland 9:15 a. m., arrive Spokane 9:05 p. m., connecting with the Northern Pacific railway for St. Paul and Chicago. On and after June 6th this train will carry a standard drawing room sleeping car from Portland to St. Paul and Chicago, moving east of Spokane on the "North Coast Limited" via Northern Pacific Railway.

No. 2 will leave Portland 7:10 p. m., arrive Spokane 6:50 a. m., connecting with both the Northern Pacific and Great Northern for St. Paul and the East. It will carry standard drawing room sleeping car, Portland to Chicago, and tourist sleeping car, Portland to St. Paul, moving east of Spokane on Great Northern "Oriental Limited" train; also observation standard and tourist sleeping cars, dining car and coaches to Spokane, connecting with similar equipment for St. Paul and Chicago. This train also carries standard and tourist sleeping cars to Bend, Redmond and other Central Oregon points. R. H. Crozier, G. F. A. J. W. Ritchie, local agent.

BY IVAN G. MARTIN

"Tis so easy to be happy, when the world's all bright and gay;—
When the bees at work are humming, and the robins chirp at play—
When the buds drop down with dew drops, and the sky's a dome of blue;
And the dancing leaves of summer, let the golden sunlight through—
When the brook outlined with flowers, murmurs carols soft and low;—
Ah, 'tis easy to be cheerful, when you can't help being so.

But when storms around you gather, and your life's with sorrow clad;—
Then—then it's not so easy to be always kind and glad;
When the flowers in the meadow hide their radiant heads from view—
And your friends turn from you coldly, when bad luck has come to you;
When the leaves fall from the branches, and the birds forget their song,
Well—it's hard to keep on smiling when it seems that all is wrong.

It is not so easy either when we're sick or suffer pain,
To be always kind and thoughtful, and from anger to abstain;
But if we can meet life's anguish, bravely with a pleasant smile—
And though sometimes defeated boldly make another trial—
If we through the clouds of sorrow, always see the brightest ray;
We will help the world grow better, and will drive the gloom away;

Yes, each life much like a river, glides through some drear lonely land;
Each may change oft times a desert, to a place of cheer that's grand—
If the life be always cheerful, sparkling though it be through tears,
It will light the shades with sunshine, as it winds through vales and meres;

And when ebb tide of the ocean bears it from the shores of life
Nurture, cheer 'twill leave behind it, which will comfort those in strife.

Dismissal Is Denied in Disbarment Proceeding

The supreme court yesterday, in an opinion written by Justice Harris, denied a motion to dismiss in the disbarment brought by the state bar association against George A. Hall, a Portland attorney. The accusation against Hall relates a story of an alleged swindle claimed to have been perpetrated upon Parmella L. Tyler and John M. Selvers, another Portland lawyer. The accusation charges unprofessional conduct. Hall has 10 days in which to file an answer.

Other opinions were handed down as follows:

Marion C. Beotwick et al. appellants, vs. C. A. Mosler, City of Baker et al. appeal from Baker county; controversy over vacation of a street. Opinion by Justice Barnett. Judge Gustave Anderson reversed.

Matilda A. Miller vs. A. B. Conley et al. appellants; appeal from Union county; suit to quiet title. Opinion by Justice Barnett. Judge J. W. Knowles affirmed.

J. A. Horn, appellant, vs. Elgin Warehouse company; appeal from Union county; litigation over sale of

grain. Opinion by Justice Barnett. Judge J. W. Knowles affirmed. Tillamook county vs. State Land board; appeal from Tillamook county; suit to condemn small strip of land. Opinion by Justice John. Judge George R. Hagley affirmed.

Otto J. Kroeber vs. W. C. Alvord, et al. appellants; appeal from Multnomah county; suit to reform a lease and to enjoin suit for recovery of money. Opinion by Justice Bean. Judge C. U. Gantenbein affirmed.

BUT THE BLIND—that's different. Just close your eyes and try to imagine that you are compelled to grope your way through life in darkness—that you are barred forever from seeing the flowers, the blue sky and the beauties of nature. Just imagine that you will never again see the faces of those you love. It is a terrible thought, but many, many persons are either totally blind or are living in semi-darkness simply because they neglected their eyes.

HENRY E. MORRIS
Optometrist

SHINOLA
AMERICA'S HOME SHOE POLISH
Make Your Shoes Last Longer by Taking Good Care of Them
Apply Shinola frequently. It wax and oils soften and preserve the leather and keep your shoes looking new. Shinola and the Shinola HOME SET make shoe shining a matter of seconds in home or office.

SHINOLA BLACK TAN WHITE OXBLOOD BROWN
Always 10¢

The Home Set for Convenience

FRIDAY
JUNE 4th

Will be the day for all of Marion and Polk counties' residents to gather at this

National
Price-Cutting
Sale

PEOPLE'S CASH STORE



We Serve
Pure, Healthgiving Ice Cream
- Sodas and Sundaes.

Wouldn't a heaping dishful of ice cream taste good right now?
You know it would, and when you know our ice cream is a good wholesome food you will want your children to have lots of it.

We serve Sodas and Sundaes and fancy drinks, too. Come in and enjoy yourself.

TYLER'S Drug Store