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RIGHT THEN AND RIGHT NOW

There is no occasion for radical labor leaders to express surprise over what they choose to call a "sudden display of backbone" in the White House. That reference to President Harding's declaration that the decisions of the Railroad Labor Board will have the full backing of the government shows a failure to keep in mind Mr. Harding's public utterances in the past.

Mr. Harding is taking no new position. In 1919, when the transportation act was before the Senate, it contained two provisions relating to labor and wages. One provision created a board for adjudication of disputes over wages and conditions of labor and the other made it unlawful to enter into a conspiracy to interrupt interstate traffic on railroad. This was known as the anti-strike clause. Senator Harding supported both provisions and was taken to task by the Ohio federation of railroad employees, who asked why he voted for the anti-strike clause. In an extended reply widely circulated in his pre-convention campaign, Mr. Harding said, in part:

"In my private pursuits as a publisher, I am an employer of organized labor, having never known a controversy, and I believe most cordially in rational unionism. Organization and collective bargaining, under wise leadership, have done more to advance the cause of labor than all other agencies combined, and any one who thinks to destroy sane unionism, by legislation or otherwise, is blind to conditions firmly established and is insensible to a public sentiment which is delicate and abiding. But the advancement of unionism is one thing and the domination of organized labor is quite another. I subscribe to the first and oppose the latter. I do not believe in any class domination, and the long fight to remove the domination of capital, now fairly won, is lost if labor domination is substituted in its stead."

"I favored the anti-strike clause because it applies to a public service under government regulation in which Congress exercises its power to limit the return on capital invested, fixes rates at which the public must be served, enacts the conditions under which service must be rendered, and finally, in the anti-strike clause, provides a capable tribunal for the adjustment of all labor grievances so that no interruption in transportation need be apprehended. I believe it not only consistent but a distinct advance in behalf of the public and the workmen alike. If the government representing all the people can not guarantee transportation service under any and all conditions, it fails utterly. If that same government cannot provide just consideration of the workmen operating the transportation system, it fails again. It ought and must do both."

As passed by Congress, the transportation act contained

the provision for adjudication of disputes, but the anti-strike clause was eliminated, leaving railroad employees legally free to strike, provided they violate no other laws. Nevertheless, Mr. Harding's letter clearly set forth his views that it is the duty of the government to guarantee both due consideration to the employee and continuous transportation. When the question was put up to Mr. Harding, the candidate, he did not dodge or equivocate. He does not put the case in any stronger terms now than he did when he was seeking votes. He manifests the same quality of backbone now that he did then. As a candidate, he spoke deliberately, courageously, and wisely, and he speaks the same language now.

It would have been better for the public generally, for the railroads, and for the railroad employees themselves, if the anti-strike clause had been included—

As the sequel shows—
 For there has been some loss to the general public, a great deal of expense and loss to the railroads, and vast loss to the present group of striking employees. Indeed, the latter have asked to be taken back under the terms of the award of the Railroad Labor Board, against which they struck, with the understanding that they shall have their old positions back and be allowed to retain all their priority rights.

That is, they are willing now to go back to the places they gave up—but on conditions that are impossible without bad faith on the part of the railroad managers, who filled their places with large numbers of men whom they promised steady work and the rights attached thereto.

Senator Harding was right in 1919, and President Harding is right now; and he was a friend then of the laboring men and of the railroads and of the general public, and he is a friend of them all now.

If somebody would kidnap Hugo Stinnes it might be easier to collect that reparation money.

The new queen of Serbia is said to be a Democrat and there are not many of the breed extant in the world.

The clouds floating by and dropping no moisture are tantalizing to the dry gardens of the Salem district.

The Pep and Progress pages of tomorrow's Statesman will be designed to help the poultry boom that is coming to the Salem district. It is overdue now.

Whether the railway strike fails or succeeds, the Democratic press will see in either result a terrific rebuke to the Harding administration.

As to the mining strike, President Harding is of the opinion that the way to resume operations is to resume. That's what John Sherman said about the resumption of specie payments.

The navy department announces its intention to make a map of the floor of the sea. That is all very well, but if Uncle Sam furnished the ships that floated on the surface of the sea we should worry who made the maps.

Immigration Commissioner White at San Francisco has been asked to resign, so that his place can be filled by a Republican. Whereat Mr. White gets red in the face and angrily protests. But he was no doubt appointed be-

cause he was a follower of the Wilson administration. Mr. White is evidently not a dead game sport. He probably got to thinking he owned the office. That is not at all uncommon.

NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

Changing old lamps for new has become almost a popular craze with ladies and gentlemen of leisure. While it is true that things in general are being done better today than they ever were before, nevertheless a substitute seldom proves as satisfactory as an original.

So, in this quite modern spirit, a grand offensive has been launched against our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner." Many of the objections to it are cogent, many of the criticisms plausible.

No doubt to cultured ears the poetry sounds crude. No doubt the sentiment expressed is martial. No doubt one stanza at least, is objectionable to all who desire international harmony in world affairs. No doubt the air of a drinking song in a bone-dry nation seems sadly out of tune.

But, after all, the real question

FUTURE DATES

July 27, Thursday—American Legion convention begins at The Dalles.
 July 28 and 29, Friday and Saturday—Dallas Round-up.
 July 29, Saturday—Marion county Sunday school picnic at fair grounds.
 August 1 to 16—Boy Scouts Summer camp on the Santiam river.
 September 2, 3 and 4—Lakeview Round-up, Lakeview, Or.
 September 13, Wednesday—Oregon Methodist conference meets in Salem.
 September 21, 22 and 23—Pendleton Round-up.
 September 25 to 30 inclusive—Oregon State fair.
 November 7, Tuesday—General election.

is not whether it is possible to write an anthem more truly reflecting the present spirit of the nation. We may take that for granted. Nor is it material to inquire whether sonorous music in the grand mode of Mozart would be more suitable for a national anthem than the syncopated measures of a bar-room ballad.

The important question is: Does popular sentiment demand this change? Is even a minority of the plain people clamoring for more stately music and more classical words?

It is not likely that our people in general are eager to abolish "The Star Spangled Banner."

For, after all, it isn't the music and it isn't the words that give to a national song its stirring appeal to the hearts of those who hear it. It is the associations and memories clustering around the music and the words that have immortalized "The Star Spangled Banner" till it has obtained a grip on the affections of the nation not to be shaken off by critical analysis of its manifest imperfections.

Scholars may write a new anthem for us in heroic meter; they may fill it with the breath of brotherly love; they may set it to majestic music.

But will the people sing it? Songs that have aroused patriotic fervor at times of national stress have never so been created.

What was the great song of the Spanish-American war? Was it one of sublime idealism? "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" was the unheroic measure that inspired a nation.

And in the World war what songs caught the popular fancy? "Over There" and "Tipperary" led all the rest.

Therefore we may conclude that, though "The Star Spangled Banner" is decidedly open to criticism as a model of peace sentiment and, though the origin of the air could, with advantage, be forgotten and though it may be as crude as its critics declare, since into the heart of the anthem has been woven the patriotism of a generation of Americans, it will not be easily dislodged from its high place of honor.

CHALLENGE OF THE MOUNTAIN

Will the time ever arrive when there will be no more worlds to conquer for the signing Alexanders?

The mystery has already been told of the two poles. No more Stanleys or Livingstones will again win everlasting glory in darkest Africa. Romance is staid in South Sea Islands.

All the lost rivers have been found and all the uncharted seas duly mapped and blue-printed. Kilauea's hidden fires are to be tapped to run steam engines. Man seems to have weighed and balanced this whole earth of his in the hollow of his hand.

Yet nature has one stronghold left, invincible so far to the assault of man. Coldly hostile, above the serried flanks of the wild Himalayas, Mt. Everest flings back its challenge to all who care to take it up. They come, they see, but so far none has conquered.

Another party of British climbers, the last contenders for championship honors, has just taken the count. Though they broke the altitude record, Mt. Everest itself is still an unconquered peak.

Of course man, proud man, will never admit final defeat at the hands of any inanimate object. Not even the biggest mountain in the world. And naturally he will assign reasons for each failure and point out the conditions under which victory will be won.

From the last disastrous attack on the big hill we learn that, given favorable weather, the next attack on the summit will be crowned with success.

Man, at any rate, has discovered the sole obstacle left to overcome. And the big mountain may be laughing in its sleeve with the additional knowledge that "there ain't gon' to be no sich favorable weather."

THE UNWELCOME GUEST

Emma Goldman is now living in Berlin under an assumed name and keeping away from the limelight. Once she went forth with a fiery tongue and an explosive brain. She was going to blow up the world and didn't care who knew it. Now she only asks to be let alone. She is afraid to have it known that she is in Berlin; even Germany will not furnish a harbor for women of her stripe—unless they keep under cover. Russia would not have her except on terms of soviet making. Sweden ordered her out of that country. She was thought to be too rotten for Denmark.

Switzerland, the home of expatriates, did not want her. Poor Austria gave her no welcome. She was a woman without a country. She promised to do anything—even to entering a deaf mute's home—if permitted to return to America, but Uncle Sam was stony to her pleadings. She would do anything to recall her tempestuous past, but it is not to be accomplished. So she is trying to bury herself under another name.

The first unit of the new Salem hospital should by all means be finished as soon as possible. All the units could be filled right now, and kept full.

"Railroad workers are striking because they are asked to work for wages that are only two or three times as much as school-teachers get," remarks an educational journal in a spirit of sarcasm.

In a "History of the Lost Battalion," about to be issued by Capt. Miles, Whittlesey made no answer, verbally or written, when he received the German officer's note suggesting surrender. That confirms Maj. Whittlesey, but what becomes of the legend that he made a curt and popular reply? Is all history a myth? Soon they will have us believe that there was no such person as William Tell or such a tyrant as Gessler.

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The Junior Statesman

HUMOR
 WORK

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SPOON-DOLL ADVENTURES



This is the way Maqqie makes her toilette.

SUSIE SPOON MEETS CHARMING SQUASHVILLE GIRL

Friends of Miss Susie Spoon, who left this city last week to spend the remainder of the summer at Camp Peachfuzz, will be interested to know that she has for her room-mate there Miss Maggie Rustick, of Squashville.

Miss Rustick has been a frequent visitor to this city and has proved a great favorite at the barn dances and other social events which she attended during the past winter.

Miss Spoon reports that Miss Maggie's favorite costume for afternoon in camp is a simple little red crepe paper dress with

colored crepe paper. Next week you will meet another of Susie Spoon's friends.

—FLORENCE WINE.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

THE OLD STUFF
 "Arabella! Arabella!" called Mrs. Stoner one day. "You come right in and dry these dishes. They're all stacked up for you to dry and there's no use trying to get out of them either, young lady."

Arabella climbed down out of the storeroom over the barn, where she spent most of her time. In it the Stoners had put a lot of old stuff belonging to the old Stoner homestead. They had done things over and bought lots of new dishes and furniture.

It was a lovely misty morninz when she liked to be by herself and just think. She started listlessly to work, looking dreamily out of the window—and the cup in her hand fell to the floor with a crash.

Arabella jumped and looked all about her, badly frightened. It was the second she'd broken that week. Her mother would be furious.

Picture Puzzle

What famous singers are these?

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 Answer to yesterday's: Policeman.

ious. Then she had an idea. In the storeroom over the barn were some old cups which looked much like the new ones. If anything, the old ones were fainter, and prettier even though they were



all chipped and seamed. Maybe she could bring one in and her mother, being a busy woman, wouldn't notice the difference. So she slipped out to the barn and brought in the cup.

She was just finishing up the dishes when her mother came out, followed by three strangers. They were automobile tourists who had a breakdown in front of the house and had come in to get something to eat. Mrs. Stoner quickly set places for them. She was putting on the food, when she glanced at one of the cups. She grabbed it up. "This ain't one of my new cups," she said suspiciously.

One of the ladies in the group looked at the cup, too. "Oh," she said, "what a lovely thing! A real antique. Have you any more like that?" And so they persuaded Mrs. Stoner to show them the "old stuff" in the barn and offered her prices for some of the things that made her eyes bulge. They would send for them right away.

After they were gone, Mrs. Stoner looked at the sad-eyed Arabella. "I'll buy you some new books to read," she offered gently.

But Arabella looked woebegone. "That's just what I get for being deceitful," she said glumly.