The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Sound Reason for Recovery

THE explosive rise in prices and in demand for goods is by no means all attributable to inflation. The materials have been present for months for a revival of demand once the vicious downward spiral was ended. Historically speaking, the bottom of the world depression was probably reached a year ago, at the time when this paper said it had been passed. At least prices of bonds which is a pretty good index, never again touched such low levels even during the bank panic this spring.

The demand for goods had been piling up for months and months. All that was needed was a release of the demand. The longer the depression lasted, the greater the exhaustion of goods which would demand replacement eventually. When the crowd psychology changed from pessimism to optimism, then the lid blew off; and the business revival has been startling in its intensity. Pres. Roosevelt did much to alter this psychology, with his declaration for a "new deal". Our own opinion is that recovery would have come on a much sounder basis if the president had not abandoned the gold standard; and that it was not necessary to resort to inflation to get the recovery started. The final answer will not be written for months and years.

Meantime recovery nourishes recovery. Each group of men put back to work builds fresh buying power to put more men to work. Perhaps before Col. Sawyer gets to doling out any of the three billions our workingmen may all be gainfully emplyed,—except those who have become enamored of idleness and public charity.

No Disarmament in Sight

NORMAN Davis will not go back to Geneva until fall, which is virtual recognition that the disarmament conference is a failure. Like the economic conference at London, adjournment is postponed chiefly to save faces. Expectation of any definite results either at London or Geneva is now at low ebb.

The revival of economic nationalism along with the failure of the disarmament conference will serve to put the world back in the old pattern of competition with consequent renewal of the race of armaments. With discords left by the World war still rankling among European nations it is easy to look forward to an outbreak which will plunge the world in fresh wars.

Those of pacific tendencies who thought the peoples might get some sense in their heads after the last conflict must be discouraged. Prejudice, fear, hatreds, self-interest still appear to dominate. The league of nations, peace treaties, Kellogg pacts seem impotent to hold nations at peace. In world affairs the outlook is gloomy, apparently waiting only further recovery from the last orgy of blood-letting before résuming armed conflict.

Flight of Capital

WHY should the United States currency go to a premium over the French gold franc, when the balance of trade runs in our favor? The normal working of exchange would operate to make the dollar kick back to a parity with gold, because of the foreign demand for dollars to pay for goods bought here and interest on money borrowed here. Why then, the depreciation of the American dollar?

The answer is the flight of capital. The government has put up the bars at the front gate to forbid the export of gold; but left the back gate wide open, and capital is being withdrawn from this country in such volume that the dollar is going to a discount.

How is this accomplished? By the purchase of foreign securities and commodities; and by the sale of American securities in London. In part this may simply be repatriation of foreign funds left here because foreigners thought this was a safe place in which to leave capital. In part it is the flight of domestic capital out of fear of violent inflation of the dollar. These people are seeking a storm cellar till the expected cyclone blows over.

Now that the city water bond issue has been validated the council should take steps to float enough of the bonds to acquire the local plant at a reasonable price. Cash money will talk; and until the bonds can be sold nothing can be done. It is very doubtful if the government would advance money to construct an entire new plant, as has been proposed. However there is a steadily improving demand for municipal obligations, and it may be possible to sell the Salem bonds on the market within a very short time.

Anyone passing through Kelso would be touched by the sights (and the smells) through a large area of the city flooded in the recent high water. To see sections of the city with houses nearly submerged cannot but excite pity. Now as the waters subside offensive odors rise. Much work will need to be done to rehabilitate the district; and to succor the needy. Those who would not give to help the Cubans or the Southern Californians after their earthquakes may respond to the appeal of the Red Cross for modest contributions for relief at Kelso.

Chicago, which seems to pick depression years for expositions, is making a tremendous success of the Century of Progress exposition this year. Its auspicious start is quite in contrast with the troubled beginnings of the sesqui-centennial at Philadelphia a few years ago. Record passenger travel to Chicago is reported; hotels are crowded; accommodations at a premium. All this will be heartening to Chicago which has had a tough year, what with the downfall of Mr. Insull, and the crumpling of numerous banks.

The Pecora hearings at Washington are showing how stupid the big shots were in paying fabulous prices for railroads back in 1929. But hold, a few years hence there will be thousands kicking themselves for stupidity because they didn't buy when these securities were knocked around at a few dollars a share. Just at present half the country seems to think the prices are headed back for new era heights.

Cut off from foreign markets by price disparity, northwestern wheat will probably move heavily to the Atlantic seaboard and the gulf states owing to the crop failure in the southwest. The movement will be both as wheat and as flour milled in the northwest; and will go chiefly by boat though partly by rail. If the world could get over its crankiness there would be a resumption of export of our wheat to foreign countries. What will happen next year if the southwestern wheat crop is back to normal?

One of the greatest advances of science is the discovery of methylene blue as an antidote to certain poisons. It is administered by injection, puts the patient into a profound sleep, out of which he rouses to normal living. Some poisons produce spasms of convulsions, so the soporific prevents these convulsions. The injection treatment has been used successfully for strychnine and cyanide poisoning. One man even used it with success on his dog which had eaten poisoned meat.

London Market

HEALTH

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

"HE WILL not be scarred for life," was the verdict by the doctor to the anxious parents of a young child who had been scalded by hot water. Fortunately, the child had been rushed to a nearby hospital where immediate treatment was given. Since the World war, great advancement has been made in the treatment of severe burns, and most unsightly and disabling scars are now prevented.

Dr. Copeland

Burns caused by sun, flame, hot liquids, hot metals, or chemicals, are usually more serious than they may seem at first. Too often the burn is neglected and medical attention is not sought until complications have appeared. The danger of disfiguring scars is always lessened by immediate and proper medical attention.

Degrees of Burns

Burns are divided into three classes, known as first, second and third degree burns. A first degree burn has redness without destruction of the underlying skin. A second degree burn has redness and also blister formation. The third degree burn is the most serious. It usually covers a broad area of the skin, with destruction of the underlying tissues.

A severe burn results in the development of toxins or poisons and these are absorbed, liberated in the blood stream, and distributed throughout the body. These poisons may lead to many serious internal disturbances.

Everyone should know how to treat a simple burn. Moistened starch, flour or baking powder should be applied to the burned area. When the air is sealed from the damaged part the pain is decreased and the healing hastened.

In a severe burn never delay calling a doctor. The treatment requires expert supervision. The dead skin of the blisters must be cut away and the inflamed area cleansed. A freshly made five per cent solution of tannic acid in water is then painted over the burn. Only freshly made solution is used as a stale preparation is harmful rather than beneficial.

Sunburn Often Serious

After this application the burned area should be covered with gauze that has been soaked in the tannic acid solution. This is held in place by bandages and not removed until the following day. The compress is applied daily and kept damp by occasional spraying.

Severe and serious burns often result from undue exposure to the hot sun during the summer months. Moderate exposure is the safest method of obtaining that desired coat of tan. Once you have a protective coat of tan, you need not fear sunburn.

Answers to Health Queries

J. H. Q.—My ankles swell and when I press upon the swollen part the flesh pits or dents. I am 56 years old. Have red spots or blotches on my legs at times. What would you advise?

A.—Have a careful urinalysis. This will determine the proper treatment. In the meantime watch your diet and keep your system clear. For further particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

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BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Shining marks of
the messenger in Salem:

"Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow," wrote Edward Young in his "Night Thoughts" some two centuries ago.

The flaming wing of the shining messenger has beckoned to several precious souls in Oregon's capital city in recent days, and they have obeyed the summons to the fields of asphodel beyond the stars.

Among them were, July 1, Allan Bellinger and Lot Pearce, and, July 5, Mrs. Amelia Meredith.

Allan Parker Bellinger was born at Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 17, 1890. He was brought back to the Oregon of his forbears at the age of six weeks. His father was Oscar H. Bellinger, his mother Lena Matlock Bellinger. He represented the fifth generation of Bellingers among Oregon's pioneer families. He was a grandson of C. B. Bellinger, early day editor and publisher in Salem and Portland, and lawyer, and judge of the United States court. His great-great-grandfather was J. H. Bellinger of the epochal covered wagon immigration of 1847; born in New York in 1791; served in the war of 1812; built the first canal boat for the Erie canal; upon his arrival from the plains trek settled in Marion county; died of paralysis Nov. 13, 1878.

Allan attended the schools in Portland until 14, then the high school of Salem. When he was 17 he purchased and operated a saw mill near his father's farm four miles above Scotts Mills, and took charge of the ranch soon after his father's death in 1906.

January 3, 1923, he married Wanda E. Smith, daughter of Jay C. Smith of Oakland, Cal., granddaughter of Dr. L. L. Rowland, second superintendent of public instruction for the state of Oregon, superintendent of the asylum for the insane in the early days after its removal to Salem, and prominent in other ways in civic enterprises and the practice of medicine. Besides his wife, in departing he left Margaret Anne, 9, Allan Parker, 5, Hugh Ellsworth, 3, their children, Salem. Also his mother, Mrs. Lena Bellinger, his sister, Mrs. Floyd Sheperd, and his brother, Bruce Bellinger.

Allan had a singularly affable bearing; optimistic and enthusiastic about all his undertakings—always hopeful and cheerful, even in suffering reverses and illness. He made many friends, to whom he was a source of inspiration. To his family he was loving and kind, a tower of strength and a beacon of cheer—a wonderful father and a model husband. Sweet memories and faith he bequeathed as precious benedictions and high heritages to sustain and lead them as they carry on in the duties of life before them.

Lot Livermore Pearce came also of Oregon pioneer stock harking back to the beginnings of state and church. He was born Sept. 1, 1866, in Polk county five miles west of Salem. He is survived by his wife, May Pearce of Salem, a daughter, Mrs. Jennie Erwin of Visalia, Cal., a son Memory Pearce of Salem, a grandson W. Angus Erwin Jr, and a sister, Mrs. J. B. Smith of Polk county; and two nieces and three nephews.

His father, Thomas Pearce, was born in the parish of Westwood, Wiltshire, England, and his mother, Naomi Livermore, was a native of Ohio. Both were early Oregon pioneers; married in 1852, and among the first members of the First Congregational church of Salem. Long justice of the peace of Eola precinct, Polk county, and thus called "Squire" Pearce for a generation, he regularly brought on a wheelbarrow the primitive church organ that was used by that early church, the second Protestant organization in the capital city. That ancient organ is still in the family. He was the pioneer keeper of weather data for this section.

Lot L. Pearce was one of their 11 children. In his youth he became associated with the pioneer R. M. Wade hardware company, which was later merged into the Wade-Pearce concern and still later was known as the Lot L. Pearce & Son store. Virtually his entire life was associated with the progressive stages of this pioneer business and industry.

He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, Pacific Lodge No. 50, Salem; Multnomah Chapter No. 1, Demolay Commandery No. 5, and Al Kader Temple. He was Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, in 1906, and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M., in 1907. Thus his funeral on Monday, July 3, was a notable one for the Masonic fraternity, Leslie M. Scott of Portland, Oregon historian, having chief charge of the fraternal rites of that ancient order. Dr. W. C. Kantner officiated in the church ceremonials.

Mrs. Amelia Metschan Meredith, whose spirit fled its earthly cerements on the 5th, left the widower, Frank Meredith; daughter, Mrs. Rodney F. Brown of Weiser, Idaho; son, John Phillip Meredith of Salem; two sisters, Mrs. Anna Cattanach of Canyon City, Mrs. J. E. Flanders of Portland; five brothers, Frank P. Metschan, Phil Metschan, Otto W. Metschan, H. A. Metschan, Dr. E. L. Metschan, all of Portland; grandson, Donald Brown of Weiser, Idaho.

Her father was the seventh state treasurer of Oregon, for a term of eight years, beginning in 1891. He belonged to a pioneer family of eastern Oregon, and his part in steering the ship of state as a member of the governing body was a notable one, in a period of great growth and steady development.

In the years during which the Metschan family was prominent in official and social affairs in Salem, and since that period in Portland, Amelia was a bright light, and she carried graciously and devotedly the important and intimate offices of wife, mother, daughter and sister.

In the intervening years she carried on wonderfully and cheerfully, retaining her great circle of loving relatives and true friends, by whom her absence will be missed and mourned.

Truly, the passing generations agree with the words of the poet that "death loves a shining mark," and the occasions for such reflections, among scions of Oregon pioneer families, have been rather unusual and notable ones during the past week.

An appointment that will meet with general approval is that of James W. Maloney of Pendleton to be collector of internal revenue. Judge Maloney is a fine type of man, and fully competent for the position. W. A. Delzell of Salem is to be recognized for his fidelity to the party with an appointment as field man out of the collector's office. Now is the time for the party to come to the aid of all good men. . . .

NEW ENVOY

Kojiro Matsukata, Japanese industrialist, who, it is believed, will be Nippon's next Ambassador to the United States. The selection of a business man as envoy is expected to cement Japan-U. S. trade relations.

"STOLEN LOVE" By HAZEL LIVINGSTON

CHAPTER XLIV

So Curtis came.

Blanche put both arms around him, and kissed him soundly. "I am glad to see you—what's the matter with your old firm that they don't send you up here any more? You're a stranger—"

That was the nicest thing about Blanche—her warm sincerity. She was a big girl, with cheeks like apples, and a wide, welcoming smile. There was something fresh and wholesome about her.

Curtis was fond of Gloria. She was a spindly little thing with large pale blue eyes, and fuzzy yellow hair that Blanche curled every day on the iron. "Some would have a permanent wave put in, but I think too much of my child's future for that! I don't care how long it takes me to do it, I curl it all by hand."

Yes, Blanche was a good mother—according to her lights. She sent Gloria to Sunday School every Sunday, and washed her mouth out with soap if she heard her say a bad word. "You never got that from me!" she'd storm. "I'll teach you to use bad words, you naughty, naughty girl!"

"I intend to send her to a good school," she told Curtis every time he came North, but she put it off. It would be lonely without her, and Ferd would feel badly when he came home and she wasn't there.

It had been months since Curtis had seen them. Pleasant to be back again. Pleasant to eat Blanche's delicious spaghetti, and hold pale little Gloria on his knee.

She put her thin little arm around his neck, and showed him the bright little picture cards she had got in Sunday School. "And this is Moses, when he was a little baby. The queen found him in a basket . . . and this one is the Good Shepherd looking for the little lamb that got lost—"

A lump rose in Curtis' throat . . . poor little kid. He thought of Joan where he was. He thought of another little girl whom he might some day hold on his knee. Hurriedly he set Gloria down. "I'll have to be getting along, Blanche—"

"Why, Curt!" Her bright face clouded. "Why—surely—"

Then he thought of Joan again . . . what she had done to him . . . all his hopes and dreams in the dust . . . killed by her hand . . .

"Oh, all right," he said, "I'll stay."

He stayed two days. He bought a blue broadcloth coat with a diminutive squirrel collar for Gloria. The blue just matched her eyes. He felt almost happy for a moment when she put her thin little arms tight around his neck and squeezed him—"Dear Uncle Curt!"

"You shouldn't have!" Blanche scolded affectionately, "Still it does look sweet on her. Turn around, Lovey, and let Mamma see the back. Ain't you the proud baby? Curt, if I've told you once, I've told you twenty times, I'm no gold-digger, you don't have to go and spend all your money . . . I declare I never saw a fellow as crazy about kids as you are. You ought to get married and have about six yourself!"

The hot tears stung his eyes. Blanche understood him. Blanche appreciated him. She knew all he would do for the girl he married, how generous he would be, how kind. . . . All he would have done for Joan . . . if she hadn't spoiled it . . . wrecked his life . . .

Sometimes he almost hated her. All those months, knowing that he loved her, knowing that he expected to marry her, and not telling, not telling until now . . . the eleventh hour . . .

Once he decided not to go home at all. He would write Joan telling her the situation had become impossible. Get a leave of absence from the firm. Travel for a year or so. Begin again. Find another girl eventually . . .

But it wasn't any use, he couldn't forget her. She would haunt him always. He hadn't found forgetfulness with Blanche. He wouldn't be able to find it in travel. There would always be Joan, drawing him back, beckoning to him across the distance. When he closed his eyes he could see her, her delicate white face, her appealing, gray-green eyes . . .

He couldn't be happy with her now, she had made that impossible, but neither could he be happy without her. Might as well go back, and see her again, talk to her . . .

So he came back.

He came to Maisie's flat in the evening, after the dishes were done. Maisie was stitching on the luncheon set, determined not to "let on" that she knew anything was wrong. Joan was sitting in a corner reading a book. Reading the same thing over and over, not conscious of a word on the printed page.

When Maisie saw him at the door she snatched her old coat off the hook on the back porch, and hurried down the back stairs to Mis Harvey's. They didn't even know she had gone.

"Curtis!" Joan whispered. "You've—come back!"

"Yes," he said huskily, "I've come back. I couldn't stay away. I love you, Joan—I love you—"

He held her close, so close that he could feel her heart beating against his. She was so pathetically glad to see him. She put out her slim, cool hand and touched his cheek. "I missed you terribly," she said, "I'm so glad you've come back." And then, "Have you—decided?" she asked, very low.

No pleading in her voice, no humility—just the question—"Have you decided?"

He had expected something different, he didn't know what. Tears perhaps, supplication . . . certainly not that cool question, when he had hardly got into the room, hardly kissed her . . .

He felt his heart hardening, ever so slightly, against her. Didn't she realize all he had suffered? All the suffering she had brought upon him?

"Why couldn't you let me have one moment of happiness," he burst out suddenly, "without reminding me—reminding me—"

She hung her head. "I'm sorry, Curtis. It's all I've thought of. It's very hard—waiting—"

She reached out her arms to him again, but the first moment of ecstasy was gone, gone as if it had never been. She only knew that her head was aching, and in some inexplicable way she had failed him again.

"Did you have a nice trip?" she asked at last—politely, as she would a stranger.

"Oh—fair."

"Your mother has been worried," she went on hurriedly. "She'll be glad you're back—"

"Joan — for heaven's sake, don't make conversation. You'll drive me crazy. I'm nearly crazy now. I've thought and thought until I don't know where I am, or what to tell you. You don't know what you've done to me—how this thing affects me—"

He half choked and went on. "You see how it is—I'm hardly responsible . . . Johnnie, you'll have to tell me the whole story—tell me the whole thing—who this—this fellow is—"

"No, no—I couldn't—you mustn't ask that—I couldn't—"

He began to walk up and down again, as he had on that other night, in the apartment that was to have been their home. Up and down, up and down, restlessly, ceaselessly.

And she sat with her hands folded in her lap, waiting. Like a prisoner in the dock.

"For the last time, Joan—will you tell me who it is?"

"No, Curtis."

"Oh, Joan—don't you see what you've done—how unfair it is to me? I might meet him—shake his hand—invite him to our home—"

She covered her face with her hands then. She couldn't face him. To think of him knowing Bill, as he might some day. He knew Rollo Keyes, it wasn't impossible . . .

"Will you tell me?"

"No, Curtis—no—"

But her bent neck, her quivering shoulders softened him. There came a sudden rush of tenderness, a desire to protect her, to stand between her and the world. His arms tightened about her, and she clung to him, and cried.

"We'll just let it go on then," he said soothingly. "See how it works out. Try to forget it—"

"To forget it!" she echoed. "To forget we have to decide? We can't—we've got to know—"

"We have two months yet. Plenty of time. We'll see . . . I'll find a way . . . there must be a way—"

"You mean," she said finally, "that you aren't going to tell me now? That you won't tell me whether you still love me and want to marry me or not? You want me to go on this way—not knowing—surely you don't mean that—"

"I mean that I'm not prepared to make any definite decision this evening, Joan. It won't be any worse to break in a month from now, if break we must, than to do it now—"

She bit her lip. "I—I can't go on that way, Curtis. I want to do what you want—but—I can't do that—"

He drew back angrily. "It seems to me, Joan, that if one of us must give in to the other, surely, in view of all that has happened—"

Joan drew back, too. Slipped out of his arms, quiet and very cold. "I think you will have to decide now, Curtis. I—I won't go on, that way."

She looked so slim and white and frail, as if a stiff breeze would blow her away, but he sensed her strength of purpose, knew she would have her way. She was stronger than he . . . he knew it . . . so he said the only thing he could say. Said it with twisting lips, and eyes that could not quite meet hers:

"I can not give you up, Joan."

All the blood drained from her face, until even her lips were white. "You mean—that you—still want me, Curtis? That you can—go on with it?"

"Yes—that's what I mean."

She cried then, silently, in his arms.

When at last he left her she called him back. "Curtis!"

"Yes, Joan?"

"Curtis—I want you to know—that I'll—try to make it up to you—try to make you glad—"

"Dear, I know, I know—" But Maisie was coming . . . he blew her a kiss, and disappeared down the dimly lighted stairway.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

76th Church Gathering at 'Grove, 16th

TURNER, July 7—The 76th anniversary of the Pleasant Grove Presbyterian church will be held Sunday, July 16, with services morning and afternoon with picnic lunch at noon. Mrs. Fred Neal of the Cameroun Mission Africa, will be the visiting speaker. Rev. J. Y. Stewart of Albany is the pastor and has arranged the program of music and talks.

The church was built one year after the organization was formed, being built by the inspiration of Phillip Condit and his sons, Cyrenius and Sylvanus, who were among the first settlers of the community.

It is the oldest Presbyterian church building in constant use, west of the Rocky mountains. The building is well preserved, and excepting for new windows, new roof and added porch it remains much the same as when erected, when timbers were hewn out of native timber, and put together with wooden pins, hand made. The original pulpit with its old Bible, also pews and stove still do service.

The old cemetery joins the church property where many of the old pioneers were laid to rest. It is expected a large number of friends and relatives of the pioneers who were active in the upkeep of the church will be present for the day.

COMMUNITY EVENTS MARK BIG HOLIDAY

HOPEWELL, July 7.—The entire community met at the Fairview schoolhouse July 4 for an all-day picnic. Music was presented by Earl's orchestra, and a delicious dinner was enjoyed. Baseball was the pastime of the afternoon.

Strawberry season is practically over. Picking of Royal Anne cherries in Eola Hills was begun July 5. The yield this year is average.

PIONEER, July 7.—The Oak Dale club met at the old Sefreth place owned now by Mr. Demas the Fourth for a picnic. There were over 50 people who joined in the occasion. After the bountiful dinner the group enjoyed taking part in the many contests and races.

Kenneth Dornhecker and Fay Keller were taken to the Dornbecker hospital in Portland Thursday. Kenneth has been there before for treatment on his foot. Fay will have treatment on her hand.

LARWOOD, July 7.—The Fourth celebration at Island Inn was well attended the proceeds of which went to the Lacomb irrigation project. Entertainment offered was speaking, races and dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Wilkes entertained friends and relatives with a picnic dinner on the river the Fourth. About 40 were present.

NORTH HOWELL HAS GROUP OF VISITORS

NORTH HOWELL, July 7.—Miss Mildred Cline, librarian at Reed college in Portland, has been a recent house guest at the home of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Wiesner.

Other holiday guests included Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mys and two daughters of Heppner who visited at the Ellis Stevens home; Mr. and Mrs. Nick Mayte and family and Mr. and Mrs. Casper Mayte from Pomona, Calif., at the Lewis Mayte home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stevens and Mrs. Mary Wyss of The Dalles drove to Eugene and spent the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. George Graves and family.

Mrs. Mary Gunderson was rushed to the Silverton hospital Tuesday night suffering from an acute attack of appendicitis.

Miss Lois Vinton of San Francisco is spending her summer vacation with her mother, Mrs. Martha Vinton and family.

KEEP UP WITH THE HAPPENINGS AT HOME

Go away for your vacation . . . by all means. But be at home in spirit. You can keep up with what's going on by leaving us your VACATION ADDRESS—and your paper will come to you daily.

The Oregon Statesman
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