

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"

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CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHELDON F. SACKETT Managing Editor

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Eccles vs. Eccles

MARRINER S. Eccles is the Salt Lake City banker and industrialist who has been advanced by President Roosevelt from assistant secretary of the treasury to governor of the federal reserve board. This Mr. Eccles is a sort of left-wing banker, whose ideas have made teeth chatter in conservative board rooms. He is a thorough believer in the pump-priming process; and is starting out to tie the federal reserve to the chariot wheel of the treasury by easing out such Class C directors of reserve banks as Owen D. Young and James Simpson of Chicago, whose thinking has been independent.

Portland has another member of the Eccles family, David Eccles, a cousin, we believe, of Marriner S. He is connected with the Commonwealth group in Portland, a financial and realty organization, and editor of its Business Survey. Evidently David Eccles takes his economics straight, without the adulteration his distinguished relative accepts. In the January issue of his Survey he makes these comments:

"America seems ready to believe that prosperity cannot be bought with borrowed money, that the real cure for the depression is return of the country's financial reserves to active work."

Speaking of gains in deposits, he points out their illusory character:

"This huge deposit gain is both misleading and, in the eyes of some observers, extremely dangerous. In the first place it appears to be caused by the tremendous volume of governmental borrowing rather than by funds of individual depositors."

And offers this sage conclusion:

"Banking observers hope fervently that pump priming will not take all the water in the well."

What we are witnessing now is admittedly a race between Recovery and Relapse.

Why Hitler Will Fail

IN 1933 Germany had a favorable balance of trade of 666,000,000 marks. In 1934 Germany had an unfavorable balance of trade of 284,000,000 marks.

Therein lies the basis for the blunt prediction that Hitler will fail. He can stir up race hatred against the Jews. He can excite phlegmatic Teutons about the virtues of Aryan blood. He can stage blood purges on occasion. But he cannot long stand up under an economic collapse such as this trade reversal proves. If Germany were a creditor nation, then an unfavorable balance of trade would be natural. But Germany is not, if it meets its honest obligations aside from reparations. So Germany should have an export surplus in order to acquire foreign exchange with which to meet foreign debt service.

Such a falling off of exports means a terrific strain on Germany's internal economy. And that is what Germany is passing through now. The recovery of the Saar may give a brief flare of glory for Hitler; but the steady crunching of economic recessions will divert the minds of the people to their own distresses. It may be that Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Reichsbank president and minister of German economic policies, will be made the goat, because he is the designer of German economic policies. But eventually the economic difficulties will destroy Hitler; and perhaps through inflation destroy again the German economy.

Away with Heart Balm

MRS. Rebecca West Nicholson, who is a member of the Indiana legislature, has introduced a bill preventing recovery under breach of promise suits, or alimony in divorce actions. These actions are indeed inheritances of a crude society and might well be banished to the limbo of forgotten things. If a man prove faithless, or woman, who would want to be bound to such a spouse through life? And if affection fades, is there not adequate compensation in escaping the pangs of unrequited love? Breach of promise suits, alimony actions become the gold diggers' racket. Where a married couple has property there is need for a division of the accumulations of their joint efforts; but alimony is used in many cases to club down an ex-husband, put him in the bastle, and embarrass him no end of times and ways.

Rebecca is pioneering in legislation; and is doing what few mere men would dare to do. Perhaps the men in the Indiana legislature will even be fearful of voting for her bill. The trouble with many women is that they want "equality with men" until legal or other pinches come, then they want the favoritism which they have received from days of chivalry forward. Anyhow there are several women in the Oregon legislature. Which one will introduce a duplicate of Mrs. Nicholson's bill?

Why a State NRA?

THERE is no local demand for a state NRA. Oregon industry is not pressing for legislation to legalize a rash of codes. The national NRA operates now like a clock about run down. Why seek to give it a local revival? A San Francisco man has come to Oregon and told the state legislature to enact a law for a baby blue eagle; Oregon business and labor interests have not given him any support or encouragement. Is the Oregon legislature taking orders from San Francisco or from Oregon?

There is the Mother Goose story of Humpty Dumpty. The story of NRA is parallel. The Blue Eagle's egg has had a great fall; and not all the king's horses and men can put it together again. There may be national legislation continuing certain regulations as to hours and wages in employment after the NRA expires June 1 next. Why not wait until there is some light on the administration policy in this regard? Why legislate to hatch a blue eagle in Oregon when the egg is cracked to begin with?

The filling of a recall petition against Representative Merriam of Lane county is the action of peevish minds. For our part we want representatives and senators to use their minds and not to try to be just nimble guessers as to public opinion. A recall against a legislator could not be completed until after the session is over anyway. However, if the recall comes to a vote, (which we are sure it never will) we predict Merriam will beat the recallers by a big majority. The people who signed the Townsend petitions can't all be voted like sheep.

Japan appears to be resuming penetration of China, driving Chinese out of the Jehol-Chenai border area. The Japanese policy clearly is one of steady aggression, nibbling off a chunk of China at a time and bringing it under control of the Japanese army.

David Lloyd George who at 72 is planning a political comeback, started campaigning for an English new deal, like F.D.R. Reporters who everted his first speech said it was a "nothing new" deal.

First His Shirt—and Now the Barrel!



Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

IT IS an alarming experience to see a child in an attack of convulsions. Convulsions in young children can often be traced to such disturbances as chronic constipation, pleurisy, pneumonia, rickets and undernourishment.

It may be a symptom followed by high fever. As a rule, when the underlying cause is remedied further attacks are avoided. I have been speaking of simple convulsions. It is quite a different matter to be the victim of epileptic attacks. These should never be considered trivial, or to be a "natural" result of childhood. Epilepsy and convulsions are not the same thing. They are entirely different.

Though the actual cause of epilepsy is not known, the symptoms are the result of some definite disturbance in the membranes covering the brain. This may be due to an inflammation of the brain, hemorrhage, tumor or infection. In many instances it can be traced to a blow or some other injury received during birth or shortly after birth.

Dr. Copeland

Early Treatment Essential
I cannot overstate the importance of recognizing as soon as possible the true nature of this disorder. If proper measures are taken at an early age, the severity and frequency of the attacks can be diminished.

At times early recognition means complete cure. If delayed and the trouble is allowed to continue for many years, cure is often impossible. This is because with each attack new areas of irritation and inflammation are produced. This still further increases the liability to epileptic attacks.

No definite rule can be applied in the treatment of epilepsy. Each case must be studied individually and every effort should be made to determine the exact nature of the attack. It is necessary to know when and how the attacks occur, whether there is any regularity in their occurrence, and if they are influenced by some particular work or play.

New Method of Treatment
In former years little hope could be held out for victims of this disease. A limitation upon physical activity and exertion was advised. An effort was made to control its attacks by the use of sedative medicines, such as the bromides. Within recent years there has been a tendency to get away from these rather useless restrictions and the sufferer is advised to lead the normal, active life.

Recent investigations point to the importance of investigating what the doctors call the "metabolism." Your doctor will tell you about this. Increase or decrease in the secretions of certain glands may be the underlying cause. In many instances this defect can be remedied by taking the glandular extracts made from the glands of animals. In other cases, surgery may be indicated.

Under no circumstances should any method of treatment be undertaken until the patient has been subjected to a thorough examination.

Answers to Health Queries

Miss E. M. Q.—Is there any chance of a two-month-old baby outgrowing leakage of the heart?

A.—Children frequently outgrow heart conditions.
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The illness of Marshall Pilsudski, dictator of Poland brings into relief again the future of dictator-controlled countries after the demise of the dictators. Jugoslavia, like ancient Rome after Caesar's death, is ruled by a triumvirate since King Alexander's assassination. But history will repeat itself and the power of the one-time strongman be dissolved.

Salem will not be downhearted because the PWA loan of \$2,500,000 has been cancelled by Secretary Ickes. With federal spending promising to be bigger and better than ever, a new application may be filed when the water plan is acquired. Only if we wait too long there may be no more money left for "priming the pump."

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Dr. McLoughlin's portrait that hangs in the senate chamber:

(Continuing from Sunday.)

Quoting further from the presentation speech of John Minto: "Looking, then, at this line of action in the light of the merest glimpses of history known to be true by witnesses yet living, can any honest man wonder that the pioneers of Oregon, who have eaten the salt of this man's hospitality—who have been eye witnesses to his brave care for humanity and participants of his generous aid—are unwilling to go to their graves in silence, which would imply base ingratitude—a silence which would be eloquent with falsehood?"

In accepting the portrait, on behalf of the state of Oregon, Governor Sylvester Penney, also an Oregon pioneer, said:

"This gift is alike creditable to the venerable men of your association and to the state of Oregon in its acceptance. It does honor to the pioneers of Oregon, because it shows their full appreciation of the high qualities of a true and noble manhood; and the placing of this painting in the honorable position it now occupies in the senate hall of the state capital evinces a like appreciation on the part of the representatives and the people of this great state."

"Dr. McLoughlin was, indeed, a most extraordinary man. Entrusted with a most responsible position under the British flag at a time when there was a bitter contest for governmental supremacy in Oregon, it was the undoubted and honorable wish and prompting of his heart that the flag of his country might continue to wave over Oregon soil, and yet, in instances repeated without number, he extended the hand of charity and unstinted aid to the poor immigrants of the contesting people, whose advent here threatened the supremacy of his government over the contested territory. While he was loyal to his country, he was, as became his lofty character, more loyal to his conscience; and while never forgetting his full allegiance as a Briton, he never forgot his higher duty as a man. . . . Then let this picture of the grand old man, whose numerous deeds of charity are inseparably interwoven in the early history of our state, ever enjoy the place of honor it now holds; and when our children and our children's children shall visit these venerated halls, let them pause before the portrait of this venerable man and do homage to his memory, who, with his patriotic devotion to his country and his devout service to his God, crowned the full completeness of his high character with an unmeasured love for his fellow men."

Rev. H. K. Hines, pioneer Oregon Methodist minister and author, brother of Rev. Gustavus Hines, the prominent missionary who came on the Lausanne in 1840, delivered an address at Pendleton on Dec. 16, 1897, containing the following:

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'THE LADY DANCES' By Marge Stanley

SYNOPSIS
In search of adventure, Mark Talbot sails from San Francisco aboard the S.S. "Orient" bound for Honolulu. He meets Vanya Prokova, beautiful dancer, who is being deported. She ignores him. Mark follows Vanya to Tongatabu in the South Seas trying to convince himself that seeing her in her dance hall environment will cure his infatuation. Percy Loring, a beachcomber, informs Mark that Vanya dances at Pearly Shene's. Loring's helmet when the ship is in but, at the present time, she is inland with the natives. Talbot takes Mark to a native festival. They hide in the bushes and watch the ceremonies. Mark's party exclamation upon seeing Vanya, revealing his and Loring's presence to the natives. They are captured. The Vanya intercedes for them and accompanies the pair back through the woods still retaining her frigid attitude. Mark is angry with himself for his interest in her and for the embarrassment of accepting her aid in his trouble. A color in their path causes Vanya to go close to Mark for protection. He overcomes the desire to take her in his arms. Next day, Vanya will not accept Mark's thanks; she suggests that he leave her and join Loring. His anger aroused, Mark retorts: "The company of Loring is a distinct improvement over that of a dancer in Pearly Shene's dive." Loring remarks Vanya. Mark tells Loring he will go to see Vanya dance that night just for the joy of seeing her trying to please people. Despite himself, Mark is filled with a strange emotion when Vanya sings and dances. He tells Loring that the pearls can't appreciate her but that she is a great dancer nevertheless.

CHAPTER XVII
"She's not a great dancer. A great dancer dances with her mind; her body is her medium and she uses it to carefully calculated effect. Vanya dances with her heart; she loves it, and therefore can never be anything but rather good."
"Have it your way," said Mark. He turned to Loring. "I want to do something. I've acted like a cad to the girl. I want to make up to her somehow. Will you do me a favor?"
"You're buying the drinks," said Loring. "Ask her if she'll come to our table."
"I'd do it gladly, but she won't come. She likes me less than you."
"You're right. I'll send a note by Hong."
"No," declared Loring. "Hong would be even worse. Write the note and I'll take it."
Mark took the back from an envelope and scribbled his message. "I'm sorry," he wrote. "I want to explain and ask you only to grant me the opportunity to come to my table." He signed it, "Mark Talbot."
Loring departed. Mark fidgeted impatiently for several minutes. Finally his companion from the door behind the piano.
"Well?" queried Mark eagerly. "Is she coming?"
Loring smiled, and said nothing. A burst of comment from the other side caught Mark's ear; he turned. Still garbed in her enveloping flowered robe, looking neither to right nor left, Vanya was approaching the table.
Mark rose as Vanya approached, and Loring followed her example, elaborately placing a chair for her. She gathered the flowered robe still about her, and she seated herself; half the eyes in the room were on her. Mark resumed his seat, but Loring remained standing.
"If you don't mind," he said, addressing Vanya, "I'll continue my indulgence at the bar. I have a desire to uncamp my legs."
He looked at Mark, who gave him a glance of appreciation.
"Carte blanche?" the beachcomber asked.
"I owe you a quart," responded Mark, "but I'd rather pay let payment rest. I don't want too much disturbance this evening."
"Reasonable enough. A pint, I assure you, will cause you no trouble."
Loring departed toward the bar, and Mark turned to Vanya, who simply regarded him with indifference. Once again he experienced that unaccustomed diffidence in her presence; his eyes persisted in centering themselves on her face, and his mind insisted on repeating to itself, "Beautiful! She is beautiful!"
Vanya twisted nervously under his frankly admiring gaze.
"Well?" she said finally.
Mark started from his reverie. "I'm sorry. Will you have something to drink?"
She shook her head silently.
"Oh, come! Just as a symbol of burying the hatchet," he said, "I'll buy you a drink. It's echoed with her same serious, questioning expression."

"What do you think brought me to Shene's Cove?" asked Mark.
"I know you've tried. I don't see why you failed."
"There were reasons enough."
"Implying that the reasons are none of my business," said Mark.
"And of course you're quite right. But would you consider it important if I asked you the reasons?"
"I don't see why I should tell you."
"Again you're right. My actions haven't been calculated to win your confidence. I'll admit. I was hoping my apology would help."
"You started another apology this morning, and it ended by hurting me—as deeply as one stranger could hurt another."
"You hurt me, too," replied Mark, "and with more than a stranger's power. You see, you haven't been exactly a stranger to me since the first time I saw you—and I wonder if you know when that was."
Vanya nodded, her serious eyes still fixed on Mark.
"It wasn't on the Orient," he warned.
"I know," Vanya admitted, with one of her rare, grave smiles. "It was on the dock at San Francisco. I saw you; you were arguing I was quarrelling with a tall man. I've wondered since if you quarrel with everyone you meet."
"That was my brother; you do remember?" cried Mark.
"I don't know why," continued Vanya. "I was utterly, hopelessly unhappy. But your face stood out for an instant; it was—the last glimpse I had of America."
"Then why were you so particularly cold to my friendly advances on the boat?"
"I was unhappy," she explained. "Both unhappy and seasick."
"I was seasick, too," said Mark, "but you weren't seasick on the point this morning."
"I was still unhappy."
"That's a question not proper in the South Seas. People here are sensitive about personal questions."
"I've noticed that," agreed Mark. "No one has asked me my business since I've been in the islands."
"And no one will. Therefore, why should I tell mine?"
"I should answer, I suppose, because I might be able to help you. (To Be Continued)

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"Implying that the reasons are none of my business," said Mark.
"And of course you're quite right. But would you consider it important if I asked you the reasons?"
"I don't see why I should tell you."
"Again you're right. My actions haven't been calculated to win your confidence. I'll admit. I was hoping my apology would help."
"You started another apology this morning, and it ended by hurting me—as deeply as one stranger could hurt another."
"You hurt me, too," replied Mark, "and with more than a stranger's power. You see, you haven't been exactly a stranger to me since the first time I saw you—and I wonder if you know when that was."
Vanya nodded, her serious eyes still fixed on Mark.
"It wasn't on the Orient," he warned.
"I know," Vanya admitted, with one of her rare, grave smiles. "It was on the dock at San Francisco. I saw you; you were arguing I was quarrelling with a tall man. I've wondered since if you quarrel with everyone you meet."
"That was my brother; you do remember?" cried Mark.
"I don't know why," continued Vanya. "I was utterly, hopelessly unhappy. But your face stood out for an instant; it was—the last glimpse I had of America."
"Then why were you so particularly cold to my friendly advances on the boat?"
"I was unhappy," she explained. "Both unhappy and seasick."
"I was seasick, too," said Mark, "but you weren't seasick on the point this morning."
"I was still unhappy."
"That's a question not proper in the South Seas. People here are sensitive about personal questions."
"I've noticed that," agreed Mark. "No one has asked me my business since I've been in the islands."
"And no one will. Therefore, why should I tell mine?"
"I should answer, I suppose, because I might be able to help you. (To Be Continued)

"What do you think brought me to Shene's Cove?" asked Mark.
"I know you've tried. I don't see why you failed."
"There were reasons enough."
"Implying that the reasons are none of my business," said Mark.
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