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"No Favor Stay Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Dantzig Wants Release

SET IN the Polish corridor is the small island of the Free city of Dantzig, a port on the Baltic sea. Since the world war it has been governed by an elective senate and Volkstag with a lord high commissioner appointed by the league of nations. The corridor, which is the strip of land giving Poland an outlet on the sea, separates the main body of Germany from East Prussia, also German. It has been an irritant to Polish-German relations ever since it was set up. However Hitler, in an attempt to compose trouble on his eastern frontier, made a treaty with Poland which appeared to settle the difficulties for a term of years, with Germany acquiescing in the corridor arrangement.

As the league of nations council meets again with the erasing of sanctions and the graceful acceptance of the conquest of Ethiopia by Italy as the chief business of the session, Dantzig adds its worries to the others the league faces. The Nazi president of the senate in Dantzig addressed the council and said his city wanted to be free from the protection of the league of nations, wanted to stand on its own. What is feared is that Dantzig would promptly become an outpost of Germany. Its population is preponderantly German; the Nazi party is in power there which is sympathetic with the Hitler rule. It would be easy for the Nazis then to proclaim the city as a part of the Reich. Whether this would reopen the corridor question is doubtful what worries Poland and Europe. Russia would have concern because Russia feels that Germany is definitely planning an eastward thrust both as a stroke against communism and as an opportunity for land seizure.

Dantzig has a history of its own. It was developed chiefly by Germans. For a century and a half it was ruled by the order of the Teutonic knights. It was long one of the most prosperous cities of the Hanseatic league, that group of towns which fostered commerce in the early modern times. After throwing off the rule of the knights the city became free, but with Polish protection. In 1793 it was ceded to Russia, but after the Napoleonic wars it was restored to Prussia, remaining a Prussian or German city until 1920 when it was once more created as a Free City. Politics and racial loyalty now urge its leaders to seek release from the league of nations for closer affiliation with Germany.

Retreat from RFC

THE big banks of the country are beating a retreat from the RFC. In 1933 many banks were knocking at the doors of RFC to obtain credits to meet withdrawals of currency by hoarders. In 1934 the government agencies, on which had been wished the job of guaranteeing bank deposits, set about the task of bolstering bank capital with government loans. In order to avoid the fear of a "brand" the government almost forced the loans on nearly all banks so that those needing them might not get a finger of scorn poked at them. The New York banks were a bit stubborn, but finally capitulated. Some of them may have needed the tonic as much as the country banks. Now however, feeling the crisis is passed, or else anxious to get free from RFC leading strings the big institutions are retiring the debentures or issues of preferred stocks which the RFC bought. The First National bank of Chicago retired the last of its preferred stock in May. Manufacturer's Trust in New York paid off the government by selling a preferred stock issue to its own common shareholders. The Chase National, largest bank in the country, is this summer retiring \$50,000,000 of preferred stock, and now the National City bank, second largest, is doing the same thing. In these two cases the retirement is being made without issuing any new stock. One thing prompting the retirement of the preferred stock is the difficulty the banks have to meet the preferred dividend requirement on it of 3 1/2 per cent interest or more. Able to pay only one or one and a half per cent interest to savings depositors, the banks doubtless see no profit in keeping government money and paying several times that rate.

Bankers learned some costly lessons as a consequence of the crash of 1929. They have learned they cannot profitably run a legitimate bank and engage in speculative financing at the same time. They lost heavily, and so did investors, even though the depositors of the big New York banks did not.

Highway to Mexico City

THIS month there is being opened a motor road from Laredo, Texas to Mexico City. There has been the semblance of a road through Mexico for some time, but it was crude and unsatisfactory. Now, after long effort, the motor road has been completed and made available for traffic. It is probable that it is still a poor road in comparison with American standards of road-building, but it will open the way into the heart of old Mexico.

Touring by motor will soon end the virgin civilization of the republic to the south. Previously we have heard from travelers how important it was to visit Mexico now before its people become altered by the influx of touring Americans and Europeans. That was said of the cities served by rail. It will be even more applicable to the cities on the motor roads.

It was 400 years ago that Alvar Nunes Cabeza de Vaca, the first white man to cross the Rio Grande, made his way south to Mexico City. The journey took him several months. The journey by mulpack remained a slow and tortuous affair until a rail connection was finally made. Even the travel by rail was not inviting and the number of Americans to visit Old Mexico has not been large, though fears of internal unrest may have restricted travel as much as difficulties of transport. With a motor highway open, travel will increase rapidly.

A dream of the future is the extension of the Pacific highway south through Mexico and Central America to Panama. It will come. The motor driven vehicle raps at the gates of all countries.

Social Racketeers

DR. ROBERT G. Sproul, president of the University of California, coined an apt phrase in an address before the NEA in Portland last week—"social racketeers". There are many of people who are making rackets out of current political, social, and economic questions. Many of them are making their appeals to youth, propagandizing young people, and seeking to make them crusaders for strange doctrines. Dr. Sproul condemned those who have been telling youth that America is no longer the fair land of hope and opportunity. This has been a favorite theme of these vendors of isms, many of whom claim to speak in youth's name, although Dr. Sproul hears them as "the clamor of a multitude of voices."

The world has been carrying "youth" around on a cushion too long. Young people have their chores to do and their responsibilities. All this twaddle about youth reforming the world is the vaporing of a lot of social racketeers who are trying to enlist recruits for their own form of social quackery.

It seems from the Dill case, when a woman gets rings on her fingers she gets married; when she gets rings on her bathtub she gets sued for divorce.

The Great Game of Politics

By FRANK R. KENT

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The War on the 'Princes'

Washington, July 4
A GREAT deal is being written these days about the "strategy" of the two parties in the coming campaign.

It is all true excepting that part that is meant the line upon which they will attack. So far as the Republicans are concerned, their strategy is simple enough.

IT IS agreed that they naturally will hammer Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal upon its transparently weakest points. These can be listed as follows:

First, reckless waste and expenditure, resulting in an unprecedented debt and the creation of a financial condition in utter conflict with his 1932 pledges and constituting a grave danger of which Mr. Roosevelt himself portentously warned.

SECOND, the hypocritical and impudent plank commending the civil-service system, in face of the facts that in three years it has been all but destroyed by this Administration and under the very practical Mr. Farley, open spoilsman, an enormous Federal machine has been constructed wholly on a partisan basis.

Third, the attitude of Mr. Roosevelt toward the Constitution and his determination to change it, if reflected, to most New Deal ideas, as evidenced in the declaration favoring clarifying amendments conferring additional powers on the Federal Government.

It was said at Cleveland to be the London belief that the campaign should be simplified as far as possible, that the Republicans should restrict their attack to the fewest possible issues, select those most easily understood—recall, however, the fifty-seven separate speeches made at the Philadelphia convention so drenched the country with that particular dose that there is some danger of it being overdone. Anyhow, that is more or less defensive and far from the aggressive note considered desirable for candidates to strike and for which Mr. Roosevelt is so well equipped. If one is to judge from his speech of acceptance, he is prepared to make the campaign a fight against what he calls "princes of privilege" and "economic royalists." That certainly was the battle cry he sounded on Franklin Field when he announced he was "enlisted for the duration of the war."

BY MANY this was taken to mark the beginning of an assault upon "Big Business" along the old Bryan lines, calculated to cement the so-called workers-farmers alliance and arraigning the Have Nots against the Haves, a policy once openly urged upon his aides by the redoubtable Mr. Hopkins. It seemed after the Roosevelt speech that this was the clearly indicated strategy. But certain obstacles have arisen and it is now regarded as doubtful whether the "princes of privilege" note will be struck very often. There are too many obvious answers. For one thing, Mr. Roosevelt certainly will be asked to name these "princes" and "royalists." The question will be—who are these men? If he declines to be specific the "princes of privilege" phrase can easily become one of the jokes of the campaign, and if he is specific, then the names of various multimillionaires who could classify as "princes" and who are not only supporting Mr. Roosevelt but among his advisers, will be given.

FOR ANOTHER thing, he may be asked to reconcile his attack upon big industrialists and employers of labor with his insistence that the relief problem must be solved by the employment of more men in these big industrialists. For another, several of Mr. Roosevelt's friends have not hesitated to indicate that they thought his "princes of privilege" idea for a campaign not very good. For example, Raymond Moley, one of the ablest and best men whom the President has had near him, made a striking speech in Boston the other day in which he expressed the conviction that the people are tired of "scolding" and fed up on reform, that the popular tendency today is toward moderation, and that the nation is strongly conservative. That coming from a friend of Mr. Roosevelt, does not sound like an endorsement of the war against the "princes." It sounds really like a warning to the chief.

WOODBURN, July 6.—Mrs. Addie Walker Schroeder, 58, passed away at the Woodburn hospital last Friday. She was born in Walsburg, Wash., in 1878. She is survived by two sons, Carroll Kennedy of Eugene, and Jack Kennedy of Woodburn; and two daughters, Alta Morton of Saratoga, Wyo., and Adeline Kennedy of Cutbank, Mont. The body was shipped to Walsburg for funeral services. Interment is by Ringo mortuary of Woodburn.

Answers to Health Queries
R. R. C. Q.—Would plastic surgery be of any benefit where the chin has receded? A nasal growth during childhood was responsible for mouth breathing. What would such an operation involve?
A.—Examination will determine whether or not this defect can be corrected. Make inquiry at one of the leading hospitals where they will be glad to advise you. Plastic surgery is often effective—your doctor will advise you.

Dr. Copeland is glad to answer inquiries from readers who send addressed stamped envelopes with their questions. Address all letters to Dr. Copeland in care of this newspaper at its main office in this city.
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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Homer Davenport's mother 7-7-26 rode with Uncle "Smoot" when she planted the riding whip tree, not with Homer's father.

It becomes the painful duty of the writer hereof to debunk the romance part of the story of the famous riding whip tree. It is all true excepting that part.

Florida Geer, who planted the alip that became the stately tree, had used it for a riding whip, but her companion was not young Timothy W. Davenport, paying court to her as they guided their mounts over the historic Waldo Hills in the long ago.

Her companion was Isaiah Geer, uncle of Florida, and they had been attending a pioneer camp meeting. He was familiarly called "Smoot" Geer.

On Sunday next, July 12, at 3 p. m. a plaque is to be unveiled for the historic tree, at the A. A. Geer farm in the Waldo Hills. This is the pioneer home site of the donation land claim of Ralph C. Geer, who there established the first nursery in Oregon south of Clackamas county, who became clerk of Marion county and was prominent in many ways during the times when Oregon was in its beginning period.

Twenty Years Ago

July 7, 1916
The United States Health service will cooperate with the city of New York in attempting to stamp out an epidemic of infantile paralysis.

Lt. C. W. Niemeyer, British soldier who was gassed at Ypres, is a Salem visitor.

Salem soldiers in company M have enlisted for three years with three additional years as reserves.

Ten Years Ago

July 7, 1926
Salem is being considered as a site for a Federal penitentiary which the government will locate somewhere on the Pacific coast.

The four escaped convicts have been captured near Minnville. One hundred insane patients will be transferred from the Oregon state hospital in Salem to the Pendleton institution as soon as a new wing is completed.

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

"APIPHOBIA" is a big and harsh sounding word. It means morbid dread of bees and their sting. No doubt you know many persons who have this fear, not only of bees, but of other insects.

It is not pleasant to suffer from the sting of a bee. It may be a very painful experience although it is usually a trivial affair. The bite of the honey bee, the "apis mellifica," may lead to severe pain throughout the body. This is due, of course, to the absorption of the poison liberated by the insect.

The victim complains of pain and swelling at the site of the bite. This is followed by excessive perspiration, dizziness, nausea and a tight feeling in the throat. In severe cases convulsions and even unconsciousness may occur.

Seldom Dangerous
Fortunately, the sting of the bee, although its symptoms are severe, is rarely dangerous to life. In an occasional case, the shock is severe from the rapid absorption of the poison. This may seriously interfere with the action of the heart and lungs.

It is well to remove the barb or "stinger," using a sterilized needle. Do not attempt to remove it with the fingers, because squeezing will "spread" the poison. Apply hot applications to the wound for the relief of pain. Gause soaked in ammonia and applied over the wound is often medicinal.

If signs of shock and collapse are present medical help is demanded. The victim should be kept quiet and warm. Strong coffee or other warm drinks may be given. A hypodermic injection of adrenalin will probably be given by the physician as soon as he arrives.

Internal Reactions
Like other insect bites, the sting of a bee is particularly dangerous to an infant or young child. Severe internal reactions are sometimes caused. Here the reaction is due to a peculiar sensitivity to the poison of the bee. Some adults, too, have a similar sensitivity to this poison and may suffer excruciating pain for several hours.

If you are visiting where bees may be encountered, it is wise to guard against contact with them. If you are unfortunate, do not accept the bee sting as a trivial affair.

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Mrs. C. C. Geer, 1295 North Cottage street, Salem, who has promoted the arrangements for securing and placing the plaque, desiring to establish beyond doubt the historic standing of the tree thus to be memorialized, wrote to members of the clan capable of attesting this.

She wrote to Orla Davenport Renshaw, Kamiah, Idaho, daughter of Florida Geer Davenport, sister of Homer Davenport, the last named member of the clan while living the foremost cartoonist in America.

The answer of Mrs. Renshaw follows:

"Kamiah, Ida., May 30, '36.
"Dear Molly: Your card of 19th at hand in due time, but on the 15th John was stricken with paralysis on the right side and since then I've had little time to write. He's in bed and practically helpless, and this child is a busy nurse, but Nettie and Charlie and Orla and Byron (her husband) come in at any time and help me lift him. I am doubtful if he's ever much improved. He's past 80. I'm 72 past it's time. We are listening for the call. Have lived a long, agreeable time together.

"Along in the spring of 1854, Mother's uncle, Isaiah Geer, and she went on horseback to a camp meeting over west of the Waldo Hills home some six or seven miles and on the way back the horses lagged a bit, and Uncle 'Smoot,' as every one called him, rode up to a balm of Gilead and broke off a couple of sprouts. They used them as whips till they got home, and he said:

"Let's stick these whips down by the little irrigation ditch and they'll grow."
"So they did, and both grew and made magnificent trees, and when they were about 12 inches through a hired man who was grubbing up some old grafts near by thought to make a general cleaning; fell Uncle's tree and was about to begin on Mother's when Aunt Mary saw what was happening.

"Grandfather lost no time in getting out there. He was so disappointed and sorry that he paid the man off and protected the stump of the fallen one, and, the last time I was there, I remember quite a number of fine young trees sprouting up on it.

"I got so disgusted with newspaper slobber writing up all sorts of romance about the tree that I got a gold watch and some of them some time ago took them to town till I am gone before they spill so much ink on publicity of something they know absolutely nothing about. One aspehead had it that Father and Mother as lovers went riding and when they got back, Father planted the switch while Mother stood coyly by.

"Everybody knew who knew Father well that he'd walk 10 miles any time rather than ride a horse.

"And that Homer always hugged the old tree and prayed in his Mother's name, saying, 'God bless my Mother.'

"Homer's love for his parents is never questioned, but as a praying man we all know he was hot, and in a harmless way used an amount of 'cuss' words.

"I sometimes think there are more big liars in the newspaper fraternity than any where else, not excepting horse traders.

"I am a Spiritualist. Homer is with me at any time. We visit almost daily. He is a great assistant to me in this game of life. Would love to be one of the clan (Geer clan), but can't. Please give them all my love. Your cousin, with love to all, Orla."

Mrs. C. C. (Mary A.) Geer called in the clan "Molly" Geer wrote again to Mrs. Renshaw ("Aunt Orla"), asking permission to use the first answer in clearing up the history of the riding whip tree. Mrs. Geer received this reply:

"Kamiah, Ida., June 4, '36.
"Dear Molly: Your card of 3rd just came, so here's for a p.d.q. answer as per request. I don't remember just what I wrote or just how I worded it, but guess it's O.K. for you.

"I'm sure hoping it will stop a lot of cub paper saps from reeling off so much yarn in family history. They even go so far as to give our Mother another name. Her name was Florida Geer, not Florida Davenport. Instead of the full name, I'm enclosing a scrap that is a fair sample of the trash that goes for a bit of news about Homer's people.

"We'd sure like to visit; take in the reunion. I attended one at Battleville in 1877 at Uncle Fred Geer's. Had a lovely time. "Great Grandpa was living then, and we each and all visited him. He was one of the most lovable and clearest headed old persons I ever met. He was a bugler in the War of 1812 and played the army calls on a flute, and played morning and evening reveille from his front porch at Battleville without fail for so many years, although blind for nearly 20 years—and when he missed one morning people came to learn the cause."

"They found he was not able to get up. I think he passed on in a few days or hours.

"He was a great reader till his eyes failed. They had taught himself to do many things blind people are not supposed to be able to do.

"He could distinguish colors by the touch. Once a fellow handed him a handkerchief and said, 'what color is that?'

"One touch, and Grandpa said 'filthy dirty.'"

"You may quote me for what (Turn to Page 9)

Just Caddying, Now



"KING OF HEARTS"

by Edna Robb Webster

SYNOPSIS

Left destitute when her mother dies, Lynn Bartel is forced to leave private school and go to business. She becomes a mannequin for Dunning's, an exclusive Chicago dress shop. Lynn has very few friends as her training has placed her on a higher social level than her fellow-workers and her low financial status prevents her from associating with her own set. She has one friend, however, in Susan, the stock girl, and she wishes their tastes were more in common. All in all, Lynn's life was very lonely. Then one day, a letter comes from her wealthy and pampered cousin, "Dot" Marchon, inviting Lynn to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras. With a light heart and an inexpensive wardrobe, Lynn goes south. She receives a hearty welcome from her Aunt Zola and "Dot." Lynn is given the room her mother had when a girl and her heart overflows with gratitude and grief because it was she, and not her mother, who returned to this lovely home after so many years' absence. Mrs. Bartel had given up a life of luxury for love and comparative poverty. "Dot" takes Lynn around to meet her friends. Jack Thorpe is among the missing and "Dot" is disappointed. Although Jack has not proposed, it has been understood since childhood that he and "Dot" would marry. The boys swarm about Lynn, the vivacious newcomer in their midst. When Lynn finally meets Jack, her heart skips a beat. He was everything "Dot" had said and more. Later, dressing for the masquerade, Lynn could not forget his dark eyes holding hers in their depths. "The carnival thrills Lynn. Never had she seen so much fanfare, color and happiness. Jack guided their car expertly through the swirling masses, while he and "Dot" explained the numerous customs and traditions of the Mardi Gras.

CHAPTER XI

Jack saw an opening in the crowd and took advantage of it speedily. "If we ever get there to claim it, I have arranged for a balcony on Canal Street for us to watch the parade tonight."

They did, finally. The crowds were even more incredible and impressive when viewed from their slight elevation above. They also found Mary Kate and Manda and the blonde youth and several more whom Lynn did not know, awaiting them when they reached the balcony. Music echoed everywhere. The strident notes of one band eclipsed another; the antics of one street group drew attention from another.

These of the balcony group only had exchanged greetings when a triumphant shout announced the approach of the pagant and the throng of revelers moved back like a great wave to clear the street for its passing. The impressive torch-carriage, with its bizarre pink pavilion and white and gold trim, came from the first little club of young revelers who started the whole thing.

"I think it would be a great privilege to help carry on such important traditions," Lynn observed, admiring his handsome face in the lurid glare of the torches. And wondered what it would be like to belong so irrevocably to any civic cause.

Columbus passed in the Santa Maria, De Soto and LaSalle, the Pilgrims in the Mayflower, and grants in covered wagons—the audacious adventurers who had built the foundations for the development of a new western hemisphere. All masked, but smiling acknowledgment of the watchers' cheers and greetings, and tossing favors to those who commanded their fancy. Dot held a generous collection of these when the last float had passed, indicating her popularity with members of the Proteus organization even though her family be named a more modest one.

"This is Proteus on his throne in the first float, and the second is the title car." Each pagant selects a new theme to portray each year, having twenty floats with which to carry out the sequence of the ideas. Usually, they portray famous legends, incidents of history, the progress of civilization, popular characters of literature, and so on; all of them in the fantastic medium of the carnival floats.

The artists who created the ideas, the artists who created the floats, require the entire year, and the floats are built in secret dens belonging to the various carnival organizations, so that no one knows what they will be until they appear. Hiyah! Proteus!" he saluted the passing monarch with a laugh. "Remember, it's only for a day, so you'd better make the most of it."

Proteus responded with humorous gestures. "Do you like it?" Dot squeezed Lynn's arm excitedly. "I never was so thrilled and astonished in my life!" Lynn declared. "You should be," Dot lifted an eyebrow significantly toward the blonde boy who had opined his southern birthplace when he had met Lynn at the hotel that afternoon. "Everyone can see that Dewey Condon is wild about you, and when Dewey notices a girl that much, it's news in this city. Every girl in our crowd has baited her hook for him at one time or another, but he never bites. He's a swell catch, too. His dad imports bananas from Central America and

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