

The Oregon Statesman
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
 From First Statesman, March 28, 1861
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHELDON F. SACKETT, Publishers
 CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor-Manager
 SHELDON F. SACKETT, Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press
 The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper.

Pacific Coast Advertising Representatives:
 Arthur W. Steyer, Inc., Portland, Security Bldg.
 San Francisco, Sharon Bldg.; Los Angeles, Pac. Bldg.

Eastern Advertising Representatives:
 Ford-Parsons-Stecker, Inc., New York, 471 Madison Ave.;
 Chicago, 349 N. Michigan Ave.

Entered at the Postoffice at Salem, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter. Published every morning except Monday. Business office, 215 S. Commercial Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 Mail Subscription Rates in Advance, Within Oregon: Daily and Sunday, 1 Mo. \$1.00; 3 Mo. \$2.75; 6 Mo. \$5.00; 1 Year \$9.00. Elsewhere \$2.00 per Mo. or \$1.00 for 1 year in advance.
 By City Carrier: 50 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. For Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

HEALTH
 Today's Talk
 By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Albuminuria, or albumin in the urine, is not really a disease. It is a symptom or sign of certain changes in the kidney.

Most insurance companies reject applications for insuring a person presenting this picture. They insist upon repeated examinations until the urine has cleared up. Then they accept the applicant.

Much alarm is a concern which is not warranted. We are experienced in the treatment of albuminuria. We immediately picture ourselves in the grip of some terrible disease and flounder about helplessly. Stories of Bright's disease and other terrifying ailments come to our ears. We are almost sick from fear.

Well do I recall the story of a young man I had recommended for entrance at West Point. This boy was the very picture of perfect health. Not a symptom of any disease or incapacity had he ever experienced. He passed all the entrance examinations, including the physical examination, with high honors.

However, when it came to the usual routine urine examination, a trace of albumin was found. He was rejected on the grounds of physical unfitness. This boy suffered all the tortures of disease itself because of worry.

I do not mean to say that the presence of albumin in the urine should be considered lightly and ignored. Albumin present in the urine constantly is, usually, though not always, indicative of some disease.

This disease is usually located in the kidneys.

However, we frequently encounter cases where there is absolutely no evidence of any disease in the kidneys. Further repeated tests of the urine show the absence of albumin.

At times, run across cases where the albumin appears in the urine at certain definite stated times. This type of trouble is described as "cyclic albuminuria."

In certain individuals who maintained an upright position more or less constantly, the urine showed traces of albumin. It is of interest that when these individuals were put to bed or the occupation was changed, the albumin disappeared. Some individuals who eat a high protein diet, particularly one consisting of many eggs, will invariably show presence of albumin in the urine. With change in diet, the albumin disappears.

It is a condition frequently seen in black and white mothers and their children. It is for this reason that the obstetrician insists upon so many examinations.

Albumin frequently appears during certain infectious diseases. This is the case in pneumonia and tonsillitis.

What I would like to impress upon you is that albumin does not mean kidney disease in every instance. However, it does warrant a complete physical examination by the doctor. He must check on your heart, kidneys, lungs and general circulation. If these are all found to be satisfactory, we need not worry about the presence of albumin.

There are many individuals who have albumin in their urine all their lives. These people have lived to a good old age without any trace at any time of kidney disease or associated bodily defects.

I am telling you these things to reassure you. But please do not be too complacent about it. Be sure to see your doctor and let him examine you thoroughly to make sure all is as it should be.

Answers to Health Queries
 E. S. Q.—What do you advise for hernia in a man of 62 years of age? I have been wearing a truss without much benefit.

A.—Operation is the only radical cure for this condition. See a surgeon and follow his advice and judgment with regard to your particular case.

M. M. Q.—What is the cause of polyneuritis (ginger-paralysia) and what treatment is necessary?

A.—Other than the fact that the trouble in question is thought to be due to drinking a chemically contaminated beverage, little is known about the disturbance in question. Each patient demands specific medical attention and advice.

J. Y. Q.—What causes puffiness under the eyes?
 2—How many hours sleep does a girl of 16 require?
 A.—This may be due to a kidney or heart condition, also disposition.

2—She should average about eight hours.

M. S. E. W. Q.—Is butter-milk fattening?

A.—If taken in quantity and in conjunction with meals it may have a tendency to add to the weight. However, butter-milk is not considered fattening of itself.

MAY GET CREAM
 LYONS, April 17.—The Albany Associated Creamery company is contemplating establishing a cream route in our locality. Tuesday looking over the territory and soliciting patronage. If the available cream can be transported to the Albany plant a route will be established in the near future, to gather the cream twice a week and deliver at Albany.



"A Knight Comes Flying" By Eustace L. Adams

CHAPTER XXVIII.
 "I'm going with you," asserted Barbara.

Talbot, half way down the steps, came to a sudden stop. "Babs, darling," he said, "there are a enough women meeping around out there now. You be a good little girl and I'll buy you a big jug of Bacardi or something the first time we touch at Havana. Right now, this is a man's party and you ladies aren't invited. Come on, Gerry, let's be on our way before our luck goes sour on us."

Barbara hesitated, her eyes still turned toward Gerry's car. "We'll wait here, Miss Holworthy," said Sally, abruptly.

Talbot turned and waved cheerily. "Don't worry, Sally," he called. "We'll have them back here, safe and sound, in three shakes of a snake's tail."

The two girls watched the man tumble into the car. The long black shape of the Hispano-Suiza lurched forward and backward, turning, then slid silently away into the night.

"Let's go in your Ford," suggested Barbara, nervously.

Sally shook her black head deprecatingly. "No," she said. "We've interfered enough tonight."

The Eastern Way
 Barbara lit another cigarette and began to pace back and forth across the porch. Something within her urged her to tell Sally that she knew she had acted like a beast. But apologies never came readily to Barbara's lips. Imperturbably spoiled, headstrong, she was, and those who inhabited her own little world knew it and made allowances. It had always been so much easier to make apology, perhaps, but a cracker just the same. What did it matter whether this Joan person fell into Mueller's hands or not? It would be well for Dave if she did. He'd feel badly about it for a few days perhaps, and then he'd fall back into the pleasant routine of yachting, travelling and flying and would forget all about her. Every boy had to fall in and out of love a dozen times before he settled down. It was a wonder that this was the first pretty face that had ever attracted him.

Just Intuition
 Barbara flicked her cigarette onto the lawn. Talbot, too, had been bewitched by these girls. A fool could see that he already imagined himself head over heels in love with Sally. Perhaps the cruise of the Restless had lasted too long and Dave and Talbot had become bored with the crowd. Barbara resolved to find a way to break up the yachting party in the morning. She smiled grimly to herself as she pictured the way Southampton and Palm Beach tongues would wag if it became known that Dave and Talbot had become infatuated with these two backwoods girls. But she and Gerry would keep the secret. That would be easy. Gerry probably had not noticed anyway. He was dependable that way. Easy-going and laconic, he was a comfortable sort of person to be with. Barbara's spirits brightened. Perhaps the evening wouldn't turn out so badly after all. She would be very very nice to Dave while the yachting party was breaking up. Then she'd go to New York and take the Bremen or the Europa and spend a few weeks at Biarritz with the Ramsons Townsends, who had a villa there. Dave would miss her. He'd seek for a while and then, sud-

"A Knight Comes Flying" (Continued)

denly, he'd turn up at the casino looking for her, very sweet and contrite. Barbara resolved that she would be forgiving and never mention this evening to him.

"Listen!" called Sally suddenly. "Isn't that a plane?"

From the direction of Mueller's hangar came the distinctive drone of an airplane engine. The two girls rose, ran down the verandah steps and stood on the unkempt lawn, gazing up into the starling sky. The sound became more and more distinct until at last they could see the low-flying plane, blotting out one star after another as it roared over the tops of the orange trees.

"It's Davey!" called Barbara, excitedly, waving up at the man she loved, knowing as she did so that he could not see her against the blackness of the ground.

The plane veered, swung downward and hurtled over the roof of the old house. They could see Dave's black head peering over the side of the cockpit. Suddenly "Go and find Joan!" shrieked Sally, pointing toward Cathy.

Barbara waved frantically toward the abandoned houses. If Dave would only fly over there and bring Joan home they could all get in Gerry's car and leave this horrible place.

The thundering plane cut a sharp circle over the lawn, its wingtip almost flicking the kumquats as it heeled over in a dizzy bank. Once again it swept over the heads of the two pointing girls. Then, with a breath-taking zoom, it rocketed off in the direction of Cathy.

Sally stood stock still, staring at Barbara with wide-open eyes. "That was Dave," she said slowly, "and Joan isn't with him! Mueller must have found her!"

Barbara's gaze shifted under the direct probing of those wide black eyes. "Talbot said they'd have her back soon," she said weakly.

Sally turned on her heel and began to walk slowly toward the black bulk of the Ford parked at the end of the porch. Suddenly she began to run. Reaching the little car, she snapped on the switch, raced around to its radiator and began to crank it frenziedly. It sputtered, choked and then began to sputter and shake into the pleasant burst into action. Sally jerked at the door handle of the driving seat.

"Wait a minute!" gasped Barbara. "I'm going too!"

"Go away from here!" sobbed Sally. "It's all your fault and I hate you!"

Barbara was already climbing into the car from the other side. "Do you think I'd be left alone in a place like this?" she panted nervously.

"You left Joan alone in a worse place than this!" Sally retorted. "Get out, I tell you. I'm not going to take you."

"I'm going to sit right here," Barbara informed her. "If you want to yourself you've got to take me."

Sally hesitated, then climbed in. With a venomous look at the strained face beside her, she kicked at the forward-speed pedal.

Two Against One
 Dave crouched at the edge of the clearing. A few yards away was the open hangar door. Two men stood silhouetted against the light from within. One, in riding breeches and puttees, was probably a pilot, come to assure himself of the safety of the planes amid the excitement of the night. The other, who carried a shotgun, was apparently another of the guards. The pair were smoking and talking casually, stopping at intervals to listen to the vague sounds which came from the direction of Cathy.

Inch by inch Dave crept toward the hangar, hugging the shadows beside the black wall of the jungle. The unexpected presence of the two men complicated matters. He had thought the building would

Revelations of the "Trial"

There were some real revelations at the inquiry into the prison management yesterday. We are referring not at all to the testimony which was introduced nor the alleged facts presented, but to the delineation of the battle-lines for the 1932 political campaign in the state of Oregon.

The 1932 battle will be for the further vesting of control of state's affairs in the hands of Gov. Julius L. Meier. That will come in two ways: first, control of the legislature, not through terror, as was true of the last legislature, and through choice definitely made and announced by the legislative candidates.

The second move will be toward increasing the governor's domination of the state board of control. The Meier party will undoubtedly have a candidate for the Kay office of treasurer; and will most certainly run a man against Hal Hoss for secretary of state. The election of either one of these candidates would give the governor absolute control over the state institutions and various offices now under the board of control.

It should not be at all surprising if Gov. Meier did not appeal to the legislature to divest the board of control with power over these institutions and to put them all under the governor's office.

Supt. Henry Meyers of the state penitentiary was but an incident of the trial. The prison itself was but an incident. The battle was over domination: whether the governor should reign in Oregon or whether a triumvirate board of control should wield power. It was easily evident which side had the sympathy of the "gallery." At every opportunity the crowd applauded the governor. It was not a question of facts with them, but an expression of sympathy and loyalty. It is not difficult to forecast what the result of the 1932 plebiscite will be unless there should be a marked shift in public sentiment. This is of course easily possible, because public fancy is decidedly fickle; and the hero of today becomes the victim of the morrow.

It is easy also to see forming, in fact quite fully formed now, a political organization which is building for permanent power. Under the astute guidance of Henry Hanzen, backed by the Meier money and led by one as aggressive and as naturally dominating as the governor, such a political machine may retain the power it has already seized for a long time to come. The moves now in the making are not just for the authority of today, but to build control for the indefinite future. We are not here commenting on whether this machine or any machine is good or bad; but merely reporting what is going on before our eyes. It is a matter of intense interest and of course of deep importance to the welfare of the state.

Those who thought that the election of last November was but a disturbing episode have another guess coming. It was not an incident; it was a revolution.

The Puzzle Over Education

There seems to be a growing appreciation of the dilemma in which the board of higher education finds itself. On the one hand it must cut expenses over a million dollars. On the other hand it has before it recommendations of a survey which if followed out in full would develop a very costly system of higher education in Oregon. Certainly the recommendations for fresh expenditure which the report makes more than offsets the possibilities of economy which others of its recommendations would give. Added to these perplexities are the protests that are coming against certain of the suggestions. Friends of the university and of higher education oppose stripping the university of the pure sciences. The state college will certainly object to losing its school of commerce, long regarded as belonging in the domain of "practical" courses rather than in the field of arts and letters.

It becomes increasingly apparent that carrying out the program of the survey commission would pretty well disrupt higher education in Oregon. Even under one administration it is doubtful if the university and state college could function well under the plan of the commission. We note the Baker Democrat-Herald and the Newberg Graphic take the bull by the horns and urge definite consolidation of the two schools.

The Baker paper, which by the way is owned by two men, one a graduate of the university and the other of the state college, had the following:

"There is one thing that can be done if the regents and the governor have the nerve to brave criticism by suggesting it. This is to consolidate the college and the university into a big University of Oregon or Oregon State University, giving all courses now taught at either place, with the work concentrated on one campus, using the other for junior college instruction.

"It is generally recognized that this should have been done in the first place. Hardly any well informed person doubts it. However it wasn't done with the result that we have considerable unnecessary duplication and a great deal of destructive rivalry. A consolidation would unquestionably save a great deal of money, and since we are always going to have one or two state universities, this sum would over the long future run into an enormous amount, far greater than any present sacrifice of buildings by such consolidation. Over a 50-year period both campuses could be abandoned in total and one new one built, with a net gain to the taxpayers, if such a course were necessary, which it is not. The state is now spending more than \$3,000,000 a year on higher education, \$300,000,000 in 100 years.

"From the educational and tax standpoint a consolidation is desirable. Whether it is politically feasible we do not know, but there is a general demand for drastic reductions in educational costs that probably can be achieved in no other way. Most anything can come out of the regents' meeting next week, even so radical a proposal as consolidation of the University of Oregon and Oregon State college. Such a plan would arouse violent opposition among alumni of both institutions and in Corvallis or Eugene, depending upon which town was supported by taxpayers who are not interested in school or town rivalries, but are immensely interested in getting the most education for their money."

The Newberg Graphic urges "consolidate them", and would supplant both Pres. Kerr and Pres. Hall with one president and establish the combined "University of Oregon" on the present campus of the state college, choosing this location apparently because the survey said the university plant would need largely to be rebuilt.

If economy is the great goal then assuredly the correct solution would be to create a single institution at one city or the other. If this be not done, then it seems to us the proper solution would be to reduce the scope of work, without bodily transfers of divisions or work from one school to the other.

We have grave fears for the outcome. We are afraid that the hasty surgery of ill-advised doctors will leave two

HEALTH

mutated institutions which will be monuments to academic stupidity and lay blindness. The result will be a set-back for Oregon's education and Oregon's development which it will take years to overcome.

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Jason Lee White drowning:
 (Continued from yesterday.)
 Mrs. White brought with her letters of condolence from the people at Fort Vancouver, among them one from Rev. Herbert Beaver and Jane Beaver, his wife, who visited them a little later at the old mission. Rev. Beaver was the chaplain (Episcopal) at the fort at the time.

The drowning of Jason Lee White was in August, 1838. Bancroft says he was the first white boy born in the Oregon country, resided in Marion county, in July, 1836, and that he was 11 months old when he was drowned. The book of Dr. and Mrs. White says he was 11 months old, but that makes his birth in September, 1837. Bancroft made a mistake in the year of his birth, and also the month, without question. He likely got the age from the White book.

Bancroft says also: "On the 15th day of September, 1837, Joseph Beers was born, and in 1882 died in Marion county, the oldest American native in Oregon." That was no doubt correct, so that Jason Lee White must have been born before September 15 of that year, for the Whites said in their book that their child was the "first born son of Oregon."

The Beers boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alanson Beers, at the old mission, and his coming must have been attended by Dr. White, who was the physician in charge there, and of course Dr. and Mrs. White would know if he came before their own boy.

All the historians who mention the matter say two children came with Dr. and Mrs. White when they arrived with the first reinforcement, in May, 1837. Mr. and Mrs. Beers with three children being in the same party. The Whites brought two children, but one of them was an adopted son, George Staughtenberg, aged about 12 and their first boy, Silas, around two years old. Silas was 13 months old when they started from Boston on July 23, 1835. The adopted son was drowned in the Willamette river near the old mission August 16, 1839, when he was 14, and his body was not found (by an Indian) for more than 30 days thereafter. Let the White book tell part of the story, thus:

"Neither were Dr. and Mrs. White without their personal afflictions (they had been telling of the death of a child, a son, a Pitman) Jason Lee and boy, first white child and mother for whom ground was opened in the Oregon country), for there (at the old mission) they buried George, their adopted son, who was drowned while attempting to cross the Willamette river on horseback. The current was very rapid (the river then ran where Beaver slough is now, east of the present channel), and it supposed he became entangled in the saddle, was drowned and carried away, before his companion, an Indian, could reach him.

"He narrowly escaped a similar fate the day they left Havana for New York, to start for Oregon. He was rambling thoughtlessly about the boat, when he accidentally fell overboard, and was recovered with some difficulty. He was dear to them as an own child, and they lamented their loss with heartfelt sorrow.

"By his side, also (in the cemetery for the whites at the old mission), they laid their little Jason, an infant of 11 months, which was likewise drowned, when Mrs. White so miraculously escaped with her own life, while on an excursion down the Columbia river.

"It was the season that Dr. Whitman's little daughter was drowned in the Walla Walla, a tributary of the Columbia, and what made it a more remarkable coincidence was that these two children were the first born son and daughter of Oregon. It was truly a summer of singular events, the greatest revival and the greatest number of deaths that occurred during the same length of time of their stay in Oregon."

DR. A. B. CULVER STARTS NORMAL Y.

MONMOUTH, April 17.—Following an address at convocation of the Oregon Normal school Tuesday by Dr. Raymond B. Culver, Y. M. C. A. worker, a group of men students of the college organized a local Y. M. C. A. Plans are being made to send representatives to the Seabeck conference in June.

Officers elected are: Ed Taggart, president; Clive Tittle, vice-president; Ted Bacon, secretary-treasurer; and Lester Smith, field council representative.

Doctor Culver, who has previously appeared before the Normal school, addressed the students a comparison between the youth of a few years ago, most of whom enjoyed a remarkably care-free existence; and the youth of today, many of whom are experiencing distress at the necessity of making a living—all of which tends markedly to alter the thoughts of youth. He referred to President Hoover's axiom that the opinions and ideals of the youth of today, shape the policies of the nation tomorrow. Hence the probability of divergent aspects on many future phases.

BEST SPELLERS NAMED

VALSETZ, April 17.—The county spelling contest is to be held at Salem April 25. Those entering are: third grade—Marjorie Norton, fourth grade—Dorothy Lent, fifth grade—Sherry Roland, sixth grade—Feggy Neusbaum, seventh grade—Leonard Marcum, eighth grade—Sylvia Vasek.

READ INSIDE STUFF AND GET WISER!

It was the season that Dr. Whitman's little daughter was drowned in the Walla Walla, a tributary of the Columbia, and what made it a more remarkable coincidence was that these two children were the first born son and daughter of Oregon. It was truly a summer of singular events, the greatest revival and the greatest number of deaths that occurred during the same length of time of their stay in Oregon."

American Biographies in Miniature
 F. W. Woolworth (1852-1919)

1. THIS FAMOUS AMERICAN MERCHANT AND FOUNDER OF THE FIVE AND TEN STORES SPENT HIS EARLY LIFE ON A FARM.

2. HE ATTENDED BUSINESS COLLEGE AND BECAME A CLERK IN A DEPARTMENT STORE WHERE A BARGAIN COUNTER GAVE HIM THE IDEA OF THE "FIVE AND TEN."

3. IN 1879 HE OPENED HIS FIRST FIVE CENT STORE IN UTICA, N.Y., BUT IT WAS FAILURE. HIS FUTURE STORES, HOWEVER, WERE A SUCCESS AND IN 1920 THERE WERE OVER 1000 OF THEM.

4. HIS STORES HAVE BEEN FOUND IN ALL PARTS OF THIS COUNTRY (CANADA AND ENGLAND), AND HE LIVED TO SEE HIS DREAM, THE FAMOUS 57 STORY WOODMONT BUILDING BECOME A REALITY.

Such a sincere service as ours builds appreciation and friendship

W.T. RIGDON & SON MORTUARY
 W.T. RIGDON PRES 1891
 LLOYD T. RIGDON
 WINFRED R. HERRICK
 G. DALE TAYLOR
 EVERETT T. COUNTS