

**The Oregon Statesman**  
 "No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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**House Fly**

C. C. Deaver, M.D., Marion Co. Health Dept. One of the most common of insect enemies of man is the house fly. It really should be called the "filthy" fly, as it breeds in filth, lives in filth and carries filth wherever it goes. It is notorious as a carrier of disease germs, notably typhoid. In the Spanish-American war about one out of every five of our volunteers soldiers had typhoid fever and that the fly was one of the principal agents in spreading the disease. It has been shown that babies who were carefully protected from flies had only one-half as much summer complaint as babies not protected.

Flies can be greatly reduced in numbers by seeing that no refuse is left handy for them in which to breed, by trapping them and killing them with fly-swatters. Fly poisons are not safe because of the danger of poisoning human beings. Proper screening of houses will keep most of them out of the house or other buildings.

Mosquitoes are another of the insect enemies, certain kinds being merely annoying, another kind being responsible for the spread of malaria and still another for the spread of yellow fever. Fortunately this community has never been seriously threatened by either disease. Warmer climates are the usual abodes for these types of diseases. Mosquitoes of any kind can be eliminated by seeing that there are no pools of stagnant water for them in which to lay their eggs. This is done by draining, placing fish in stagnant waters to eat the larvae, or spraying oil or chemicals on the water which will kill the larvae.

A particular kind of louse is responsible for transferring typhus fever from one person to another. This disease has been frequent in prisons, army camps and other places where people are living in close quarters, until the true cause of transmission was found. Bubonic plague is a disease of rats and is transferred to man by fleas.

There are many household pests, such as bugs, ants and cockroaches which can be killed by the use of liquid sprays or powders in dark corners and in cracks where the insects may breed. Bedbugs may be destroyed in a like manner. Specific directions for eliminating these pests can be obtained from the Marion County Health Department.

What health problems have you? If the above article raises any question in your mind, write that question out and send it either to The Statesman or the Marion County Health Department. The answer will appear in this column. Name should be signed, but will not be used in the paper.



**BITS for BREAKFAST**  
 By R. J. HENDRICKS

Arrival of the Whites:  
 (Continued from yesterday.)  
 "After a time the woman stole out from among the trees, and, seating herself beside her husband, they were both soon friendly. They presented their visitors with some wapatoots, which they had roasted, and which, though they were not as delicious as the best of potatoes, as their appetites were sharpened, tasted well."

"After supper, they were sufficiently wearied to sleep, and therefore drew the canoe ashore, and in it composed themselves to rest under the shelter of blankets. They slept sweetly and undisturbed till nearly sunrise, when they were awakened by the rocking of the boat, and found that by rising of the tide they were almost afloat."

"After breakfast, they were again on their way. . . . Towards noon the voyagers arrived in sight of an Indian hamlet, which consisted of a row of buildings, if I may so call them, not less than 100 feet in length, and perhaps 20 in width, formed by planting in the ground poles, perhaps 25 feet long, notching the ends, with others extending each to each, and placing against them bark, the whole resembling the roof of a house. Towards this Pilot George directed the crew to row, and as they approached the shore large numbers of both sexes and all sizes flocked to the beach. They seemed to be in a state of great poverty and destitution. Their slight clothing was of skins, and almost their only food salmon. One of the women seeing the child came forward with a large piece of fish in her hand, the grease trickling through her brown fingers, and offered it to him. After some little repugnance Mrs. White took it and gave it to Silas, who, with less fastidiousness than his mother, eagerly devoured it. Silas, first born son of the Whites, was not far from 2 years old at that time."

"They tarried here but a short time. . . . Towards evening a light breeze sprang up and they hoisted sail. This was done by fastening a blanket to a long pole, in imitation of the main mast of a ship. As the wind freshened they raised another similar, which very much increased their speed. As they passed around a sharp point a puff of wind struck one of the sails, and loosening a corner, turned the canoe far on its side, imminently endangering the safety of its occupants, and giving them a hearty fright."

"At this moment Dr. Talmie (W. F. Tolmie), from the fort above, hove in sight, on his way to the Cowerlitz (Cowlitz) settlement. He saw the accident and hastened to the spot, without the expectation of finding a single survivor, and assuring them that it was little less than a miracle that they were saved. They found him a pleasant, intelligent young man. His cordiality and friendship interested them much, and their own danger was forgotten in the happiness of meeting him."

"He informed them that they were about 20 miles from their destination, and after a cheerful chat with them they separated. . . . The shades of evening were softening around them and they sped rapidly towards the fort, which they reached about midnight, thoroughly wearied; the monotony of the solitary, gloomy voyage's journey unbroken, save by the repeated firing of heavy muskets, to apprise its inhabitants of their approach. . . . The crew took possession of their effects, and Pilot George led the way to the gate, little more than half a mile distant."

"They rapped loudly at the portal and were answered from within by the barking of dogs. In a few moments they heard a heavy step, and a gruff voice roughly demanded 'who's there?'"

"There's a ripe and lusty question of ethics for you, Dave," Talbot chuckled. The bland expression on his round face indicated that he was enjoying the situation hugely. "Seems to me that we have our own position to consider, too. The jury would have a fine time uncrumbling who killed whom and why, and who deserves to be hanged and who doesn't."

"Listen, feller," broke in the Italian eagerly. "There ain't no body bumped off excepting the Big Shot, his personal pilot and some of our own torpedoes. There ain't none of your mob hurt any. So who the heck cares? There ain't been any coppers here since we came, and there ain't likely to be any for a long time. What do they care who happens in this lousy patch of scrubs? No body has to know there's been any shooting here at all. How about it?"

(To be continued)

**Deflate the Road Costs**

ONE of the big sacred oxen of recent years has been road-building. In the craze for good roads immediately the public went wild on road construction. We have jammed a century of road building into a decade and a half. Paved roads through logged-off lands, across mountains, around face of cliffs, have been far more costly than the traffic would justify.

We talk about the duplication of a dozen or so courses at Corvallis and Eugene, but we do not bat an eye over road duplication. Take the north and south roads. There are the Pacific, the Coast highway, The Dalles-California highway, and soon there will be links across the eastern section of the state into Nevada. It is true the roads serve different sections, yet there is a vast amount of duplication in our highway system, imposed by local demands.

The time has come to deflate the vast machinery of highway building, setting our program for construction at a more moderate rate, at a permanent stride. This will seem hereby to the road trust of office-holders, road engineers, contractors, cement makers, machinery salesmen—the whole hierarchy which has fanned the public demand and built up the great road machine.

Our gas taxes have climbed steadily from the one cent a gallon in 1919 up to four cents now and in some states five or six. Add to these costs license taxes and the burden on the motorist becomes very heavy. Car-owners have not complained hitherto because the primary roads seemed to justify the outlay, but with pinched pocket-book now they are commencing to wince under the motor tax load.

The whole structure of highway control ought to be gone over, not with expectation of finding graft, so much as tightening up on costs. Our highway commission here has had a free hand in spending money, accountable only to itself. No one dared say a word against the road expenditure because that was another sacred ox. The times are ripe for a careful going over of costs, pruning of staffs, stepping up of production, elimination of waste and rubber-tired office chairs for solvent hangers-on.

If the road work doesn't get back to earth it will get a blow on the solar plexus just like the colleges of the state.

The people are waking up to the need for deflating highway expenditures.

**The Poor Cinderellas**

THE normal schools have been the poor cinderellas of the educational picture. They have had to take about what was left, and in the survey report the criticism is rather sharp at the treatment of these schools. It was a mistake no doubt to establish two more of these schools and the survey would make the two outlying ones junior colleges with normal training also offered.

The Monmouth Herald makes the following remarks respecting the needs and position of the normal schools:  
 "Oregon has become so accustomed to having the high lights of higher education thrown on the university and state colleges that it loses sight of any consideration for the normal schools. Considerable stress is now being laid on the fact that the federal survey shows the cost per capita on Oregon for higher education to be considerably higher than the per capita cost in the average state. But no attention is paid to the statement in the same survey that the per capita cost in Oregon for elementary teacher training is much lower than the average for the same kind of instruction in other states in the union. In fact, the statement is made that there are only two other states which spend less on this kind of instruction."

"Another statement in the survey that has not received any attention is the one repeatedly made that elementary teacher training is the most important single function of higher education. Unless some effort is made to stress this point, we are apt, in the hasty plan to consolidate all the state schools under one head, to find the old condition continuing, especially if that head has been especially trained along other lines. The tendency would still be to consider elementary teacher training as a means to an end, as a stepping stone, to contribute to the importance of the other kinds of training. The modern idea agrees that elementary teaching deserves to be considered as a profession, self contained, and worthy of consideration as a life vocation."

**A Leader Without Office**

MRS. Alice Roosevelt Longworth shows very good judgment in declining to become a candidate for congress to succeed her late husband. True, she is familiar with the political scene and would quite competently fill the position. But Mrs. Longworth has long been active in politics in another role, and it is probable now that her activities in this direction will increase.

Mrs. Longworth is one of the active observers and participants in political affairs at Washington. Hers is not just a social salon like those of the French madames. She is intelligent, she is interested, and she has a wide acquaintance. Now she will doubtless continue this activity, and without her husband's position to safeguard, she will seek to impress her own self and her own ideas on the weaving of the political fabric.

She is too serious-minded to be a gay widow; too young to retire into widow's weeds; and too much interested in politics to let her energies be diverted to other areas. It will indeed be interesting to observe her return to "public life" after her period of mourning is over; because her vivid personality is bound to express itself, and she may become a real unofficial leader in Washington affairs.

In the death of William Dabney of Baker, Oregon loses a fine citizen. He devoted a lifetime of work and service in this state. Besides being a prominent leader of the great livestock industry of eastern Oregon, Mr. Dabney found time to serve as county judge of his county and as chairman of the state highway commission. One of the builders of the commonwealth has gone on.

A society dame of New York fell to her death out of an eighth story apartment house window. There have been so many falls of apartment house windows the new ones will have to be built with landing nets about the base.

A woman sued Eugene O'Neil for a million and a quarter, charging him with stealing from her the plot for his "Strange Interlude". That's often the case. When a play or a book or a movie scenario is successful some one comes along and charges plagiarism.

**Yesterdays**  
 . . . Of Old Salem

**Town Talks from The Statesman of Earlier Days**

April 25, 1906  
 The state land board yesterday advanced from \$6 to \$7.50 per acre for the lie and base for indemnity selection.

Norris and Rowe's new complete circus will be in Salem May 8.

Mrs. Gertrude Frazure of San Francisco, sister of J. E. Bourne, ticket clerk at the S. P. depot, arrived yesterday from the bay city. She reports several narrow escapes during the terrible calamity there but fortunately arrived safe.

The second hand store of C. B. Meador on Court between Liberty and High caught on fire last night but was put out before great damage resulted.

**New Views**

"What do you think of the storm we are having, was the question answered, as follows, by certain Salemites:  
 Mrs. Jessie Arnold, office worker: "I hate the feel of the storm. It makes me feel as if I do when I camp out."  
 James D. Sears, realtor: "Real estate is moving over here pretty fast from eastern Oregon but it will do no harm for we need a little bit of alkali."  
 Winnie Pettjohn, realtor: "I think this dust storm will make people appreciate the Willamette valley with all its freshness."  
 Mrs. Mary Denton, music teacher: "I don't like the dust storm; I don't like to clean up the dirt it leaves."  
 Clyde Shipp, fountain tender: "This is wonderful. It reminds me of Nebraska where I used to live only at least 20 years ago."  
 Mrs. Elizabeth Gallinger, W. C. A. secretary: "This dust may be out of place here, but it has certainly given needed temporary employment to many women; our employment bureau shows that."

**Daily Thought**

"Bad will be the day for every man, when he becomes absolutely contented with the life that he is living, with the thoughts that he is thinking, with the deeds that he is doing, when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do because he is still, in spite of all, the child of God."  
 Philip Brooks.

temperament showers fell here during the afternoon and the weather forecast was for rain or snow.

**"A Knight Comes Flying" By Eustace L. Adams**

CHAPTER XXXIV.  
 Three men were running toward the slowly moving amphibian. As they reached its side the clumsy-looking ship began to gather speed. Two of the running men managed to work their way over the round mahogany hull and into the cockpit. The third slipped, clutched the cowl with one hand and remained, clinging there, his feet dragging on the ground. The plane's wheels left the earth, the clinging man held on, twisting in the wind blast as the heavy ship climbed. Then he let go. The plane went on, disappearing over the northern end of the field. Only the motionless, sprawling figure remained to mark its passing.

Dave's throat was closed. He was whirling down in a dizzy spiral. As the little ship spun toward the earth he caught a hazy glimpse of a second car on the field. But the image was blurred and, for the moment, he was not interested. He had eye only for Joan, who was running from the stalled truck. His wheels smacked the ground close by her side. Automatic in hand, he leaped out of the cockpit before the plane ceased moving. She was still running. She screamed as he caught her and threw his right arm around her slender body. She struck at him. "Joan!" he called sharply.

"At the sound of his voice her flailing hands dropped to her side. His left arm surrounded her and he drew her close to him. And she was utterly content to remain in his protecting arms, sheltered from the seething tide of conflict that had, but an instant before, raged and swirled around her. She was no longer the self-sufficient, competent mistress of the plantation house. She was a buffeted, bewildered girl, whose world had suddenly erupted to the sound of harsh voices, spitting guns and roaring motors. Gerry's long-nosed car suddenly appeared beside them and stopped, interposing its huge bulk between them and the milling men across the field.

"Nice place for a clinch," Gerry observed, owlishly, swinging the tonneau door open. "Has anybody told you there's a lovely war going on?"

"I'm all right now," smiled Joan, looking up into Dave's bronzed face.

With an easy swing of his powerful arms he lifted her to the tonneau and leaped in beside her. The entire field was strangely still. The men who, a moment before, had been running, shouting and yelling, had disappeared.

**PRESIDENT**



**AMERICAN BIOGRAPHIES IN MINIATURE**

1. **WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859)**  
 BORN IN NEW YORK APRIL 3, 1783. HE WAS ADMITTED TO THE BAR BUT MADE LITTLE LEGAL HEADWAY, PREFERING TO WRITE.

2. **IRVING'S HOME - SUNNY SIDE.**  
 IN 1845 HE WENT TO ENGLAND, ENGAGING IN BUSINESS, THE BUSINESS FAILING, HE AGAIN TURNED TO WRITING, MAKING CONSIDERABLE MONEY.

3. **AMONG HIS FAMOUS WORKS ARE THE STORY OF 'RIP VAN WICKLE,' 'SALAMANDER,' 'MEXICO'S HISTORY,' 'NEW YORK,' AND 'LIFE OF WASHINGTON.'**

4. **IN 1824 HE WAS APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN. AFTER FOUR YEARS HE RETURNED TO NEW YORK AND CONTINUED HIS LITERARY WORK.**

Upon leaving his home in the morning, each man is the ambassador of his family, seeking to arrange terms that assure their comfort and happiness.

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**Renahan Crash May be Solved**

KETCHIKAN, Alaska, April 24.—(AP)—Investigation of a report two Meliaktas Indians had found the fully clothed body of a man on Hotsup Island was begun today on the theory that another clue to the Renahan plane crash may be uncovered.

**UTAH WINDY NOW**  
 SALT LAKE CITY, April 24.—(AP)—Heavy winds that spread destruction over northern Utah during the last 24 hours continued last night with abating fury. In-