

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Ave"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, SHEDDEN F. SACKETT, Publishers
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE Editor-Manager
SHEDDEN F. SACKETT Managing Editor

Member of the Associated Press

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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. \$9.00; 3 Mo. \$25.00; 6 Mo. \$45.00; 1 Year \$80.00. Outside Oregon 50 cents per Mo. or \$5.00 for 1 year advance.
By City Carrier: 45 cents a month; \$5.00 a year in advance. Per Copy 2 cents. On trains and News Stands 5 cents.

Bring on the Wrecking Crew

THE state board of higher education had the chance by one stroke to end turmoil in higher education in this state, to launch its program of unification with some prospect of its success, and to consolidate back of the board and its program the vast majority of the thinking citizenship of the state. That chance lay in the appointment of Dr. W. J. Kerr to the position of chancellor. The urging of Dr. Kerr was essentially non-partisan and was prompted by recognition of his supreme fitness for the position, his capacity as an executive in education, and his comprehensive knowledge of Oregon's conditions and needs gained through 25 years of constructive leadership in this state. The movement on behalf of Dr. Kerr first started by friends who appreciated his ability and his service, spread over the state and finally was supported by eminent university alumni and business men of Eugene. Only a group of die-hard partisans opposed the selection of Dr. Kerr, but these partisans won. The obstructionists on the state board of higher education held firm like an old guard and under threat of resignation forced the majority to withdraw from the election of Dr. Kerr.

Now it is announced that the board will go east. Go east indeed! They went east and got a secretary, Dr. Lind-sey for \$7500 a year. The university went east a few years ago and got a coach, Doc Spears at \$11,000 a year; and look what they got! Go east indeed, and bring out some innocent plastered over with Ph. D's and turn him loose out here to further experiment on the higher educational system of Oregon. Bring out some academic theorist endorsed by the educational hierarchy which heads up in Columbia university and we will soon have confusion worse confounded.

The state board has successfully muddled most of its program. One reason advanced for not engaging Dr. Kerr was because previous announcement had been made that the board would not consider an Oregon man. But the board has back-tracked on every major decision it ever made. Like the king of France it bravely marched up the hill on curricular reorganization; then marched down; and after a year shut its eyes and marched somewhere it doesn't know just where. The board abolished compulsory military training; then restored it. The board forbade autos on the campus and Tuesday virtually reversed its stand by passing the buck. The board lobbied for maximum appropriations at the last session of the legislature, claimed it needed the money; now that over a million was lopped off by veto and referendum, the board claims the credit for great economics.

The purported plan of educational reorganization is an administrative monstrosity. Nowhere in the world will you find a set-up such as the board attempts to force on the institutions in this state. There is such conflict of authority that it is almost inconceivable that the plan will work. You have a costly business office in Salem, with a secretary of apparently wide but undefined powers. You have or will have a chancellor; then presidents on each campus. Then you have functional deans with jurisdiction on various campuses, responsible to presidents, chancellor, executive secretary, and board. The only possible chance the plan of the board would work would be to have a man of the character and capacity of Dr. Kerr to take full charge as the responsible executive of the system, a man able to keep presidents and deans in their places and establish order where now is chaos. Bring in a new man and the chances are nine to one he will wear out his soul on the hedges and limitations which this academic blue-print imposes.

If the board had named Dr. Kerr much of the agitation for consolidation of the two universities would have died out; now it will be instantly revived and on much larger scale. The Statesman has been open-minded on the question of consolidation, recognizing the force of arguments on both sides. The editor has felt that it would be better under leadership such as that obtainable under Dr. Kerr, to go ahead with two institutions at Eugene and Corvallis, rather than to destroy the university at Eugene. But the narrow-mindedness of the board in rejecting the fine services of Dr. Kerr, recognized as one of the greatest educational executives in the United States virtually forces the conclusion that the board is impotent to make its plan succeed; and that the educational turmoil in Oregon will not abate under its administration. Instead of going forward the board has definitely succeeded in hatching an impossible plan of university organization, has multiplied duplication through making the lower division work identical, has stirred up rather than allayed bitterness and rivalry. It has effectually paved the way for the wrecking crew to complete the job of demoralization of higher education in Oregon.

Judge McMahan "Cleared"

THE grand jury rightfully threw out the "charges" made against Judge McMahan. None of these was an indictable offense. A man may be a poor judge but that doesn't mean he should be fined or thrown into jail. The "charges" should be presented to the electorate when the judge is a candidate for re-election and not to the grand jury which is without authority or capacity to determine matters of this character.

The charges were advanced in the heat of a political campaign to counteract charges which the judge had advanced against other elective officials. They suffer the usual fate of all such charges made under such conditions,—when the campaign is over the heat dies down and the charges are kicked out in the gutter.

We anticipate the same result will follow with the charges which the judge made against other officials. The public has new bones to gnaw and isn't interested in those whose marrow was sucked out months ago.

Armies Marching Past

"Do away with Europe hang to armies, although Voltaire said 'War is part of the blood history of European nations. As Hillaire Belloc says in his biography of Danton respecting the causes of the revolutionary wars:

"There are no causes. Only, if you will look and see how Europe has lived, and how our great things have been done, and our history is an epic whose beginning is lost, whose books are Roncevalles and Cotenouva and Waterloo, and whose end is never reached."

The Voice of the "Pee-pull"



BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Historic Waldo house:

The house in which the Daniel Waldo family and Judge William Waldo resided in Salem still stands. It stands in two places, both near its original location.

W. H. and Chloa A. Willson, original townsite proprietors, transferred to L. F. Grover block 79, and some additional acreage, under deed recorded February 29, 1856. Consideration, \$1300. Grover (afterwards governor, U. S. senator, etc.) deeded that block to E. J. Harding, under transfer recorded June 11, 1858; consideration \$1500. The transfer to Grover was by notes and bonds. It seems that most such deeds of the period were that way, though the original town had been platted. Block 79 begins at the northeast corner of Union and Winter.

Under a deed from Mrs. Willson (Willson having died in April, 1857), E. J. Harding acquired the tract east of that block and running to North Mill creek on the

east and north, including what is now Summer street, which had not then been opened. This transfer was recorded December 22, 1858, consideration \$500, and, with the purchase from Grover, gave Harding something like 20 acres of land, running from the northeast corner of Union and Winter north to the Willson donation claim line, and to Mill creek on the east and north sides, around to the donation claim line.

September 23, 1855, E. J. Harding and Eleanor his wife deeded to Daniel Waldo the whole tract, that is about 20 acres. Mrs. Eleanor Harding, still alert and of good memory, attained the age of 94 years April 14 last, and her home is at Gervais, Oregon. She is the grand old woman of that section. E. J. was "Jenks" Harding, an early Marion county clerk, brother of B. F. Harding, U. S. senator and very prominent in early Oregon political and other

affairs. "Jenks" Harding in his prime was a large land holder in the section west of Gervais, and a bonanza farmer. A considerable acreage of the land is still in the ownership of the family.

The consideration in the deed from the Hardings to Waldo was \$6000, and attached to it was a \$6 revenue stamp; war or "null-tax" tax of that period. It shows a profit to Harding of \$4000 for the time he owned the property. On that acreage now are homes the aggregate value of which in normal times is perhaps \$150,000, or much more; such homes as those of W. T. Jenks, Homer H. Smith, William McMillan, J. R. H. A. Cornoyer, Karl Becke, the Kafourys, Poormans, Busicks, Pollocks, etc., etc.

The 1871 and 1872 Salem Directory gives, in the list of residents: "Waldo, D., farmer, res. north end Summer," and "Waldo, Wm., lawyer, bds. (boards) D. Waldo." The Waldo place was at "north end Summer" because that street then ran only to the Waldo land. It was opened when additional to the north of the original Waldo claim were platted, by Judge R. P. Boise.

After the passing of Daniel Waldo, his son, William, moved the main part of the big family house out to the street, corner Winter and Union, and he rebuilt for himself the dining room and kitchen of the original home, and there he lived until his death. That house is now in possession of the Pridays, occupied by Chas. R. Friday and his daughter, Faith. It is at 645 North Summer street; it stands far back from the street, in or near its original location.

The main part of the old Waldo house, with the lot on which it stands, was acquired by John R. Pollock, under deed recorded August 12, 1916. The house then faced Union street. They turned it half around, to face Winter, corner Union, made a basement under it, and rearranged some of the rooms, etc. But the historic building is substantially as it was when occupied by the Daniel Waldo family. The front door is the same, the back door, the front porch, etc., etc. John R. Pollock is proprietor of the Salem Shoe Shop, 135 South Liberty. The Pollocks own the residence next north; but they erected it, after turning the original Waldo house half around.

The Daniel Waldo family had a big barn that stood east of the original location of the house; northeast of the present Friday house, and also carriage and wagon sheds, etc. The big redwood tree, standing in Summer street, near Union, is said to have been brought from California on horseback, in the late fifties or early sixties. It was then, of course, only a small tree. It was planted in the front yard of the Waldo house.

Daniel Waldo was born in Virginia in 1800. He went to Missouri at the age of 19, where he resided in St. Clair county until 1843, and was a neighbor of the Applegates. He suffered from fevers in Missouri and came with the first covered wagon train to cross the plains and arrive in the Willamette valley—and he recovered his health on the plains journey. He died at his home in Salem September 18, 1880.

When the Waldo arrived, they sought for high ground—they wanted to get above the river bottoms where they imagined fevers might prevail. Seeking a place for their donation claim, they went to the hills east of where Salem now stands. It is said Mrs. Waldo picked the location, near the present town of Macleay. They were the first settlers in those hills—the Waldo hills, taking the name of the family.

The Murder of the Night Club Lady

By ANTHONY ABBOT

SYNOPSIS

Lola Carew, "The Night Club Lady," and her guest, Christine Quires, are mysteriously murdered in the former's apartment. Suspicion was the instrument of death. The police suspect Guy Everett, the last person to see Christine alive. Lola had blackmailed Everett. He, however, claims that Christine discovered a plot to kill Lola and feared for her own life because of her knowledge. Police Commissioner Thatcher Cole learns that a young Paris bank clerk, named Basil Bouchon, loved Lola. After he and a man who gave him a ruby, Basil disappeared. His parents sold medical laboratory specimens. Mrs. Carew, Lola's mother, became hysterical at the mention of Basil, calling her daughter a beast and saying Lola never loved him. Edgar Quires, Christine's brother, left his Rochester home for New York following the receipt of a telegram the day of the murders. Christine was to have inherited wealth shortly. Suspicion also points to Dr. Hugh Baldwin when it is disclosed that he purchased scorpions. He had stated heart failure caused the deaths. Colt, calling to question Baldwin, finds him dead—from a scorpion bite! Mrs. Baldwin reveals that she knew her husband was involved with Lola. Detective reports reveal that a man who gave him a box. In Baldwin's desk the Commissioner finds a statement in which the doctor explains he accidentally poisoned Gaylor Gifford, Lola's husband. Lola's knowledge of this placed Baldwin in her power. She forced him to supply narcotics which she used to victimize her friends and later blackmailed them.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

THIS is the woman to whom I have been attacked in an unholly pact for the last several years. Will it seem to be strange if I confess that she has exercised over me a horrible and fantastic influence? How can we desire that which has made us suffer torment? No psychoanalytical theory has made that mystery clear to me, for they answer me only in words and I suffer in my nerves and tissues. I am a home-loving man. I dearly love my wife and children, and I am happy and content, making a modest living for them and living out my life in the quiet paths of my profession. It is Lola who has broken my wife's heart. It is she who has brought a cloud of suspicion, a plague of unhappiness into my home. How, then, is it that when I am alone with her I try to hold her in my arms? It is this, as much as anything else, that has made me hate my own life that I am quitting it. I feel unclean. Yet, for whatever value it may be to the psychologist—let me record it here and now that I did passionately desire this woman, who has held me in bondage and has treated me with contempt, with studied and continued insolence.

It was a queer relationship. I furnished drugs to many strange people. But even this was not the full extent of my operations. "All of this has been going on, ever since my friend died—my friend, Gaylor Gifford, whom, unintentionally, I killed. In those years of what I may call my serfdom to Lola Carew I believed that I knew the full extent of her wickedness. But recently my eyes were opened. I learned then what I had not before even dreamed of—that in the range of this beautiful creature's crimes not even murder was excluded.

"Specifically, what brought me to this realization was a demand that she made upon me. It was an order that could have only one meaning. It was told that she wished me to supply agency, an insect whose bite would be instant death. She confessed to me that someone very im-

portant to her meant to commit a murder—I told her, she brazenly confessed this to me. "I was horror-stricken at this demand. I looked at her, as she sat before the fireplace in her living-room, as if she were a fiend from hell. The devil, I thought, must be a woman; I had always believed him a man. What reason could Lola have for a poisonous insect unless murder was stirring in her own heart, her own head, yes, and her shapely white hands? She was the one who meant to kill!

"I uttered a positive protest. I told her I would not do what she asked. It was the first time that I had refused to do anything for her, since she had me in her power. But she did not take my rebellion seriously. The very calmness with which she heard me revolt against her demands caused me to feel the weakness of my stand. Since I had been taking orders from Lola Carew, I had been wading deeper in crime all the time. Now she could denounce me to the police, not only for the death of her husband, from which I could have extricated myself, disgraced it is true, but at least free from any taint of guilt of half a thousand offenses that would send me to the Federal prison in Atlanta. She told me not to be silly. I finally told myself that she was right. I believed then that a freedom bought by a murder would be better than to go to prison and fasten on my family the price of my crime.

"I did not stop to reason, then, that I would be only opening the door to further enormities. Once Lola had been enmeshed in a murder plot, I would, indeed, be owned by that woman. She could order me to kill as often as she liked. "But this I did not realize, then. I suppose I did realize it, to tell the truth, but overriding all such sober calculations was the one desire to protect myself. I was afraid of Lola Carew. Besides, what danger was I running to provide her with the little thing she asked—an insect whose bite was positively deadly? How was I to know what she would use for it?

"It was with such base and specious reasoning that I persuaded myself. I went to a Spanish youth whom I knew—Ricardo Villafranca is his name—and talked to him about my quest. Ricardo is the proprietor of one of the laboratory supply houses with which I have dealt, in the past. He specializes in Central and South American specimens. Ricardo told me that he believed a certain scorpion, very frequently found in the Durango region of Mexico, was the most certain in its death-dealing proclivities. He had one which he showed me and upon my paying a fee, he let the scorpion free from its box and attack a frog. The death of the animal from that bite was swift and terrible; in all my experience as a physician I have never seen anything quite like it. More than once there has been one of the frightful creatures in a little box on my desk here, close to my ear. I did not realize that it was made in the box. Death within the reach of my hand—and making a soft noise!

"But I must not let my morbid state of mind intervene between my purpose and this page. I must write the truth about Lola Carew down on paper. At any moment I realize that when I read my errand of buying her deadly insect, she had fully resolved that I was to be one of her victims. "How did I know that? All in due course, my friend—you whom I do not know, but whose eyes now fall upon this manuscript. I gave the orders for the Durango scorpions. I told Lola that delivery was promised within four weeks. I remember that it was on Thanksgiving Day that I made her that promise.

J. B. Waldo, a son, was supreme judge; and an able one. William Waldo was county judge, president of the Oregon senate, etc. The daughters were married to prominent pioneers. One of them was the wife of David Logan, legislator, member of the constitutional convention, candidate for congress, etc. "Sis" Waldo, prominent in the early days, one of the noted horseback riders of her time, etc. The daughter of George W. Bro, secretary of the state land board. The Brown home, corner Union and Summer, was built on the original Waldo home acreage in Salem.

Daniel Waldo prominent in many public matters in pioneer days, was a member of the provisional government legislature of 1844. He was made one of the district judges at the 1845 second session, and county treasurer by the 1847 legislature. A party of which he and Jesse Applegate were leaders attempted to make their way over the snows of the Siskiyou early in 1848, to take the news of the Whitman massacre and secure aid in holding back the threatened Indian raid of the Oregon settlements and cities. When a member of the commission that inaugurated the movement to build the Oregon & California railroad, now a part of the Southern Pacific.

Don Waldo, one of the stockholders and directors of the company that established the Willamette woolen mill in Salem, pioneer factory of the kind on this coast. When it was needy, he loaned the company money, in order to aid it in expanding its operations and he was rewarded for his help by realizing handsome profits on the use of the funds he invested and advanced. Don Waldo belonged to the class of men who pioneer in opening new countries and who lay foundations for commonwealths and cities. When Bancroft's writers came to compile the history of Oregon they found him helpful in supplying reliable information concerning the early days of this state.

Many columns would be required to tell even briefly the Waldo saga and relate the stories clustering around the old Waldo home in Salem, which was quite a mansion for its time, and with the latching on the outside, and the rendezvous for many pioneer functions. When the Homer Smith house was built, a big oak stump that was a relic of the witness tree of the donation claim line survey had to be blasted out.

North Mill creek, back of the Waldo lot, an old carriage and wagon shed, provided "the old swimmin' hole" of the youths of Salem for a generation. Old

SHE'S PROUD



Here is the most recent photo to be made of Mrs. Sara Ann Garner, mother of Speaker John Nance Garner of Texas. The grand old woman, who has followed "Texas Jack's" career with the keenest interest since he kissed his first baby words, is immensely proud that her boy has received the Democratic nomination for Vice President of the United States.

"Then I tried to forget about the murder. I tried to plunge into my practice, which had been suffering because of my other preoccupations. I tried to be kinder to my wife and children. I tried to pick up all the threads of the old life, before this woman had come into my life.

"But even that brief interlude was not to be allowed to me. One night I was summoned to the penthouse by an excited telephone call from Lola's mother. Incidentally, need I say that my office was in the same building with Lola only because she had commanded it so? I hurried upstairs in the elevator, for the call had caught me at the office. I found that Christine Quires was ill; it was really a case of simulated stomach disorder. But Christine was suffering considerably with pain, and at first I wondered if Lola was about to put her on the drugs. But no—that was not it. I was able to relieve Christine. I was alone in the guest-room, attending to the waiting Christine, when I suddenly became, without any intention to be that, a listener at an incriminating conversation between Lola Carew and Vincent Rowland.

"I will confess this was a terrific shock to me. Ever since my college days I had known of Vincent Rowland. He was one of New York's most glamorous old gentlemen. He was a patron of young people, struggling in the arts. How many poets and painters, novelists and playwrights could thank Vincent Rowland for a grub-stake while they worked on their things? Vincent was suffering considerably with pain, and at first I wondered if Lola was about to put her on the drugs. But no—that was not it. I was able to relieve Christine. I was alone in the guest-room, attending to the waiting Christine, when I suddenly became, without any intention to be that, a listener at an incriminating conversation between Lola Carew and Vincent Rowland.

"I heard Vincent Rowland say to Lola that he felt she should not take such risks. And I heard Lola impatiently demand that Vincent expect her to do not squander the last ounce of gold out of these suckers, when it was there for the asking? My hair was standing on end. All along I had thought of Lola Carew as the head and front of all this offending. Now I was forced to believe the evidence of my own ears—that the brain of her plots lay under the white and innocent-looking hair of Vincent Rowland. He was the spider in the midst of the web. Rowland was the man behind Lola Carew.

"I saw that Christine Quires understood perfectly. She, too, had heard. She motioned to me not to speak. We listened. What more we would have heard I do not know. But perhaps Chung appeared just then—that yellow man was always showing up when you least expected him—so perhaps it was Chung who told Lola that I was in the next room with Christine.

"Distinctly I heard Lola gasp. The next instant the door was flung open. There stood Lola and her aged companion. They were looking in at us with Bluebeard eyes. Christine began to cry. I asked then—what was the matter. They said us of eavesdropping. I told them the truth. Then Lola's mother came and defended us. Lola calmed down. But I saw that gleam in Vincent Rowland's eyes. I knew he regarded me as a danger. I knew that I would now have to watch out for myself.

(to be continued)
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Quincy, last of the Calapoosia Indian tribe, used to saw the Waldo wood—and get \$1 a cord, when the Chinese price was only half that; and Dan Waldo would chuckle to himself as he paid the racketeer bonus, for Quincy would then—Monaghan to do the work, while he loafed, and partook of the bounty in food exacted at the Waldo kitchen door.

New Views

The question asked about town yesterday by Statesman reporters was: What is the most amusing circumstance you have seen or read within the past week?

Al Baker, student: "The way those windows on the west alley side of the army were jammed with big and little boys the night of the Reed-Jones match. Reminded me of youngsters crawling under circus tents for sure."

Joe Case, worker: "The thing I've been most amused about lately is the bickering over those college and university consolidation petitions. At least there are plenty of sides to the affair."

Daily Thought

Whatever strengthens and purifies the affections, enlarges the imagination, and adds spirit to sense, is useful.—Shelley.

DAHL'S HOME SHORTLY

SILVERTON, July 20. — Mrs. Arthur Dahl and two sons, Arthur, Jr. and Raymond, have written Mr. Dahl chief of police at Silverton, that they plan to start home in less than two weeks. They have been spending several weeks at the home of Mrs. Dahl's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Halvor Johnson, formerly of Silverton, at the Dahl return trip they will visit Mrs. Dahl's sister, Mrs. J. F. Beckett, who lives in Montana.

Daily Health Talks

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.

An infant's skin is extremely sensitive to all irritations, both external and internal. That is why baby's first bath should never be a soap and water bath, but rather of good olive oil. Subsequent baths should be with very soft water and a good quality soap.

Dry the skin thoroughly with a very soft cloth, preferably of linen. A liberal powdering should follow the bath. Dr. Copeland says for this purpose use a good grade of baby powder. Cheap, highly scented talcum should not be used, for the ingredients may prove to be impure and harmful to the baby's delicate skin. Babies frequently suffer from irritation where two surfaces of skin touch each other—between the arms and the body, the chin and the chest, or between the thighs. This complaint is most common in fat babies. Lack of care in keeping the baby clean, failure to remove promptly any wet or soiled clothing, and use of coarse soaps in washing the baby or his clothes, are frequent causes of skin irritations. The baby's garments should be rinsed in several tubs of clear water before drying, to make sure all the irritating soap is removed. To relieve irritation around the buttocks, oil may be applied. A useful mixture is one part of castor oil and two parts of olive oil. After this has been applied, the parts should be dusted with a good talcum powder, preferably one containing zinc oxide. In a few days marked improvement is usually noted.

Prickly heat is another torment of babies during the warm weather. It may appear, too, in cooler weather if thick woolen underwear is worn. The swelling of the skin shuts off secretions of the sweat glands of the affected parts. The treatment is frequent bathing and the application of talcum powder. Your doctor may advise a laxative and plenty of water should be taken between feedings. If flannel garments irritate the affected area, a thin muslin shirt should be worn next to the skin. Delicate, ill-nourished infants may have boils, particularly on the scalp. In that case the general health of the baby should be improved, and great care should be exercised in the baby's bathing, in its feeding and in giving it an abundance of fresh air. Boils are caused by germs penetrating the skin. Internal treatment should be prescribed by a physician, while a solution of borax acid may be used on the diseased skin. At times an excess of sugar in the feeding formula may help to induce this condition. In breast fed children it has been traced to the mother's excessive candy eating. During teething, especially in nervous children, various abnormal skin conditions may develop. A prudent mother will be careful to give her child only the simplest food and will see that the bowels and kidneys, as well as the skin, are acting normally.

Answers to Health Queries

- M. H. M. Q.—How much should a girl 17 years old, 5 feet 8 1/2 inches tall, weigh and also a girl 16 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall?
A.—They should weigh 120 pounds and 128 pounds respectively as determined by examination of a number of people.
- S. C. Q.—Are the following foods fattening? Chocolate, rye bread, grapes, apples and jelly.
A.—In excessive quantities they are fattening, all except the apples. In reasonable quantities they will supply energy and nourishment without adding to the weight.
- U. U. Q.—I am 51 years old and get hot spells. They are usually worse in the morning and my hands feel numb when they start. Sometimes my nose bleeds. What would you advise?
A.—For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope.
- I. M. Q.—I always have a coated tongue and usually always a bad breath, please tell me what you think is the matter.
A.—This is probably due to constipation or excessive acidity. For full particulars restate your question and send a stamped self-addressed envelope. Consultant, 1222 Elm Street, Spokane, W. Id.