

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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

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Water Witching for '34

THE Rosicrucians, an esoteric cult which has managed to survive for a good many centuries, has been doing some water witching for 1934 and is publishing a brochure of its prognostications. The title is "1934 and War", and one might think it was either Hearstian jingo talk or Pastor Russell evincence of Armageddon. It foretells the greatest war ever conducted under the American flag, which will last seven years. Just at this point when the cold chills start using your vertebrae for ladder rungs you may cheer up, for this is the world's most unique war. Instead of a war of destruction it will be a war of construction, not CWA either, but a war "against corruption, crime, syndicalism and civic sluggishness. It will not be fought with machine guns or poison gas, but with the weapons of new ideals, tolerance, development of culture and freedom of individual expression." This will be a disappointment to the new dealers who thought they started the revolution last March the fourth.

The brochure goes on to prophesy the results of the combat: "President Franklin D. Roosevelt will be the last president of the U. S. to function under the old constitutional order. The new form of government will be an intelligent dictatorship." That's another jolt for the brain trust who have presumed to supply intelligence along with the dictatorship of FDR. There is also to be an anti-crime movement, according to the Rosicrucian study of the stars, the forked hazel stick, or the sheep's entrails, and this will have chapters in every community whose duty it will be to instruct the younger people in the fundamentals of good citizenship. May day schools, church schools, boy scouts, etc. then suspend?

Here is a prophecy which runs counter to what a lot of people (and governments) are betting on: The liquor industry will face a serious problem because of decreased desire for liquor. This will be another shock to political crackpots, — a prediction that "in the future the real power will be placed in the hands of those who have shown and demonstrated the ability to control and govern their own affairs and make a success of their own lives". Under such a rule how many would be left in office?

At least this is a healthy prediction. It doesn't encourage one to store his greenbacks in a tin can under the fourth board in the henhouse floor. And it doesn't frighten him into a sudden baptizing because the end of the world is around the next bend in the calendar. We are sorry though, not to have the 1934 prophecies from those who read Daniel, Malachi and Revelations in the dark of the moon. That would be sure to offset such a beneficent prognostication as the Rosicrucians make. People may just take their choice. Those who wear dark-colored glasses will brace themselves for the worst; others will go jauntily along. To most people the most pressing immediate concern is not the lining up of the planets in their orbits, but what the chances are on three square meals a day for 1934.

A Printing Keepsake

THERE has been growing for some years in Oregon an appreciation of the art of fine printing. John Henry Nash, ably assisted by San Francisco printer, gave quite a push at the University of Oregon. Bob Hall at the university and Arthur Brock, formerly with the state printer here, have sought to keep the spirit alive. Now the Portland printers have gotten out what printers call a "keepsake". It is a book on "Early Printing in the Oregon Country". Alfred Powers, dean of the extension work of the higher educational system of the state, has written the text which tells interestingly the story of printing in Oregon from its beginnings with the old mission press at Lapwai, Idaho. That was in 1839, and just as the early printing on the east coast was devoted to religious purposes, most of the product of this Lapwai press was to propagate the gospel among the Indian tribes when H. H. Spalding and Marcus Whitman were serving. This press came from Honolulu to Oregon; later it was brought to "Tuality Plains" and used for printing a newspaper. Now the press is in the museum of the state historical society. In 1846 a newspaper, The Oregon Spectator, was launched at Oregon City, the first newspaper to be printed west of the Missouri river. That press is now at the University of Oregon. The Oregonian was launched in 1850, using a Ramage press which had been used on the Alta California, first newspaper north of the Columbia, the Columbian in Olympia, in 1852. Then it made the rounds, printing the first newspaper in Seattle, the first in Walla, Walla, and the first in Idaho. Now it reposes in the University of Washington museum.

Among the type pages reproduced are one for a book of poems by Joaquin Miller when he was county judge at Canyon City; another "Tears and Victory and Other Poems" by Belle W. Cooke, printed by E. M. Waite in Salem in 1873. This keepsake is indeed a choice work of printing. The typography is by Paul O. Geisley, recognized as one of the best compositors in Portland, and by Arthur Brock. The type selection is interesting. — Cloister lightface, a letter reminiscent of the early type designs, which have had a fresh vogue in recent years. Our only criticism is the use of a large Indian head for illustration on the center spread of the book; and that of course is just a matter of opinion. It seems unduly to dominate the pages.

The book is a joint production of the club of printing house craftsmen in Portland; and we prize highly copy no. 109 which has come to us. Work such as this stimulates all printers to accomplish finer quality in their own printing.

Tonight's Concert

THIS editor just can't refrain from recommending to our readers various musical events which come along from time to time and appear to be of unusual significance. It is a real pleasure to announce, what most people in town already know, that Miss Winifred Byrd, distinguished Salem pianist, will appear in concert tonight at the Capitol theatre. She will have the Portland Symphony orchestra for background, but the real feature will be Miss Byrd's numbers, and particularly the Concerto in E flat by Liszt which will be played with the orchestra.

The coming of the orchestra is noteworthy in Salem's musical history too; because this organization, under the leadership of Willem van Hoogstraten has gained wide fame for its orchestral work. Many people from Salem have gone to Portland to hear its weekly concerts during the winter season. Now the orchestra comes here, giving the people the

"KNAVE'S GIRL" By JOAN CLAYTON

SYNOPSIS

Pretty, young Patricia Warren unwillingly accepts the attentions of Bill McCoy, a racketeer, fearing his wrath should she refuse. One night, Bill is shot by a rival gangster while with Patricia. Patricia runs home in terror. Her stepmother, fearing a scandal, puts her out. Patricia is forced to make her living by playing professional bridge. Impressed by the girl's beauty and skill, Julian Haverholt, a bridge expert, makes her his partner. She moves to his palatial home where he introduces her as his niece. Pat is indignant until Haverholt explains he was thinking of her reputation. Patricia is secretly in love with Clark Tracy, the polo player, but Clark is engaged to Marthe March, society girl. Pat first met Clark and his fiancee when she filled in at bridge (for fifty cents an hour) at wealthy Mrs. Scyott's home. Pat was living with her stepmother at the time. Meeting Pat again at Haverholt's, Clark does not recognize her. He breaks an appointment to teach Pat to drive her new car and goes on a trip with his fiancee's family. Noting her disappointment, Haverholt questions Pat, but she denies that she loves Clark. Pat concentrates on bridge to forget. Then comes the bridge tournament sponsored by Rember Blair, Haverholt's bitter enemy. Clark is present. He is distressed by Patricia's coolness towards him. The contest is on. Haverholt and Pat play with machine-like precision and perfection, and win. Next morning, they are deluged with congratulatory telegrams and business offers. Haverholt purposely holds out a wire from Clark to see if Pat will ask for it. She does. He advises her to get Clark out of her thoughts, reminding her of what Clark would think if he knew she was not Haverholt's niece. They accept Clark's invitation to the races to see his horse, "Honey Boy." Run. Patricia is panic stricken lest Marthe March will remember their previous meeting at Mrs. Scyott's and expose her.



For a fleeting instant she had the curious feeling that Clark hated Julian.

CHAPTER TWENTY NINE

The younger girl learned to brace herself for those glances. She should never have come here. She knew that now. Too late she learned the wretchedness of flying under false colors. She had not learned it, she admitted ashamedly to herself, until the possibility of discovery seemed imminent. Like the others she lifted field glasses and fixed her eyes upon the track. She did not see the dancing, clean-lined horses, the bright colors of the jockeys, the rolling green of the turf. She seemed instead to see herself, a shabby little nobody, Patricia Warren, coming into Eileen Scyott's on a cold winter night to play bridge for fifty cents an hour because she could make her living in no other way. Would Marthe March remember that night? What would Marthe do or say if she did remember? What would the others say if they discovered that Julian Haverholt's niece was not his niece?

"Are your glasses focused properly?" asked Clark.
"Not quite."
"Here, let me fix them."
His hand touched her hand, lingered. He said in a low voice, "You are very beautiful this afternoon."
Exquisite words. They fell like healing balm on Patricia's spirit. Maybe the situation was not so terrible after all. Perhaps soon she might explain everything to Clark. Surely he would understand and see her side of it. She had been foolish, reckless, imprudent. But she had done nothing wrong. He would understand that she had done nothing wrong.
"Your hair," said Clark dreamily, "you must love your hair."
"Are you trying to make time to me?" inquired Philip Gove, half-angrily, half jealously, as he edged his chair around.

"On you," scoffed Clark. "What do you mean 'on you'! You have no interest in the young woman."

"What are you two quarrelling about, Phil?" demanded Marthe, diverting her attention from Julian for the moment.

"Patricia," replied Clark promptly.

"So you are a heartbreaker, are you, Patricia Haverholt?" asked Marthe, cocking her head on one side, openly measuring the other. "I might have guessed it of Julian's niece."

"A base canard," rumbled Julian. "I've never found a woman willing to be faithful to me."

"Liar," said Marthe softly.

Her eyes and Julian's met. Patricia happened to glimpse Clark's face just then. It was very dark. The afternoon was full of undercurrents, strange and disturbing. Patricia had an illusion that they were, all of them, at cross purposes. Her own fear was comprehensible. The rest was not. Marthe and Clark seemed oddly aloof in their treatment of each other, too polite, too studiously careless and indifferent. Had they quarrelled before their appearance at the track? Was Marthe striving with Julian's help to make Clark jealous? Was Clark carrying on a counter campaign? It wasn't fun any more. Nothing was fun. Patricia smiled fixedly, listening to Clark's tales of Honey Boy's prowess, nodding occasionally.

"Am I boring you with this?" he asked anxiously.

"Not a bit," she said brightly, unconvincedly. "I love horse racing."

"Why not watch it then?" suggested Phil, bitterly.

Clark and Patricia looked hastily and guiltily toward the track. The first race was under way. Clark had fifty dollars on it. He lost it. They began teasing him for following subterranean tips. He laughed. Obviously, to him, the loss was completely unimportant.

"We'll make it up on Honey Boy," predicted Haverholt, who had also lost.

"I hope so," said Clark shortly. "Startled by Clark's tone, Patricia suspected that the two men were at odds. For a fleeting instant she had the curious feeling that Clark hated Julian. An insane idea, of course. She dismissed it immediately. Clark, she thought, was still offended by Julian's rudeness on the night of the tournament. No wonder,

der. What a thoroughly uncomfortable, unsatisfactory afternoon! To think that she had chosen to come here deliberately.

The second race was run. Then came the third, the Blanchard Handicap, the feature of the afternoon. Despite herself Patricia felt a stir of interest. This was Clark's race. Honey Boy was not a general favorite but the horse was confidently expected to win by Tracy's friends. People called encouragement from adjoining boxes and sent over notes scrawled on the edges of programs. Clark himself was flushed and excited, all horseman now.

"Which one is Honey Boy?" demanded Patricia.

"Our colors are purple," said Clark absently, watching the huddle at the starting post intently and anxiously through his glasses. "Will you excuse me, please?" He hurried away to lose himself in the crowd at the fence.

The gun went off. A false start. One jockey seasawed up and down violently attempting to get his horse into line again. Now they were off! The girl was swept by the excitement around her. She surged to her feet with the others, clutched at the nearest arm, Phil's arm, shouting wildly for Honey Boy. The track was a blur of color. "Honey Boy, Honey Boy, Honey Boy."

They were all chanting it. Patricia picked out the purple silks as the horses thundered past, swift, incredibly beautiful in action. Honey Boy was leading. Three times the horses circled the track. Honey Boy was leading. He was an easy winner. The crowd went insane with joy.

"I guess," said Phil, weak from reaction, "I guess the drinks are on Clark tonight, after winning that purse. I'd rather own Honey Boy than the mint."

The amount of the purse made Patricia gasp. Thrilled and proud to incoherence, Clark rejoined them, praising his jockey, praising his horse. Honey Boy would be another winner. War! That horse had a fighting heart. It was evident that the money end of it had for him no significance. His pride was the pride of the discoverer. From the first he had known that Honey Boy had the stuff. He had known it from the moment that he saw him as a colt.

(To Be Continued)

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Editorial Comment

From Other Papers

OYSTERS AND BELLES LETTERS

We are indebted to the literary editor of the Oregonian for a gustatory dissertation on the luscious oyster as it appears in literature. While we need no phraseological encomiums to convince us of the merits of the oyster as a delectable and energizing article of diet, yet the classicist of the Oregonian always intrigues us with his lulling prose. He reminds us that it was Swift who marveled at the boldness of the man who first ate an oyster and he might have added that while Lamb made roast pig famous, it was Jerome who wondered at the temerity of the individual who first tried German sausage. But the first oyster eater, — ah well, he was omphalographic perhaps and it never therefore occurred to him that an oyster was anything more than an Epicurean delicacy. So, Swift was probably wrong and the man was not bold at all, — he was merely hungry.

But we are intrigued by the literary oracle who cites us Dickens' Christmas yarn to the effect that Scrooge was as "secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster." Apparently Dickens did not like oysters. Perhaps he was not acquainted with them as introduced in the many ways sug-

gested by the home economics editor of the Oregonian. He took an unwarranted jibe at them, for instance, when Mr. Weller said to Sam, "You'd had 'em an uncommon time oyster, Sammy, if you'd been born in that station of life." And Sammy himself was some, —

And Sammy himself was some, — "It was he who coined the conclusion that 'poverty and oysters always seem to go together.' That might have been so in the day of Weller the elder, but it is not so now, — not with Olympias anyway, while only the very wealthy can afford Yaquinas."

Just why the oyster should have been the brunt of literary scorers we do not know. Even the kindly Browning said: No brighter was his eye, nor moister Than a too long opened oyster. The literary crime of this passage in the Epic Piper should bring forth a demand from the oyster mongers' union to have the passage expunged from the records.

We hesitate to criticize even mildly the literary esoterist of the Oregonian staff, but we make the humble suggestion that he might have quoted more to the point from the Rev. Lutwidge, especially in view of the propaganda now flooding the press concerning one Mistress Alice. We have in mind: But four young oysters hurried up All eager for the treat Their coats were brushed, their faces washed, Their shoes were clean and neat And this was odd, because you know,

If they hadn't any feet. They post, alias Carroll had been sartorially wise as to oyster

privilege of seeing and hearing a large orchestra performing under the baton of a world-renowned conductor.

There is this about music: the more good music one hears, the more he desires to hear, and the more cultivated his tastes become. Salem has enjoyed numerous splendid things in music this season. Instead of satisfying us, they should whet our appetites for more; and the offering tonight is one which hundreds will find quite irresistible.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The 1934 centenary celebration of coming of Jason Lee to Oregon

(Continuing from Sunday) Salem can begin to do her part toward making the centenary celebration great by contributing toward the cost of the covered wagon.

That will require not more than \$750, and it will give Salem the covered wagon, after its arrival in this city next summer. It will be a typical covered wagon of the forties, fifties and sixties, but mounted on standard auto running gear.

The writer is suggesting to Mr. Jay S. Stowell, in charge of the bureau of publicity of the Methodist mission board, that a replica of an actual covered wagon that crossed the plains in one of the Keel colony trains might appropriately be used. Such a replica is available. Its original came to Aurora, Oregon.

It is planned that the covered wagon coming over the country next year shall carry literature and outfits showing pictures, and lecturers to spread the news by speeches, assisted by Methodist church congregations in all the cities and towns visited.

This will give Salem and Oregon, for the initial investment of some \$750, a full million dollars' worth of advertising — and increasing millions' worth in the past years. It will be introduction to untold columns and pages that will inform the wide world concerning the high place in history of Oregon; the highest of all being Salem.

What shall be the program after arrival of the proposed covered wagon on auto wheels, and the crowds summoned hither by it, and by many other means of publicity?

That will depend upon many things to be considered. It should have quickened and constant attention from now on. The 1931 session of the Oregon legislature granted the use of the state fair grounds, at dates of 1934 between June 15 and Oct. 6 that will interfere with the state fair of next year. This is to be without charge.

That gives a wide sweep of opportunities. Great crowds can be accommodated, for a day and evening, or several days and evenings.

The key men of Methodism the world over will be here. They have for nearly a century realized the epochal character of the undertaking of their infant missionary society of 1834. They have seen that its founders were then building wiser than they knew — some of their greatest leaders firmly believing that in those days it was a case of —

"Behold the dim unknown Star of God within the shadow Keeping watch above His own."

Their missionary society was a only 17 years old; only fairly well equipped with comparative poverty stricken resources. Yet the working out of their plans for sending one man and his four companions as missionaries to the Flathead Indians, in response to the call of the "Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church" was organized; the one that developed into and is now the "Board of Home and the Board of Foreign Missions." Read this from the Encyclopedia of Missions:

"The conversion of a colored man by the name of Stewart, and his subsequent work among the Indians, profoundly stirred the Methodist Episcopal church, and was the first impulse for the formation of the Missionary Society for the whole church." Says Bishop James W. Bashford in his book, "The Oregon Missions," page 33: "In ignorance and degraded condition John Stewart, called into being the society which today in every state in the Union, in Alaska, in Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, and in 24 nations is helping to make good the divine declaration that God made of one blood all the nations of the earth. . . . Eighty years after Wesley and 20 years before Lee, we find a providential link in the mulatto, John Stewart, whose heroic sacrifice, a dying race called forth the two great missionary societies of Methodism. "October 11-12, 1816, there was celebrated at Upper Sandusky, Ohio, the hundredth anniversary of John Stewart's mission to the Wyandott. . . . In honor of the Indian-white-negro, John Stewart, devoid of learning and sodden with drink and resolved on suicide, led, almost converted by the grace of God to serve the Indian race, was this celebration held. . . . Gov. William H. Hughes and Herbert Welch; Prof. R. T. Stevenson, who has recorded for posterity this heroic chapter of the history of our church; Dr. P. M. Thomas for the Methodist Episcopal church, South; I. Garland Penn for the negro race; Mrs. Bishop Thirkield for the women; Dr. A. C. Kynett, descendant of one of the missionaries to the Indians, and repre-

senting the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, distinguished visitors from Ohio and other states, gathered to honor the memory of this humble man.

"The monument is built with stones taken from the Tymochtee creek near by, and on the Wyandott Indians, Father of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The 17 year old Methodist missionary society had, prior to the commissioning of Jason Lee, been receiving an average of a about \$19,000 a year for its entire work and support. Lee's two tours (1834 and 1838-9) brought about \$250,000 to its treasury. The entire sum of the expenditures for his mission were about \$125,000, of which \$42,000 represented the cost of sending the Lausanne party, and its property in Oregon brought on its sale about \$26,000; a pittance compared with what would have been its value had the Oregon mission been continued until the country was settled and developed.

Lee was a great collector of funds as well as an able statesman and colonist, and a sincere and wonderful missionary.

(Continued tomorrow.)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

Salem, Ore. Dec. 14-'33.

Editor Statesman Dear Sir:

It seems that California's governor is coming in for a lot of unjust criticism and it looks to me as if it is up to the people of the U. S. A. to back him up a little in the state he took care of.

Of course after ex-President Hoover came out with the statement he did condemning the governor's action, it was only reasonable to expect the president to do likewise. But that doesn't make his actions wrong for there were those that condemned Christ too. And as far as taking the bible to prove some one else wrong the critics had better first see if they are living up to it themselves.

If it had been their child that had been trussed up and thrown in the bay without a chance to protect himself would they have acted the same as they are now? I hardly think so.

If they should meet a rattlesnake in the woods their first thought would be to exterminate it and yet a rattlesnake is a gentleman compared with such fellows as these kidnapers, as a rattlesnake usually gives some warning and they gave none.

They should receive the same treatment as sheep-killing dogs. They should be exterminated as soon as caught. The taxpayers of California should appreciate their governor's actions in saving them a lot of needless expense in trying to find like those as there was nothing to prove and the only harm done was to beat some lawyers out of a nice little nest egg.

They were figuring on using insanity as a defense and might have received a sentence in the pen as well as a fine. Which would have made more expense for the taxpayers as they would have to be fed and clothed and guarded.

As long as people like that are alive they are dangerous for they are the most fiendish and scheming of any criminals there are.

I think that the laws fixing penalties for kidnaping should be uniform throughout the U. S. A., so kidnapers couldn't pick the states with the less severe laws in which to carry out their plans.

Our legislature here in Oregon passed a law that carries a sentence for from 10 years to life for kidnaping which only makes for long legal battles and lots of expense for the taxpayers as all kidnapers in Oregon will be given a chance to beat the maximum sentence.

But I think California's governor did right and until his critics have a better plan let them hold their tongues and let's all praise Governor Rolph for his new deal in giving California people justice.

EARL SHARP, 755 No. 20th St. Salem, Oregon.

LEAVE FOR HOLIDAYS

SILVERTON, Dec. 17—Among those leaving for other places for the holiday season are Mr. and Mrs. Ed Lytle who will spend the holidays at Yacaville, Cal., with their daughter, Mrs. J. Franklyn; Gertrude Chrysler and her mother who will spend the holidays in California; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. McGinnis and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Preston, all of whom will spend the holidays in California.

WIND PLAYS HAVOC WITH LIGHT LINES

SILVERTON, Dec. 18. — SILVERTON turned backward some 50 years Sunday afternoon at 1:40 when the power line to the north went out and acedlight was the order of the afternoon and evening. The city itself was a quiet place with no theatres or public meetings held. Churches postponed their pre-Christmas affairs scheduled for Sunday night. Lights returned between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning and many homes were unexpectedly lit up where switches had been forgotten to be turned off.

In spite of the heavy storm, the lower Silverton - Salem highway was not flooded at all.

Sewing Club Will Meet Tuesday

HAZEL GREEN, Dec. 18. — Mrs. Louis Faust and Mrs. Maurice Danigal will be hostesses to the Nemo Sewing Club Tuesday afternoon at Mrs. Faust's home. The date was changed from Wednesday to Tuesday because of conflicting dates.

Mrs. A. T. Van Cleave and daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alvin Van Cleave, will entertain the Sunshine Sewing club Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. A. Van Cleave.

Christmas programs will be given by each club. The Nemo are to bring gifts for needy persons. The Sunshine will exchange gifts.

Mt. Crest Abbey

SALEM'S COMMUNITY MAUSOLEUM

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The Better Way

Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

EMOTION IS an important factor in cases of nervous indigestion. Anger, hate, fear, or excitement of any kind, may be the contributing cause to discomfort after eating. Unless a person is absolutely calm before and after eating, indigestion will probably result.

When one becomes excited, the muscles of the stomach "tighten up" to such an extent that digestion ceases for a time. Just how long the condition will last depends on the intensity of the emotion. Due to this peculiarity some excitable persons tend to become constipated. Others under strain have a reversal of the functions of the digestive system and are subject to vomiting spells.

Nervous Indigestion Very few are absolutely immune to nervous indigestion. There are some who show no signs of disturbance when things go wrong, but the majority, unfortunately, are upset even by trivial things. Babies are probably more affected by this ailment than are adults.

In babies fright is often the cause of acute indigestion. The sudden sight of a dog or a cat, or of a person who has frightened the child before, will sometimes throw the infant into a state of high tension. It will cry and yell and if it has just eaten does not retain the food. The cause of the outbreak must be removed at once and the child quieted. Then after a sleep of an hour or so the youngster will have forgotten the incident and be ready to devour anything placed before it.

Even the young boy or girl who "moons" around the house and refuses to eat, may not be in the proper state of mind to digest food. Being emotionally wrought up by an affair of "poussy" or "sissy" feelings of a similar nature, may cause nervous indigestion.

Mental Preparation Do not treat such young persons harshly. This will only tend to make them worse. If left alone they will soon forget their troubles and raid the kitchen in search of food.

Older people should be most careful. They usually have more worries, work harder and sometimes play harder than youngsters. They forget that with increasing years the human body is less and less able to take care of even the more simple disorders.

There is no need to worry if you follow a few simple rules. Before eating you must give yourself mental preparation for the meal. Do not hurry. Put aside your angry feelings, seek congenial company in pleasant surroundings and you probably will never be bothered with nervous indigestion.

Answers to Health Queries J. J. S. Q.—What do you advise for acid in the system? A.—First correct your diet and avoid poor elimination. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for further particulars and repeat your question.

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