

Health and Efficiency

CONDUCTED FOR THE JOURNAL BY LORAL LITTLE.

THE woman in Newark, New Jersey, who the other day took her life by swallowing 148 grains of quinine is far from being the first person to be killed by quinine. She differed from the usual quinine victim in that she took her dose all at once and with deadly intent, while the usual thing is to take it in small doses with the idea that it is beneficial.

Dr. Henry Lindlar of Chicago is one of several doctors who have made such a study of drug poisoning that he is able to tell a patient what drugs he has been taking and in what part of the organism they have lodged. He asserts that it was not so much the bad whiskey drunk by our soldiers in the Philippines after the abolition of the canteen, that sent so many home insane, as the quinine that was fed to them to ward off malaria.

It is only two years ago last month that a carload of crazy soldiers from the Philippines was taken from San Francisco to the government asylum at Anacostia, D. C. Insane soldiers had shipped home from Cuba during our occupation of that island. In both these tropical countries our men were given their quinine almost as regularly as their rations.

This drug is destructive of nervous tissue, and the Chicago doctor cites a case of quinine poisoning that ended in paresis, the victim never before having had a dangerous disease and always having been of temperate habits.

Another case was that of a man who went to Dr. Lindlar for advice and was told by the doctor after he had examined him that he was suffering from quinine poisoning and that that was the cause of his whole trouble. The patient related his experiences as follows:

"Yes, I've taken lots of stuff, but as long as it was medicine I never suspected it was hurting me. I was as healthy and strong a lad as you could find in the army and was sent to the Philippines. I was stationed in a malarial district and in order to render myself immune from the fever I took quinine daily in large doses. It was always on my mess table, and we could not do without it whenever we pleased. We were told by our doctors that the drug was a fine preventive of malaria. I never had the fever, but I suffered dreadfully with diarrhoeas, ringing in the ears, headaches, dizziness, and fainting spells. I was very nervous and my sight failed me to such an extent that I could not hit the target in practice. I was sent home on furlough and have never returned.

"I have never fully recovered from the effects of the quinine. I have suffered greatly with indigestion, constipation and heart disease. I am very weak and nervous, excitable and ill-tempered, so hasty that on the spur of the moment I could commit murder or suicide. Sometimes it takes all the strength of mind that I have left to keep me from violence. Only this morning my employer, a venerable old man, had a narrow escape from death at my hands. He came to my desk and called my attention to a mistake in my account. Suddenly I became so angry that I lifted a heavy iron crank ready to strike him. At the critical moment the enormity of the deed flashed upon me and my hand sunk upon the table. I realized that I was in the line of duty and the necessity of seeking help and advice. That is why I am here."

We must look deeper than to alcoholism for the true causes of insanity, declares the doctor. "The more refined and expert the schools of medicine become in the suppression of acute disease by means of drugs, serums and surgical mutilations, the greater will be the increase in cancer, insanity, tuberculosis and the entire range of chronic destructive diseases.

"A study of the statistics of recent years and you will find that this is precisely the trend of morbidity today. The acute diseases are proclaimed as conquered, while the more dangerous chronic diseases are claiming more and more victims every year. Thus it is that we are dying cured."

Observations recorded by the old school doctors themselves ought to put them on their guard against the suppression of disease by drugs, and would lead them to get far enough away from their practice to get a perspective.

Here is what Dr. Mark A. Rodgers of Tucson found (Charities and Commons): After an experience in the desert covering eleven years and several thousand cases of tuberculosis, he notes that a large percentage of the cases develop convalescence from typhoid pneumonia, pleurisy, grip, malaria, measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria and cholera.

It must be remembered that these are convalescences after drug treatment, rather than natural treatment. The acute disease must be checked by some unnatural practice before it can be transformed into tuberculosis, or any other of the advanced forms of disease. Acute disease is simple; needs fasting, rest, quiet air and water. These natural agencies assist the organism in its cleansing effort. Drugs paralyze the organism, and this paralysis is taken for cure. When the system rallies and is only able to take on chronic form of effort it is evidence of the severity of the blow that has been dealt to the vital forces.

WHEN doctors differ let common sense decide, and you shall not go far wrong. Dr. W. A. Evans is conducting a health department in the Chicago Tribune. He frequently says a good thing, though he runs too much to serum-therapy and says that the cause of most diseases is on the body, which to say the least is astonishing.

"Few rashes are caused by the blood. There is almost no relation between the disease and the blood. Your rash is due to living in a room where the air is too dry."

It is clear that the doctor mistakes an exciting cause for the true cause. For physiology teaches, the blood is the source of all other tissues, and from it they are built. If they all receive the supplies they need, and the mental forces are working harmoniously, it is difficult to see how the skin can be diseased. Further, if skin diseases can be cured by regulating the food supply, and without regard to atmosphere, humidity, and practically all of them can—then the doctor is positively proved in the wrong.

In the dry atmosphere of Minnesota winters, I have seen persons suffering from an intolerable itching of the skin of the body, cured merely by applying bread and mush from the dietary.

Acidity of the stomach and constipation are the most frequent causes of rash. Acidity of the blood is the prime cause of scarlet fever and smallpox. The administration of Antitoxin to the blood commonly produces a rash. Contrary to the doctor's assertion, there is the most intimate relation between the state of the blood and the condition of the skin. I have seen (and Dr. E. H. Pratt refers to it as typhoid) the eyes "cured" by a zinc ointment, and followed by a severe diarrhoea. Blood and nerves together simply transferred the disease from one section of the skin to another—for mucous membranes are skin.

Rashes are sometimes brought out by "blood medicines," such as sarsaparilla. A case of this kind once caused a wholesale vaccination raid in Philadelphia. A negro felt in need of spring medicine and went to a drugstore and purchased a bottle of sarsaparilla and took several large doses of it. The result was a glorious rash, and relief. The health officer discovered him, vaccinated him, hustled him to the pest house, and immediately on a beautiful spring morning (May 8, 1906), a Sunday morning when people slept later than usual, a cordon of police with ropes surrounded a dozen Philadelphia "squares" and vaccinated every man, woman and child inside the enclosure, some fourteen thousand people all told. The actual facts were laboriously dug up by the present writer and given to the world in a Philadelphia weekly at the time.

WHAT shall I eat to gain flesh and strength? I have always been more or less troubled with constipation. Two years ago I was operated on for appendicitis. Since then I was for a time on a diet like that given to consumptives, chiefly raw eggs and milk, though I am told my lungs are sound, and I have no cough or fever. My figure is slight and I am not strong. MYRA R.

Your problem is not a mere question of what to eat; it is a question of how to extract nourishment from your food. You must positively discard corsets and belts and go to work to enlarge your chest and waist, by breathing exercises and by abdominal exercises in addition to abdominal breathing. Work your abdominal muscles by their own action in all possible ways. Practice deep slow breathing for five minutes at a time several times a day. Sleep all you can. Work out doors if possible. Or if not, walk for half an hour twice a day, at a brisk gait, chest up and legs firm. Drink six to ten glasses of water in the 24 hours, the larger part of it before you eat breakfast. Make your broths soupy, upon fruit, or fruit and milk or cream.

Having lost an important part of your internal economy—assuming that your appendix was really removed—you must see to it that bowel-sludging food and habits are not indulged in. Two meals a day besides a fruit meal should be your limit henceforth. Cultivate a happy frame of mind, by dwelling on the things you like and avoiding thoughts of the things you dislike or fear. When the latter rise before

you, turn away from them. In every circumstance, condition or person along your pathway, there is somewhat that is good and agreeable to you. Think on that and let the unpleasant part of all things slide. Cultivate jolly people, read mirth-provoking writers, and laugh much. Do not talk too much, and when chatters bore you, silently practice breathing exercises—this is a surer exorcism than crossing your fingers. Keep this up, day in and day out, year in and year out. If you do this you will in good time win the health and strength you desire. If you have been reading this column carefully you have already had much advice upon diet. Briefly, eat a wide variety of food—of good kind if it is uncooked—but few kinds at a meal. Masticate thoroughly and drink nothing at meals or for two hours afterward. Follow the seasons in eating; that is, eat food that is seasonable. Beware of too much seasoning of your food.

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Truth To The Sunday Smile Is Stranger Than Fiction

VOL. 1. NO. 9. PORTLAND, JAN. 21, 1912.

EDITED IN FUN BY MILES OVERHOLT

Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter—but that's as far as the second class goes.

This paper's wire service extends from pole to pole!

* Telegraph.

THE WEATHER.
There are quite a few turkeys and things left over from the holidays, and the dealers are offering some rare bargains, so it looks like you could in a pinch call it—

FOWL WEATHER.

EDITORIAL LIKE.

A man may lose his friends, his money and his reputation, and then cross over the line into a foreign country and fill his coffers from a stage coach and finally accumulate happiness again; he may lose an eye, but when he is separated from his nose, there is nothing left to argue about, and words of comfort and cheer are not worth the paper they are written on.

Yesterday the editor of this journal of progress and piety was accosted by a stranger. He was noseless. He said he had come into town to get the coroner to sit on the remains of his face. He had leaned over a calf that was just learning to support itself with the aid of a pail of milk, and, in a manner peculiar to calves, it suddenly raised its head, and when the farmer tried to feel of his nose to see how badly it was hurt, he had to reach under the granary to do it.

"Of course," he said to ye editor, "I never used my nose a great deal anyway, but I had become sort of attached to it, and in a way it was attached to me. It was a good, durable nose, and I had intended to keep on wearing it whether it was in style or not. As I say, I never really had much use for it, and it used to get quite chilly down towards its suburbs when winter was prevalent, but at the same time I didn't want to part with it just yet, unless I could get more than it was worth for it."

"You can see with the naked eye that the benefit to my face is scarcely noticeable since the panic took place. I never did have a face that was full of beauty, as you might say. It wasn't a face that the hired girl would get foolish over and monkey with, and now I am afraid it will have to go into bankruptcy."

Then the poor farmer softly raised two fingers and said he would take a little syrup in his'n, and we gently drowned a couple of bales of sorrow in the flowing bowl and let it go at that.

"When you fail to practice what you preach, remember the Equitable Life Insurance building, which burned down recently, was not insured," said a natural born fool to this here scribe the other day. But don't pay any attention to him; he hasn't much sense, anyway.

One day I took a paper up that lay upon the sofa; And I sat down to read the news While I was parching coffee. "Poetry" in Milton, Or. Eagle.

LOCAL AND KIND OF PERSONAL.

Charles Harum of Seattle, a fat man, was with us last week. Charley is one of the fattest men we ever got close enough to talk to, too. He said once when he was a boy he went out stealing watermelons with



the fellows and the farmer came out and the other boys ran. Charley couldn't run; he was too fat. So he laid down in the melon patch and acted like a melon, and the farmer came along and thumped him. All of which sounds reasonable anyway.

Mr. Coffee of Tacoma and Mr. Java of New York were amongst us last week. They had good grounds for being here, they being traveling salesmen.

* The joke.

Henry Bloch, a hotel manager of Seattle, was knocking around the town Thursday. Henry says he was born here—"just around the corner on Second street," which doesn't seem possible, but Henry says it's the truth. What makes it so difficult to believe is that it seems somehow like he would be too young to remember the location. But maybe he does, maybe he does.

Tom Richardson has now reached the pinnacle of fame, a cigar having been named after him. If it takes as much breath to operate 'em as Tom dispenses regular like, we surmise a



C. W. Drinkwater of Drewsey was splashing around in this town last week. Mr. Drinkwater is—aw, you get out. He wasn't either.

Captain John Leader, a British soldier man, who was here 'tother day, says Portland, U. S. A., and Moscow, r-U-s-I-A, are the two greatest cities in the country. Thanks for them kind words, Cap. Same to you, and lots of 'em. Lunnion is a pretty fair hamlet, we are reliably informed, but have it your way, old top, have it your way.

G. W. Hibbard of Index, Wash., was here last week. Index, says Mr. Hibbard, is right at the front; which we surmise is correct. We've always found it so.

FIFTY YEARS FROM TODAY.

Mrs. W. Snobbers, mayoress, has issued a proclamation that all young boys must be off the streets by 7:30 p. m. Many instances have come to her knowledge that girls who roam the streets at all hours of the night have been "mashing" boys under the age of 20, and the mayoress is determined to put a stop to this condition at any cost.

A fire in the 40-story Willamette building was quickly quenched last night by an extinguisher tablet shot from the Central fire station. No damage.

The pioneers who came to his city in 1911 will hold a reunion within a few days. They will exhibit at that time a dozen eggs, said to be the only ones in captivity.

OUR OWN WALT MASON.

I asked a man why he looked so sad. He said it was all the "look" he had. He said: "I can't light up my phiz; it is built wrong, mate; that's what it is." And so I grabbed a thought right then; I said: "I'll can this smile stuff, men." I said: "If people cannot grin—if their looks won't let the sunshine in, why let 'em look like they did—blame please—they own their looks; it is their own cheese." So when I see a pilgrim frown like a country jail in a country town, why I never slap him on the back and say: "Old top, take up the slack, and grin a grin like you had six-bits, like a pocketbook with a pair of fits." I pass him by with his look of woe for fear he'll tell me where to go. And so I say, if you've got to preach, don't talk to all within your reach. Go find a crowd that is feeling fit; tell 'em funny yarns till they chew the bit. If they've got a grouch, give your thoughts a twist; tell morbid tales like a Socialist. That's the way to hit the highest points as you creep through life with your aching joints. It's the only road that will reach success. Huh, don't I know? Well, I rather guess!

LAY ON THE PRUNE.

A lonely prune in a boarding-house on a night when fairies walked, arose from its sweet and juicy source and shook itself and talked.

"I'm a spavined, loomed piece of fruit That was once as bright and gay As a winsome lass in a new spring suit, On a bright sunny day; Once I was happy, joyous, free As the bumblebees that hum, And folk would gaze into my tree And call me a green game plum. But I fell like Adam fell, by heck, When they picked me for a prune, And a gink took me by my childish neck On a summer afternoon. Then they made me dry as a desert smile."

"Till landlord pounced on me; He got me stewed in a hi-yu style With folk from my family tree. Ah, that was three long years ago, But no one wants me now; That's why I'm all chock full of woe Like a corn-fed mooley cow. Nobody loves me, hully gee; That's why I keep this scouse. 'Twas cruel fate that carried me To a cheap-skate boarding-house."

Real and Near BY FRED C. KELLY.

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WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—Samuel G. Blythe, political savant and comedian for the Saturday Evening Post, was talking not long ago to Arnold Bennett, the English novelist. The two fell to discussing the figures didn't start at Blythe, as the novelist expected them to. "Huh. That's less than a thousand words a day," he remarked, candidly. "That doesn't seem like very much."

"No, very much," echoed the Englishman. "Why, man, in England they marvel at me for producing so much copy."

"Aw, pshaw," said Blythe, thinking of his newspaper days. "I used to write about 2,000,000 words a year, and a telegraph it all—and yet my employers never seemed to be worried about me working too hard."

Hand it to Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas, for unconventionality. Lack of precedent worries Jeff Davis about as much as the Parisian dopes in the style books worries an Igorrote. Just for instance, Senator Davis has a present of a goat. It was not an Anglo goat—just a plain, every day No. 1 goat of commerce, and of little value except as a keespaale. Jeff Davis has never gone in for goat collecting; in fact, he cares almost nothing at all for goats. But he wished to be polite and show his appreciation of the memento. So he led his goat present right into the 'bus with him when he drove to the station in the town where he had been speaking, and then and there placed said goat in the baggage car.

Admiral George Dewey has just one bad. It is taking care of his health. For this reason Dewey stays away from more dinners than any prominent man in Washington. He desires to live for some years yet, and has figured it out that the best way to do this is to keep away from formal dinners and lead the simple life. Each week his desk is swamped with invitations to dinners, not only in Washington, but at various points over the country, and he turns them all down. Every once in a while he gets invited to dinner, that he really wishes he might attend, but he stays away rather than break his rule to avoid dinner engagements. If he went to one dinner, he declined to go to the next one, people would get used to him and accuse him of being "stuck up."

There is just one dinner that Dewey is certain to attend, and that is the annual banquet held on the 1st of Manila Bay society, made up of officers who took part in the battle of Manila Bay. That and an occasional acceptance of a White House invitation comprise all of the social life of the hero who would be one of the greatest social lions in town.

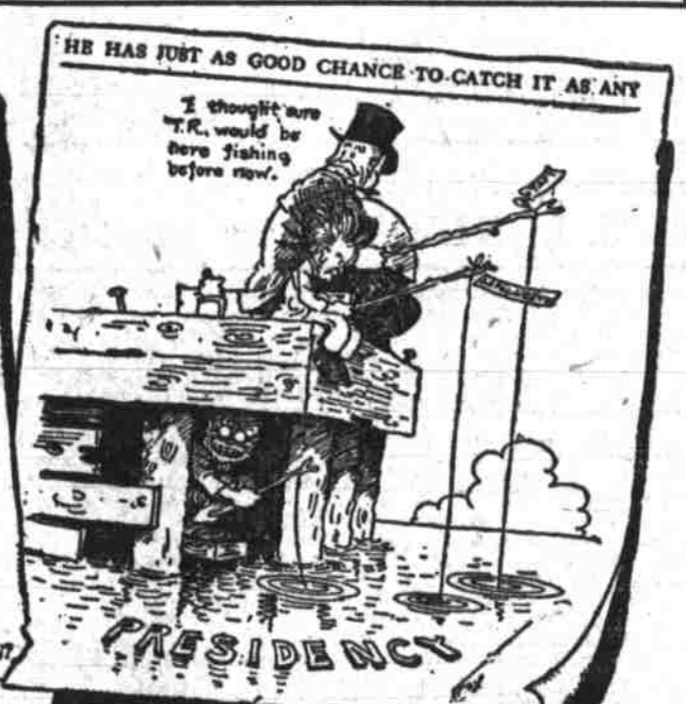
John Sharp Williams was asked by one of his fellow senators if he purposed to vote for the resolution to abrogate the treaty with Russia. "Yes," said Williams. "I am going to favor it for two reasons. First, because the treaty has not been lived up to, and, second, because the treaty has been successful in his campaign, but so himself."

In one campaign a candidate on the opposition ticket had a wooden leg having lost his regular leg while fighting in the Confederate army. A leg to favor it for two reasons. First, because the treaty has not been lived up to, and, second, because the treaty has been successful in his campaign, but so himself."

AS THE CARTOONISTS VIEW CURRENT EVENTS



ATLANTA JOURNAL



CHICAGO EVENING POST



PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN



CHICAGO RECORD HERALD



NEW-YORK WORLD



NEW-YORK WORLD