Health and Efficiency

CONDUCTED FOR THE JOURNAL BY LORA C. LITTLE.

Questions by readers on subjects of general interest pertaining to this column will be answered gladly by Mrs. Little. All questions should be addressed to Mrs. Lora C. Little, care Oregon Journal, and so framed as to be answered in a limited space.

"YOU give such good advice to others through The Journal you may know of something that will relieve me without operation. I am so troubled with piles I do not know what to do. I get so discouraged at times that if it were not for my boy and little girl I would not hesitate to have an operation, but they need me and I realize that I might be taken from them. I come to you for help.—Mrs. C."

While operations for piles are rarely fatal, they do not really cure. Instead of restoring the sufferer to health, they merely change the seat of disturbance. For piles, like other chronic diseases, is a constitutional disorder. The shock to the nerves caused by operation and the injury of the anesthetic to the nervous system, leave the system less able to cope with the disorder. There has been imperfect digestion of long standing. There has been a resulting weakening of the tissues until they have become rotten from the interpenetration of dead matter. Surgery cannot remove these conditions. An operation may be followed by better bowel action and the rest and partial fasting that accompany it have their value; but bowel action can be better and more fully restored by other means, while resting and partial fasting can be done cheaper at home and by oneself.

Bear in mind the two things always to be done if we would cure chronic disease. We must build vitality and all natural elimination. So, stop all drugs. Purgatives aggravate piles—in many cases they have been the cause of the ailment. Salves and ointments, and local applications of anything but water, suppress and drive the disease elsewhere. Both further weaken the nervous system on which all cure depends.

General elimination, as well as toning up of the system, may be effected by deep breathing, by free cold water drinking, by air baths, by abundant sleep, and by eating cleansing food. All these and everything that increases the vitality, improve the bowel action. In addition use some laxative food, such as dried olives or figs. Dried olives are preferable to figs, but are not always to be found. In summer a daily meal of fresh fruit and nothing else is useful.

Morning and night take the sitting bath before mentioned here. Fill a deep vessel like a wooden bucket with cold water. Sit upon it (not deeply in it), allowing it to overflow, but without wetting the feet. At first, one minute will be long enough to take this local bath. Increase until it is taken for five or 10 minutes at a time.

Avoid salt and sugar in the dietary—or but the smallest quantity of either. Do not eat meat oftener than once a week, nor bread oftener than once a day. No mush or other cereal food. Take no warm or hot drinks. Confine yourself to cold water and this before rather than after eating. Buttermilk is allowable. Vegetables, nuts, olives and olive oil are useful foods. Salads are important, but dressings should be simple or omitted entirely. Eat little and chew well.

After stools, lie down a short time with hips elevated. At night a very small quantity of cool water may be injected to the rectum and retained. No other injections should be taken.

Every case, however, has its own special conditions that must be met if we would get the best results, and these can only be known from a study of the particular individual, habits, environment, etc.

A YOUNG man afflicted with indigestion to the point that only liquid foods are taken, compelled to work hard daily as a salesman for the support of dependent relatives, applies for advice. He has lived largely on raw eggs for months. Liver and bowels have gone on strike. A daily cathartic is resorted to. What can be done?

He is in a serious plight. He should in some way escape from the strain he is under. It is rarely one's duty to kill oneself. Besides, what will be the gain to the dependents in doing it? Why not anticipate, subject them to such a condition now, and by taking a vacation while they worry along as best they can, recover the ability to take care of them longer?

Some outdoor occupation of a physical character and employing the mind only slightly is the first thing needed. Muscular labor to the point of fatigue, sleep whenever the system calls for it, and lasting as long as nature desires, a plain diet that affords the materials for powerful digestive juices, but taken in small amounts until digestion mends—these are some of the things required. For the rest, in a general way, the advice given Mrs. C. to restore tone and vigor to the nervous system, will further aid cure.

All wrong habits of body and mind must be corrected. The individual should get acquainted with himself and apply the principles of right living in every department of his life.

As a diet hint, and not to repeat former detailed advice on eating, it may be said that the egg diet is so deficient in nature's digestants that it causes a kind of starvation. Lettuce and other green vegetables will supply the deficiency.

"What is the cause of the fine wrinkles and lines seen in some faces?" is a question asked.

Mistreatment of the skin, depriving it of fresh air and contract with cold is a common cause of this want of elasticity. Insufficient water drinking is another cause. Debilitated nerves and worry may also contribute to it. Therefore cure consist in restoring nervous energy by plenty of sleep, in massage both local and general, in living in a cool atmosphere and in eating and drinking moderately and taking nothing hot and much of the food and all the drink cold. Cultivating the habit of happiness is a great help to smoothness of skin.

ANOTHER writes to know why her skin is of extremely coarse texture in the face, yet thin and fine over the rest of the person. The pores of the face are extremely large, and the face is too red. These signs often accompany gross habits in eating. Try the Fletcher cure. Eat daintily, chewing and tasting every mouthful until there is nothing left of it. Persist in this for three months, watching oneself constantly until the habit of chunk swallowing is completely broken. Take a hot foot bath once or twice a week, and use cold water on the face several times daily. The general air bath will also help.

"MASSAGE your solar plexus!" is the command of an English health expert, Robert King, in a lecture at Eustace Miles' Normal Physical school. It is a secret of long life, he declare, to keep this great subbrain active. The solar plexus lies between the stomach and spine and its function is to control digestion, circulation, respiration as far as it is involuntary, and other vital processes. It depends for its efficiency upon normal action of the diaphragm in breathing. Correct breathing gives it the pressure and rubbing necessary to enable it to energize the body. Upper chest breathing, which is done without much action of the diaphragm, robs the solar plexus of its needed massage and causes weak vital action and shortened life.

DR. ELMER LEE writes in Health Culture for April on the causes of apoplexy. He finds it to a disease of the prosperous and of those who live the free of self indulgence most common among the prosperous. He says it can be prevented by simple food, avoidance of all stimulants, the use of lightweight clothing and plenty of open air exercise.

DR. GEORGE H. FATCHEN of New York is an expert on the subject of exercise for health, having made it a life study and written several books on it. He discusses in Health Culture the effect of exercises upon longevity, and concludes with this:

"If I were a Carnegie or a Rockefeller, I would, on an effort in the right direction, establish large, fully equipped workshops in which ministers, lawyers, teachers and others who have the desire and opportunity could engage for a few hours daily in some congenial kind of remunerative manual labor which would give them the necessary physical exercise and at the same time satisfy both their artistic and commercial bent of mind."

But without waiting for Carnegie, each can have a patch of ground to work and play with.

Putting the Phoenix Out of Business

(Continued From Page One.)

That is no great number but of the total of 297 cities which, during 1910, with a total population of 29,996,729, reported losses by fire of $71,559,057, a per capita sacrifice of $2.39. In fact, in the single year after 1909, 18 cities were added to the list of those having populations of 20,000 and over, an addition almost half the number of those which are now arranging model building codes. But in the comparison afforded by that very addition, and in the increased losses by fire, appears an explanation for the interest evidenced in this one, supreme protection against loss. In 1909 the 278 cities then listed had fire losses aggregating $46,607,726 for total populations of 29,686,764, with the per capita loss at only $2.21. The difference in the single year was an increase of 18 cities to the roll, and an increase of 18 cents loss per head. It looked too much like an increase of a cent per head of fire loss every time the growing United States added another town to the centers of population big enough to have big fires.

It is a marvel that, in view of this country's enormous fire losses, no national building code prevails by common consent. But such an immense body as a nation moves slowly; and, until 1905, there was no code at all, beyond the local building regulations, more or less faithfully observed by local builders. Even while the first drafts of the comprehensive code were being made, building construction was leaping forward in the use of new materials, notably concrete, and was adopting varied combinations of materials in various proportions.

So the code, although complete, can scarcely be said to have ever been finished. Now it is undergoing a revision so extensive that when this huge task is accomplished there will be virtually a new code created, but one which promises to hold good for some time to come—not because its sponsors will claim for it perfection, but because it seems likely that building materials, as known, are not likely to change essentially in the near future, and because our national systems of construction for all purposes have become fairly well defined.

One mayor or city council after another writes asking details. The code goes to them at once. But the code is only the bare bones of the help afforded. The National Board of Fire Underwriters offers to send an expert to help the local authorities draw up their own code as best adapted to their local needs. Here suspicion sometimes raises its head. Ah, the insurance companies are trying to ruin the town with expenses. But when the town is taught to realize that the board is merely urging it to protect itself from losses greater than the insurance companies can suffer, it begins to see that it is entertaining an angel unawares, and it is usually eager to work the angel for all he is worth.

He is a complaisant angel. He and the board will take the first raw draught of the local bill and revise it in accordance with practical insurance and practical law. The changes may not be alluring to a town council that is seeking to secure safety at the minimum expense to its citizens. They may present numerous provisions regarded as uselessly stringent by the men with the money of the town. They may run up against local politicians whose interests lie all the other way. But what do you think is the percentage of national code regulations that have been embodied in the local codes thus far adopted?

Ninety per cent.

Truth To The Sunday Smile Is Stranger Than Fiction

VOL. 1. NO. 28. PORTLAND, APRIL 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—

It has rained so much of late that, according to our researches and things, the sun has rusted so it can't shine very well any more. So it looks like—

TOMORROW—Just Tolerable.

EDITORIAL LIKE

In a certain province of Thibet there is a beetle that burrows in the ground and thinks he'll come out in the spring greatly refreshed after his brief siesta. But that is where he gets fooled. He stays there and a mushroom springs from the spot where he was last seen. And that ends the beetle story.

How often, oh, how often, have we seen the petted and pampered child of fortune start out in life with brilliant prospects and brillianter egotism, who has been told by his parents that he will startle the world and maybe discover the South Pole, but whose achievements consist in juggling a billiard cue and wearing loud vests. And he, like the beetle, turns out to be a fungus—a soft, spineless mushroom. And that ends his story.

Sometimes we write a little sermon like this and then worry about the troubles of mankind until it just seems as if we can't stand it any longer.

We knew a man once who owed $20 to his tailor, and he spent so much time worrying about how the tailor was going to keep from starving to death that he, himself, looked upon a hamburger steak when it was red, and then died of remorse.

All of which has absolutely nothing to do with the above sermon. But the oftener you read these editorials the more you will be led to believe that any or all of them might be left out without injuring the sense of the articles in the least.

The roses bloom with the glad sunshine,
The noses bloom with the glad moonshine;
O pluck the flowers and gaily sing,
For what do we care—it's Spring;
it's Spring.
—Wespeare—d that.

Charley Early, a railroadist of Hood River, came down Early last week to look over our town. He looks after the Mount Hood road; but the road, you know, doesn't Mount Hood.

C. A. Sand of Los Angeles was here the other day. He sells real estate down that way. Name's Sand. Ever live in Los Angeles or thereabouts? Well, the man's name is Sand.

LOCAL AND KIND OF PERSONAL

"Hear about the guy who was arrested over at that big East Side church?" inquired a Western Union operator, excitedly dashing into our

sanctum the other day. "Nope," we said, "Spill it." "He jumped out of a window and they arrested him for making a DIVE out of a church," said the operator guy, and then we shot him.

Dave Eccles, the saccharine gentleman of Ogden, meaning, in low-brow words, the sugar king, was in our town the other day. He says Utah is not so Young as she used to be.

"These air sailors would live longer while they was at it if they didn't make so many mistakes," said J. S. Martin of Boise to us the other day. "They get careless and die," he said. "Always," he said, "they make an error-plain." According to Joe, that kills 'em.

A. J. Sequin of Boston, a perfumery maker, was in our village last week. He is wealthy now, we are told, but

Mr. Sequin authorized ye editor to say that when he started into that business he didn't have a scent.

B. Wise of Spokane was at one of our inns the other day. Just like that he was registered: B. Wise—Spokane. Good boost for his burg, say we. "B. Wise—Spokane."

Mr. Brownjohn of Carlton was here the day before yesterday, or mebbe the day before that. Anyway, he is no relation to our old friend, Demijohn. Nor to the little Brownjug, either, for that matter.

THE NOISY MILKMAN

Let us rise and sing the praises of
the man who peddles milk,
And also for the burglar man and others of that ilk.
Though the burglar robs only us of
the cash we'd like to keep,
The milkman feeds us water and then
robs us of our sleep.
Before the dawn is breaking then the
milkman makes his rounds,
And he awakes the neighborhood with
his unearthly sounds.
The milk cans rattle worse than any
coast artillery,
Until we wish the milkman's head
was in a pillory.
He stops his team with many "whoas,"
his voice is loud and strong.
He clatters nimbly up the steps and
drags a can along.
He whistles blithely, gaily, "Alexander's Ragtime Band,"
He sets a can upon the porch and
thumps it with his hand.
So for the noisy milkman let us all
arise and sing—
But first let's kill the noisy mutt and
let the joybells ring.

IN THE WANT ADS.

I like to scan the page of wants—
For instance, where I'm looking,
Some frenzied housewife says she hunts
"A young white girl for cooking."
—Johnstown Democrat.

I saw another yesterday,
While odd ones we are naming.
A picture seller offers pay
To "neat workmen for framing."
—Youngstown Telegram.

It seems to me that this one is
A pippin and a pome:
A woman wants some Jane or Liz
"To work and sleep at home."

There is a funnyman on the Eugene Guard, it appears. He must be a funnyman, for he says:

"'Horse Show a Howling Success,' says a headline in the Woodburn Tribune. Neigh, neigh, say not so. A dog show might well be called a howling success, but 'twould be better to characterize the horse exhibition as the mane attraction."

There, doesn't that sound like a funnyman?

Speaking of hot cross buns, A. W. Bunn, of Beavertop, Or., married Miss Sarah Heater last week.

—B. L. T.

Now come the days when us poor men
Just wish we were put in the pen,
Or else get on a low-brow souse—
Our folk, you see, are cleaning house.

Ralph Cole of Ohio somewheres is in our midst talking for Taft. "Taft," he says, "is a fighter with a punch." Punch, mind you, not paunch.

Milt Miller, we hear, has decided he doesn't want any plums-of-the-peepul. Plums are only prunes in an undressed state, anyway, Milt.

STATESMEN Real and Near

BY FRED C. KELLY.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., April 20.—Chief Wilkie of the United States secret service, tells another of Detective William J. Burns' practical jokes.

It seems that Burns was going from New York to Boston by boat. He shared a stateroom with a young man whose talk betrayed that he had never before traveled by water. Burns prepared for bed, and when he had put on his pajamas reached casually for one of the big circular life preservers that hung on the wall, and slipped it over his head in a business-like I-always-do-this manner.

"Whatchu doing?" Burns' bunkmate hastened to inquire.

"What am I doing?" repeated Burns. "Didn't you hear those two bells a minute ago? That was the signal for everybody to put on life preservers. It's going to be dark and stormy tonight and it's already past the regular time to put 'em on."

"You don't mean to say we have to put those things on and keep 'em on all night?"

"Oh, no, you don't have to, of course," admitted Burns. "There's no way of making you do it. But the boat company's given you the signal to be prepared for any emergency, and if anything happens now and you haven't your life preserver on, they won't be responsible for you, that's all. Well, they'll find me ready, you bet. Good night."

And Burns crawled into his bunk with the big ring around his shoulders. As soon as he was settled in his berth, he took the thing off and went to sleep.

But his joke victim tossed about restlessly through the long hours of the night.

The next morning Burns put the lift preserver on, leaped lightly from his berth, took the big ring off again, and inquired breezily: "Well, how d'juh sleep?"

"Not a blamed wink," replied the other man, sadly. "Never put in such a night in my life. How could I sleep with that big sawdust ring around my waist?"

"Oh, I plum forgot to tell you," said Burns, "that if you couldn't sleep, it's permissible to take 'em off after midnight."

A workman called at the home of President Taft's brother Charlie, in Cincinnati to perform some odd job, and he paused to note some of the priceless paintings in brother Charlie's private gallery. He was attracted to a small original Van Dyke and moved up closer to get a better look.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I've got that same thing down home. Yes, it's exactly like that. My wife got it some place here in town. Are they worth much?"

"That one is worth $35,000," he was told.

"Hum," he murmured, "I guess I'll have ours framed."

Dr. Frank H. Wilson, member of the house from Brooklyn, came across a pair of last year's tan oxfords the last time he was home that seemed plenty good enough to run half through another season, provided a new pair of half soles could be grafted on.

He took the shoes to a cobbler for expert opinion. The cobbler looked them over, pointed to a couple of breaks in the uppers that the doctor had overlooked and said that while he'd be glad to have the job, he didn't think it would be worth while to put on the new running gears. And the doctor agreed that he was right.

"That'll be 75 cents," added the shoe fellow.

"Wh-what's that?" says the doc. "Didn't I just agree with you that they weren't worth fixing up?"

"Sing me? Didn't you?"

The shoe garage, "but didn't you give me a physical examination about a year and a half or two years ago, and tell me there wasn't anything wrong with me? And didn't you charge me for telling me? Didn't you?

It was the morning hour at the White House, when visitors are permitted to pass through, single file, and grasp the hand of the president for a fleeting second or two apiece. A Montana visitor came out chuckling quietly to himself and rejoined Representative Pray, whom he had accompanied to the executive offices.

"What is it that amuses you so highly?" inquired Pray.

"Oh, I played a little joke on the president," said the visitor. "When I shook hands with him the name I gave him wasn't my real name."

One of the first law cases Oscar Underwood ever tried was a divorce action, in which the husband, colored man, was accused of habitual drunkenness.

"How many drinks do you generally take in a day?" the lawyer asked the defendant.

"How many does I gen'ly take, boss?" repeated the witness with a good-natured grin. "Well, sah, I's goin' to be honest 'bout it. Sometimes I gen'ly takes five or six o' a day, and then again sometimes I gen'ly takes 'bout thuhty o' fo'ty."

To a congressman who is also a bachelor, the cost of living proposition is practically a negligible quantity. It shouldn't cost him much of anything to live. He can rent a comfortable room where the landlady will give him a simple breakfast for a nominal sum, eat a bowl of milk and crackers at the house restaurant each noon, and then catch up at dinner time. The demand for unmarried congressmen to "fill in" at fashionable dinners is always several jumps behind the supply, and such men as Catlin of Missouri and Gillette of Massachusetts, for example, wouldn't really need to buy more than one dinner a month.

FOR THE SICK

"I SUPPOSE you know that Zediker has been laid up for a couple of weeks," said Fessenden to Rumbelow. "He's had a lot of hard luck lately and isn't able to pay for a nurse, so the neighbors are taking turns sitting up with him, and I came over to see if you will take your turn tonight."

"I'll be hanged if I do," replied Rumbelow, with emphasis. "If Zediker wants somebody to sit up with him, let him send for a policeman. I don't believe for a minute that he's really sick. He's just running a cheap bluff in order to give as much trouble as possible, and to inveigle me into his house for some nefarious purpose. He's the ringleader of the conspiracy to run me out of this neighborhood, and there's no trick so low down that he wouldn't resort to it in order to put a spoke in my wheel.

"Las fall he came over to my place and said that his Uncle Henry from Oshkosh was visiting him and had unfortunately fallen sick. Zediker had been sitting up with him until he was worn out and so he wanted me to go over and take his place by the couch of suffering for a few hours so he could have a few lines of sleep. I might have known there was some scheme back of it all, but I'm naturally unsuspicious and full of the milk of human kindness, and it's hard to turn down a request of that kind, so I was just easy enough to go over and seat myself by the sick man's bed. Zediker said his uncle was delirious at times, but all I had to do was to put a wet towel on his forehead and he would quiet down immediately.

"About ten minutes after I went on duty Uncle Henry had one of his delirious sessions, reciting the declaration of independence backward and trying to kick the footboard out of the bed. I reached over to put a wet towel on his fevered brow and he grabbed my wrist with his teeth. Zediker never told me that his uncle had hydrophobia and I haven't forgiven him for that trick. I had to pry him off my wrist with a bootjack and then I started to leave the room. I was plum homesick at that juncture.

"Well, there never was a man as delirious as Uncle Henry, and when he saw me leaving he made one spring from his couch of suffering and landed on my back and scared me out of five years' growth. He rode me about the hall like an old man of the sea, and so we went down the stairway end over end, and you could have heard the commotion in the next township. Fortunately, Uncle Henry was underneath when we landed at the foot of the stairs and I was able to get home without calling an ambulance. Zediker has been spreading a distorted account of the occurrence all over the country, saying that I pulled his uncle out of bed and tried to murder him with a bootjack.

"If I wasn't so good hearted I'd have less trouble, but I'm always doing something to help my neighbors, and nothing that I do is appreciated. One day I was passing Traphagen's house and he was standing on his front porch weeping as though his heart would break. I asked him what was hurting him, and he said that his little son Ronald was sick, and the lad's sufferings were so intense that he simply couldn't stand it to stay in the house.

"'Come in and see my poor sick boy,' said Traphagen. 'Maybe the sight of your kind, noble face will cheer him up.' So I went in and saw the boy. He was lying on the lounge reading an 'Old Sleuth' story and seemed to be having a good time, although his face was swollen.

"A few days later I had the worst case of mumps ever seen in the United States. My head was swelled up till I couldn't get it out of a window to see what the weather was like and it ached so that you could hear the noise three blocks away. Traphagen had dragged me into his house on purpose to have me catch the disease. That's the sort of treatment I get from everybody in this neighborhood."

Raising Water With Air

From Harper's Weekly.

As all schoolboys know, a suction pump can theoretically elevate water only about 32 1-2 feet, a column of water of that height balancing the atmospheric pressure. A means has, however, been found of causing a suction pump to raise water to a height of even 60 feet. The invention was made by a workman in the French marine. Monsieur Eyssette, the chief engineer of the marine, remarked that one particular pump showed extraordinary qualities in drawing water from ships' holds. Inquiry developed the fact that a workman had thought of the plan of introducing air into the water at the point where the suction was applied, thus producing an emulsion of air and water, which, because of its diminished density, was capable of being elevated to considerably greater heights than pure water.

AS THE CARTOONISTS VIEW CURRENT EVENTS

NEW YORK SUN CHICAGO NEWS

CHICAGO EVENING POST SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE CLEVELAND LEADER