

Health and Efficiency

BY LORALITTLE.

Questions by readers on subjects pertaining to this column will be answered by Loralittle. Queries should be addressed to Mrs. Lora C. Little, care The Oregon Journal, and writer's name and address must accompany each communication. The name will not be used if request is so made. All questions must be so asked as to admit of answer within limited space.

AN out of town correspondent writes for the name of a cookbook dealing with "plain and wholesome cooking." She has been answered by mail, but I would say here to all readers that the best service of any cookbook is by way of suggestion. Cookery must be learned in the kitchen, and its rudiments are best gained under a skilled cook. But cooks are apt to be poor dietitians. Likewise, dietitians are not necessarily cooks. Hence, having learned the art of cookery, a housewife ought in these days to learn the principles of dietetics, and when these are mastered, any ordinary cookbook is good enough. The "health" cookbooks are apt to be put together by persons with a hobby, and to this hobby the first essential to good cookery is often sacrificed. The first essential is that food taste good to a fairly unspoiled palate. A good cook must have good alimentiveness. She must herself enjoy food. She needs also the facilities of order and idealism, for these make her precise and dainty in preparing food. With these and a love of home and family nothing can prevent a woman from being a good cook. Those deficient in the qualities mentioned ought to cultivate facilities as to cultivate potatoes, and more interesting as well as profitable.

"Please advise me what I can do to prevent a sore on my little girl's hand. She burned it by touching the stove. It is on the back of the hand and three of the knuckles. The sore is very new and beginning to draw together. I have put vaseline and olive oil on, but neither seem to be helping. She is three years old."

There is nothing better in my experience in the healing of wounds of all kinds than water. It is way ahead of oils and salves. Exposure to open air and sunlight, however, have been found efficacious in healing burned surfaces, where with ordinary treatment skin grafting would have been required. This was done with great success in a St. Louis hospital, where a burned child was placed on the roof of the hospital, his burned breast uncovered, and healing took place without skin grafting. In your case, if the scar has formed, water applications and massage may help to remove it. There is great virtue in water packs for nearly every ill and injury.

The dandruff and itching scalp indicate suppressed eliminative effort. Feel her lightly, making one of her three daily meals entirely of vegetables, with little or no salt on meat. A child of her age should eat no meat. Keep drugs out of her stomach and off her skin. Give her a chance and she will get rid of the trouble.

"What would you advise for nervous headache? Have had this trouble for a long time—five or six years. Being in a crowd or in the street, or any kind of excitement will start it. Then too I am a poor sleeper, very nervous and easily awakened. Am only 34 years old. Have plenty of fresh air in my room, and eat a great deal of fruit and vegetables—not much meat. Shall be grateful for any helpful suggestions you may offer."—Mrs. X. Y. Z.

THE cause of your trouble is probably made up of a good many things. In a general way we can take it for granted that your habits of life are not healthy. It is certain that you do not breathe enough, and that you are guilty of errors of diet. Two things you must constantly work for—increased elimination and more vitality. Your lungs, skin, bowels or kidneys—perhaps all of them—are not doing their full duty. Learn how to get them active. You probably eat too much concentrated food, and may use pepper and too much salt. Hot drinks may be a factor. Worry may be another. You will have to investigate yourself and then apply the appropriate remedy; put into the place of the wrong habit the corresponding right habit. You have begun well, keep trying and do not rest content with less than health.

Orozco's Selection by Huerta as Governor Surprising Act

By Edward Bell.

New York, April 12.—In the few weeks of his dictatorship President Victoriano Huerta has performed many startling acts, but none whose significance is less clear than the appointment on April 2 of Pascual Orozco to the governorship of Mexico's greatest state—Chihuahua.

Seemingly no more conspicuous mark of confidence and esteem could the ruler of Mexico bestow. Yet Huerta has been Orozco's bitter enemy for years, and in Mexico hatred does not give place to friendship with such precipitancy. It was Huerta, who, at the head of Madero's army, a year ago, drove Orozco from the state of Chihuahua and from the same governorship to which he is now appointed. It was Huerta who cut to pieces the force Orozco had drawn with him into treachery against Madero, and started their leader on the totem of hard luck which he has consistently ridden ever since.

Undoubtedly the life of the man who attempts to regain Chihuahua and its custom houses at Juarez and Piedras Negras for the central government will not be dull. But the man who accomplishes this will achieve a distinction throughout Mexico that will raise him to a dangerous eminence. Especially would this be true of Orozco, who, despite his shifty ways, holds a strong place in the Mexican peon's heart. Why, then, should Huerta locate him in a position open to such possibilities? Is he deceiving his old enemy into ambush? Is he depending upon his Hounded Antonio Rabago, the man who betrayed Abram Gonzalez, later murdered, to turn some sordid trick when Orozco attempts to take office?

Scrutiny of this riddle is worth while, because in Chihuahua's 85,000 square miles more American money is invested than in any other Mexican state. The state has, in fact, become generally known as "almost American." That it has also, for many months, been the most bloody debating ground for Mex-

ico's vital questions carries distinct though sad import to a small army of investors of the United States and Canada. If Orozco or any one can restore order in Chihuahua, he will be entitled to deafening applause from both sides of the border.

According to previous dispatches General Rabago assumed Chihuahua's governorship when he arrived in the state, since that time Rabago has been industriously at work polishing off prisoners before a firing squad at Jimenez, the military headquarters south of Chihuahua city, and it is possible that he may not feel disposed to submit to Orozco's orders. He may even think it impolitic of Huerta to suggest that he should.

That Tarraza, the great Chihuahua landowner, is in this Orozco appointment there is no doubt. This governorship may be the deal that the land baron and his fighting partner want to Mexico City to put over. But that Tarraza could bring sufficient pressure to bear upon Huerta seems unlikely. Has the pressure been a threat that unless this thing were done he would support the big northern movement under Carranza? Although it is said that the Tarraza family has lost 40,000 horses and a quarter of a million cattle through the revolutions since 1910, it is still rich and powerful. But has Huerta not known that Carranza, who fights for a constitutional Mexico, would decline the services of Tarraza with thanks?

It is now probable that Tarraza, short of his hope of a controlling voice in an Orozco government at Mexico City, is doing the next best thing—getting the mountainous made Chihuahua's governor. For the governor of a rich state, short of a Mexico tyranny, can deliver some very pretty pieces of goods—if so disposed.

It is estimated that there are more than 700,000 acetylene automobile lights in use in the United States.

CAPITAL MEN AND EVENTS

By James Hay, Jr.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 12.—Gloomy, dreary, and funeral is the problem which now confronts Woodrow Wilson and us. What's to become of our diplomatic service? How can we get good dips?

The tomb of Jonah, who was once buried alive by an industrious fish, has been located. It is definitely stated now that there are no old maids in Siam. And an inventor has come forward with a bullet which, if it does not kill the enemy, will put them to sleep.

Other gentlemen who are expected to bring home the market money every Saturday night, are compelled to work for a living. Moreover, the \$17,500 which is paid to an ambassador is hardly more than cigarette money when the ambassador has landed in foreign capitals. Over there diplomats spend their time sending cablegrams and cashing checks. Hence, diplomats must be millionaires, and, by the same logic, millionaires may be diplomats.

McCombs is a diplomat, a conferrer,



But who has yet driven up in a rubber-tired buggy and offered the answer to the diplomatic puzzle? In the terse phraseology of the old song, Nobody!

When William E. McCombs, chairman of the Democratic national committee, refused the embassy which would take him to France, the land of frogs and furbelows, Mr. Wilson issued a public lament. He said he realized that a man who was not independently wealthy or in the millions of class could not accept big diplomatic appointments.

Americans, he pointed out, like all

a whisper of parts, but he is not a millionaire. Wherefore, he cannot go to Paris.

But what's the answer? In the first place, Woodrow and us are a Democratic administration, pledged to economy. According to our nickel-plated, Yale-locked, castron, wire-bound platform, we are slooping around with a sword and getting on the trail of every high salary we see. Our sworn duty is to cut off big salaries. Instead of raising them, we are the champion depressants of the pay envelope. Therefore we cannot pay our diplomats

about \$50,000 a throw for going abroad to drink in information and tea. And the thing comes back to the old situation that we must rely on the millionaire class for our diplomacy. In other words, if you want to establish a world peace you must find men who have purses as wide as the world. This is "dollar diplomacy" with a vengeance. If you are born with a gold spoon in your mouth you may make chieftains down the gilded corridors of royal palaces. If you are so rich that banknotes are sticking out of your ears you may listen to the gossip of diplomatic circles in other lands.

Getting down to brass tacks, we don't pay our diplomats enough, and we know that there are not enough millionaires to furnish us with all the fuzzy, real classy, up to date diplomatic that we need. Finally, we cannot raise the salaries of these offices. All of which appears, as we started out to say, that we are up against a gloomy, dreary and funeral problem.

Men with big brains and small bank accounts must sidestep diplomacy or send their families to almshouses. Consequently our diplomacy is looking like a cordial ante with the "cordiale" knocked to smithereens.

BEFORE the snow flakes fly again, before the frosts of fall return, ere the blood of dying summer flecks the golden cradle of young autumn, we'll all be here! When we smile across the eggs each morning, when we serve up tea in the afternoon, when we carve the roasted round of beef in the evening, we'll know that we've got something on the market man. And when you get anything on that individual your batting average lands you right smack in the middle of the big leagues.

In other words, the secretary of agriculture is getting fervid whispers from several experts on how to establish the division of markets in his department—this new division having just been authorized by congress and calling for the expenditure of \$50,000 to determine

how to prevent the duplication of cost in getting food products from the producer to the consumer. It is a fine, large, and jaw-dropping plan. Let the government tell you how to do your marketing! That's the central idea.

To shoot the fish straight from the hook to the home, to flash the trusty old hen from the coop to the skillet, to hurl the potato from the cloed to the kettle—this is the program which Uncle Sam has undertaken. Of course, if this can be accomplished, everything will cost less, taste better and be fresher. Of late years, owing to the national weakness for cold storage houses, freshness has been one of our rarest products.

"If you want things cheap," says Secretary Houston, thinking of the \$50,000 to be spent in showing the pub-

lic how to go to market without losing its way and its wad, "we are the cheapening company. If you want 'em quick, we'll be swift enough to make Apollo look like a tortoise with three legs amputated. If you want 'em fresh, we'll be there every morning."

These are glad tidings. Under present conditions, all of us housekeepers are bothering about how to make ten cents do the work of twenty. And we are invigorated, antised and entranced by what Mr. Houston proposes to do for us.

How will he do it? That is as yet



such an undertaking, there must come some measure of success. And nothing could bring greater joy than the morning smile at the thought that the eggs we eat cost less and are younger than has been the case in the last fifty years. Here's to Mr. Houston, the greatest old groceryman of modern times!

Extensive tests by an Ohio physician have proved to his satisfaction that both tobacco juice and smoke are excellent germicides, killing a large proportion of all disease germs with which they come in contact.

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1140—Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk in Black, White and Tan, with Lisle "Dub-1" Top, High Spliced Heel and "Doublex" Sole. Value 50c.
"Onyx" Day Price, 3 pairs for \$1.00

Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk, a Fine Medium Weight, in Black only with "Dub-1" Garter Top of Silk or Lisle; High Spliced Heel; "Doublex" Sole of Silk or Lisle. Value \$1.15 and \$1.50.
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1215—Men's "ONYX" Pure Silk; High Spliced Heel and "Doublex" Sole, with Toe Guard and Silk Plaited Cuff—Black, Tan, Navy, Grey, Cadet, Burgundy, Helio, Purple and Smoke. Value 50c.
"Onyx" Day Price, 3 pairs for \$1.00

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Should your dealer be unable to supply you, leave your name and address, and all orders will be honored within a reasonable time through him.

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