



WHAT IS REST?

Eminent Specialists Show Value of Exercise and Dangers of Fatigue.

That no consumptive can hope for a cure of his disease without following the most rigid routine with regard to rest is the conclusion of four interesting articles in the Journal of the Outdoor Life for June, by Professor Frederic S. Lee of Columbia University, New York, Drs. Lawrason Brown and F. H. Heise of the Adirondack Cottage Sanatorium, Trudeau, N. Y., Dr. Joseph H. Pratt of Boston, and Will M. Ross of Stevens Point, Wis.

Professor Lee, writing on the subject "The Physiology of Exercise and Rest," shows by experiments on dissected frogs the way in which exercise tires the muscles and, in fact, all the organs of the body. He says:

"There is no known antidote to fatigue, unless it be rest, with all that rest implies. Sleep allows the reparative process of rest to be performed most quickly and completely. A moderate degree of fatigue, or even a considerable degree when not too often incurred, is not detrimental to a healthy body and is even to be advised. The healthy body is provided with great recuperative powers, and does not rapidly succumb to even excessive demands on its energy. But it should be allowed the proper condition for recuperation, and that condition is adequate rest. There is danger when the fatigue of one day's labor is not eliminated before the next day's work is begun. The effects may then be cumulative, the tissues may be in a continued state of depression, and the end may be disastrous."

Drs. Brown and Heise in an article on "Properly Regulated Rest and Exercise in Pulmonary Tuberculosis," hold that the action of the poisonous germs of the disease on the body is very similar to that of overexercise. The poisonous irritation caused by the germs gives the organs and tissues of the body a double load to carry. They emphasize the importance of rest in the treatment of tuberculosis, but also insist that properly regulated exercise is very necessary. They state their conclusions thus:

"Exercise when properly regulated and systematically graded is an important factor in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis. Through it the patient is in many cases returned to home and family with lessened chances of future relapse. At the same time part of his earning capacity is restored and he is consequently financially less dependent upon others, relieving him of much worry, expense and hardship."

Dr. Pratt, who was founder of the first Church Tuberculosis Class in the United States in the Emmanuel Church in Boston, claims that in the treatment of tuberculosis absolute rest, often in bed, must be extended over a period of months, before the consumptive should take any exercise. He says, "Prolonged rest in bed out of doors yields better results than any other method of treating pulmonary tuberculosis. Patients will have a better appetite and take more food without discomfort and gain weight and strength faster than patients with active disease who are allowed to exercise. Complications are much less frequent. When used in the incipient stage recovery is more

rapid and surer.

Mr. Ross, who is himself a cured consumptive, and a writer of considerable prominence, holds that unless resting becomes a business to the tuberculosis patient, he might as well give up his fight for health. "The period of infection with tuberculosis," he says, "is not a vacation. It is a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. True it is a period of idleness, but one of intelligent, directed idleness. The day's work should consist of rest; rest should be the only business on hand. The light exercise, or hour of reading should be considered as the reward of a good day's work, like the evening of slippers ease to the tired business man at the end of the day. This recreation, however, should be considered only as an incidental result of the patient's work, not the main object."

AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE

There is some one at Newberg who appears a good deal excited because The Oregonian recently devoted space in its news columns to a "virulent attack on the American Woman's League, its methods and preeminently against its founder, E. G. Lewis, Mayor of St. Louis, Mo." The columns of the local Newberg papers have been filled for several weeks with eulogies of Lewis and a somewhat frantic defense of the league. The Newberg writer ought to be better informed, for Lewis is not Mayor of St. Louis, Mo.

The Oregonian has not attacked the league nor undertaken an exposure of Lewis, its founder, though it has some misgiving that it is not fully discharging its duty in its failure to do one or both. It has printed the news about the legal difficulties of the league, including a defense of Lewis by himself, and an article from the Rural New Yorker, making unpleasant statements about the whole enterprise.

There are many good women in Oregon who have been persuaded to subscribe their money and their time to the project, and it will be a serious matter for them if it shall fail. Yet to many the whole plan has seemed impractical, and even chimerical even if prosecuted in good faith, and there will be no general surprise if it comes to a standstill now or soon. It is to be hoped sincerely that it will not. It will be well for the women of Newberg and of other places, who have started to build league homes and to make therein community centers of art, literature, music and the like, to accept the statements of professional promoters at their value, and to ascertain the facts otherwise, if they can; or in any event to await developments before being committed further to a scheme that is confronted by the determined hostility of powerful enemies, who may or may not be inspired by personal resentment toward Lewis.—Oregonian.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The subjects of the sermons next Sunday are: Morning, "Lights in the World." Evening, "The Deceiver."

Notice to Knights of Pythia.

Chehalem Lodge No. 108 K. of P. will install officers and put on the First Bank Friday night, July 7th, 1911. All are welcome.

A PATRIOTIC CENTURY RUN

Jottings from the Wayside on a Fourth of July Auto Jaunt.

Being desirous of celebrating in harmony with the new propaganda for a sane Fourth, W. A. Kings and the Graphic family started out in the former's auto Tuesday morning with the purpose of getting a closer acquaintance with and thereby a more intelligent appreciation of, some of the surrounding territory in this great Oregon country of ours.

Oregon looks good enough any time, but right now, with the valleys abloom with luxuriant roses, red with luscious cherries and carpeted with fields of heavy, waving grain; with the ever-encircling hills presenting their various shades of verdure; with the blue background of the Coast Mountains on the west and the Cascades on the east, the latter topped with its regal sentinels of white; with the bluest of blue skys, decorated with fleecy, fleeting clouds—But we are becoming involved and entangled in our enthusiasm. Westward out with the intention of making the brief statement that while Oregon always looks good, it has a superfine appearance just at present—especially to an Oregonian who has just returned from a year's exile.

And the ride taken Tuesday was through just such a country as to excite the heartiest appreciation and admiration. Going out south over the Dayton road through Whiteson and Amity, the county line was crossed over into Polk, Dallas being the first objective point. Some thirty years ago this road was traversed by three of the party behind an ox team. The violent contrast in the methods of locomotion then and now, together with the different appearance presented by the face of the country, was very fruitful of comparative visions of past and present.

All towns are divided on July 4th, not, like Gaul, into three parts, but into two—those that celebrate and those that don't. And it's a poor time to size up the latter, which are for the day in the deserted village class. Among these was Dallas, the thriving hub of Polk. One busy place was found—in the Observer office, presided over by the veteran quill pusher, Carey Hayter, who extended the glad hand, with the freedom of the city.

After lunch the ride was resumed, swinging around the foot-hills back into the west end of Yamhill county to Sheridan, a distance of twenty miles from Dallas. It was "welcome to our city" here for Sheridan was in the celebrating class. The town itself was pretty well deserted however for the "city park," where the fat men were running a race like sorghum molasses in January, where the gallant swains were feeding their gaily decked lasses on pop corn done up in red, white and blue and where pink lemonade was running like the Yamhill river. Near by a thrilling baseball game was in progress in which, sad, sad to relate, Dallas cleft the scalps of the undefeated Sheridan tossers by the cruel score of 18 to 6.

The road from Sheridan down to McMinnville is one of the finest in the country—the delight of the chauffeur. Indeed, candor compels the admission that the going is not noticeably smoother

as one approaches Newberg.

The second of the dozen towns and villages passed, which celebrated, was LaFayette. Yes, that's what we said—LaFayette! Let all arise and sing, for she, the old capital of Yamhill, "came back" and showed a flash of her old time class.

But speaking of class! We give the medal to our next door neighbor, Dundee, with its oiled street. We imagined for fifteen seconds we were bowling along a California boulevard.

This matter of being up-to-date fetches another thought to our mind. We noticed in our ride through the county that with commendable business sense and enterprise the old wooden bridges of Yamhill have been and are being replaced with steel structures, by the county commissioners. Admirable, indeed! But then we remembered that in returning home a couple of days previous, we entered Newberg on the east by way of the Portland road, across a new bridge and one of the most travelled in the county. We didn't have opportunity to investigate closely but in passing we didn't notice any steel to speak of in the construction thereof. It may be out of place for a new old-comer even, to voice his curiosity, but we couldn't help wondering why.

With heavy crops in prospect from both field and orchard, the horn of plenty bids fair to spill out over Old Yamhill this season. And the glow of prosperity is reflected on the face of the country. Farms are very much better kept than of yore. Old and indifferent farm houses are being replaced by new and modern homes. The home farms are being given appropriate and suggestive names which give pleasant associations and dignity to country life. The spirit of progress and development shown by nearly all the towns reflects the same prosperity.

Longfellow says somewhere something like this: "If thou art worn and hard beset With troubles that thou wouldst forget; If thou wouldst read a lesson That will keep thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills—No tears dim the sweet look that nature wears."

If the New Englander had been wise on Oregon, his recipe would have been more to the point and something after this fashion: "Hey there, you Oregonian, that's afflicted with that tired, grouchy, what's-the-use feeling! Come out of it! Stir yourself and get up early one of these fine mornings, after eight hours of restful sleep through a cool night. Take a good draught of pure mountain spring water, flavored with the snows of Mt. Hood. Go out and bury your face in the depths of a full blown Oregon rose. Make your breakfast on a Bing cherry or a Gold Dollar strawberry. Thus refreshed, raise your optics to the surrounding hills and to the far-flung mountains beyond and drink in something of the beauty of it all. Then lift your face toward the blue, blue sky, draw in all the pure, invigorating ozone your lungs will hold—and just be thankful you're alive and in Oregon—in God's own out-of-doors."

UNION MEETINGS

At the Ministers' Meeting last Monday it was decided to hold union meetings Sunday evenings during the latter part of the summer beginning, July 30th. They will be held in the Friends church unless notice is given to the contrary.

BIG POULTRY PROBLEM

O. A. C. Professor Probes Root of Poultryman's Woes.

"The three problems in poultry raising that trouble the farmers of Oregon more than any others," says Professor James Dryden of the O. A. C. poultry department, "are first, getting the eggs in winter; second, lice and mites; and third, raising the chicks."

"Last week we gave the farmers' opinions as to whether there was profit or not in poultry keeping. The answers to this question, this week, are designed to show why there is not more profit in the business. Out of 333 answers we received the following replies: 62 said the problem was, how to get eggs in winter; 60, lice and mites; 56, raising the chickens; 24, hawks; 6, coyotes; 34, other vermin; 4, rains or wet weather; 20, feeding; 9, hatching; 58, miscellaneous difficulties."

"To make the hen lay in winter is apparently the real problem; and yet its solution depends upon the solution of other problems. It is not merely a question of caring for or making the hens lay. The problem goes back to the making of the hen. If the hen were made right there would be little trouble in making her lay. How to make the hen lay in winter resolves itself largely into a question of making the hen."

"I am inclined to think that the 56 who said that the raising of the chicks is the hardest problem, came nearer hitting the nail on the head." To get a profitable egg yield under any conditions, the flock of layers must be frequently renewed. The old hen doesn't pay. For commercial purposes it seldom pays to keep her more than two years. This means that in a few years the farmer has raised several generations of fowls, and any mistake in the breeding or raising is very soon evident. To be successful a poultry raiser must be able to maintain offspring with the same vigor and vitality as the parent; otherwise there would soon be no eggs in winter because of lack of constitutional vigor in the stock.

"But it is not all in the raising. There is probably more in the breeding, and it is not so much a matter of the breeds. No matter how they may be raised, fed and cared for, some hens won't lay, because they have not the breeding or the laying capacity. On the other hand, some will lay, almost in spite of neglect; that is a question of breeding."

One farmer replied to the question, that the problem with him was "To make the exit large enough for the hens, but too small for our valuable cattle dog, and to have open front house and yet be protected from skunks, owls, hawks, and wild cats."

Another complained of the problem of shipping and marketing; another has difficulty in getting on the market the kind of feed he wants; and still another finds his problem "To keep the chicks growing from time of hatching until ready for market, and keep them free from disease."

PHOEBE J. DUSTAN DECEASED

Last Sunday afternoon in Portland at the chapel of the East Side Funeral Directors a full congregation attended the funeral services of Mrs. Phoebe J. Dustan, the mother of Mrs. S. M. Crosby, of Dundee, for many

years, also of Mrs. Ida E. Boyles and George Dustan, of Portland.

The casket in front of the pulpit was hidden by the mass of flowers, in varied forms, that filled that end of the chapel, bearing mute but fitting testimony to the esteem in which she was held.

The eulogy, by her pastor, Rev. James D. Corby, was a sympathetic statement of her most conspicuous trait of character—a mother, not only to her own family, but to all who seemed to need her services.

A few words were spoken by the writer who had many pleasant talks with Mrs. Dustan during her illness.

The burial was by the side of her husband, under an evergreen tree in Lone Fir Cemetery. The sunshine and zephyrs of the peaceful Sabbath were in harmony with the occasion.

Her sufferings for many months, taxed her faith and patience; her faith triumphed, but she longed to depart.

The casket, suspended within the open grave, covered by the floral offerings, is a farewell picture that will linger in the halls of memory.

Geo. H. Greer.

ATTEMPT TO BURN MILL

H. W. Miller, the Owner, Charged With the Crime.

In the light of recent events it was the most natural thing for the thoughts of the people of Newberg to turn involuntarily to the Chehalem Valley Mills, with the first shriek of the fire whistle at the hour of six o'clock Tuesday morning, and the intuition proved true, for hither the fire fighters hurried in time to turn a stream into the basement where a blaze was getting a good headway at the base of an elevator shaft that led to the upper floors, and thus defeat the plans of an incendiary who had applied the match.

Mrs. Dunlap who was passing, saw the smoke and gave the alarm to John McPoland and H. W. Miller, the owner of the mill, who were seated in the office, and they turned in the alarm by telephone. The quick time made by the hose companies enabled them to put the fire out before it had reached the upper floors, else the results would doubtless have been different.

It is claimed that in the fore part of the night two places were found in the upper part of the mill where plans had been laid for starting fires, and there seems to be ample evidence to prove that all the fires connected with the property in the past few months have been of incendiary origin.

On Wednesday afternoon H. W. Miller, the owner of the mill, was arraigned before Justice R. B. Linnville on a charge of attempting to burn the property. He waived a preliminary hearing and the bonds holding him for appearance at circuit court were fixed at \$3000.

Up to the time of going to press bonds had not been furnished.

Marriage Licenses.

Eva E. Miller, age 21 yrs. to Aris M. Sherwood, age 25 yrs. Jessie Van Nortwick, age 24 yrs. to William Burrows, age 24 yrs. Nellie Nelson, age 31 yrs. to Joseph B. Dodson, age 40 yrs. Ina McCollum, age 18 yrs. to Harry Pleasant, age 21 yrs. Grace Daniel, age 24 yrs. to Eugene Barber, age 27 yrs.