

Diseases: Their Causes and Cures Considered.

By Dr. J. T. Work.

The principle cause of disease is bad habits of life, and there is no vitality wasted digesting food which is not needed than anything else.

Keep thy stomach with all diligence for out of it proceedeth the life of life.—Dr. Sperry.

Don't worry, for that kills and does nothing. The mental state is important to health, but the basis of life is physical, and the physical of the body is generally the production of its own habits of life. As abnormal habits will bring abnormal function, inco-ordination of nerve forces and disease (mental and physical).

When we will consult the laws of nature, we will find that nothing can exist without a cause and it is ignorance of these laws that is the cause of disease, the cure of which lies in removing the cause or there is no cure. We may be lazy and shrink from duty, but not so with nature, for there is life in the body, whether we wake or sleep, she is always doing her best to regulate our irregularities and repair damages done if we will not hinder it.

She is kind, giving many warnings with a pinch here and a pain there which we ought to interpret, if possible, to find its meaning before our bodies get into a bankrupt condition and filled to saturation point with uric acid and poisonous elements like a waterlogged ship that every little wave threatens and with any extra exposure sinks to the bottom.

There is not a moment's insurance for those with wrong habits of life, and the further they drift from a correct standard, the harder it is to return, for the laws of compensation must be satisfied and they are absolutely pitiless and merciless.

We cannot think of a tyrant that severs our dearest earthly ties so ruthlessly as the results of our own carelessness or ignorance. There is no pardon nor days of grace at the end. The bill may have to be paid with a severe illness or the life of the transgressor.

No one can cheat or afford to trifle with nature, for when it is overpowered there is no other earthly power can save. An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure for the little ills soon get greater till the most skillful physician is soon helpless. When we overdraw our bank account with nature, it is easy to predict the finish. There is no accident nor ill luck about diseases built in this way, for it is the result of deliberate preparation, whether we know it or not, and there is no excuse for ignorance in this realm, all is law and order.

Let us follow the progress of disease and the cure will suggest itself. From whatever cause, the flame of vitality is lowered and the body weakened there is inability to digest the usual quantity, then by overeating or wrong combinations of food, most all diseases start with putrefaction somewhere in the alimentary canal, then poisonous elements and acids are absorbed into the body, leaving sediments first in the weakest parts that has the least nerve power to throw it off.

It may be a local part is affected and acts as an escape valve for the rest from a periodical bilious attack, headache or colds or something worse, taking its name according to the location. Often it is the secretive glands of the body that next shows putrefaction by the bad taste in the mouth, foul breath and tongue, irritation of the kidneys and irregularities of the bowels. The nerves which control these movements overwork themselves trying to help the trouble all they get irritated and weaken, losing control of the muscles which may relax or contract pulling the vertebrae out of place and impinging those nerves that they cannot regain strength even when the first cause is corrected.

This is the state of body called auto-toxemia, which is the great universal first cause of diseases as the resistance of the body is broken down and it is in line for whatever disease is most susceptible, or to premature old age. Thus germs are not a first cause but a secondary condition, and cleanliness makes us more immune than all the serums ever invented. Now to remove the cause, it is a self evident fact that drugs cannot cure disease if it is not the cause, if it is, should be stopped first as drugs can only mask or delay normal function in the body, and if taken long enough cause the opposite of the intended effect.

Diet or fasting is often indicated to give the body time to purify and catch up what it is behind. In all diseases where there is fever and pain, nutrition and metabolism is suspended. Digestive juices do not secrete and it is criminal to feed under such circumstances. Instead of strengthening, it can only pro-

long and build disease by adding to the decomposition already there, with every spoonful taken even of the lightest foods till nature is ready for it, our so called "latest authorities" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Every complication or relapse to an acute condition during treatment is due to drugging, or feeding, or both.

At first there is no ulceration, but if the disease is trifled with or treated "scientifically" long enough, not only ulceration but perforation, hemorrhage and death may be the result. The dumb animals often have more sense than the human in this respect, as they are not so much perverted.

This state can be very much assisted by skillful adjustments and manipulations with the human hand to take the pressure off the nerves. By the intelligent use of hot and cold water, as has been known for ages, and the newer system of electricity greatly assists the elimination of waste and poisonous matters. Learn how to live for health and then live the life.

These principles are safe and reliable as well as the most scientific means of assisting nature, which is the only way real healing can be done and not by maiming or drugging, as every foreign substance in the body is an irritant. Then why whip a weak horse to make him go? He may go somewhat faster at first, but at the expense of being left weaker with every repetition of the dose. It is better to lighten his load or increase his nourishment. It is hard to show how putting two evils together can do any good, unless both are destroyed. Neither can much be accomplished by those one-sided systems that rush to the other extreme and by suggestion and negation apply to the mind only. They are like some of the freak religions made to fit the peculiar people who adopt them because they have not common sense enough to weigh the difference between the superficial and spurious and the deeper philosophy that is more consistent and genuine.

Too much of the professional services required of doctors are bestowed on people who know or expect nothing more rational than to be drugged, and are satisfied if the doctor looks at their tongues or feels their pulse, displays an instrument or two, looks wise and writes something they don't know, for he is supposed to possess the miraculous power of curing disease.

Should he ask about their clothing, food, ventilation and habits of life his awe inspiring influence would be broken for they would know he was lacking in skill.

To meet any pathologic condition every system ought to be broad and comprehensive enough to reach out and correct the many causes of disease, then the real work is done by Innate Nature, the great silent partner of us all.

Notice.

To my friends in Tillamook County, Oregon: I wish to call your attention to the fact that I have dissolved partnership with Mr. Rollie W. Watson and from this date I can be found in the Commercial Building, Room No. 16, across the street from the Todd Hotel writing the same kind of fire insurance that I have in years past so you may rest assured that you will receive the same fair and square treatment that has characterized all my dealings with one and all for the past courtesies and looking forward to a renewal of old acquaintances, I am yours,

Very sincerely yours, J. S. Stephens, Post Office Box 242. Phone 1563.

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the undersigned has been by the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon duly appointed as administrator of the estate of JOHN C. MANIGAN, deceased, and that he has qualified as such administrator. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to said administrator at his office in Tillamook City, Tillamook County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof, together with proper verifications thereof as required by law. Dated this 21st of March, 1912.

H. T. BOTTS, Administrator of the Estate of John C. Manigan, deceased.

Underwood and Clark were both born in Kentucky. The Kentucky hills are visible from the spot where Taft was born, so Col. Waterston's state pride is safe. By the way, Bryan had Kentucky ancestors.

A California astronomer reports that "the eventual solar group of spots has reappeared" and will influence the weather. Many people would like to know what controls the weather in an equally remarkable manner when no sun spots are in sight.

COMPOSITIONS BY OUR SCHOOL GIRLS.

An Overland Trip From California to Oregon.

About three years ago my folks and I took a trip from California to Oregon. We thought we would travel by team to get a better view of the country. We started from our old home in Mendocino County, California, where we had lived about ten years and headed for Lakeview, Oregon. There were eight of us all together. We had a surrey for ourselves and a big wagon for our camping outfit. We would start about six o'clock in the morning and stop and camp about six in the evening and sometimes earlier. When we came to some good places we generally would stay there about two weeks and have a good time. We came over some awful steep mountains, but we had good horses and managed to get to the top of them without any trouble. One of the horses was afraid of automobiles when we first started, but she soon got used to them, we met so many, and went along nicely. We passed many gold mines, silver mines and coal mines. There were so many roads on the way that once or twice we got on the wrong road and went about five miles out of the way and had to turn back. We passed many small places and many large places, but for the small places they generally had large names. One time papa asked me the name of the next town we would come to and how far it was. He said the next place we would come to was London and it was one mile off. When we reached London, it was a place with one store and church and that was London, and we went on a little farther and came to a few boards across a ditch and that was London Bridge, so you see I have been to London. We came to one place in the mountains where no one but one family lived, and not far from there we saw some wild men on a mountain, and at that time I was walking, but it didn't take me very long to get in the surrey. When we came through the reservation I was scared, but the Indians liked us and treated us well. One day when we reached Sprague river we went fishing and caught a lot of trout all the colors of the rainbow. At Pitt river an old Indian man came along and my father asked him what he fished with, and he told him to come along and he would show him. My father and brother followed him and they went down the river and raised up the rocks and found big bugs and with those they fished. He pointed up the river and said, "fish dish way, fish dish way," and took them up the river and he ran away from them and went down the river where he knew the fish stayed and caught some. My father and brother couldn't catch any fish and started home, when they met him coming with two large one, fishing as he came. He kept the fishing bugs in his mouth and when he wanted a fish bait he took one out at a time. He wanted to sell the fish to papa for one dollar each, and that is the reason he wouldn't take papa where the fish were. The next day we went on our way again and came to the Pitt River Falls. There was a bridge below them that we had to cross and the Falls made so much noise the horses were afraid to go across and almost ran off of the bridge, and we were so scared that we got out of the surrey and walked across. After while we began to smell something awful and did not know what to think about it, but when we went on farther we found it was a sulphur creek that smelled so bad, but of course we had to have a drink of it so we got out and helped ourselves to a little spring by the road side. The sulphur water made us so sick that we couldn't cook any supper and ate a raw potato and went to bed, but in the night the horses got loose and it was noon the next day before we got started on our journey. We passed hot springs and soda springs. One of the hot springs was at Klamath Falls where people went on picnics and boiled eggs in it. Well it took us quite a while to reach Lakeview, Oregon; but when we did get there we didn't like the country and went on to the Willamette Valley where some of our kinfolks lived. We reached the Willamette Valley late one night and surprised our kinfolks there, but we didn't stay but one year, and came to Bay City, and from Bay City we came to Tillamook, where we still remain.—Arrabelle Sowers, Sixth grade.

My Trip to Bayocean.

Last summer, on the 4th of July, some girls and I started over to Bayocean. We started about nine o'clock in the morning. It was a beautiful morning. The sun shone bright on the river. We went down and got on the Henrietta. It was just laden with people, so we stayed on top the cabin. There was a

sort of a step on the boat. I thought it would make a fine seat so I went and sat down on it. Well, at last the whistle blew and the boat started. I jumped upon my feet, the whistle blew right in my ear, so I thought I would try another seat, but there wasn't any more to try, so I had to stand up. Pretty soon another girl tried the same seat and when the boat went around the next bend in the river, the whistle blew again. That made the girl jump and a little angry, so she thought she would try another scheme, so she took her coat and put it around the whistle. Well, the boat went around the next bend and we could hardly hear the whistle. This made the people laugh, and the man that blew the whistle came up and asked her to take her coat off the whistle. We met quite a few fishermen, and they all had their boats laden with fish. Bay City looked pretty small from the distance we were from it, and Garibaldi looked still smaller. It was about ten o'clock when we got to Bayocean. We got out of the boat on the dock. The wind blew a gale and I had to hang on to my hat. There was a little railroad track for a little box car to run on, on the dock, and there was a railroad track for a train to run on in Bayocean. There was a restaurant, a moving picture show, a candy store and a pool room. We thought we would go up the hill to the Hotel. There was a wagon road up to the Hotel, and a cement sidewalk on both sides of the street. I don't think you could get a very large load up the hill as the sand is so deep. On the east side of the sidewalk there were little squares of ground with grass growing on it and they laid it all along the walk and around the Hotel because there won't no grass grow there. They have got the squares all put together so even that a person would have to notice closely before they would notice that grass wasn't really growing there. The Hotel is located on top of a hill and on the west side is the ocean. There are steps going down the hill to the ocean. And we wanted to go down the hill to the ocean, but there were so many people going down the steps. We thought we would go down a path. Now the hillside was all covered with salal berry bushes and vines and small fir trees. We all started on a run down the hill. And I happened to be the last one. And just as the head one got half way down she stumbled and went rolling down the hill almost into the ocean, and the next girl was going so fast she couldn't stop, and she ran into the other one and rolled right on past her until she came to the end of the hill. When I got down there I asked if anyone was hurt. One of them said with a little quiver in her voice, "I started out well but head long I fell, and I went pall mall, as the fragrance will tell." She had a pretty bad scratch on her nose and she thought she would try another scheme so she went and washed her nose and put some face powder on it. We walked along the ocean beach for some time and I thought I would like to go in wading, so I sat down and was taking off my shoes and stockings when along came a big wave and I certainly looked like I had been in wading when that wave went down again. We came back up the hill again but not the same way we went down. I sat out in the sun and hot sand for quite awhile and got dry.

Then we went over to Tent City in Bayocean. The reason they call it Tent City is because there are so many tents and a cement sidewalk around them. It looks like a small city made up of tents. Each tent is numbered. There are a great many other tents in Bayocean that are not in Tent City. Now it was dinner time so we all went up on a little hill where it was shaded by many trees. We had a good time eating dinner. Then we went back down again. We walked around until we got tired, and then we went to the dance hall and saw the people dance for a little while. Then we went back down to where the boats were and there was a small gasoline launch going over to Bay City, and we thought we would go along as we were tired of doing nothing. The tide was just coming in and the boat rocked and the waves dashed into the boat. By the time we got over to Bay City people thought we had swam from Bayocean. And my dress was all faded out white and the ribbon on my hat faded out a light blue. My but we were pretty looking sights and there was nothing doing over to Bay City when we got there. The next thing we did was to get on the Henrietta and start for home. It was pretty cold upon the cabin, but it was very crowded and some of the people got to quarreling over their coats. When we got quite away out on the bay they began throwing up fireworks at Bayocean. But we could see them anyway. Some of the fire works looked like a great streak of fire and some of them looked like a double spring umbrella. We got up town at 12 o'clock that night, and I was glad to climb into bed. I dreamed all night I was riding on the Henrietta and next day my face was all sun-burned. And there I will leave you until, I go to Bayocean again.—Kather Paul, Sixth grade.

Stallion SICKLE BILL, No. 48,909 A.T.R. No. 5,748 A.M.R. Will make the season of 1912, at Rogers-McNamer's barn. Terms of service \$30.00, to insure a colt \$15.00 of which is to be paid to Rogers-McNamer as soon as colt is foaled, and \$5.00 to be paid at First National bank for each and every colt foaled in 1913, to make a purse for, get of said horse to complete for prizes. 50 per cent to first colt, 30 per cent to second, 20 per cent to 3rd, some in July, August or Sept. 1915. Sickle Bill is very handsome, has size good gait and action, and will be a show horse bred for a race horse or sire. Sickle Bill is a son of Spokenne, Record, 2.15 1/2 and sire Freddie C, 2.12 1/2. Starlight, 2.13 1/4. Kane, 2.17 1/4. Gee Gee, 2.19 1/4. Revel Kane, 2.24 1/4. Joe Kane, 2.22 1/4. Contestor, 3 yr., 2.24 1/4. Creole Kane, 2.25 1/4. Paul Kane, 2.27 1/4 and Nettie Spokane, 2.30. First Dam, Crez Crez, by Commodore Belmont, 4.30. Second Dam, Hellen, 2.32, by Daniel Lambert, 1.02. Third Dam, Kate, Dam of Velox, 2.30 1/2. Fourth Dam by Vermont Hambleton.

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