

THE WEST SHORE.

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A SHORT ANECDOTE WITH A MORAL.

We have a large number of people here who are nightly endeavoring to grow suddenly wealthy by "bucking against" the soap and pen men who give away(?) five and ten dollar bills to those who invest a dollar with them; others try to "bust" that picture institution on First street, between Oak and Stark, whilst still smarter(?) ones meet the tiger at the numerous bar establishments which exist here in defiant violation of our State laws. We therefore furnish the following gratuitously: "A boy undertook to torture a wasp by touching a lighted match to its body. The wasp applied its warm side to the boy's hand, and as it flew away it gave the boy these words of wisdom: 'Never try to beat a man at his own game.'"

To be compelled to caution people continually against quack doctors is certainly an unpleasant task; but, unless at least one journalist is found in the State who undertakes this nauseating job the quacks grow entirely too bold in their operations.

It is a conceded fact that the advertising doctors kill annually more people than die from all other diseases except where yellow fever or small-pox becomes epidemical.

We should not object to see the *Oregonian* announce that butcher Adams will remain at the St. Charles until further notice and dose all who intrust themselves to him; or that shoemaker McLennan has opened a remedial institute; or that blacksmith Hyde will "lay in his hands." When that journal, however, publishes the title of doctor in connection with a name that it knows is not entitled and entirely unworthy of such title, it oversteps the bounds of honest journalism.

Suppose you have a fine watch—it runs for years—finally it stops, do you stick your thumbs into it to see what ails it, or take it to a blacksmith for repairs? Yet, when that intricate and finest of all machines, your own body, is disordered, you, who are ordinarily possessed of good common sense, either

undertake to cure yourself by some simple remedy, on the advice of a friend who, in nine cases out of ten, unfortunately has not the faintest knowledge of the nature of your disorder, and no conception of the disastrous consequences of a mistake; or, worse still, you allow an advertising blacksmith to undertake the repairs.

A trial recently took place in which a German doctor appeared for the defense in a case for damages brought against a client of his by the object of his assault. The eminent jurist, Judge Black, soon recognized in his witness, who was produced as a medical expert, a laboring man who, some years before and in another part of the country, had been engaged by him as a builder of post-and-rail fences. With this cue he opened his cross-examination: "You say, doctor," he began, with great deference and suavity, "that you operated upon Mr. —'s head after it was cut by Mr. —?" "Oh yaw," replied the ex-fence builder; "me do that; yaw, yaw." "Was the wound a very severe one, doctor?" "Enough to kill him if I had not saved his life." "Well, doctor, what did you do for him?" "E-veryting." "Did you perform a Caesarian operation?" "Oh, yaw, yaw; if me not do dat he die." "Did you decapitate him?" "Yaw yaw; me do dat, too." "Did you hold a post mortem examination?" "Oh, too be sure, Schudge; me always do dat." "Well, now, doctor"—and here the Judge bent over in a friendly, familiar way—"tell us whether you subjected your patient to the process known among medical men as the post-and-rail fencing?" The mock doctor drew himself up indignantly. "Sherry Plack," said he, "I always know'd you vas a tam jayhawk lawyer, an' now I know you tor a tam mean man."

When you are sick and in search of a physician, under no consideration entrust yourself to any man who is not the owner of a diploma. The man who has a diploma from some great medical college, may not be a good physician; he who has not, cannot be. A diploma does not certify the owner

to be a man of brains; it merely proves that he has had the only possible opportunity to acquire his science—a science that can no more be self-taught, or aided by spirits, than astronomy can be learned by the study of lamps and brass door-knobs. You should, of course, know a diploma when you see one, and the reputable medical college when you hear one mentioned.

Next to our Maker we adore the man who, although he has perhaps never even looked into a medical work, tells us what "a sure cure" for the jingdoodles are Dr. Bilkem's great pills, or that by allowing Dr. Hog to lay his dirty hands on us, he will *positively* cure us of the collywoodles. Those who take the pills or depend solely on Dr. Hog's fists, are braver than we are, but they won't live as long. Many a little grave filled by a diphtheria victim might be vacant now, had the old woman's "yarbs" been fed to the hogs and a reputable physician called immediately when it was discovered that something was ailing the baby. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the child is first poisoned by these jokers—simply remedies—and by the time the doctor is called the baby is very nearly strangled to death, and what vitality the little body possessed has been previously forced from it by experimenting with this or that dangerous drug.

The *Argonaut* says: "Educated and reputable physicians never advertise—except sometimes their names and addresses. This rule is inflexible; there are no exceptions. Moreover, physicians on graduating take an oath that any valuable discoveries they may make they will immediately impart to the profession. Oath or no oath, it is one of the unwritten laws of the profession, observed by every honorable practitioner. It follows that the advertising doctor is a self-convicted impostor, and that if he affirm his knowledge of superior methods and specifics unknown to the profession, he is either a quack or a *renegado*."

The person who stops his paper because it contains opinions with which he is not in accord, is an ass.