

THE WEST SHORE.

VOL. 5—No. 4. { L. Samuel, publisher,
113 Morrison St.

Portland, Oregon, April, 1879.

Per Annum, } Single copies
\$2.00. } 25 cts.

POT-POURRI.

Our exchanges are cautioned against perpetrating any puns which the proximity of the two buildings on the opposite page might give rise to. We shall take the earliest opportunity to copyright everything in that line.

The "big cheek" of the proverbial government mule sinks into lilliputian insignificance, when compared with the brobdignian proportions of the facial plumpness of our Chief of Police. He has actually sued members of our City Council for daring to say: "*The Chief is not what he ought to be.*" Now these same city dads persist in saying that there is enough in those sixty-two pages of testimony on file with the Auditor, to send some one to the penitentiary. We never go much into the prophesying business, but will risk the prediction that Mr. Besser will not hurry that suit much before the June election, and as he still allows the running of opium and gambling dens, in direct violation of our State laws, we say: "Lay on, Macduff," etc., etc.

The Marion and Linn county farmers, having been victimized by a so-called atlas company, we take occasion to caution our readers of Washington, Yamhill, Benton, Polk and Lane counties, where this company is said to be operating at present. The farmers of Marion and Linn counties paid pretty dear for their whistle, as these atlas folks are said to have taken \$24,000 out of these two counties, and yet people wonder that times are hard. A general dissatisfaction exists in Marion and Linn counties, at the inaccuracy of the atlas just published. The lithographing of farms for which farmers have paid as high as \$150 per page, is of the very poorest and cheapest kind. The atlas, if reliable, could be sold for \$5 per copy, and a very good profit made at that. But this great (?) atlas company, which claims to have a big establishment at San Francisco, and whose name does not even appear in the last City Directory, charges the modest sum of fifteen dollars per copy for such a publication, too. If the press of the counties mentioned know their duty to their subscribers, they will investigate this matter, even if it does lose them a little advertising.

With the advent of spring, tree frauds are around as usual. We are getting tired of dinging into people's ears the same old story, and unless they are more careful, shall be compelled to leave them at the mercy of these sharks. Eucalyptus or Blue Gum trees cannot be grown successfully in this part of Oregon. It is simply throwing money away to purchase them. Japanese Persimmon can be had of almost any Oregon or Washington Territory nurseryman, guaranteed fresh, for a less price than these itinerant tree merchants furnish them. Their stock is not to be relied on, and their guarantees are worthless, for should their trees not turn out as represented, the purchaser would have a fine time hunting up the salesman.

The farmer, however, is not the only one who is victimized. This season of the year usually brings a lot of adventurers to our shores who term themselves advertising agents and who have all sorts of schemes with which to fleece our merchants. These schemes, even poor as they are, are rarely if ever carried out, for the advertiser does not take the trouble to find out about them,

and usually pays his money on the exhibition of a mere sample that, in many cases, is the only copy issued. This irregular way of advertising, even if carried out, is rarely beneficial, and experienced advertisers are never caught by such chaff. If any one is going to a place to buy, whether he be a trader or buying for his own use, and has to seek dealers through advertisements, where will he look for them? To registers, almanacs, theatre-bill frames, in railway stations, occasional advertising sheet or circular? On the contrary, he looks to the most reputable paper of the place, and he thinks that advertising in these gives an assurance of the good standing of the advertiser and his business enterprise, and of the sufficiency of his work. Cut this out and stick it over your desk. It never pays to advertise in anything but a reputable paper.

The "Great Republic," whilst on her way to Portland, and having nearly 1200 people aboard, attempted to enter the Columbia river during the dark night of April 19th and run on to "Sand Island," where she broke up. The passengers were all saved, 13 of the crew were, however, drowned whilst attempting to land in a small boat. The loss of this steamer is unfortunate, happening when it did, just as our spring immigration is commencing. Unscrupulous persons will undoubtedly use this disaster to revive the old bugbear about the Columbia river bar. The pilot and the captain are the only ones to blame. They had no right to enter the Columbia river during the night. Shifting the blame from one shoulder to the other will not lighten the load any. Were we captain of a ship, no pilot should take her over the Columbia river bar on a dark night without our consent, which consent we should certainly not give so long as we remained sober.

The fortunate part of the disaster, barring the loss of the thirteen lives and the immense loss of merchandise and baggage of the passengers, is that the old hulk is finally out of the way and we breathe easier, knowing that she did not hurry more people to an untimely end, which she certainly would have done had she ever encountered a heavy storm at sea.

Had the "Oregon" or "Elder" struck where the "Republic" did, on a soft, sandy bottom, they could have been lightered and got off at high tide; but the "Republic," being such a rotten old tub, could not stand the strain of her heavy machinery, which broke her in two. The public are somewhat to blame that such floating coffins are put on. They are forever clamoring for low rates of freight and passage and forget that a ship like the "Great Republic," which was condemned in 1876 and sold for \$25,000, can afford to carry passengers at lower rates than a fine vessel like the "Oregon," in which \$320,000 are invested. Just now it would be in order for the inspectors at San Francisco to rise and explain by what *hocus pocus* the "Republic" was granted license to carry passengers. In the meantime, a strict investigation should take place and every person who was at fault in causing this disaster be made to feel the heavy arm of the law.

We have repeatedly cautioned the public against doing itself on the recommendation of friends or chance acquaintances. It does not follow that because a man is a preacher he must also be a good doctor; yet the people of Table Rock, in

Southern Oregon, must have thought so, for on the recommendation of a traveling preacher they took carbolic acid internally as a *sure cure* for pulmonary affections, and but for the prompt and energetic action of a regular physician would have gone to the place where pulmonary affections are unknown and itinerant preachers never prescribe.

The days of quacks are numbered in this locality. They will soon have to leave or take to the more honest occupation of wood-chopping. As a drop of water will by constant dripping wear off the hardest rock, so have our repeated attacks on these vampires been the means of arousing the honest press and the public against them. A number of our country exchanges have rid their columns of all quack advertisements. The *Bee* of this city now excludes all local quacks, but still prints dangerous advertisements from abroad, amongst others one of the notorious Rev. Jos. T. Inman, whom we exposed in our March number. Try again, Mr. *Bee*, exclude *everyone* of them, fumigate your column rules and see how much happier you will feel.

We are sorry to see that so newsy a paper as the *Standard* should so far forget itself as to become the special champion of quacks. Were it not that the earmarks in its recent defense of that fraternity were so plainly visible as to stamp it at once as the production of one of our most unscrupulous local quacks, we should have a few words to say in answer to it; as it is, however, we pass it with the contempt it merits.

An ignorant quack whom we have mentioned in anything but complimentary terms in these columns, but whom the *Oregonian* still advertises as "a celebrated physician," receives the following free notice from the *Olympia Standard* recently:

"A celebrated physician coming" is the way an itinerant healer of the sick proclaims his movements through the country. Now we never heard of a celebrated physician who was obliged to travel about to find business. Quacks travel through sheer necessity—the necessity of getting away from the people they have swindled.

We hope our readers will not be deceived by high-sounding titles of *surgical institutes*. The head of such an institute is usually a *Renegade*, never leaves his comfortable quarters in San Francisco, but sends his apprentices to butcher the people of the Pacific Northwest. Whom have these fellows ever cured?

"Say, Pat, did you see Dinnis?"
"Dinnis? Who's Dinnis?"
"Why, Dinnis Kearney."
"And who is Dinnis Kearney?"
"Why, Dinnis Kearney; don't you know Dinnis Kearney?"
"No, what does he do?"
"Egad, he don't do nothing; he's a workin' man."

TRIALS OF SPEED.

At East Portland track, May 2d and 3d. At Baker City, three days of racing will commence July 3d. At Walla Walla, three days of racing, commencing July 3d; also, five days of racing, commencing September 16th. The State Fair races will continue for seven days; the dates have not been definitely decided on as yet, but they will likely take place early in September, being one month earlier than usual.