

# Doctors Disagree

The Patient Settles the Question

By CLARISSA MACKIE

However much of life a doctor knows, in the sickroom he is omnipotent. If we know the sick man no more than we, we try to make ourselves think he does, for on him we propose to unload ourselves of a responsibility that breaks us down.

Dr. Bolster looked across the bed at his colleague. He tapped his heavy chin with a fat forefinger and pursed his lips.

"Liver," he said succinctly. "Nerves," retorted Dr. Pepper testily. "Rigid diet," said Dr. Bolster imperturbably.

"Feed him up," snapped Dr. Pepper. "Exhausted nerves need plenty of good nourishing food—rare roast beef and—"

"And send for the undertaker," ended Dr. Bolster growlsomely. "Not a bite to eat—merely a cup of thin gruel, made as per my directions, nurse, and administered three times a day. In one week he will be—"

"Ordering a marble slab for our friend," interjected Dr. Pepper, arising and buttoning his black coat about his scrawny neck.

The pretty nurse looked from one to the other of the two rival village doctors. They had been holding a consultation on the case of Bemis Blaine, a prominent townsman. Mr. Blaine had been ill for several weeks, and he declared when the doctors were not present that nothing but the skilled nursing of Miss Folk had saved his worthless life.

"Chuck the pills and potions out of the house," he commanded fiercely a dozen times a day, but pretty Miss Folk smiled and shook her head and continued to administer the doses impartially, so that neither doctor might feel aggrieved in the matter.

Now Dr. Bolster proceeded to write down elaborate directions for the nurse to follow until his next visit, and Dr. Pepper proceeded to do the same. By a strange coincidence of fate each one of Dr. Pepper's orders flatly contradicted those of his distinguished colleague, although he had not set eyes on the other's orders. Dr. Pepper was Bemis Blaine's family doctor, and he had in a moment of desperation, engendered by Bemis Blaine's contrariness to respond to his treatment, called in Dr. Bolster in consultation upon the case. Dr. Bolster had remained ever since, and now it was a daily custom for the rival physicians to go to the sickroom in company and wrangle over the prostrate and pain-racked form of Bemis Blaine.

"If he is no better tomorrow we may operate," whispered Dr. Bolster to Miss Folk before he left.

"Operate?" Dr. Pepper fairly danced up and down. "I've always promised Bemis that so long as I lived I'd never stick a knife into him. He don't believe in operations."

"I shall perform the operation myself," returned Dr. Bolster, coolly pulling on his wooten gloves. His long chin whiskers wagged aggressively.

"Never! Bemis is my patient, and if anybody operates I shall!" Little Dr. Pepper drew himself up to his full height and glared at his burly opponent.

"Gentlemen," cried Miss Folk timidly, "shall I continue to give the spirits of niter to reduce the fever?" "Yes," chirped Dr. Pepper quickly. "No," vetoed Dr. Bolster.

Miss Folk looked appealingly from one to another. Tears gathered behind her thick lashes. "Something must be done," she whispered, with a sob in her throat.

The doctors confronted each other in the hall.

"Diet!" said Dr. Bolster obstinately. "Nonsense. Feed him up." Dr. Pepper was close at hand.

"Atlantic City for him," ordered Dr. Bolster.

"Rubbish! No place like the Adirondacks."

"Oh, doctors!" cried Miss Folk from the upper hall, and by the nurse's tone the two doctors knew that something had happened to their patient.

"I'll bet he's gone. I predicted it," puffed Dr. Bolster.

"Must have taken some of your beauty stuff, then," growled Dr. Pepper, who had known Bemis Blaine from childhood and loved him like a brother.

But there was no material evidence



TWO ANGRY DOCTORS GLARING AT EACH OTHER.

that Bemis Blaine was dead. In the sickroom they ranged themselves on either side of the wide bed and stared at the white counterpane.

Bemis Blaine was nowhere to be seen. He had disappeared from his bed, and there only remained the indentation of his round head in the pillow and the roughly smoothed counterpane to suggest his presence.

"He cannot have gone far," remarked Dr. Bolster as he climbed into his little electric runabout and turned to the open country.

Dr. Pepper followed suit, his little old-fashioned car creaking along behind the rival physician's latest model machine.

The nurse returned to the sickroom,

worried and anxious. She had taken great interest in the case of Bemis Blaine and a strong regard had sprung up between the sick man and the pretty nurse.

"Suppose he should never come back. Suppose something has happened to him!" groaned Nurse Folk as she made an examination of the room and house and discovered that her patient had escaped with his warmest dressing gown, a golf cap and a pair of knitted bedroom slippers.

While consternation reigned in the Blaine household, where the mother and sisters of the absent Bemis ran distractedly to and fro and the nurse waited impatiently for the return of the doctors, those two rivals were racing each other down the shore road with apparently little heed to the disappearance of their best paying patient.

"If you'll stop zigzagging in front of me I can pass you easily!" roared Dr. Pepper to the physician in front.

"I'm willing to give your old mouse trap a fair chance!" bellowed Dr. Bolster, turning his machine sharply to the right—a grave mistake, which he discovered too late.

Dr. Pepper turned his machine to the right. There was a sickening crash, and then the moon witnessed two angry doctors glaring at each other from the wreckage of two machines.

The first thought that leaped to the mind of each was the repair bill for his machine; the second thought was how to pay it, and the third, a comforting one, was the reflection that Bemis Blaine was a patient whose bill might be stretched indefinitely.

"Hurt?" asked Dr. Pepper reluctantly.

"No. You?" Dr. Bolster was equally loath to spend time or sympathy upon his colleague.

"No. If you'll excuse me I'll hurry on. I have a patient beyond."

"So have I," said Dr. Bolster quickly, falling into step beside his rival.

"I've got to look around for Bemis Blaine, you know," protested Dr. Pepper. "He's my patient, and he has escaped from his bed in the delirium of fever."

"Delirium tremens!" snorted Dr. Bolster.

"Sir!"

"Fiddle!" snapped Dr. Bolster, thinking of his ruined machine. "I will leave you, sir. A patient suffering from an attack of exaggeration of the liver must necessarily—"

"Humph! Exhaustion of the nerves. It would be impossible for Bemis to get very far from home and, being weak from illness and injudicious dieting—"

Dr. Bolster laughed wildly. "Why, the very animals know enough to starve themselves when ill. Now, your school doctor, believes in fattening the patient, and—what is the matter?"

For answer Dr. Pepper beckoned his rival toward a dimly lighted window.

"Look!" he said weakly.

Review village possessed a Chinese laundry, and part of this laundry was devoted to the savory preparation and serving of chop suey and other delectable Chinese dishes. The calico curtain was pushed aside, and within the dimly lighted interior of the restaurant a large man was seated, eating almost ravenously of a large plate of chop suey. The man wore a red dressing gown, a golf cap, a pair of knitted bed

slippers and sadly needed a shave. Watching him enjoy this meal were several people.

The rival doctors pressed their noses against the dyed-pane of glass. There were Bemis Blaine's mother and two sisters and the pretty nurse, the shoemaker from the corner and the village constable.

Just then Bemis Blaine pushed back his chair, paid his bill and padded toward the door in his knitted slippers.

"You're a sick man!" yelled Dr. Pepper, leaping at his late patient.

"Man, you've risked your life!" cried Dr. Bolster as he clutched Blaine's hand. He was thinking about his broken machine.

"Risked it and won it," retorted Bemis Blaine good naturedly. "It belongs to me, and Nurse Folk here has promised to look out for me the rest of my days. Oh, yes, I'm quite well, thank you, doctors! If you hadn't disagreed and gone off I'd be dosing still. As it is I feel fine as silk. I'll send you wedding cards shortly."

As the two doctors walked down the street toward their respective homes each one was thinking of a wrecked machine and of the big bill there would be to pay. Somehow each one felt that Bemis Blaine had overreached him, had outwitted him in a manner.

"Liver!" snarled Dr. Bolster savagely.

"Nerves!" barked Dr. Pepper. "Tremens!" they growled in unison and for the first time in their acquaintance they were agreed.

## METHODIST CHURCH GIVEN OVERHAULING

Many improvements have been made to the interior of the Methodist Episcopal church during the week, and everything is ready for Easter Sunday, the church being one of the most attractive edifices in the city. A new handsome green Wilton carpet, which was purchased by the Ladies' Aid Society of the church, was put down Thursday and the Sunday school and lecture room was recarpeted. The walls and ceiling of the main edifice, lecture room and pastor's study were re-tinted, the former being of light chocolate color while the latter two rooms are of a beautiful shade of green and steeled, with an attractive design. The woodwork throughout the church, as well as the furniture has been revarnished. A new chancel rail has been completed, which is of Mission design. An excellent musical program is being arranged for the Easter services both morning and evening. Dr. Ford, the pastor, will deliver appropriate sermons at both services.

Since taking up his work in this city Dr. Ford has shown much interest in the church, and many members have been added. He has made many friends not only in his own church but among members of the other denominations of this city.

**WIFE SEEKS DIVORCE**  
Esther McNamee, through Attorney Gordon E. Hayes, has filed suit for divorce against Leo McNamee. The plaintiff alleges that her husband drinks and has not supported her. They have a child eighteen months of age.

# LOWER ELECTRIC RATES

As a result of economic methods and the acquirement of additional facilities, the PORTLAND RAILWAY, LIGHT & POWER COMPANY takes a great deal of pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Oregon City and the surrounding territory an important reduction in its electric light and power rates.

## IMPORTANT

It has been the constant policy of the Company to give good service at reasonable rates. The Company is more interested than anybody else in building up a bigger, busier and better Portland, and it fully recognizes the important influence of low rates and good service. The new lighting rate is 9, 7 and 4c per kilowatt hour. Details of this reduction and the conditions involved can be secured upon application at any of the Company's offices. Several months will be required to change over the 31,000 accounts which this reduction in lighting rates will affect. In order that our patrons may be put to the least possible inconvenience, new contracts will be mailed beginning May 1st. The Company earnestly requests that these be signed, witnessed and returned to the Company's representative in Oregon City as promptly as possible, thus avoiding the possibility of waiting in line at the office.

# Portland Railway, Light and Power Company

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**REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS**

E. and Ellen Butson, 2.55 acres of section 23, township south, range 1 west; \$10.

M. N. Crisell to John E. Butson and Ellen J. Butson, 2.59 acres of section 23, township 3 south, range 1 west; \$10.

John E. and Ellen Butson to Calvin and Lucinda Sumner, 1 acre of section 2, township 3 south, range 1 west; \$10.

Calvin and Lucinda Sumner to John E. and Ellen Butson, 2.55 acres of section 23, township south, range 1 west; \$10.

Leo Francis Dolan to John and Augusta Anderson land in Clackamas County, section 5, township 5 south, range 3 east; \$72, 500.

George M. and Carrie Thompson to Thomas and Catherine Fox, lots 9 and 10, block 31, Oregon Iron & Steel Company's first addition to Oswego; \$10.

Roxie Helen Cowan and Scott Cowan to William and Martha Nolan, lots 3, 4, block 16, Talbert's addition to Marshfield; \$1.

Tyrus Horton and Lavinia Horton to W. N. Horton, 18 acres of section 3, township 3 south, range 2 east; \$1700.

George and Della Parry to Clackamas County, right of way in Wichita tract; \$1.

# STOP! LOOK! Listen?

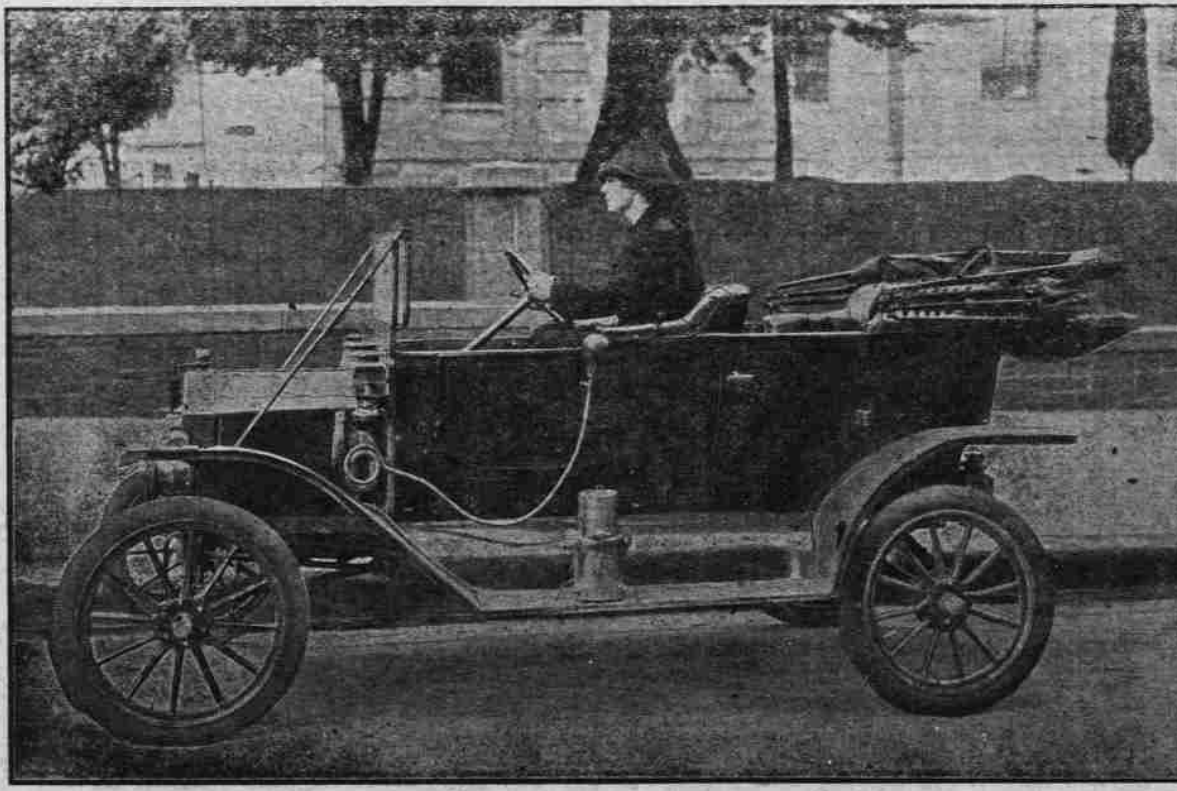
Working for the other fellow and Get Busy for Yourself

What can be won with a little work a fine prize every 10 days BESIDES THE AUTO

To what people are saying and you will see how popular you are THEN GET IN AND WIN



Yours for the asking



Don't it look good to you

To stimulate interest in the voting and to give each one a chance to profit by their work we will give a prize every ten days. These prizes will not affect the final count in any way as all votes will count on

## THE GRAND AUTOMOBILE

These prizes will be given to the one that hands in the largest number of votes very ten days.

The Fourth Special Prize for the best 10 days showing will be an order on some local merchant. This order is good for anything in his store worth up to \$15.00 or can be applied on a larger account. This order had ought to be worth every effort you can put forth.