

Too Many Inefficient Physicians Graduate From American Hospitals

By Dr. HEINRICH NEUMANN, Austrian Physician

TAKE the largest city hospitals in the United States and you find there are too many heads to every department. There is no regular system of postmortems.

One case may be handled by three, four or more physicians, and young physicians come and go without regard to the length of time spent in study and practice. Many are STRIVING ONLY TO MAKE MONEY IN PRIVATE PRACTICE without considering whether or not they have fitted themselves honestly to practice as specialists.

The hospitals I have examined are beautiful and perfectly equipped, but they cannot advance the science of medicine until they adopt the postmortem system. The Austrian law helps the medical profession there by providing that every one who receives treatment, RICH OR POOR, IN A GENERAL HOSPITAL MUST AGREE TO A CLINICAL POSTMORTEM.

It would be necessary for students and medical men to go to Europe for special study if the proper methods were adopted in America. You have men of as high intelligence and skill as are to be found anywhere, and you have the means to meet all requirements, but under conditions which prevail in general hospital practice here hundreds of Americans are forced to seek special knowledge in foreign countries.

YOUNG PHYSICIANS ARE PERMITTED TO GIVE UP HOSPITAL PRACTICE TOO SOON AND TAKE PRIVATE WORK. THEY ARE ALL HUSTLING TO MAKE MONEY. THEY WANT AUTOMOBILES, AND THEIR THOUGHTS ARE MORE ON SOCIETY THAN UPON SCIENCE.

Hospital Wireless. A very efficient system of wireless telegraphy exists in every hospital. It is used for all hospital messages; otherwise the news of serious cases would not travel so quickly and accurately from ward to ward. It is contrary to the rules for hospital attendants to retail gossip, and most of them observe strict secrecy, yet notwithstanding that precaution there is never an interesting case in the building whose history is not known and discussed in the remotest corner.

Always Raining. There is a group of islands to the south of New Zealand called the Sisters, or Seven Sisters, which are reputed to be subjected to a practically constant rainfall. The same may be said of the islands and mainland of Tierra del Fuego, saving for the difference that the rain often takes form of sleet and snow. On a line running round the world from four to eight or nine degrees there are patches over which rain seldom ceases to fall. This is called the "zone of constant precipitation," but at the same time there are several localities along it with very little rainfall.

The Smallest Watch. A rich resident of Moscow owns the smallest watch in the world. It was made in Geneva by the famous watchmaker, W. Goeglin, and cost more than \$25,000. It has a diameter of one-fifth of an inch and is set in an artificially worked finger ring, which is studded with diamonds. Goeglin is said to have worked three years on it and permanently weakened his eyesight in the task.

Pretty Poor Cigars. "You can't tell me there is no honesty in the world." "How now?" "I left a box of cigars somewhere the other day. Somebody found it, smoked one and returned the rest."—Washington Herald.

An Assurance. "Sir, I am talking about what you owe me. Will you please pay me some attention?" "Certainly, if you do not want me to pay you anything else."—Exchange.

A Ruler. Singleton—That's a queer sign: "Wanted—A girl to feed ruling machine." Wederly—Nothing queer about that. Somebody wants a nursegirl to look after the baby.

Traitors are hated even by those they favor.—Tacitus.

Real Hard Luck. A fat Frenchwoman despairingly says, "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin, but no sooner does the disappointment come than the joy at the prospect of getting thin makes me fatter than ever."—London Tit-Bits.

Deftly Turned. "This isn't like the bread mother makes," said the young married man. "So you are going to start that, are you?" "I was merely congratulating you. Mother never was a very good bread-maker."—Washington Star.

The Explanation. Autolst—I haven't paid a cent for repairs on my machine in all the ten months I've had it. Friend—So the man who did the repairs told me.—Boston Transcript.

A Mean Hint. "If I really loved a man I would willingly die for him." "Since you're turning so gray, I don't wonder you're willing to dye for anybody."—Exchange.

The Strength of a Child. Medical men assert that, according to well conducted tests, it is shown that the newborn babe is relatively much stronger than a full grown man. The muscles of the forearm are astonishingly vigorous. A few hours after birth a baby suspended by its finger to a stick or to the finger of a grown person can sustain itself in the air for about ten seconds—in the case of particularly strong infants for so long a period as thirty seconds. When four days old an appreciable increase in the infant's strength may be noticed, and the time during which it can thus sustain itself is about two and one-half minutes for 98 per cent of babies. The maximum is attained in two weeks. Few infants can "hang on" for more than one and one-half minutes, although it is of record that one exceptionally developed child remained suspended for two minutes and thirty-eight seconds by his right hand. After that he continued to hang on with his left for fifteen seconds longer.—Harper's Weekly.

Grouchy After Waterloo. General Grouchy died May 20, 1847, after battling in vain for thirty years against the legend which held him responsible for the loss of Waterloo. A marquis and a Norman, he yet cast in his fortunes with the revolution, was an object of suspicion in the terror, but soon rose to command as a general officer. In the hundred days he was made a marshal. After Waterloo he withdrew to Paris in good order and proclaimed Napoleon II. Proscribed by the restoration, he found refuge in the United States, but returned to France in 1821. He was restored to his rank as marshal by Louis Philippe and summoned to a seat in the chamber of peers. His son in an uneventful military career was made a general, accompanied his father in his American exile and eventually became a senator of France. Marshal Grouchy passed the greater part of his exile in Philadelphia and after his return to his native land lived at Caen except when his legislative duties called him to Paris.—Exchange.

Catching a Wolf Alive. One of the favorite sports of a Polish country gentleman is to capture a wolf alive. A wolf being driven into the open, the well mounted horseman pursues it, armed only with a long whip and some rope. The wolf after a time tries to take rest, but the rider forces it on with his whip till, after repeated attempts at rest, it sinks exhausted. The rider then springs from his horse, jumps astride the wolf and, holding it by the ears, secures it with the rope. Most men require the assistance of a mounted companion, who ties the wolf while the other holds its ears with both hands, and in this way the capture is comparatively easy, but to do it single handed is a difficult feat. Nasty bites and even dangerous wounds result should the hunter have miscalculated the strength of the animal. No one, however, is considered a perfect sportsman till he has done this, yet many never succeed.

How Cowards Were Punished. Many of the devices by which military indifference to life has been matured and sustained are curious. In ancient Athens the public temples were closed to those who refused military service, who deserted their ranks or lost their bucklers, while a law constrained such offenders to sit for three days in the public forum dressed in the garments of a woman. Many a Spartan mother would stab her son who came back alive from a defeat, and such a man, if he escaped his mother, was debarred not only from public offices, but from marriage, exposed to the blows of all who chose to strike him, compelled to dress in mean clothing and to wear his beard negligently trimmed. In the same way a horse soldier who fled or lost his shield or received a wound in any save the front part of the body was by law prevented from ever afterward appearing in public.

His Method With Tips. The president of a certain line of coastwise steamers has a novel system of handling the tip evil. He sends on each of his boats every once and so often a detective, who has instructions to go into the dining room, order a large and elaborate repast and hand the waiter a tip of ten cents. If the waiter is silent or surly after receiving this small gratuity his number is promptly reported. It is said that in no place in the world can such a number of smiling waiters be found as in the dining saloons of this particular steamship line.—New York Tribune.

A Happy Household. "What is this initiative and referendum?" "It's this way. If I want to go anywhere or do anything I take the initiative by mentioning it to my wife. Then she decides whether I can or not. That's the referendum."—Pittsburgh Post.

Due to the Way He Called. Wife—Broke again! It seems to me you are always short of money. Hub (a poker player)—It is due to the way I was raised. Wife—That's right; blame it on your poor parents.—Boston Transcript.

Out of Fashion. He—Don't you think Mrs. Mellor had a blessed look? She—Oh, mercy, no! Nothing is cut on the bias now.—Baltimore American.

Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes and the least pitied by those who cause it.—Rochefoucauld.

The Colonial Shoemaker. American supremacy in shoemaking is due largely to specialization. Abroad an operative does half a dozen different things. Here he performs one simple process, and here also one factory makes one kind of shoes. If a large manufacturer makes different kinds of shoes he has a separate factory for each kind. What a sight the modern shoe factory would be to the primitive shoemaker of colonial days, who was an itinerant workman, carried his tools with him and stayed with each family long enough to make up the farmer's supply of home tanned leather into shoes enough to last until his next annual visit. His last was roughly whittled out of a piece of wood to suit the largest foot in the family and then pared down for the successive sizes. He sat on a low bench, one end of which was divided into compartments, where his awls, hammers, knives and rasps were kept, with his pots of paste and blacking, his nails, thread, kingings and buttons, "shoulder sticks" and "rub sticks."—New York Sun.

O-dori Street, Tokyo. One of the most densely peopled spots in the world is O-dori street, Tokyo. The long thoroughfare known as Gliza, which runs from near the Shimbashi railway station to Spectacles bridge, is made up of several streets with different names, some wide and modern, some old fashioned and narrow, and if the earth were suddenly to gape open wide in that portion known as O-dori street at any hour of the day there is no other thoroughfare in the Japanese city where the results to human life would be more fatal, for here the tide of human life runs the highest. But O-dori street is extremely narrow, so that the density of the crowd does not make the daily figures much above the 300,000 mark. Unlike most of the other important cities of the world, this thickly populated commercial district of Tokyo is situated outside the city walls.—Strand Magazine.

The Better Part of Valor. Nobody ever called in question the courage of the early Spanish settlers of California, but there seems to have been at least one man among their descendants who held discretion to be the better part of valor. A certain Don Andreas was interviewed by his superior officer on the eve of an engagement with the enemy and was warned that the American was a very different foe from the Indian or the Mexican and that courage should not be pushed to rashness in an encounter with him. "Have no fear, general," was the response of the intrepid caballero. "I would far rather that history should record from where I fled than where I fell."

The general's mind was probably relieved of anxiety concerning the fate of at least one individual in his command by this reply.

Black Under the Eyes Explained. "In the north country"—so goes the story in "Sun Babies," by Cornelia Sorabja—"in the month of Kartik is worshipped by the women folks the great and terrible god Bhishma. Lighted lamps must be placed at the crossroads of the village, under the sacred fig tree, at the shrine of Shiva, and one little lighted lamp is sent adrift on a raft in the village tank. When the lamps have burned low it is good to rub the black from the wicks under the eyes. It keeps away the evil one. So that is the reason to this day we women put the black beneath the eyes."

Natural Ear Trumpets. It has been ascertained that the spiral horn of a wild sheep, when so placed that the ear is in the axis of the coil, makes the direction from which the ticking of a watch comes more easily discernible. Since the ear of the sheep is surrounded by the horn it is inferred that the latter acts as an ear trumpet, not improving the hearing for distant sounds, but disclosing the direction of a sound. This would be useful in enabling the sheep to ascertain the exact points whence sounds come when there is a mist or fog covering its feeding grounds.—Exchange.

Carlyle's Way. Carlyle appears in a brief reminiscence from the pen of Percy Fitzgerald thus: The thing with Carlyle was to send out for a long churchwarden (a clay pipe) and a screw of tobacco, which put him in a great good humor. He talked to his plate, as you might say. If anybody said anything from which he dissented you would hear him murmuring, "Oh, the pair and fool; a regular pair and fool!"

The Mean is Golden. "How did Jones come to fall?" asked Binks. "Oh, he had no confidence in him self," replied Jinks. "And what caused Brown to fall?" asked Binks. "He was too confident," replied Jinks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fair Proof. "I wonder if she cares for me at all?" "Has she given you no sign?" "One. Once I saw her setting the clock back when I came to call."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Easy. "The doctors have finally decided what caused Smith's illness." "Had a consultation, eh?" "No; autopsy."—Judge.

What is celebrity? The advantage of being known to people who don't know you.—Chambort.

A Modern Raleigh. He was a stalwart young citizen, she a charming young woman. They were under an awning. The rain had ceased, but the street was muddy. He did not look like Sir Walter Raleigh, nor did she look like Queen Elizabeth. But probably Q. E. never looked prettier. "Wuxtry potpers!" shouted a newsboy. "Say, kid," he said, "are you too busy to earn a half dollar?" "Well, Bo," replied the boy, "do I look like a cheap edition of Mr. Rocky-by-lady? Show me de mun."

"More Bacon." Many years ago Congdon's tavern in Wickford, Rhode Island, was famous for its good cheer, and in "Early Rhode Island" W. B. Weedon has an entertaining tale of John Randolph of Roanoke, who was once a visitor at the Inn. Mr. Randolph was on his way to Newport and made his journey on horseback with his cousin Edmund, secretary of state under Washington. All the way from New York "ham and eggs" had been the universal fare. At Wickford Congdon said he would give them claims for supper. The eccentric John of Roanoke rubbed his hands in pleased expectation. Then appeared the host again, saying the tide was too high for clams, but they should have some capital quahaugs. "Good heavens," exclaimed Randolph, who did not know that the quahaug is a hard shelled variety of clam, "more bacon!"

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