Bowser's Remedies

He Goes Back to the Old-Fashioned Ones

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate).

Mr. Bowser was pacing the sitting room and smoking his after-dinner cigar when Mrs. Bowser, who was upstairs, heard him shout out:

"By thunder, but how dare he!—how dare he!"

"What is the matter?" she asked, as she came running down.

"Why, I found this bill on the mantel," he replied, as he waved it around.

"Oh, the doctor's bill, eh? Yes, it came in the mail today, and, if you will draw a check for it, I will get it off the first thing in the morning.

"Draw a check! Not on your life! How dare he do it! He has been called to this house twice during the last year, and yet he has the impudence to send in a bill for $24! By the great horn spoon, but I will talk to that doctor in a way to make his head whirl!"

"How Dare He Do It?"

"His bill is for eight visits," replied Mrs. Bowser, "and he has surely made them. It's three dollars a visit, you know."

"Eight visits! Not by the bones of Columbus! Are you in cahoots with him to rob me?"

"Let me see," said Mrs. Bowser, as she sat down. "You had him once, when you thought a bug had crawled into your ear, and you were going insane. It was only wax, and I could have syringed it out as well as he, but you were bound and determined to have the doctor over.

"I am not satisfied yet that it wasn't a bug as big as a peach stone!" growled Mr. Bowser.

"And you had a pimple come on your cheek, and you were sure it was going to be a cancer. I told you it was only a pimple, and I could drive it away with a little alcohol or arnica, but you must have the advice of a doctor."

"And he averted what might have been an awful cancer, and cost me my life."

"Perhaps so. You came home here one evening and said you were in for spinal meningitis. You had been using a step-ladder at the office and it was only a backache. However, you had the doctor over, and that was three dollars more. Then you used something on your scalp to make the hair grow. It didn't make one hair come out, but it brought an eruption. It would have gone of itself, but you had the doctor come. You were afraid it was smallpox. I could go right along and name the whole eight times the doctor was over here. He did not have to come and see me one single time."

Mr. Bowser knew that she spoke truly and he chewed on it for ten minutes before he said:

"This matter of his bill comes in pat. I have been thinking all day of how we had made fools of ourselves. In the old days all the families doctored themselves with a concoction made of herbs, roots and barks. Of course, there were cases of sickness the simple remedies could not cure, but a doctor was not called once where he is now called ten times. I am going back to the simple remedies. I am going to make a summer drink which will keep our systems above par, and if we take a glass of it every morning the doctors may starve before they make any bills against us. However, I don't propose to pay any such bill as this. He really did nothing after he got here and he will cut the bill in half or he may sue me.

Mrs. Bowser did not prolong the conversation. She thought Mr. Bowser would have forgotten all about it by morning. Morning came, but he had not forgotten it. He tramped around the market until he found a farmer and told him what he wanted.

"You are on the right track, old man," was replied. "My family returned to the simple remedies of forty years ago some five years since, and none of us have had an ailment since that time. There are three country doctors within three miles of us and all of them are in a starving condition."

"And how much money do you want to gather these things and bring them in to my house?" asked Mr. Bowser.

"Well," replied the son of toil, whose face wore the look of an innocent child, "you want the best, of course. I shall have to spend two days at least to get what you want, and I think five dollars will make things about right."

Mr. Bowser handed him the money and his address, and inside of three days he drove up to the Bowser residence and handed in a big bundle. Mrs. Bowser knew what the contents were, and she did not meddle with it. When Mr. Bowser came up to dinner and found that his simple remedies had arrived, he was in a great hurry to have his meal over with and make an examination. The bundle was opened, as soon as they reached the sitting room, and he replied to Mrs. Bowser:

"You may help me with these things, if you will. As a boy, living in the country, I knew all about herbs, roots and barks, but I am afraid I am a little rusty now."

"I think you can tell every one," replied Mrs. Bowser. "This bark is from a hemlock tree. It is used by tanners to tan their skins and hides. The farmer evidently thought your hide needed tanning a beautiful brown."

"The blamed fool!" growled Mr. Bowser.

"And this root I am holding up is an old burdock root. See—it is about three feet long. I never yet heard that burdock root had a medicinal quality. Perhaps, however, a drink made of it will cure a frost bite."

"That farmer had an honest face, but, if he has put burdock in here, he is either a fool or a scoundrel!"

"And here is some slippery elm," continued Mrs. Bowser. "Some folk chew it instead of gum, but you can do as you like about it. And here is a bunch of smart weed. You could have gathered it yourself on any vacant lot. If you crush it up and rub the juice into your eyes, you will have a fine time of it. I don't think it ever cured anybody. And now we come to a bunch of catnip. If a baby has colic, catnip tea will ease it. Did you lead the doctor to think, Mr. Bowser, that you were subjected to colic?"

"I'll subject him to colic and more too when I get sight of him!" was the awful threat, as Mr. Bowser clenched his teeth and doubled up his fists.

"There are two or three things left," said Mrs. Bowser. "We have some mandrake root, which is almost a deadly poison, and we have a bunch of swamp grass. It was pulled from some frog pond, and you can almost smell the frogs as you touch it to your nose. There is what seems to be a wild onion. It will probably make you go wild with joy when mixed with your summer drink. That's all, Mr. Bowser, and I advise you to pay that doctor bill and let the simple old remedy keep right on going out of fashion."

Mr. Bowser retied the package and was going down the hall for his hat, when Mrs. Bowser asked where he was going.

"I am going to the drug store to see if you have told me the truth," he warned, shaking his finger at her as a warning of what would happen if she had prevaricated. But she had not. The druggist corroborated with her in every particular, and as Mr. Bowser left the store he scattered his samples all over the sidewalk. He had nothing to say when he got home, but next morning he left the house a quarter of an hour ahead of time. He left his car at the market and began to look for his farmer friend. They got sight of each other, when yet a few yards apart. Mr. Bowser started for the farmer and the farmer started for home. The farmer was the best runner of the two, and he made good his escape. Just as Mr. Bowser had balked to turn back he encountered the family doctor.

"Bowser, I think my secretary sent you a little bill yesterday?"

"Yes—ah—um! Yes, I got your little bill. It was a very moderate bill. I expected it would be double what it was. I will send you a check before tomorrow. Yes—ah—um! I get your little bill and I hope you will come often this year."

The Farmer Was the Best Runner of the Two.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

DUNCE CAPS.

"The brownies, gnomes, oaf family, bogeys, elves, fairies and goblins were all getting a little nervous," said Daddy.

"Of course in Fairyland there is not the same sort of school life at all, but there are judges of good deeds and judges of bad deeds and judges of those who try to do better and those who don't try to do as well as they can.

"Every time a little woodland creature is selfish or unkind, down goes a bad mark and at the end of the year Witty Witch, old Mr. Giant and the Queen of Fairies read out the names of every creature and how the marks stand.

"The woodland creatures had heard that old Mr. Giant and Witty Witch had been making a great many dunce caps with the Fairy Queen.

"Why would they have to wear dunce caps?" asked Nancy. "They don't study spelling and arithmetic and one can only be a dunce in lessons."

"Oh no," said Daddy, "there are other things that one can be a dunce about. It's extremely stupid as well as unkind to hurt any one for it is really hurting the person himself. And that would always bring a bad mark in Fairyland.

"There are good marks to be gained by little unselfish acts and kind things that are done when they are not boasted of. For the Fairy Queen thinks that half the good leaves a kind act when any one boasts of doing it.

"It was the day for the marks to be read out.

"'Oh,' said one little fairy, 'how awful it would be to have to wear a dunce cap. I can't imagine anything so dreadful!'

"'It would be awful,' they all said.

"'Oh, dear,' said one of the brownies, 'how I wish I could live the year over again and do a lot of things I missed doing.'

"'I did lots of things I wish I hadn't,' said one of the gnomes.

"'It's too bad we can't take things back we've done,' said a little elf. 'We always know better afterwards.'

"'It's so hard to think ahead,' said one of the bogeys.

"Just then a great bell sounded through the woods and the voice of Mr. Giant was heard calling out:

"'The marks will now be read. The prizes will be given out. And the dunce caps are made.'

"Every woodland creature felt shivery feelings as the dunce caps were seen. There upon three thrones sat the Fairy Queen, Witty Witch and Mr. Giant. They did not look angry in the least.

The Fairy Queen Arose First.

"The Fairy Queen arose first.

"'Little creatures of the woods and of Fairyland,' she said, 'we made the dunce caps to fill you with the fear of how dreadful it would be to have to wear one.' I am thinkful to say that no one will have to wear a dunce cap. Some have made mistakes, but I know they are sorry for them and that this next year we will have a far finer record.'

"Oh, how glad the little creatures were that none of them would have to wear dunce caps! But they had been taught a lesson—the lesson which told them how they would feel if ever they were really mean or bad.

"Then Witty Witch spoke. 'We want to remember all the things we wish we hadn't done this past year, and we don't want to do them again—for if we do—dear me, there will have to be more dunce caps made. But now we are going to use them for a bonfire.'

"To welcome in the New Year,' said old Mr. Giant, 'we will have a bonfire of the dunce caps and we will hope that next year we will have a still finer set of marks to read out. Let's start afresh!' And as he said that he blew his trumpet, read the marks aloud, and the bonfire of the dunce caps soledmly blazed up.

"So was the New Year begun by the little woodland creatures, and oh, such good resolutions as they did make, so many fine things they were going to do, nice little unselfish things. And among them they were going to help children by telling them that they'd grow to be greater and finer men and women if they were thoughtful of others—all others, children, grownups and our good friends the animals and birds."

Paradoxical Defiance.

"My mother says she's not afraid of a bakers' strike."

"Why not?"

"She declares she will never want bread while she kneads it."

At Cross Purposes.

"We've got a blunder-ess today," said Tommie.

"Don't grumbled Bessie. "It is a blunderess and not a blunder-ess."

"I was talking about a washwoman," said Tommie, "and not clothes."

Title is Clear.

"Once upon a time," said the teacher, "all this fair land was inhabited by Indians. They lived where your house now stands, Willie."

"No, sah-ah," said Willie, "we bought our place from Uncle Hill."

TIMING AUTO RACE

Passing of Each Car Recorded to Fraction of Second.

IMPORTANCE OF SMALL WIRE

Little Strand Is Connected With $5,000 Timing Device, Which Automatically Records Time of Different Machines.

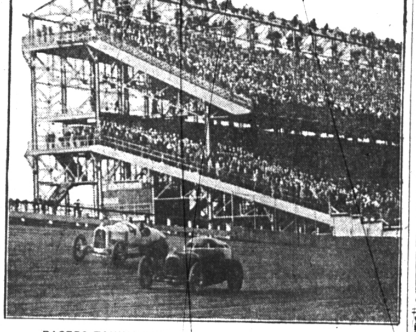
It is doubtful if in the excitement of watching one of the big automobile races, where human life and small fortunes in prize money are at stake every minute, with the demon cars catapulting around the track to the accompaniment of endless reverberating exhausts spitting forth fire and smoke, the layman in the grandstand has any appreciation of the ceaseless efforts in the press stand, across the track, to furnish him with absolute accurate detailed records of the event in progress.

At intervals throughout the race he is informed as to what cars are leading, the time of the race to that point, the rate of speed, the number of laps, made, etc.

While the crowd is busy following the progress of the various racers around the track, with an occasional thrilling brush on the back stretch bringing them involuntarily to their feet to cheer some favorite driver, the scorers and timers are tirelessly checking each car as it crosses the little wire stretched across the track, which marks the completion of a lap.

Mission of Small Wire.

Only the official starter, judges, referees, timers, scorers, and the drivers themselves realize the true mission of this small wire—which often escapes the notice of even those spectators in the grandstand sitting nearest it.



RACERS TAKING SOUTH TURN AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

Few know that in races sanctioned by the American Automobile association this unpretentious little wire is connected with a $5,000 "timing" device, owned by Starter Fred J. Wagner, which automatically records the time of each car to a hundredth part of a second, observes a writer in the New York Evening Post.

There are but two such devices in America, the other being the property of the Indianapolis Speedway, and used to time all the big races held there. The outfit consists of a time registering device run by a motor and storage battery and a chronometer. The wire which crosses the track is fastened at one end to an electric break-maker.

The operation is this: Whenever a car passes over the wire a "break" is made in the electric current, and this causes the timing device to record the time of crossing. A striking arm imprints the exact time on a strip of paper which passes through the machine. This paper is automatically shifted forward to receive the next impression. The machine recovers from each operation quickly enough to permit the registration of two cars passing over the wire within five hundredths of a second of each other.

Tell Exact Number of Laps.

An assistant calls out the number of each as it passes and the official time recorded by the machine. The scorers also record these numbers as they are called out with small counting machines, and are able to tell the exact number of laps each car has completed at any stage of the race. The position and number of the leading car is indicated by the chief scorer to the starter in time that he may give the green flag on the start of the last lap of the race. The checkered flag indicates the completion of the race.

Hardly less important than the timing and scoring, but more apparent to the crowds in the grandstand, is the pit service rendered to each car in the field of racers. Across from the grandstand is a series of compartments, each fronting on the track, colloquially known as pits.

Each contestant is entitled to have five attendants, including the team manager, in the pit assigned to his car. But only two attendants are permitted to make replacement of gasoline, oil, water and tires, or crank the motor, when the contestants car is at a standstill at the pit. They are not allowed to make any mechanical repairs or adjustments to the car. These must be made by the driver or his mechanician.

The pit attendants keep a record of the laps made by the car assigned to them and see that the proper tools for emergency uses are at their finger ends when needed. They also see that a reserve supply of tires is available to make any changes that may be necessary. In case of a tire change the entire wheel is removed and replaced by another wheel with tire already mounted. So expert are some of these pit men that tire changes are effected by them in twenty seconds.

Can Signal to Contestants.

Each team of pit men has a system of signals by which they are able to convey to their driver any information desired. They indicate to him the position in the race in order that he may regulate his speed accordingly. After a driver has driven a few laps in a race and has passed another car or has been passed by other cars and becomes bunched with several other drivers—a common experience—he often loses track of his position among the drivers. Here is where the signaling from his pit is invaluable to him. Racing drivers have been known to win important races unknowingly, having lost count of their position in the race.

LUBRICATION WANTS OF CAR

Unless Looked After Carefully Automobile Will Not Run in a Comfortable Spirit.

You may have noticed that some cars seem to run forever. The owners have had them for ten years or more, and like them so much that they will not part with them. It is because they take care of them and look after the lubrication wants in very much the same way as a careful horse owner looks after the wants of his faithful animal.

If the horse is not fed the proper foods and given the proper attention at all times he will not be able to give the service.

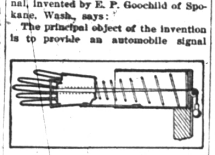
The automobile is the same in that respect. Unless you give it the proper attention it will not run in a comfortable spirit, and it will make known its discomforts by a series of wails, grunts and squeaks that will make your motoring an unpleasant experience.

SIGNAL FOR AN AUTOMOBILE

Washington Invents Device to Represent Human Hand, Operated From Inside of Car.

The Scientific American in illustrating and describing an automobile signal, invented by E. P. Goochild of Spokane, Wash., says:

The principal object of the invention is to provide an automobile signal formed to represent a human hand, which is so constructed that it may be operated from the inside of a closed car for signaling an intention to stop or turn, to approaching vehicles, the device may be actuated quickly by a spiral spring whose tendency is to force the hand outwardly, whereby to move the fingers and thumb into extend position, this may be accomplished without necessitating the operator moving from his driving position.



Automobile Signal.

TO MEND LEAKY WINDSHIELD

When Heavy Storm Is Encountered Trouble May Be Averted by Overlapping Glass Panes.

With the slanting type of windshield water is very likely to leak through the slight opening between the two panes of glass when a heavy storm is encountered. This trouble may be obviated by making one of the panes overlap the other, which, of course, calls for the fitting of a new upper or lower half.

Watch Electric Cables.

Electric cables that rub on sharp edges of battery box or other parts will soon wear through the insulation from vibration of the car, and a short circuit will occur that may be hard to locate. These parts should be well protected with adhesive tape and frequently inspected.

Love of Good Route.

Love of money is said to be the root of evil, but the automobile is the love of the route that's good.

Get Big Truck Order.

The White Motor company has an order from the French government for 1,500 trucks in addition large orders from the United States government, and can operate at full capacity for the next eighteen months on orders now on hand.

Lifting Framework.

A framework that almost automatically lifts an automobile from the floor to relieve the tires as it enters the garage has been patented.

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

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MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made by Elmer O. Mutchler and his wife, Lena Mutchler, of the City of Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan, dated the 8th day of February, A. D. 1917, and recorded in the Office of the Register of Deeds for the County of Oakland, and State of Michigan, on the 24th day of April, A. D. 1917, at 2:20 o'clock P. M., of said day, in Liber 237 of mortgages, on page 382-383, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice for principal and interest the sum of two hundred ninety-four and fifty-two one-hundredths dollars ($294.52) and an attorney fee of thirty dollars ($30.00) as provided for in said mortgage. It is expressly agreed by the terms of said mortgage that should any principal or interest be not paid at the end of thirty (30) days from the time it is due, the mortgagee, at his option, declare all of said principal and interest due, and more than thirty days having elapsed, and said interest not having been paid, said mortgagee hereby declares all principal and interest is due and payable, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the moneys secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in such case made and provided, on Monday, the 18th day of February, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, the undersigned will, at the easterly front entrance to the Court House in the City of Pontiac, Oakland County, Michigan, (that being the place where the circuit court for the county of Oakland is held) sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, to wit: Lot No. 11, Fruit Ridge Addition to the City of Pontiac, Michigan. Dated November 12th, 1917.

DANIEL L. DAVIS, Mortgagee.
M. D. DAVIS, Attorney for Mortgagee.
602 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.
10-Nov.-8 Feb.

Don't Overlook

that subscription. If you are a farmer remember that we can always find good use for

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