

MR. BOWSER'S TESTS

What Parts of the Human Body Are Vulnerable to Cold?

NIGHT WALK FAILS TO SHOW.

Sidetracks Church Social to Make Experiments—Lands in a Snowdrift. Rescued by Policeman and Taken Home to Thaw Out.

By M. QUAD.

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"I HOPE you have nothing on hand this evening," said Mrs. Bowser to Mr. Bowser as they took seats at the dinner table the other night.

"And why?" he naturally asked. "I'd like you to go with me to the church social at my church. They are going to have a real good time, and the minister said he hoped to see you there."

"If it was any other night I would," was the reply.

"Are you going to a club?" "No, but I have a little matter on hand that is greater than fifty church socials rolled together. I have waited a week for just such a night as this."

"But what ails the night?" "Nothing ails it. It is perfect. There is a cutting wind straight from the north, and the thermometer is down almost to zero. Such weather conditions are worth thousands of dollars to me. Don't pester me with questions now, and I'll explain later on. I'll just say that I am on the point of settling a dispute in a way to make me a famous man."

Mrs. Bowser could extract no further information until dinner had been finished and he had his cigar alight. Then he assumed an air of immense superiority and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, you have been out in cold weather. In what part of your body did you feel the cold first and most?"

"In my ears, I think," she replied.

"Not in your toes?"

"Well, my toes have been cold."

"Not in your fingers?"

"Yes; my fingers have been cold too."

"As a matter of fact, you wouldn't make oath whether your ears, toes or fingers got cold first?"

"It is such a trifling thing that I never gave it any special thought."

Science Calls Bowser.

"Ah, yes; trifling thing to you and to thousands of others, but to science



WALK BY NIGHT FOR SCIENCE.

of such importance that the value can hardly be estimated."

"Nonsense! What is it to science whether my big toe or my left ear gets cold first? Give it up and let's go to the social."

"Woman, you do not know what you ask, and I will not therefore be indignant with you. When we have ascertained what part of a person gets cold first we have solved a problem that brings the north pole and the south pole almost to our doors. Solve that and Mount McKinley can be climbed in January as well as July; solve that and the farmer can drive to market at 20 degrees below zero as well as when the bluebirds are singing. Winter at once loses its terrors for all of us, and fur coats will be a drug on the market at \$5 each."

"Are you going to send out circulars to a million people asking them whether their ears or their toes get cold first?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Don't be ironical, please. It is going to devolve upon me—Bowser—to settle this mooted question and to settle it by personal experience. Mrs. Bowser, did you ever hear of the organization known as the Association of Gay Old Scientists?"

"No. What is it—a bowling club?" "One hundred of the leading scientists of the world banded together to pursue scientific questions and subjects. They discuss and settle fifty different matters a year. They have discussed and vainly tried to settle this matter for the last twenty-five years, and at last it has been left to me."

"I suppose some faker came to the office and borrowed \$5 off you and made you believe this nonsense."

Fame Instead of Dollars.

"Go a little slow, Mrs. Bowser, a little slow. I don't want to lose my temper, and I do want fair play. I am commissioned by the association itself. There's no \$5 about it. There is fame instead. Let me once solve that problem and Cook and Peary are

back numbers. I shall rank as a world benefactor."

"Well, just what do you propose to do?" was asked.

"I propose to dress just as all men do for cold weather and go out for a walk of about three miles. I shall keep tab on my ears, toes and other parts and see which feels the chill first. I shall experiment for two hours, and I shall win out."

"But suppose you find that your toes get cold first. What are you going to do about it?"

"There you have it. When we find what part gets cold first, then protect that part and you are immune. If it is the feet, then we wear rabbit skin stockings; if the fingers, then we will have mittens made of lion skin; if the ears, we will have coonskin ear lapa. In going to the north pole Dr. Cook suffered with his nose. But for that he might have got there ten days sooner. Had he covered it with seal-skin there would have been no suffering."

"And this association of Gay Old Sports, or whatever it is, will accept your report, will it?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Bound to do it, my dear—bound to. I am commissioned, you see. Yes, sir, my word—Bowser's word—must settle the matter beyond cavil. As you have been very reasonable over this matter, I don't mind telling you a little secret in advance. I shall surely find that the back of a person's neck gets cold first."

"And the remedy will be to tie a bedquilt around it?"

"Never you mind the remedy. I will look out for that. If you wish to attend the social, go on. You will find me writing up my notes when you return. I am now going to take my departure."

Notes on Cold Points.

It was surely a bitterly cold night, with few pedestrians abroad. Mrs. Bowser decided to stay at home, and Mr. Bowser plunged out into the gale and the cutting cold without extra wraps. He was shivering in five minutes, but at once began taking mental notes:

"The cold seems to be hitting me in the small of the back."

"My left heel now has an icy feeling."

"Left ear tingles. Right ear feels like sheet iron."

"Something strikes me between the shoulders."

"Toes on my right foot are curling up."

"Back of my neck is without feeling."

"Knees begin to wobble."

"Just touched my nose and found it like iron."

"Should any one take me by the right ear it would certainly break away."

"Thus far I cannot say just what portion of the human body feels the cold first, but I have only begun my experiments."

"Gee whiz, but that was a corker in the small of the back!"

"I can now realize how Dr. Cook's nose bothered him."

"My feet clump along as if in wooden shoes."

"What an ass I was to come out on a night like this, but I shan't let Mrs. Bowser know it."

"My knees are like rusty old hinges."

"Guess I'm wrong as to the back of the neck."

"Have just fallen down and got up. Ears and nose may have broken short off."

"The Association of Gay Old Scientists is depending on me, and Bowser never gives up."

"I am a chunk of ice on wheels."

"I think—I guess—"

A ring of the bell brought Mrs. Bowser to the door, and there stood a policeman holding up a very rigid man. That man was Mr. Bowser.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but isn't this your husband?"

"It is."

"Found him in a snowdrift half a mile away. Let me help get him in. He's cold as iron, and we must be careful not to break his arms or legs off. I think one ear and one heel are gone now, but you may be able to thaw out and save the rest of him."

Remarkable Boy.

Woggs—You seem to be very proud of your youngest son. He must be a very remarkable youth.

Boggs—He is. Judging from the papers, I think he is the only twelve-year-old boy in the country who hasn't invented a perfect wireless telegraph, submarine boat or aeroplane.—Puck.

Since He Insisted.

"Pulsatilla, has anybody made you believe that I am engaged to another girl?"

"Yes."

"It isn't true, Pulsatilla. Tell me how I can convince you it isn't."

"Well, George, you'll have to go and get a refutation."—Chicago Tribune.

A Miracle.

"Well," said Dumley self complacently after his first election speech, "you didn't think I could speak, did you?"

"I confess," replied Knox, "that I can't think of anything so marvelous that has happened for years—not since Balaam's time, in fact."—New York Journal.

Japanese Poetry.

John njothn epip ers on sto leapt gan daw ay her un thepi go talo ose an dsto leago ose an djob nwa spu tinth eca lobo ose.

TRANSLATION.

John, John, the piper's son, stole a pig, and away he run. The pig got loose and stole a goose, and John was put in the calaboose. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

HEART BOWED DOWN.

Story of a Millionaire and His Friend of Long Ago.

Of two boys born in a country town in Iowa one went to Chicago and became very rich, and the other stayed at home and when he was sixty was very poor. The stay at home had heard of the success of his boyhood friend, and he went up to Chicago to see him one day, thinking to obtain a loan to tide him over the winter. He went to the rich man's office, found him installed in a magnificent suit and was held up by an office boy in livery.

"Just tell my old friend that Bill, the friend of his boyhood days, is outside and wants to talk over old times with him."

Presently the visitor was admitted. "Howdy, Bill?" said the millionaire. "I am glad to see you."

They talked for a time, and then the visitor remarked, "I hear you are worth millions?"

"Yes, I'm pretty rich. And how has the world treated you?"

"Oh, I've had a terrible time. I had a business, but I lost that awhile ago. You see, my wife's father died, and her mother, and then we lost our daughter. Right on the heels of that my mother died, and soon after my father. It was tough."

The millionaire took out a handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "It certainly was," he commented.

"Yes," continued the visitor, "and that wasn't the worst of it. Early the next spring my boy, on whom I had set so many hopes, he died, too, and then, with all that expense, I lost my business paying doctors' bills. Then to close it all up it wasn't six months before my faithful wife died, and I was left alone."

The millionaire was sobbing by this time. He leaned over and touched a button on his desk, and a big porter came in.

"Jim," said the millionaire, "throw this man out. He's breaking my heart!"—Saturday Evening Post.

It Really Happened.

"Jimmy," said the teacher, "what is the shape of the earth?"

"I dunno, teacher."

"Well, what is the shape of the cuff buttons your father wears to church on Sunday?"

"Dey are square, teacher."

"How about the ones he wears on week days?"

"Dey are round, teacher."

"Well, then, what is the shape of the earth?"

"Square on Sundays and round on week days."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Slogans.

"Look here," said the constituent, "are you going to make any more anti-trust speeches?"

"I may consider it my duty to do so."

"May be it is. But there's something wrong with the combination. Every time you say down with the trusts some trust says, 'Up with the price, and makes it go through.'"

Natural Progression.

Mrs. McCall—How about your servant girl? The last time I saw you you complained about her being so very slow.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Oh, she's progressing.

Mrs. McCall—Indeed?

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Yes; she's getting slower and slower.—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Dubious Bet.

"I don't believe," observed our wife, "that Dr. Cook did a bit of good."

"Nonsense!" we exclaimed. "Why, he established—"

"Yes," said the lady. "But will next summer's ice bills be any smaller? And if they're not, will you pay the difference?"—Cleveland Leader.

Her Little Joke.



Lawrence—Really, it is very interesting to see a barn dance.

Florence (laughing)—I should imagine so. It must take something like an earthquake to make a barn dance, doesn't it?

Sour Grapes.

"Tomorrow will be my birthday," remarked the fair typewriter maid, "and I'm going to take a day off."

"Hub!" sneered the bookkeeper, who had loved and lost. "Why don't you take five years off, as you did last time you had a birthday?"—Chicago News.

Just a Theory.

Professor—Suppose an irresistible force encountered an immovable body, what would be the result?

Student—I don't know exactly, but I imagine it would be something like the meeting of two rival arctic explorers.—Detroit Free Press.

IT IS TRUE!

No Intelligent Person Will Try to Dispute It

But some merchants will try to make you think differently. The merchant that does a long credit business simply has to charge you more than the goods are worth, to make up for it.

Don't You Believe It?

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