"OH, DOCTOR, COME QUICK!"

Sometimes They Really Need Me, and Sometimes They Don't—But I Always Go, Day or Night.

I had to crawl out of bed and drive two miles into the country when old Mrs. Ward telephoned in frantic alarm. She had swallowed her false teeth. I have been crawling out of bed for nearly thirty years to relieve the pains and ills of suffering folks. That is my business as a country doctor. I have answered every call I possibly could, except for one or two that I may tell you about shortly.

Mrs. Ward was suffering when I reached her home. "They hurt my stomach so. Do you think I will die?" she moaned. "I always put my teeth in that glass on the dresser, but tonight I went to sleep with them in my mouth. I woke up with a start—my teeth were gone How they hurt my stomach!"

I can't help sympathizing with my patients and I did feel sorry for Mrs. Ward—she seemed so uncomfortable. But I couldn't locate the teeth. I opened my satchel where it sat on the dresser and looked around.

"Have you two sets of false teeth, Mrs. Ward?" I inquired.

"No, doctor; just these I swallowed. Oh!"

"Well," I said, "that's funny. I see another set in this cup on the other side of the dresser."

Mrs. Ward's pain stopped instantly. I seldom have had a more successful treatment. But as I drove back to town I reflected that after all it seemed better to go out on a useless call now and then than ever to ignore one when I was really needed. And it set me to thinking of scores of other incidents in my thirty years' as a country practitioner. Some of them are funny, while others still make me swallow hard when they come to mind.

A man has no business starting out to be a country doctor if he is anxious for his own comfort, for nobody can be expected to have much regard for that. It was five below zero a few weeks ago when a woman called me out into the country at midnight to see her baby. I found the child sleeping peacefully. It had been fretful during the day and again after bedtime. As people often do, she waitd until the middle of the night before calling me.

These two incidents are typical of the many needless calls I have made. I wish I could impress upon everyone two ideas:

1. Don't wait until the middle of the night to call the doctor if you think you are going to need him. Make up your mind during the day. It is cheaper for you and a lot better for the doctor.

2. Keep a medicine chest of the simple remedies. Label each properly and familiarize yourself with its uses. That will save you many a doctor bill and save the doctor many a needless call

You should have in your chest turpentine, camphor, iodine, medicated cotton, surgical gauze and tape, quinine, a good laxative and other standard items. Your own physician will gladly give you a full list of these and help you learn what each is good for.

I hope, though, that you will at least offer to pay him for the advice. Too many country doctors get so interested in "dedicating" themselves to the service of humanity that they fail to look after themselves properly. One lovable old physician died in our town last year after more than fifty years of such service. He never worried much about being paid for his services, and his patients didn't worry much about paying him. He left only a few hundred dollars, and his widow would be destitute but for her son-in-law's help.

I estimate that I have received no pay for about fifteen per cent. of my work in these thirty years. I remember distinctly a call back in the horse-and-buggy days. It was early in February and I rather welcomed the nine-mile night drive behind a stepping mare because it was a pleasant night and there was to be a total eclipse of the moon that I wanted to see.

The roads were muddy. We had just had heavy rains after a big thaw. I had to ford a creek and I was surprised at its width and unaccustomed swiftness. Old Blackie waded in without hesitation. Soon the water was in the buggy bed. I put my feet on the dashboard. Quicker than I can tell it a wheel struck a rock, the buggy upset and I found myself swimming for the bank.

I coaxed old Blackie into shallow water and unhitched her. I tied her to a bush, managed to right the buggy and pull it out. Believe me, she had to step when we got going again, and I was glad to change clothes at the little shanty that was our destination.

This was one of the many cases of helping another little life into the world. I was impressed by the meager furnishings of the shack. The husband slept heavily on a pallet on the floor all night, only waking with a grunt every hour or so when I stirred him up to get some wood for the fire. He was accustomed to letting his wife split the wood.

Before I left I asked the mother what else I could do for her.

"Would you mind fillin' and lightin' my pipe for me, Doc?" she said.

I left her propped up on an elbow, contentedly puffing a battered clay pipe.

I was present at the arrival of three babies in that home. I received one payment—half a load of hay.

The family doctor seems to be regarded as a general counselor at everything. I have been called to the telephone to tell how to treat seed potatoes to prevent scab, how to kill cucumber lice and how to cure chickens with the roup. Only the other night I sat up until dawn with a young farmer who came to my house and awoke me at two in the morning.

"Doc, I haven't slept a wink all night," he said. "Old Banker James says he is going to foreclose my mortgage." All I could do for him besides listen was advise him to get an attorney.

I answer nearly every call. There was one I didn't answer and my conscience will always hurt because I didn't.

A fine young woman who taught her home district school came to my office one evening after making sure no one else was there. She was in serious trouble and wanted my help. I did the only thing I could do—I gave her the only advice there was to give in such a case. But she couudn't make up her mind to marry a man she was not sure she loved.

Her father called me about three o'clock one morning a few days later. "Myra is awfully sick. Can you come right away?" he said.

I had driven in about midnight and left the car in my garage with a flat tire. I said I could be there in an hour, for it would take quite a bit to change the tires. He said she was too sick to wait that long and they would get another doctor. So I went back to bed.

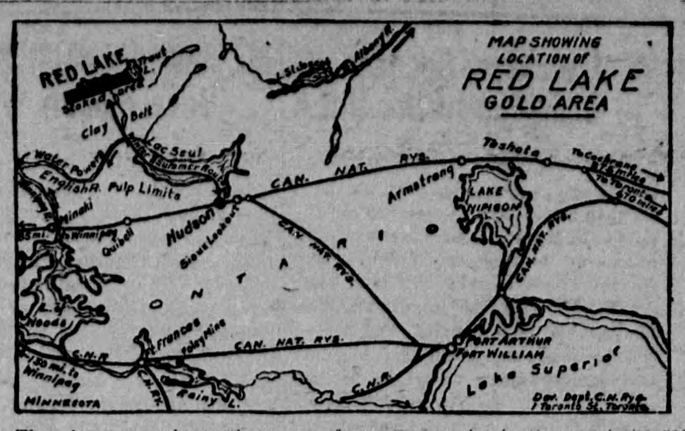
The girl died before morning. I was the only person in the world who knew her trouble. Neither her parents nor the other doctor discovered that she was dying from an undertaking they had no cause to suspect a reason for. I could have saved her life because I knew what she would not tell the others. I should have answered that call anyway.

Of all such things is the country doctor's life: a continuing succession of tragedies, of heartbreaks, of humdrum and of thrills. Nothing is too much to promise the doctor if he will restore health to a loved one; any old time is soon enough to pay him after health is won back and pain forgot.

I had $30 in cash and owed $2,000 for my college expenses when I started practice. I own a nice home now and have a little money ahead, though not a great deal. After all, though, much as I have harped here about unpaid services, I will proudly own that the biggest reward of all my years as a doctor to country folks is the privilege and power of helping little children.

My wife and I were childless for several years and then a boy baby came to gladden our lives. He drew us closer together than we had ever been. He was a wonderful, quaint, gladsome little fellow who made everyone happy who knew him. He was taken away by an accident. I can never shake off the gripping horror of those hours when we saw his life slowly ebbing away, helpless to relieve his pain or prevent his going. His mother and I could only sit by his bed during his last hours, wracked by the greatest agony that can torture human hearts ,and then, after his release, suffer grief that even after many years still seems unbearable.

Since then, as never before, I willingly sit all night by the bedside of an ailing child. To be able to make that child well and comfortable again, to relieve the fear that clutches the apprehensive hearts of the mother and father, seem to compensate for a thousand unpaid accounts on my ledger and for a thousand nights of broken sleep.



The above map shows the scene of present activity in the Red Lake section of the district of Patricia, Ontario, north of Hudson, on the main line of the Canadian National Railways. Major C. J. A. Cunningham Dunlop, who has just returned from Red Lake, calls this the "biggest gold rush since the Klondike."

Schoolboy Howlers.

"Geometry teaches us to bisex angles; an oxygen has eight sides."

The above are two gems from a rich mine of schoolboy howlers explored by R. Welldon Finn in the Education Outlook.

"A circle is a rounded straight line bent so that the ends meet," writes another youthful mathematician; while another humorist, on being asked how many times 19 could be subtracted from a million, replied that he could do it as often as he was asked to!

Here are other delighful specimens:

"A demagogue is a vessel from which one drinks beer."

" 'Essays of Elia'—the attempts of Elijah to get food.'

"The Pyramids divide France and Spain."

"Henry I. died from a surfeit of palfreys."

Under Henry VIII. the Bible was translated into Latin by Titus Oates, whom the king ordered to be chained up in church for greater security," writes one youthful essayist.

"Prince Henry was drowned in the Wash. The story goes that he never smiled again," writes another.

Stout Englishmen Are Dieting for Styles

The increasing vogue of the double-breasted coat has caused men of fashion in London to resort to dieting to remove fat. No fat man looks his best in a double-breasted suit; hence the "banting" denial of favorite dishes and painful hours of massage in the Turkish baths of Piccadilly and St. James.

Those undergoing the martyrdom of fashion find physical consolation, however, in the advice of doctors that the fatter the man the higher the blood pressure, and that the thin, wiry men live longest.

Utterly Useless.

Willie, who was nearly five, and his mother, were sitting at home in front of the fire. At the table his sister, aged seven, was doing her homework. Suddenly mother looked up and saw Willie watching his sister.

"Well, Willie," she said, "it will not be long before you will have to go to school."

"Oh,' said Willie, "it's no use sending me!"

"Why, how is that?" asked his mother.

"What's the use of sending me to school?" queried Willie. "I don't know anything, and I can't read or write."

A Nation of the Soil.

Eighty per cent. of the population of India get their living out of the soil.

Hogs in Holland.

Holland is growing as a producer of pork.

Who's Who in Musical History.

Beethoven—1770-1827.

Born in Bonn, Beethoven grew
Just the same as I or you;
But his great and glorious name
Unforgotten became in the history of fame.
He was but a tiny boy,
Caring not for game or toy;
And his father, harsh, they say,
Made him practice all the day.
When at 13 years, one night,
Three sonatas he did write,
Full of lovely sentiment,
Showing his poetic bent.
Fierce his temper, and self-willed,
But with truth his heart was filled;
And he loved the trees and flowers,
Owing them his happiest hours.
Old he grew, and deaf at length,
And his music played with strength.
Music, to his soul so dear,
Fell unheeded on his ear.
Though a great renown he won
For the wonders he had done,
Yet he lived, when older grown,
In his dusty room alone.
To his nephew, Carl, he gave
All the money he could save;
Yet the boy, with heart of stone,
Left him there to die alone.
Strange his figure, as you see
On the page of history.
Yet a truer, grander man
On that page we ne'er shall scan,
So did old Beethoven die
Just as you must do, or I.
But his grand and glorious name
Unforgotten became in the history of fame.

"They Shall Not Pass."

Louis Carotte, Indian goalkeeper of the Caughnawaga hockey team, Indian village, near Montreal, who is said to be one of the largest "goalies" in the world. He weighs 400 pounds. He is manager of the local baseball team.

Britain's Volunteers.

The total strength of the territorial army on December 31 last, exclusive of permanent staff, was 144,937, an increase of 4,300 compared with January 1, 1925.

The Automobile

DRIVER SHOULD LEARN TO PARK AUTO PROPERLY.

The individual who sets out to learn the ins and outs of driving an automobile has not fully contemplated this accomplishment until he or she can successfully park a car. Increasingly, of course, it is becoming difficult to find a place anywhere in our urban communities where a motor vehicle can be left for a few minutes. There was a time when one could merely drive alongside of a curb and stop when ready. Even that procedure required some skill. But that was a simple matter compared with the present situation.

Now the driver must know what are the local rules regarding parking, where he can park, when and for how long. In these days the space is greatly restricted, which makes it necessary for one to skillfully guide the machine into a small space. And having succeeded in this no mean achievement the next problem is how to get out in the traffic again when the driver wishes to proceed.

In some cities certain public places are reserved where automobiles can be left. It is something of a fine art to properly park a car in one of these sections. The machines in these spaces usually stand in the middle of the street, facing the curb. To park in such a place the driver must either stop and back into his proper niche, being sure no cars are approaching from the rear that might smash into him, or he may, in some instances, be able to drive directly ahead into his space. In the latter instance he will probably be required to back up when he comes to take his machine away.

CARE REQUIRED IN JOB.

In such manoeuvring the driver should aim to park his car as near to its next neighbor as possible and yet accomplish this without scraping the sides of either machine. Sometimes it will be necessary to squeeze in between two standing cars where the margin of space on either side of his machine will be very limited. Considerable care will be required in doing a good job.

When undertaking to park a car alongside of a curb it is well not to get too close to the machine ahead when stopping or when starting up again. And the car ahead will be less liable to back into his machine when it pulls out. A lot of fenders have been dented in such operations. If a driver parks right up against the car ahead and another car parks close to the rear of his machine he will find himself in somewhat of a fix to get his car out, as hardly any space will be left for either backing or going ahead.

At night a parked car should have its lights turned on if it is on a road where there is liable to be any motor traffic. If the car is parked before sundown and left until after dark it is unusually easy to forget this. If the standing machine's lights do not show a white light ahead and a red one behind it may not be visible to an approaching automobile until too late to avoid a smash. This applies especially to those who are parking to do sparking. Protect that wonderful future with your loved one by taking precautions against a motor collision.

DANGER FROM CROOKS.

Park your car close to the curb. It is dangerous to stop a car in the middle of the road. Regulations usually prohibit parking a car within ten feet of a fire hydrant. In some cities it is not permitted to park a car in front of a public building. A car should not be parked near the intersection of two streets or highways.

Never park an automobile on the left side of the street except on a "one-way" traffic street. The right side should be next to the curb and never the rear or front end except in parking spaces where the regulations require cars to park at right angles or diagonally to the road.

Any contents of a car that might easily be stolen should be removed when a car is parked, even if the car is to be left but for a few minutes. It takes very little time for a crook to get away with any valuables that may be left in an open car. If the car is a closed model the doors have reliable locks on them and these should be used.

In any event, the car itself should be locked and the key removed by the driver, as thieves not only rob the automobiles of their contents, but also have been known to steal the auto itself. A safe lock should be a part of every car's equipment if it is to be parked very much.

In view of these increasingly congested conditions it is important for motorists to be first class partakers of their machines and for them to realize that until they can qualify in this respect they cannot be considered in the class of competent automobile drivers.

Distributing Money at Marriages.

In every part of Scotland the marriage ceremony is performed at the residence of the bride. About the time it is expected the young couple are to start on their marriage jaunt, all the boys and girls of the neighborhood assemble in front of the house, and amuse themselves by calling out, "Bell money, Bell money, shabby waddin,' shabby waddin,' canna spare a bawbee."

These shouts are more than redoubled when the door is opened to let the bride and bridegroom out, who are accompanied to the carriage by most of the company, and as the pushing and shoving of the crowd would be very inconvenient, some one of the party at this movement showers a quantity of coppers and small silver among them, thereby drawing their attention away from the "young folks," who, under cover of this 'diversion," are driven off.

M.P. Dons a Woman's Hat to Gain Point in Commons

Among many of the old rules governing procedure in the House of Commons, London, England, is one that if a member wishes to raise a point of order after a division has been called he must don his hat.

The Laborite member, G. Buchanan, desired to raise a point, but he had not brought his hat with him. He solved the dilemma, however, by borrowing the velvet toque of Miss Ellen C. Wilkinson, also a Laborite member, which he clapped upon his head of red hair. Thus he addressed the speaker amid noisy laughter from the members.

Willing to Pay the Price.

A somewhat shabby man wandered into a very smart restaurant, says The Tatler, and ordered an elaborate lunch. At first the waiter was dubious about serving him, but the customer's obvious ease in his surroundings and his excellent choice of dishes reassured him. At last, when the bill was presented he asked courteously for the manager, who appeared presently.

"Good day," said the customer airily. "Do you recollect that a few months ago a man came here and had a jolly good meal without paying for it?"

"I do," answered the manager grimly.

"And do you remember what you did to him?" pursued the other.

"Yes, sir," said the manager fiercely, "I kicked him out of the place."

"Well, then," said the customer, rising leisurely and turning his back to the official, "do you mind obliging me again?"

Squelched.

He wanted to read, but the man in the seat opposite him would persist in trying to talk as the train moved swiftly along. After several brief replies the student began to grow tired.

"The grass is very green, isn't it?" asked the would-be conversationalist, pleasantly.

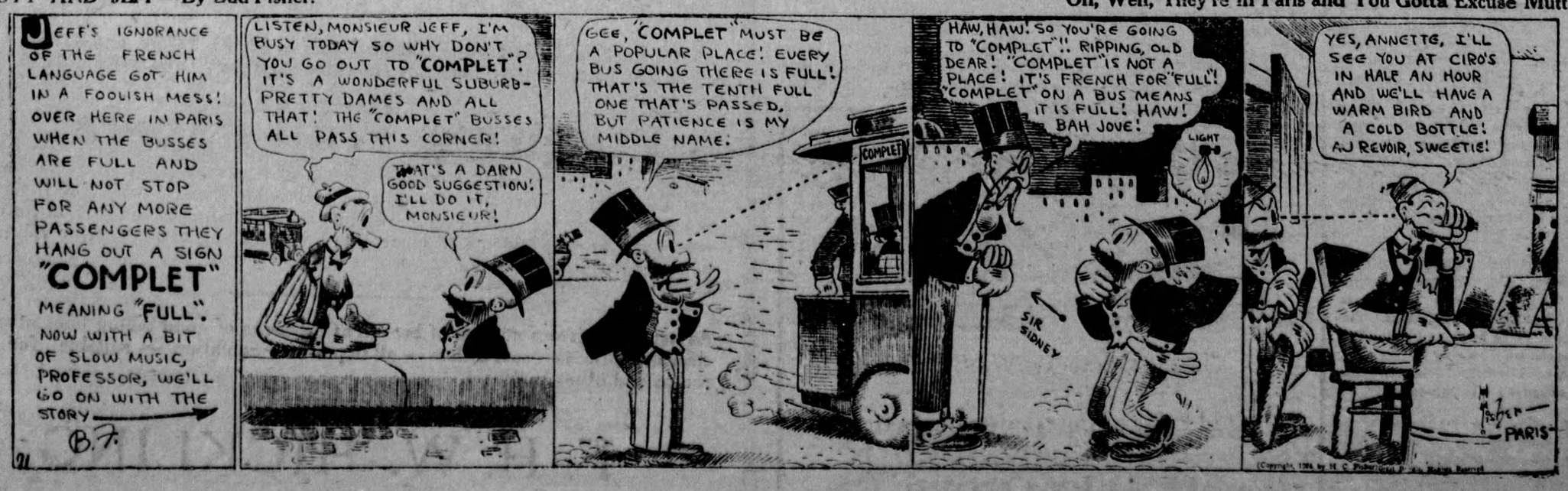
"Yes," said the student, "such a change from the blue and red grass we have been having lately."

The rest was silence.

Following Directions.

Doctor—"What! your dyspepsia no better? Did you follow my advice and drink hot water one hour before breakfast?"

Patient—"I did my best, but I couldn't keep it up more than ten minutes."

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

Oh, Well, They're in Paris and You Gotta Excuse Mutt