

# That Hollow Tooth

By CLYDE ARNOLD

That Paul Chatterton, wealthy, and to be richer still, should wish to become a college graduate was only natural, but that he should take the course in dentistry and plan to set up in the profession was an enigma to his friends and a source of vexation to his widowed mother.

"I wouldn't say anything about law or surgery," she would argue. "I wouldn't mind even if you were a naturalist and went poking about after snakes and bugs. If you had graduated as a philosopher I think I could have stood it, but dentistry, Paul—dentistry!"

"My dear mother, where would you have got the half dozen false teeth in your mouth but for dentistry?" he would reply. "We must have teeth of some sort. We must chew our food. The world suffers more or less with toothache; we must cure it. The dentist brings alleviation; he helps to preserve our good looks."

"But society, Paul!"

"I know that there are very few dentists in society. Society doesn't invite him to its dinners and receptions because he alone knows how many false teeth it has. It would be a funny gathering of the four hundred if all the dentists were to shut up shop!"

"But when one thinks of the dentist he thinks of the chiropodist."

"Quite right, my dear mother. You went to the chiropodist the other day and had two corns removed. Your graceful gait has thereby been restored. He is a benefactor to human-



It Was an Ulcerated Tooth.

ity. In curing an ingrowing toe nail he may prevent a family quarrel—a divorce. He brings peace to a household."

The most the young man would promise was that his sign should simply bear the word "Dentist." The sacred name of Chatterton should not swing in the breeze for the public to stare at. He also partly promised that if he came to like anything better than dentistry after a trial he would give up the tooth business. He could have furnished parlors in the city, but to the joy of the mother he went 20 miles afield and hung out his sign in a suburban village.

If there were any aching teeth, or teeth to be filled or extracted, the victim fought shy of the new dentist. He had parlors over a bank, and he had a beautiful gold sign. He had a dog and gun and took long walks over the country. There was good fishing and he fished. There was good rowing and he rowed. The sign of "Out—Back in a Few Minutes" was on his door oftener than the "Come Right In." Three months passed and Mr. Paul Chatterton had not had a patient. Indeed, though, he had had just one, or come very near it. The respectable lady of a scrub-woman for the bank had come upstairs one day to tell him that her married daughter out in Nebraska had written her that her little boy had toothache of the severest kind, and would he, the dentist, tell her free of charge what would cure it? He would. He even went so far as to give her 10 cents to buy peppermint essence to send out to the sufferer.

However, all things come to him who waits, whether he is a statesman or dentist. A patient came to Mr. Paul Chatterton. He was out with fishing rod one day, a mile or more from town, and on his way back to change that sign to "Come Right In," when he heard an auto coming up behind him and then a woman's screams. As he wheeled about the machine ran across the road and into a bank. The dentist ran back to find a girl with her jaw tied up. He couldn't be sure whether she was an old maid or a fair young girl, but she was in distress, and that was enough.

As for the chauffeur, there was no doubt about him. He was a young man. He was even too much intoxicated to talk. He was taken by the back of the neck and lifted down and deposited on the grass, and then the dentist took his seat, backed the machine into the road and asked:

"Am I right in thinking you were bound for the village?"

"Yes, sir," answered a girl's voice.

"Then I will see you safely there. Your chauffeur is not exactly well. Will it be to the depot?"

"No, sir. I want to go to a dentist."

"Oh. Case of toothache?"

"The worst kind. I've had it two days and nights. My jaw is all swollen up. Mother was coming with me, but some company came at the last moment."

The dentist tried to get a better look at the girl beside him. He liked the voice, and he liked the half of the face he could just make out. He was also pleased with the jaunty hat and the brown hair under it.

"Will you go to Dentist Roberts?" he asked as they proceeded at a slow pace.

"Mercy, no! Why, he almost pulled a girl's head off once!"

"Then to Dentist Brown?"

"No. He's savage as a meatax. I want to go to the new dentist. I have never seen him, but a girl friend told me he had dreamy blue eyes, and that she didn't believe he would hurt anybody. My brother Sam has dreamy blue eyes, and you couldn't get him to kill a fly. Oh, I forgot to say that I am Miss Lottie Morton. We live back there in the house on the hill."

"And my name is Paul Chatterton. I will drive you to the office of the new dentist. I have heard that he was very careful and sympathetic."

"Oh, I hope so. Just think—I have had toothache for two days and nights!"

"It's awful."

"It's worse than awful—it's terrible. If he should pull my head around while I am in the chair I know I should faint away."

"But he won't do that."

"If you know him won't you speak to him? Tell him it's ached two days and nights. Tell him that when I tried to get to sleep I dreamed of dragons. Tell him that mamma doesn't seem to think it's anything great, and that brother Sam poked fun at me. He said the dentist would yank my head this way and that. You tell the new dentist all about it, won't you?"

"I will, and here we are at his office. I'll go right up with you."

Miss Lottie Morton was so taken up with her toothache that she thought nothing of his unlocking the office door and changing the signs. It was only when she had climbed into the chair and he had removed the bandage from her jaw that she sat up and said:

"Why, the new dentist—where is he?"

"In here, and I'm going to be very gentle and sympathetic."

"It's so funny."

It was an ulcerated tooth. There was a hollow for the air to strike down on a live nerve. The jaw was gently bathed for a time, and when the tooth was examined the patient was told that nothing could be done until a poultice had reduced the swelling. She must come again in three days. As the dentist had no pressing work on hand, he would act as chauffeur to get her home safely. With his own hands he replaced the bandage, and by the time it had been accomplished he realized that his words to his mother might come true.

It was queer about that tooth. It wasn't such a big tooth, and you couldn't have put a hickory nut in the hollow, but Miss Lottie had to return again and again. Each time she found the dentist more gentle and sympathetic. As she related it home, not one single "yank" had he ever given her brown head. And the dentist got in the habit of calling at the house on the hill to see if the tooth was all right, and the widowed mother happened to have a lady friend who knew all about him, and so one day when the young man entered the mother's presence and saw that she was about to begin on the same old subject, he forestalled her by saying:

"Mater mine, I promised to give up dentistry when I found something better. I have found it. That is, I have if she will say yes. She is my first, last and best customer, and I want to take you down there tomorrow to call on her."

The Babel of Hooters.

London is intolerable, not only by day, but by night also, on account of its babel of motor warning sounds. As we previously urged, there should be a standard warning, and this warning should not be unnecessarily sounded. As it is, there are hundreds of horns on the motor vehicles in London which send forth an irritating blare, the note of which may be included anywhere in a range of a couple of octaves. On one vehicle there is the top note like a cornet, on another there is the middle note like a clarinet and on a third there is the low note like a bassoon, and so on. Then there is the fiendish device by which the exhaust actuates a screaming siren or succession of notes or even an attempt to produce a chord. This confusion and multiplicity of sounds to gain a common and a humane end is completely illogical and irritating beyond measure. We protest against this outrage upon the human endurance, thrust upon it not only by day, but in what should be the resting hours of the night. There can be no question of the reality of the evil, and our authorities must be pressed to eradicate it. There is distinct medical testimony as to its possible effects; and the evil could be materially reduced, it seems to us, by enforcing a standard method of warning and preventing the superfluous use of the "hooter."—The Lancet.

Habit.

"There's no use talking," said Mr. Dustin Stax; "this corporation of ours will have to dissolve."

"How will you go about it?"

"I don't know. The only way I know of to dissolve things is to keep putting water into them."

## PREACHER IS SHOCKED

CONDEMNNS SLIM, THIN SKIRTS AND SCANT WAISTS.

Little Rock, Ark., Minister Declares The Prevailing Styles of Women's Dress Are Indecent and Lacking in Taste.

Little Rock, Ark.—King George and Queen Mary of England, who are making an effort to reform the prevailing styles of women's dress, have nothing on Rev. Ben Cox, pastor of the First Baptist church of this city. Where Queen Mary rebuked Mrs. Astor for the scantiness of her costume, Rev. Mr. Cox rebuked all the giddy ones who came to hear him discourse on the announced text:

"If our brethren can wear clothes enough to cover their nakedness the year round, we can, too, and not melt."

The sermon had alligned the congregation, and the subsequent talk of the town, into two groups, one of which condemns the minister for interfering "where he has no business," the other condoning him.

Two letters were a feature of the sermon, one being from a "Christian woman" and the other from a "business woman."

Rev. Mr. Cox discussed the subject without reserve before a large, mixed audience, in which women predominated, and declared that present styles, as a rule, tend to indecency and immodesty, exposing bare arms, necks and shoulders, and displaying a great length of ankle through flimsy silk hose.

"I think the time has come when some emphatic protest must be made against the style of dress worn by many women," said he. "The dress, or rather, I should say, the lack of dress, in the ballroom and kindred places has done and is doing very much harm. But in my judgment many dresses worn on the streets are leading to much greater evil. I refer especially to the openwork waists, through which a goodly portion of the body is exposed, and to the short, slim skirts which are so popular today."

"In my judgment the harem skirt is far more decent, for there is enough cloth in one leg of the harem skirt to make one of the short, slim skirts."

The minister during his talk read a letter from a prominent young business woman who has been doing missionary work among her associates in an effort to bring about a modification of the prevailing styles of dress.

"The dresses of many business girls have caused me to blush for shame while in their presence. Only last week several of the women who have been employed in the business world equally as long as the writer, met in my office and we discussed the situation, outlining a future method towards influencing these girls to adopt a different style of dress while employed, not only to save themselves from insults, but to protect the reputation of that class of business women."

Even a greater sensation was caused in the congregation when he read the following paragraph from a letter written by a "Christian woman":

"I stood some months ago on Canal street, New Orleans, and saw a young girl accompanied by a smart young man waiting to take a west end car. Every garment the young woman wore was so thin or full of holes that I could easily see what each piece was from her neck to her waist. Such glaring exposures of person is a warrentable invitation for the advances of evil-minded men."

## HOT NAILS USED AS A BRAND

Greek Woman Burns Crosses on Her Child's Body Trying to Cure Fever.

St. Louis, Mo.—Nine crosses burned into the flesh of a six-month-old child are relied upon by the little one's mother, Mrs. Farra Adekel to cure it of fever. Two Greek crosses were burned in the baby's temples to drive away the high fever; one in the middle of the forehead to drive away stomach trouble; three more across the stomach to relieve the same trouble, and then a score of miscellaneous scars to placate and drive away evil spirits. The child grew worse and may die as the result of the burns.

Mrs. Adekel is a Syrian Greek. She says the treatment of American physicians failed to cure her child and she resorted to the advice of the priests of her native land. Taking a nail she made it red hot and then applied it after the manner of the Syrians. She has absolute faith in the cross cure.

## Waits Forty Years for Bride.

Grand Island, Neb.—Waiting for two score years and hoping fate would finally decree that his love-making should win, John Patrick has married Mrs. Flora L. Lefew. Forty years ago the couple were sweethearts, but there came the parting of the ways and Mrs. Lefew, who was then Miss Flora Peeler, was married to another suitor. After Mr. Lefew died and the conventional time of mourning had elapsed, Mr. Patrick renewed his suit and was accepted.

## Heat Hatched Pantry Egg.

Bonner Springs, Kan.—Mrs. Mollie Gordon of this place is the possessor of a novel souvenir of the hot weather. It is a Plymouth Rock chicken hatched by the heat on a shelf in her pantry.

## MONSTER OF THE DEEP SEA

Some Strange Living Creatures That Inhabit the Dark Abysses of the Ocean.

The ocean water at depths of a mile or more is so dense, and its pressure is so great, that glass bottles forced down into it are crushed to powder and tubes of metal are twisted and flattened out of shape. Yet living creatures inhabit these dense and heavy depths. From the underworld of the sea, where the pressure is two and a half tons to the square inch, the explorers' dredges bring up curious fishes, with bodies constructed with special reference to this environment of weight.

Their bony and muscular systems are not fully developed; the bones are permeated with pores and fissures. The calcareous matter is at a minimum, and the bones of the vertebrae are joined together so loosely that the larger fishes often fall apart while being lifted out of the water. The muscles are all thin, and the connective tissue seem almost wanting. Yet these fishes are able to dart about and capture their prey.

It is another interesting fact that no light penetrates these ocean abysses—all below 1,200 feet being total darkness—and this necessitates another adaptation of the deep-sea inhabitants. They carry lanterns. Many of these deep-sea fish have special organs upon their sides and heads that are known to possess a luminous quality.

One of the largest of these deep-sea torch bearers is a fish six feet long, with a tail dorsal fin extending nearly the entire length of the body. Along the sides of the body is a double row of luminous scales. One of the most ferocious of these deep-sea forms has a mouth full of teeth that protrude in a most formidable manner. The fins are all tipped with flaming spots, while along the dorsal surface extends a row of spots that appear like so many windows through which light is shining.

The little fishes called "Bombay ducks" are luminous over their entire surface, and when numbers are collected together they present an astonishing spectacle. Another species has a jaw so arranged that it can seize fish twice its size and easily swallow them. Its stomach has the elastic quality of india rubber. It stretches to enormous proportions, and appears like a great transparent balloon hanging under the fish, and containing its prey.

The last expedition sent out by the prince of Monaco brought to light some remarkable forms. The dredge of Morocco brought up from a depth of one and a half miles a fish that appeared to be all head or mouth. It was of small size, and the length of the mouth was about four-fifths of the entire body; so that if the body had been severed behind the head it and two or three like it could have been stowed away in its capacious pouch. It probably moves very slowly, scooping mud and ooze into its mouth, sifting out the animal parts and rejecting the rest.—Harper's Weekly.

## No Time to Scold.

A western physician has two children, Ernest and Alice, aged nine and eleven, respectively. Recently the doctor and his wife made a week-end trip to the country, leaving the children at home with the servants. They were to return Monday night on a train due at 10 o'clock. The children wanted to meet them at the depot, and of course received very definite instructions not to do so.

When the parents arrived at 11:30, their train being an hour and a half late, they were surprised to find Ernest and Alice waiting for them, and all alone. The mother rushed forward to expostulate, but was cut off by the shrill voice of Alice crying, "Hurry up, mother. Don't stop to talk. The taxi's up to \$7.60 already!"—Harper's Magazine.

## The Gallant Correspondent.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, in an interview in Reno, praised her Reno audience.

"They are the most brilliant and the most intelligent," she said, "that you can imagine. The women's jewels glittered, and the men's wit shone."

Mme. Bernhardt laughed gaily.

"One of these men was presented to me," she said, "between the acts. He had been, by-the-way, correspondent in eight suits. Well, his compliments were so glowing that at last I cried: 'But, monsieur, remember, I am 65 years old!'"

"'Mazame,' he replied, 'to me you are just 23. For I, seared as I am by scandal, am too charitable ever to believe more than half what I hear.'"

## Girls and Ball.

John J. McGraw, at a baseball banquet in Pittsburg, said of a baseball man:

"His ignorance of ball is astonishing. It is as bad as a girl's."

"A girl once said to me: 'I adore baseball. I have a brother, you know, who plays on the Yale team.'"

"'What does he play?' said I."

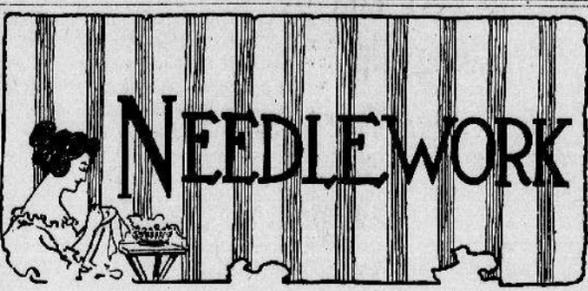
"'She hesitated.'"

"'Well,' she said, 'I forget just for the moment, whether he's a foul tip or a high fly.'"

## Incomplete.

"There's nothing in my play to bring a blush in anybody's cheek," said the author.

"Well," replied the producer, "bring the manuscript around when you get it finished."



LAP robe making is a new industry for the amateur needlewoman whose time hangs heavily on her hands and it is one which may be kept up the year round, since the lap robe of summer differs in weight from the lap robe of autumn, and the one for winter is of still heavier degree. Each and every robe is intended to serve the double purpose of protecting the knees during a drive or when traveling on a steamer and the entire figure during a siesta, for it should be remembered that no matter how warm may be the weather or the room the sleeper's feet should always be protected by a coverlid of some sort.

Linen finished crash in green, brown, rose, blue or natural color in plain effects or in two-tone broad stripes is used for summer lap robes, and as this material is exceedingly wide two yards of it is quite sufficient in case there is to be an applied border of the darker shade of the color selected, joined beneath a strip of dyed coarse lace or a border of black crash encircled in shades repeating those of the striped fabric.

More elaborate lap robes are of linen surfaced crash in natural tone or a plain color hemmed broadly and headed with drawn work. This would seem like a tiresome task, but, as a matter of fact, the threads are so coarse that the hand work goes very rapidly and is wonderfully effective. Linen scrim is another good material for a summer lap robe, for, while light of weight, the dust does not sift through its meshes, and if the corners of the robe are shot weighted they will not blow away from about the feet. The blocked designs in two-tones bordered or hem applied with white are effective, and if time is not a consideration to the needlewoman a two by three yard piece of ivory toned scrim may be ornamented with a dark red, blue or brown souché braid outlined pattern and bordered with taffeta of a matching shade.

Solid colors in taffeta make charming lap robes if they are properly finished at the edges, otherwise they will strongly resemble the silk quilts made from the remaining breadths of grandmother's tea party dress. The correct way to make a silk lap robe is to get the widest taffeta obtainable so that there need be but one seam, and that in the center, which is of the overlapped sort and tailor stitched on to a lining of shepherd checked or clean plaited serge. Having spread the silk smoothly over the worsted lining and stitched the center seam onto it, the edges of the two materials must

## Three Good Ideas



FRENCH Drawers and a Pretty Camisole.—These drawers are very cool and comfortable for summer wear when made in lawn. They are trimmed with wide frills edged with lace and headed by insertion. The upper part of the camisole is in all-over embroidery, cut in one; it is outlined with beading threaded with ribbon; the lower part is of lawn. The neck and sleeves are finished with lace. Materials required for the drawers: 2 yards 36 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard insertion, 2 1/2 yards lace. For the camisole, 3/4 yard 28 inches wide, 2 3/4 yards beading, 3 yards ribbon.

Alpaca Dress.—For useful, yet smart dresses, alpaca is an exceedingly nice material; cream is chosen here. The overskirt has a panel front and is trimmed at edge and a few inches above by bands of material, braided in a Greek key design. A pleating forms the underskirt, this is well pressed and taped to keep the pleats flat. The Magyar bodice has fine tucks on each shoulder, both back and front. A braided strap outlines the neck and is also taken down outside of arm and round elbow. Hat of Tagel, trimmed with cream satin ribbon, completes a costume that has been much admired. Material required for dress: 5 yards 44 inches wide.

Walking Costume.—Faintly striped grey tweed makes up most successfully in this style. The front panel of skirt is wide and is cut into two deep-pointed tabs each side the lower part, a button being sewn in each tab. The pattern measures just under two yards round. The coat fastens invisibly down front; the tab at the lower part is ornamented with a button and is hooked over to the left side. The collar is faced with grey silk lightly braided at edge. Fancy straw hat in royal blue, trimmed with ribbon. Materials required for costume: 5 1/2 yards 46 inches wide, 3 yards skirt lining, 4 yards silk for lining coat, 5 buttons.