

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 chiropractor."

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

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 meat-ax. 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?"

"I'm 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."

STRUNK WAS THE GOAT

BACHELOR NO LONGER IS AID OF MARRIED FRIENDS.

He Finds That for Years Their Wives Have Been Taught to Blame Him for Leading Husbands Astray.

A bachelor living just off Times square, New York—who shall be called Strunk for anonymity's sake—has been cured of certain ideas he had of doing favors for wives of husbands afflicted with too much of what is often called good-fellowship. He has long been noted among his friends for his propensity to take care of married friends when in their cups and see that they got home safely and at a reasonable hour.

It was one of these friends—Banks for anonymity—whom he encountered in Times square recently. Banks had evidently cast off responsibility and Strunk was immediately solicitous. He had seen Mrs. Banks and had admired her as a woman of beauty and refinement. His solicitations, however, were met with the rollicking:

"My wife's in the country. Don't you care."

Nevertheless, Strunk, as was his habit, did care. He inveigled the waiter at a cafe to serve an antidote for liquor as a substitute for a rickety and then had black coffee brought forward. By the early hour of 11 o'clock responsibility was again beginning to perch on the shoulders of Banks. Suddenly he started.

"What day's this?" he asked.

"Thursday," answered Strunk.

"Geewhilkens," gasped Banks. "I forgot. My wife was to get in on the nine o'clock train and I was to meet her."

"Well, I guess she's home all right," said Strunk comfortingly.

"Home?" gasped Banks. "The house is boarded up and I've got the keys and her folks are all out of town."

Strunk was a man of action. He called for a taxicab and they were soon driving along a street in the West Eighties. In the block he saw several parties still out on stoops. As the chauffeur finally slowed up Strunk saw another stoop party, a woman guarding two children. Banks alighted and insisted that Strunk also should do so and meet his family. As he went up the steps he said ingratiatingly:

"My dear, I want you to meet Mr. Strunk."

"Mrs. Banks was really refined, freezingly so."

"I have heard of Mr. Strunk," was all she said, looking at anything but at him. Banks fished out his keys and gave them to her and she entered the house. Then Banks laughed hysterically. Strunk failed to see any cause for merriment and said so.

"You're the goat," Banks finally puffed out. "I've been telling her for years that you're the one that gets me off the wagon—and now she's sure of it, and she'll be mad at you, not me."

Strunk in the taxicab on his way back hardened his heart.

Very Practical Arithmetic.

Mental arithmetic on a melting day—and while the cool river gleamed tantalizingly from the schoolroom window! No wonder that small minds grew confused under the strain, and small calculators calculated with even smaller success.

"Now, boys," said the jovial dominie, who was himself aching for a swim, "here's your last problem today. See if any of you can get it right. Suppose I have a piece of beefsteak."

The boys supposed it obediently.

"And suppose I cut it into sixteen pieces. What would you call those pieces?"

"Sixteenths!" piped a dozen voices.

"Right!" exclaimed the dominie. "And suppose each of these pieces were cut again into four pieces, what would they be?"

A dead, awful silence reigned, while the small brains worked desperately. Suddenly a hand was held up, and one of the lightning calculators cried:

"Hash!"

A Bitter Controversy.

The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy formed the subject of debate at a well known theatrical school not long ago. On both sides the orators were would be actresses, and pro and con the discussion was feminine and furious. It seemed at first that the ardent partisanship of the fair opponents would preclude the possibility of harmonious conclusion; but the last speaker, in the nervousness of her first public speech, suggested common ground.

"Ladies," she said, speaking rapidly, "I think there has been much misapprehension as to the real truth of the Baconian theory. I stand ready to show that the great plays we know so well were written not by Shakespeare or by Bacon, but by Bacon and Shakespeare in collusion!"

Amid laughter and applause the debate was declared a tie.

Knows How to Use It.

Man with the squint—Have you any safety appliances on your auto?

Man with the goggles—Yes, there's a speedometer—the little jigsaw, you know, that tells how fast you're going. That's saved me many a fine.

Their Classification.

"What do you think of the collection of inventions you see at Washington?"

"That many of them are patent absurdities."

MONSTER OF THE DEEP SEA ONE BROILER WAS MISSING

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 tall 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 off 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 \$7.50 already!"—Harper's Magazine.

The Gallant Correspondent.

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

"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."

RASTUS COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE THIRTEEN AT TABLE, SO HE REMOVED ONE.

Colonel Dobson was making his usual daily tour of his preserves, inspecting the gardens, both flower and vegetable, and had now come to the livestock. As far as the eye could see everything in the stables and the barns was in ship-shape order, and the colonel was somewhat inclined to compliment Rastus on the general condition of matters in his charge, but decided to withhold final commendation until the chicken-coop had been inspected. And here it was that the only noticeable shortcoming was to be found. A careful count of the spring broilers showed that there was one missing. The brood hadatched out some time before just 13 little chicks, and they had safely reached the point where the colonel's mouth watered in anticipation of their immediate service upon his table. Three careful counts demonstrated beyond all question that their number had been reduced by one. Twelve broilers and no more were there, and the colonel turned a cold eye upon Rastus.

"There are only 12 broilers here, Rastus," he said, with a steely cut to his voice.

"Yassuh, Cunell," said Rastus. "Jess 12 nice fat broilers, suh. Mighty fine lot o' chickens, Cunell."

"There were 13, Rastus," said the colonel, severely.

"Yassuh, dey certainly was dat number, suh," said the old dorky.

"Well?" said the colonel, incisively. "Go on."

"Wuh—well, yuh see, Cunell," stammered the old man. "Ah wanted to save dat air brood foh yuh table, suh, an' when I done remember, suh, dat 13 am an unlucky numbah, suh, an' found dem 13 broilers a-setting down to deir tables a-eatin' togeddah, suh, Ah jess couldn't set dah mahself and see dem takin' no chances, so I jess done removed one ob 'em, suh."

"Did you kill it?" demanded the colonel.

"Wuh—well, Cunell, ah—ah wrung his neck, suh, and nacherly he died," said Rastus.

"And what then?" persisted the colonel.

"Wuh—well, Cunell," said the old man, with an appealing smile, "yuh know, suh, dey ain't many niggaahs as would waste a dead chicken, suh,"—Harper's Weekly.

When Genius Becomes Insanity.

Where my eugenic friend goes wrong is in failing to realize that a great many of the maladies which he calls degeneracy are just too much of the highly developed nervous system which is the special endowment of the gifted families, writes J. A. Spangler in Westminster Gazette.

Overcharge the battery ever so little and genius becomes insanity; give one member of the family a volt too much and the delicate balance of physical and mental qualities on which sanity depends is broken down. Extinguish the family and you will rid the world of some degeneration, but you will also and at the same time rob it of some of its most gifted men.

The doctrine of heredity should never be forgotten by parents or remembered by children. To the first it is the assertion of their responsibility; to the second a reminder of their helplessness.

When Sleeping.

It is well to sleep from infancy with the head uncovered, as the hair thus retains its beauty longer. On retiring the hair should be raised high above the ears, without pulling, plaited loosely in a single braid and tied with a silk or cotton ribbon. Avoid wearing starched nightcaps, as the starch is injurious to the hair. When old age approaches it may be well to wear nightcaps.

Brush the hair well, using a soft brush, on going to bed and in the morning. The best brushes are made with short bristles. If the hair is combed from the roots downward without being divided in several parts, much harm may be done to it. The hairs would certainly be broken off, become uneven and could never be made to look cared for. It is an excellent thing to smooth the hair with the hands.

Whistling Stimulated His Courage.

Whistling "Home, Sweet Home," as a substitute for an anesthetic was tried at Clayton when Dr. O. W. Snodgrass probed for a 22 caliber bullet in the back of Perry Ritchie, 11 years old, who was shot accidentally by his companion, Edward Toy, while hunting in the woods near their homes at Spring Avenue Heights.

When asked to "keep up his nerve" the boy started to whistle the refrain. It was necessary to repeat the chorus several times before Dr. Snodgrass succeeded in extracting the bullet. The accident occurred the other morning just after the Toy youth shot and killed an owl. Young Ritchie ran to pick up the bird and was stooping over when Toy tripped and fell. The rifle was discharged and the bullet plowed a furrow four inches long in the boy's back. The wound is not serious.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Devoted to Duty.

"Are you ever coming to bed?" he called out.

"I don't know," she replied. "I promised Mrs. Jones that I'd keep track of her husband while she is away, and I'm going to know what time he comes home, if I have to stay up all night."

THE SCRAP BOOK



In the Hands of a Chinese Barber.

All barbers may not know it, but theirs is a business dating back to Biblical days, and even beyond that. Their office is mentioned in Ezekiel 5:1:

"And thou, son of man, take thee a sharp knife, take thee a barber's razor, and cause it to pass upon thine head and upon thy beard."

The average American barber is obliging and anxious to have you for a steady customer, but in order to understand how obliging a barber really can be it is necessary to study a Chinese barber. He begins by carefully washing the victim's face, ears and head with very warm water, wiping off the dripping parts with a wet towel. He then shaves the head, or rather around the crown where the queue begins commencing right over the right ear and moving along until the forehead and lower part of the back head are cleaned.

He next passes to the face and afterward to the neck. The ears are shaved and carefully brushed out with delicate brushes and ingenious instruments. The face, neck and head are then washed and rubbed until the skin assumes a healthy pink.

The next operation is to manipulate the head and neck till every cord and muscle has been stretched, pinched and pulled, after which the shoulders, arms and back are scientifically rounded and pulled. The queue is then unbraided, combed and cleaned, and again braided and put in place.

Occasionally, when a barber desires to show great attention to a distinguished customer, he rubs and pulls his fingers and even his toes until the joints crack. This lasts for an hour.

Original "Old Glory."

The American national flag was named "Old Glory" in 1831 by William Driver, a skipper hailing from Salem, Mass., and captain of the brig Charles Doggett. Just before leaving Salem for the Southern Pacific ocean, a young man presented Captain Driver with a large and beautifully made American flag. When it was sent aloft the captain christened it "Old Glory."

After retiring from active life, Captain Driver settled in Nashville, Tenn., in 1837, and the flag that had accompanied him to the Pacific was displayed from the window of his home. At the beginning of the Civil war it was fired upon. Then it was kept out of sight until February 27, 1862, when General Nelson appeared at Nashville with a division of the Union army. Captain Driver presented the flag to the general to be hoisted on the capitol. After the war the original "Old Glory" was carefully treasured. And on the death of the captain in March 1886, the flag was presented by the compiled of the "Driver Memoir" to the Essex institute at Salem, Mass., where it is now securely kept.

Mystic Number.

Nine is the mystic number of the Orient and also of the ancient Greeks. It is a trinity of trinities. According to Pythagoras nine represents the deity. Milton writes of the nine enfolded spheres, Macaulay makes Porsena swear by nine gods. The nagas or sacred serpents of India are nine. Milton says the gates of Hades are (twice) threefold, and that the fallen angels were nine days falling, and so was Vulcan when he was kicked out of heaven. There are nine crowns in heraldry. There are nine marks of cadency. The hydra had nine heads. If we find nine green peas in a peapod it is lucky. Nine buttons are a sign of official rank in China. Nine tailors make a man, and a cat has nine lives. Erasmus says the proper number for a dinner party is not less than three nor more than nine.

Tallest of Trees.

In New South Wales, Victoria and Tasmania, grows a species of gum tree, which probably represents the tallest of all trees of the globe. The loftiest specimen of this tree yet measured towers to the height of 471 feet. A prostrate tree, measured in Victoria, was 420 feet long and the distance from the roots to the lowest branch was 295 feet. At that point the trunk was four feet in diameter and 360 feet from the butt the diameter was still three feet. The wood of this tree is hard and of good quality. It grows quickly, and yields a great quantity of volatile oil from its leaves, which are very abundant.

Wire Mileage in United States.

The annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph company for last year says that 1,200,000 miles of wire were added to the lines, making a total mileage of 12,000,000. Some idea of what this total means may be grasped when we calculate that this length of wire could be wrapped around the earth 500 times and that it would make 50 separate lines from the earth to the moon, but there would not be half enough wire to reach from the earth to our nearest planetary neighbor, Venus.