

# THE GIRL AND THE PROBLEM

By VIOLA ROSEBORO'

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Before she found a way to speak to Beulah of Tom McGrath's business she got a letter from Beulah's mother mentioning the same subject as a hasty report and adding that she had written of it to Beulah—why, she did not say, and who knows?

The day that this letter came Beulah did not come home to dinner. It was 8 o'clock when Miss Nancy heard the door of the flat hall open and, hurrying to the parlor entrance with unaccustomed speed, saw Beulah dragging herself wearily into her own tiny bedroom. A feeling of relief was succeeded by a righteous and tempered indignation in Miss Nancy's heart. She had not intended to the other girls that Beulah's absence was to her unexpected; on the contrary, so far as was consistent with her ideas of Presbyterian doctrine, she had intended exactly the opposite. She was disposed to maintain something like boarding school discipline over her girls, and they, she well knew, with their associations, were all too likely to imitate the odious doctrines of youthful feminine freedom with which the dreadful Sunday papers reeked. She now thought that to go at once and speak to Beulah alone would be the best way of maintaining discipline. She knocked at the door and, immediately opening it, found herself face to face with a very white, wide-eyed young woman who stood in front of her chaperon as if baring the way.

"Beulah, my dear child," began Miss Nancy in her most staid serious way, her hands resting upon her stomach, "I cannot feel that this evening you have treated me or my household with the respect that is my due, and I feel that it is for your own—"

"Because I did not come home to dinner?" Beulah broke in, in an unfamiliar, hard voice and without the slightest apparent consciousness of the rudeness of her interruption. "I beg your pardon; I am very sorry."

"Where have you been, Beulah?" said Miss Nancy, still trying to live up to her standard of an ideal disciplinarian.

"Been?" Beulah repeated, pushing her hair away from her forehead and looking through space. "I don't know—oh, I have been walking. She brought her eyes back to Miss Nancy's and then added quickly: "I had my lunch very late; I don't want any dinner. I have been taking a little exercise in the park."

This explanation was a small concession to duty and decency, to be sure, but Miss Nancy's well trained ear was conscious of a singular indifference in the girl's tone. She was uncomfortable. She felt like retreating. She did retreat, but not till she had covered that move by saying: "Very well, Beulah, but I don't expect this to occur again. It is not proper conduct. I will go and fix you a plate of bread and butter and make you a cup of coffee and bring them to you. It is my duty," raising her voice a trifle in answer to Beulah's impatient wave of protest, "to see that you do not injure your health by your own—your own folly. I shall expect you to eat something."

Miss Nancy's inward sense of weakness had driven her into an irritation uncommon with her. She was now moved to martyr herself to Beulah's bad behavior and proceeded to arrange the little lunch instead of asking the servant to do it. When she returned with a tray in her hand, she opened the door without knocking. Beulah was seated on the floor with her writing desk in her lap. She closed it as Miss Nancy came in, but for a moment she did not get up. When she awoke to the demands of courtesy, she fulfilled them rather scantly, and Miss Nancy carried herself off with unbecoming haste. She did not disturb Beulah again that night, although she kept an eye on the girl's transom long after she herself went to bed and at 1 o'clock saw the gas burning in that room with the complex emotions of a householder, a guardian of youth and a good woman who despite herself feared that a great mistake had been made and that she shared the responsibility for it.

During the next week her uneasiness declined. Life went on comfortably enough. Beulah worked hard, but she ate her meals and talked to people and altogether behaved more like a Christian than she had done in a long time. "Thank heaven, that girl has come to her senses!" said Miss Nancy to herself, and her complacency as a guide, philosopher and friend renewed its strength like the eagle. But the week after this did not go so well. On his last day Beulah came home at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a very unusual thing. One of the other girls met her as she came in and exclaimed about her white face. A minute later she heard a heavy fall in Beulah's room and, hurrying to, saw her, looking so pitifully sick and young in her soot, lying unconscious on the floor. When Beulah came to herself, she would say nothing to any one. She simply lay there, white as her pillow, with her eyes shut, shaking her head sometimes with a little suffering sob when she was spoken to. Miss Nancy was absolutely covered. She was too far gone to put down the little boxes of sympathetic and interested gossip going on around her; for you may be sure these other girls had their ideas of the trouble, though, to do Beulah justice, she had made no confidences and was temperamentally attached to the dignity of secrecy.

But the time had come when her well ordered personal reserve was to break down. One of the girls—the one she liked best—was detailed to sit with her, and the other went about her affairs, and when Miss Nancy stole away from the eye of man the little nurse laid her curly head down on the foot of the bed and broke into sobs. It was a most heterodox thing for a nurse to

"Oh, you mustn't!" wailed the little girl.

"He good to me now. Help me, Patty," said Beulah, starting for the door. And then Patty went with her to the dining room.

Beulah propped herself against the table when she got there, and Miss Nancy started toward her, forgetting her grievances and crying affectionately, "My child, my child!"

"Please sit down, Miss Nancy. Don't let me give any more trouble than I must. I know I am a fearful selfish soul. I can't help it. No, I can't sit down—not now; in a moment, I am going to be more selfish than ever."

Beulah had spoken with self control, but now her legs seemed to give way under her, and she sat down upon the floor, and with all her effort she could not get her breath without a gasping struggle.

"You'll think I'm crazy. So I am, mighty near, but I'm trying to get hold of myself. I will, Miss Nancy. Only do something for me." She was speaking faster, but with breaks and pauses, catching hold of the other woman's dress after imperiously stilling all effort to stop or lift her.

"Oh, do one great thing," she hurried on. "Go to the hotels and see if Tom McGrath is here." She bent her face into her hands. "Don't do anything but just that. Find out if he is here, and if I know you are doing it, that you've done it, whether he is or not, I won't lose my mind." Her voice sank in a whisper.

Miss Nancy had already been saying, "Yes, yes, Beulah. And now she lifted her up, assuring her that she would start at once, and Beulah lay down upon the old sofa, where Miss Nancy thought she would get a rest from her own bed. But she had one more thing to ask.

"I want Patty to go with you, Miss Nancy," she said.

"My dear child, I cannot," Miss Nancy began.

"Miss Nancy," Beulah interrupted, "I can't let you go alone. You can't take Anne if she's out. Please take Patty with you. She'll be willing to go, I know she will. It's bad enough to have you go. I'll never get over the shame of it. How can I stand it if you go alone?"

Just then Patty, who had stepped out of the room, returned, and Beulah appealed to her. Yes; she would gladly go with Miss Nancy.

"Very well, then, Miss Nancy agreed in a muffled manner and disappeared. She had gone so far in reversing all her ideas and standards that a little more or less did not matter much, but she was embarrassed at the loss of her own identity.

When she was gone, Beulah called Patty to her and, holding her hand between both her own, said: "Patty, you are not to let her—she stopped, and her face flushed—"you are not to let her—let Mr. McGrath know—if you should find him, you know how a woman would feel, don't you?"

Patty solemnly nodded her whirling young head.

"Miss Nancy doesn't," Beulah went on. "She just thinks about what's proper and what's decent, and she won't care about that or she wouldn't go. But I couldn't live and have Tom know—that is, have him think I meant him to know—you understand. Keep her from—exposing me, Patty." And Beulah sank back upon her sofa.

"So you see what faith Beulah put in those views of womanly pride and dignity which we have seen her disappear in."

In a few minutes Miss Nancy, not knowing in her ignorance how wildly hopeless a search she was beginning, started out with Patty into the stormy March night upon her mission.

With what dignity of mien Miss Nancy quelled the hotel clerks; with what persistence she pursued them; finally with what helplessness she succumbed to the madness of the chase, under the hallucination that by a sufficient display of determination she could force Tom McGrath to materialize—all this in time came to be recounted by Patty with gusto, but on this night her relish of it was slight, and before she came home, at 3 o'clock in the morning, she had fallen into a weary, dreamlike apathy. From this you will infer, correctly, that their efforts were fruitless. Beulah heard this in silence, and silence she maintained.

Miss Nancy now contemplated the step she dreaded most—sending for Beulah's mother. But here again she was paralyzed by fear of the girl's stubborn resistance and dread of the effect opposition might have on her. Never before had Miss Nancy viewed herself, outside of herself, as aught but something to be righteously and immediately put down. Never before had she doubted her power to put it down in any one subject to her authority legally or spiritually. Now her soul was full of darkness. The next morning while she was lying down and Patty was sleeping the doorbell rang, and the servant brought a telegram to the girl who was in the parlor pretending to study, but who was really reveling in bewildered, sympathetic, delighted speculation upon the household tragedy. The telegram was for Beulah, and she carried it to her, pleased with the chance of entering the forbidden chamber. Beulah did not answer when she rapped. She went in, and Beulah did not stir till she heard the word "telegram." Then she sat up and tried to open it, but it fell from her shaking fingers. She picked it up and tried again. She could not command the clever little hands whose skill had wrought her all this woe. With an effort she held out the envelope to the other girl. "Read it," she said.

"It's a twinkle it was open, and she heard the words:

"Thank you," said Beulah, with sweet civility, taking the telegram. "I am so much obliged; a telegram is so alarming, you know, and then it's always nothing at all." And she smiled, though her breath was coming a little hard, and nodded a polite dismissal.

In half an hour she came out of her room clothed and in her right mind and sought Miss Nancy. Kissing her cheek, she said:

"I feel very much better, Miss Nancy. I am so sorry for all the trouble and anxiety I have given you. You've been so good. I shall never forget. Is Patty up? Poor little Patty! I must

go speak to her." Then from the doorway: "I've just had a telegram from Mr. McGrath. Miss Nancy. He's on his way to New York." And she disappeared.

And then Miss Nancy at that late day learned the real aptness of the old phrase about being torn by conflicting emotions.

Between this time and that of Mr. McGrath's arrival Beulah, after all her storms, found herself moved to sit down over her sketches in tender contemplation of the glories she was foregoing, the glories of personal aggrandizement, though she never thought of putting it in her mind the phrase about "all for love and the world well lost" reiterated itself with a pensive, sweet, personal application, and she sighed occasionally out of the fullness of her joy of sacrifice.

Meanwhile she was missing her classes at the legist, but it happened, for a wonder, that her name came up between two of her teachers there in a private discussion of their sorrows.

"Life would be more cheerful," said one young man, "if Beulah didn't seem to insure their turning their attention to art. They undertake it only when they've no eye and no feeling, but with broken matches for fingers."

"I don't think those are the worst," said the other. "They don't get out into the light to do much harm. I hate 'em worse when they've got the fingers and nothing else and are ready pretty soon to help fill the main of the Phillips. There's that Virginia girl I pointed out to you—Hunt's her name, I believe. She hasn't an atom of talent or even real intelligence about her—no color—hopelessly bad in her drawing, but she's got a sort of superficial facility." And he went on condemning Beulah, whose self satisfaction had roused his ire, to a life that he declared below an honest washerwoman's in dignity.

When Mr. McGrath arrived, before he had been in the parlor twenty minutes he wanted to take Beulah out walking, to the puzled vexation of the ladies who had vacated it for the lovers' convenience. Beulah came to the dining room, where the household was assembled, as self possessed as ever and asked Patty to go with her. Miss Nancy could only snort feebly, so cowed was she by all that had passed, and when Beulah said that Tom was most anxious to meet her, though he was in something of a hurry just now, and that he hoped to see her in an hour or so, when they all came back, she put on a mollified air and counseled Patty to go.

While they were putting on their hats Beulah said as she carefully adjusted hers and, with her eyes on the mirror, stuck in a long pin:

"Patty, I don't think Miss Nancy will be quite so horrid as to tell Tom anything—to talk to him about things, you know—do you?"

"I don't think so," said Patty, starting at the face in the glass. "I'm sure she wouldn't."

"I reckon I'll just not give her much chance," said Beulah abstractedly as she put on her gloves.

When they returned, Mr. McGrath was introduced to Miss Nancy. He was a tall young man with a firm set mouth, pleasant eyes and a broad, soft hair.

"Now I'll return the favor," he said when his acquaintance with the lady was properly established; "I'll introduce you to my wife. Sit right down here, Miss Nancy. You mustn't lay it up against her if you think we haven't treated you just right. It wasn't her fault. You know you've got a mighty lot of influence over her, Miss Nancy, and the truth is I wasn't right sure it all would be my own—yes, I know—and I wasn't right sure she'd find me as valuable in the hand as in the bush, so I just insisted that we get this business fixed before we said anything to you about it. I feel bad about the pictures, too, Miss Nancy. I know you were right about all that, I know you were, but you see, we'd got ourselves into a tangle before we knew she was a genius, and it was too late." His voice dropped into a sad little affectionate cadence as he fixed his eyes on the floor. Then he looked up at Beulah. "I can't say I'm sorry, Miss Nancy, but I'm willing to be a little sorry for her, and I'll lay out to make it up to her as far as I can. If she can paint any in Texas, she shall."

Beulah smiled, and as she smiled she sighed a little sigh.

**BOSTON HARBOR FROZE.**  
But That Didn't Keep the Britannia From Sailing on Time.

Boston harbor froze over in January of 1844, and the advertised sailing of the Britannia, then in dock, seemed surely to be impossible. But the merchants of Boston would not have it so. They met and voted to cut a way, at their own expense, through the ice, that the steamer might sail practically on time. The contract for cutting the necessary channels was given to merchants engaged, like Frederick Tudor, in the export of ice, not from the harbor. Their task was to cut, within the space of three days, a channel about ten miles long. For tools they had the best machinery used in cutting fresh water ice, and horsepower was employed. The ice was from six to twelve inches in thickness. As the Advertiser of Feb. 2, 1844, described the scene: "A great many persons have been attracted to our wharfs to witness the operations and the curious spectacle of the whole harbor frozen over, and the ice has been covered by skaters, sleds and even sleighs. Tents and booths were erected upon the ice, and some parts of the harbor bore the appearance of a Russian holiday scene." On Feb. 3 the work was done, and the Britannia, steaming slowly through the lane of open water, lined on either side by thousands of cheering spectators, made her way to the sea—M. A. DeWolfe Howe in Atlantic.

**The Earthly Facts.**  
A story told of Lord Holt, who was lord chief justice of England in the eighteenth century, shows what a deadly enemy to wild superstition a sense of fact may be. A man presented himself to Lord Holt and said:

"A spirit came to me from the other world and told me that in your case you must enter a plea of not guilty—that is, refusal to prosecute."

Lord Holt looked at the man a moment and then smiled.

"Do you believe that such a message is wise for a human being to obey?"

"It is absolute."

"And do you believe that the messenger had a full knowledge of the law of England?"

"Yes, and of all law. By following this heaven given advice you will be doing justice."

"Well, you tell your messenger if he comes again that he should have sent his message to the attorney general. The lord chief justice of England never prosecutes, and if the spirit knew anything about the English law he would know a simple thing like that."—Youth's Companion.

**Helping Out a Poet.**  
Shortly after the publication of Tenyson's famous poem, "A Vision of Sin," the laureate was somewhat startled to receive from Mr. Babbage, the renowned arithmetician, a letter which ran as follows:

Dear Sir—I find in a recently published poem from your pen, entitled "A Vision of Sin," the following unwarrantable statement:

"Every moment dies a man,  
Every moment one is born."

I need hardly point out to you that this calculation, if correct, would tend to keep the human population in a state of perpetual equipoise, whereas it is a well known fact that the said sum does not constantly on the increase. I would therefore take the liberty of suggesting in the next edition of your excellent poem the erroneous calculation which I refer should be corrected as follows:

Every moment dies a man  
And one and a sixteenth is born.

I may add that the number of men is 1,67, but something must of course be conceded to the laws of meter. I have the honor to be, sir, yours, sincerely, C. BABBAGE.

**Nete Lure Athletes.**  
Races through deep snow are an attractive feature of winter sports in Germany, and athletes who take part in them do not always fare very successfully.

The reason is because over the ground which the runners must cross are laid nets of strong meshes, and as these are covered by the snow and hence invisible the men's feet almost always catch in them, the result being that a race instead of being won by the swift runner is generally won by him who is lucky enough to escape the nets or who succeeds in freeing himself most quickly from their meshes.

Races of this kind always attract large crowds, and there is much amusement when the nets begin to get in their deadly work.

**Writers Whose Works Are Unread.**  
With care and precision the journal clerks of the senate prepare the daily chronicle of the senate's doings. They are proud of their achievements, and justly so. It is a cause of sore disappointment to the makers of that journal when some thoughtless senator, eager for that morning's business, moves to suspend with the further reading.

Other clerks around the desk enjoy the joke and when the proceeding is concluded refer to an undertone from man to man:

"Another insult."—Washington Post.

**The Persian Crow's Beak.**  
There is a weapon known as the "crow's beak" which was formerly much in use among men of rank in Persia and north India. It was a horse man's weapon and consisted of a broad curved dagger blade fixed at right angles to a shaft, pickax fashion. The shaft incloses a dagger, unscrewing at the butt end. This concealed dagger is a very common feature of Indian arms and especially of the battle axes of Persia.

**A Change of Front.**  
Wife—How do you like my new hat?  
Husband—The idea of paying big prices for—  
Wife—Big prices! Why, I made it myself.  
Husband—Um—yes—er—as I was saying, the idea of paying big prices for such monstrosities as the milliners are showing! Now, your hat is a work of art. Look as if it came straight from Paris. Beautiful, my dear!—London Telegraph.

**Forever at Him.**  
Newitt—Funny! I always associate your wife with a certain episode in my own life. There's just one thing she always reminds me of—  
Henpeck—I wish I could say that. There's lots of things she always reminds me of.—Philadelphia Press.

**A BANQUET IN JAPAN.**  
Talking and Amusements Are More Important Than the Eating.

Dining is not in Japan a serious business. The Japanese do not meet to eat, but eat because they have met, and conversation and amusement form the principal part of a banquet. Conversation need not be held only with your neighbors, for if a man wishes to speak to a friend in another part of the room he quietly slips the paper panel behind him, passes into the veranda, enters the room again and sits down on the floor before his friend. Exchanging cups is the chief ceremony at a Japanese dinner. Sake, a spirit made from rice resembling dry sherry, is drunk hot out of tiny lacquer and gold cups throughout dinner, and the musmes, who sit on their heels in the open space of the floor, patiently watch for every opportunity to fill your cup with sake.

When a gentleman would exchange cups, which is equivalent to drinking your health, he sits down in front of you and begs the honor. You empty your cup into a bowl of water, have it filled with sake, drink, wash it again and hand it to your friend. He raises it to his forehead, bows, has it filled and drinks. As this ceremony has to be gone through a great many times drinking is often a mere pretense. Eating is, however, but a small part of the entertainment. We must be amused, and to amuse is the business of the gelsing, the licensed singing and dancing girls who are attached to every tea-house.

But the singers at a Japanese dinner only take the part of the chorus in a Greek play, and they sing the story which dancing girls represent or suggest by a series of gestures or postures. The dancers are splendidly dressed, and their movements are so interesting, so unlike anything seen in Europe, that we watch them with a curious sense of pleasure.

**"LOST MONDAY."**  
A Popular Fete Day in Belgium Whose Origin Is a Mystery.

The first Monday after Epiphany is a fete day throughout Belgium. "Lost Monday" it is called; exactly why no one seems able to explain. The origin of the fete is lost in the legends of the middle ages, but the modern acceptance of the day is certainly lost to no one here. Like Mardi Gras, Lost Monday is a day of general merrymaking. Every cafe and restaurant in Brussels keeps "open houses" and free drinks are on hand for all patrons of the establishment, and as a matter of fact for many others as well who are not regular patrons.

On Black Monday, then, as it is ironically called by some of the natives not overhauled with the day, the streets of Brussels are given over to the people, and the adventurous foreigner, who, ignorant of the country's customs, ventures out, is apt to find that the Belgian populace is no respecter of persons. On this day the shopkeepers, sighing behind their counters, find themselves compelled to hand over to their customers' servants a forced contribution, amounting to a certain percentage of the year's purchases, while the bakers, too, have a contribution to offer in the shape of cakes specially made for the occasion and offered as gifts to their clientele.

In this manner the unique fete is perpetuated, though the calendar does not note in any particular manner the first Monday after Epiphany.

**A STRANGE FUNERAL.**  
Burial of an Elephant by Elephants in a River Bed.

There is no doubt that the elephant is naturally cunning, and the following extraordinary incident related by a planter from Ceylon is only another proof: "I went after a herd of eight elephants," he says, "After stalking I got a chance at the biggest of the herd and dropped it at the first shot. About two hours afterward I had the tail and feet cut off and taken to the bungalow. Next morning I went to the spot to look at the elephant and to my surprise found no trace of the body. After looking round I saw that the herd had been back during the night, and I soon discovered a track where they seemed to have retired in a body. Following this up, I eventually came upon the dead elephant lying at the bottom of a rocky stream. From the tracks it was quite evident that the body had not been rolled but carried to the bank, and it was plain that it had been taken through the long grass which grew on the bank into the stream. My neighbors were incredulous until I showed them where the elephant's tail and feet had been cut off and where the body lay in the stream, which proved conclusively that by some means or other the body had been got over the intervening space in the night. It is difficult to understand how elephants with their trunks and feet could raise and support the dead body of a comrade. However, they seem to have managed to do it, and it is a pity no human eyes saw this strange funeral."

**Wealth in Lapland.**  
What the buffalo was to the Indian the reindeer is to the Lapps. At the present day the wealth of a Lapp is calculated in reindeer. Thus, when the people speak of a man's estate they say, "He is worth so many deer." Those who have only fifty or sixty deer are poor servants, and their deer are put with those of their "betters." To have any kind of social standing in Lapland one should possess at least 500 of these animals. A Lapp is considered well off when he is the happy owner of not less than 1,000 reindeer.

**A Couple of Bulls.**  
In General Moore's command was an Irish soldier who, having been asked if the Hollanders were a hospitable people, immediately replied: "They are that; too much so. Of was in the hospital all the time of the war." This critic is quite on a par with that of the Englishman who objected to the French because he said the stupid idiots couldn't understand their own language when he spoke it to them.

**Most Important News He Had.**  
"Well, John, I am going to your native town, and if I see any of your folks what shall I tell them?"  
Proud Youth—Oh, nothing, only if they say anything about whiskers just tell them I've got some.—Stray Stories

**BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE**  
CARD STOCK  
Straw and Binders' Board...  
Tel. Main 199. 15 First Street.  
SAN FRANCISCO.

**INCURABLE.**  
That is What the Books Say of Chronic Kidney Disease, But the New Fulton Compounds Have a Record of 87% of Recoveries Among Chronic Cases Incurable by All Other Medicines.

Druggists know that kidney disease that has hung on eight or ten months has become chronic. It is then regarded by physicians as incurable and that up to the advent of the Fulton Compounds that nothing on their shelves would touch it. It is a proven fact that nearly nine-tenths of all cases are now curable and druggists themselves are taking the new compounds. One of the recoveries was Dr. Zeile himself, the pioneer druggist of 822 Pacific street, San Francisco, and he gave it to over a dozen others who recovered. Here is another interesting recovery: (We copy from the Sacramento News of November 16, 1920.)

"After a serious illness over a year and Judge E. H. Allen of this city has recovered and regards himself most fortunate in successfully curing himself of chronic kidney disease. I believe that the treatment given me by my physician was in accordance with the best methods used in the regular practice of medicine, but it afforded me no relief. Hearing of the Fulton Compounds, I was induced to investigate and was soon convinced I should undergo no treatment. It was three months before I noticed a change for the better. I used the medicine faithfully for nearly a year and now I am well and enjoying the best of health. I am satisfied it is entirely eliminated. My appetite is good, I have gained several pounds and I feel as well as I ever did. I am a great experience to anyone who may call or write."  
—Sacramento News, Nov. 16, 1920.

The editor of the News himself was the friend who told Judge Allen of the Fulton Compounds. They are the only things known that cure kidney diseases after as well as before they become chronic, which happens about the tenth month usually. It is a great relief. It cures rheumatism from uric acid and bladder troubles, Fulton's Home Compound for Bright's and Kidney Diseases, etc. \$1. For Diabetes, \$1.50. John J. Fulton Co., 430 Washington street, San Francisco. Send for pamphlet. We are exclusive agents for these compounds in this city.

**Save the Baby.**  
The mortality among babies during the three testing years...  
The cause is so apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel opening in the skull closing up and the teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for more material than nearly half the diet systems are deficient in. The result is weakness, nervousness, fever, diarrhoea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that have caused the death of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

234 Washington St., San Francisco, Cal.  
Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles due to improper dieting. A large percentage of infantile ill and fatalities are the result of food dieting. Your food supplies what the baby needs and what he needs is his little system is fed out of it. It is a sure material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1922.  
Dear Sir—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was successful. One was a very serious case, so critical that the child was nearly dead. The result for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased weeping and commenced eating and is now well. The result in this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city.  
I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It renders lancing of the gums unnecessary. It is the safest plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence giving it the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come healthfully without pain, distress or lancing. If it is an auxiliary to your regular diet and easily taken. Price 30 cents per tin. Write for free literature. Sweetman's Teething Food, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

**Dull Boys, but Great Men.**  
The celebrated Fabius Maximus, whose life was characterized by "greatness of mind, unalterable courage and invincible character," was deliberately styled in boyhood "the little sheep." His slowness and difficulty in learning were so great that he was looked upon by all his precursors as "invariably stupid." However, the philanthropist, was another illustrious dunce, "learning nothing in seven years." As a boy Napoleon was esteemed at best a plodder, and if not called an absolute dunce it was only because his teachers hardly knew what to make of his rather grim taciturnity and love of seclusion.

Southey once said that "pigs are brought up on an inferior system than boys in an ordinary school," and the records of enforced duncey too often justify the proposition. It is a little surprising to find that the Duke of Wellington's mother believed her "sheep faced boy" to be hopelessly deficient in mental ability, and when, after a short residence at Eton, he was sent to the military college at Angers it was only to qualify him "to become food for powder."

**Where the Other Half Was.**  
A young minister in the course of an eloquent sermon on the pomps and vanities of the world staggered his congregation by exclaiming:

"Here am I standing here preaching to you with only half a shirt on my back, while you sit there covered with gawgaws and other bangles."

The next day a parcel containing several brand new shirts was left at his house by one of his hearers, a kind hearted old lady. Meeting the donor a few days afterward, he thanked her exceedingly, but expressed much surprise at receiving such an unexpected gift.

"Oh," said the lady, "you mentioned in your sermon on Sunday that you had only half a shirt on your back."

"Quite true," added his reverence, "but you seem to forget the other half was in front."—London Tit-Bits.

**Saving the Pennies.**  
Some people's idea of economy is to break every dollar they get hold of so as to save up the pennies they receive in change.—Baltimore American.

**Give the world more sunshine and less moonshine.**—Dallas News.