

## Typhoid Fever

Sara did live and after a rather long and dragging convalescence was as good as new except for one thing: she had lost every hair on her head, was as bald as an egg! Her pride was terribly hurt. She refused to go out of the house and ran for cover when anyone came in.

"Don't worry so, Sara," her mother would say. "I have known this to happen before. Sometimes the hair grows in lovelier than ever. I'm sure yours will. Just be patient."

But Sara, for a moment faintly encouraged, had only to look at herself in the mirror to fall into despair again. When this state of mind had continued for an appreciable time, Sara's mother knew that something would have to be done. There were no beauty parlors to furnish treatments, wigs or "chignons", but false hair was not unknown. Many ladies in society built up their coiffures with immense rolls and puffs.

So, Mrs. Benedict, always clever with her hands, built up a "transformation" for Sara. She took a straw hat gaily trimmed with leaves and flowers, fitted it carefully around Sara's face, and then sewed hair all around the crown, under the brim. When the hat was on, and the hair pinned up into a knot behind, the effect was quite natural and pleasing.

Sara was delighted and wore the hat from the time she got up in the morning until she went to bed at night, accepting with good humor the jibes from young friends who didn't know why she couldn't remove it. Was she just vain? indifferent? or plain queer! Sara didn't care, and continued her independent way.

The village had a dentist only occasionally, and when one did appear he was a very busy man. Sara had developed an aching tooth so as soon as the opportunity came, Sara's mother made an appointment for her.

The dentist was a rotund jovial man who treated his patients as if it were a special joke for him to see them at all. "Sit here little girl," he said smiling broadly and pointing to the dental chair.

Sara was not a little girl but was just enough older to resent being called one.

"What seems to be the matter?" continued the joker.

"If I knew that I wouldn't be here!" snapped back Sara.

"Well, well, the young lady has spirit," teased the dentist. "I'll have to find out for myself. Come sit in this nice comfortable chair."

Sara did as she was bid, climbed up and sat as stiff as a ramrod.

"Lean back and let me look into your mouth. We'll soon have you fit as a fiddle!"

"I can't lean back" said Sara.

"Why not?"