

Typhoid Fever

"My hat's in the way."

"Take off your hat!"

"I can't!"

"Why not?"

"I just can't, that's all."

The dentist's good humor was beginning to wear a little thin.

"Well, we'll soon see about that!" and with a jerk, the dentist pulled the strings out from under Sara's chin and lifted the hat, hair and all, off her head in one quick motion.

He gave an astonished gasp as that bald pate came into view! Then he threw back his head and laughed and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. All he could do was say, "Oh! Oh!" and laugh again.

Sara sat there frozen with anger and rage. I think if she could have reached a heavy brick she would have thrown it at him with deadly intent. She shriveled into a tight ball of misery.

Finally the dentist pulled himself together, and not unkindly said:

"I'm sorry--but you know you do look unexpectedly funny!"

Suddenly Sara realized that she did look just that! She had seen herself in the mirror often enough! Her sense of humor and yes, fairness, took over. Her mouth quirked at the corners, then widened, and before she knew it she was laughing as heartily as her tormentor.

Well, she had faced the worst; she had met the enemy and was still unconquered!

The dentist was able to finish his work (he did try to make amends by being as gentle as he could). When Sara left the office they were the best of friends.

My mother in relating this story to me always added, "When that man first saw me and laughed I wanted to die of humiliation but I got over it."

My mother's hair did grow again in a reasonable length of time. In her old age, it was white as snow, fine as silk, and naturally curly. I often dressed it for her to bring out the beautiful wave, and frequently we laughed again over the hat with its fringe of hair and the dentist who created such havoc by removing it forcibly.