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And watch your gums yourself. Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, begins with tender and bleeding gums; then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of poisons generated at their base.

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MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

IV Kennicott had returned at midnight. At breakfast he said four several times that he had missed her every moment.

On her way to market Sam Clark called her, "The top o' the mornin' to ye! Going to stop and appa the time of day mit Sam? Warmer, eh? What'd the doc's thermometer say it was? Say, you folks better come round and visit with us one of these evenings. Don't be so dog-gone proud, staying by yourselves."

Champ Perry the pioneer, wheat-buyer at the elevator, stopped her in the post office, held her hand in his withered paws, peered at her with fagged eyes, and chuckled. "You are so fresh and blooming, my dear. Mother was saying 'other day that a sight of you was better 'n a dose of medicine."

In the Bon Ton store she found Guy Pollock tentatively buying a modest gray scarf. "We haven't seen you for so long," she said, "Wouldn't you like to come and play cribbage some evening?" As though he meant it, Pollock begged, "May I, really?" While she was purchasing two yards of malines the vocal Raymie Wetherpoon tiptoed up to her, his long shawls face bobbing, and he besought "You've just got to come back to my department and see a pair of patent leather slippers I set aside for you."

In a manner of more than sacerdotal reverence he unlaced her boots, tucked her skirt about her ankles, slid on the slippers. She took them. "You're a good salesman," she said.

"I'm not a salesman at all! I just like elegant things. All this is so inartistic." He indicated with a forlornly waving hand the shelves of shoe-boxes, the sea of thin wood perforated in rosettes, the display of shoe-trees and tin boxes of blacking, the lithograph of a smirking young woman with cherry cheeks who proclaimed in the exalted poetry of advertising, "My tootsies never got hep to what pedal perfection was till I got a pair of clever, classy Cleopatra shoes."

"But sometimes," Raymie sighed, "there is a pair of dainty little shoes like these, and I set them aside for some one who will appreciate. When I saw these I said right away, 'Wouldn't it be nice if they fitted Mrs. Kennicott,' and I meant to speak to you fist chance I had. I haven't forgotten our jolly talks at Mrs. Gurrey's!"

That evening Guy Pollock came in and, though Kennicott instantly impressed him into a cribbage game, Carol was happy again.

She did not, in recovering something of her buoyancy, forget her determination to begin the liberalizing of Gopher Prairie by the easy and agreeable propaganda of teaching Kennicott to enjoy reading poetry in the lamplight. The campaign was delayed. Twice he suggested that they call on neighbors; once he was in the country. The fourth evening he yawned pleasantly, stretched, and inquired, "Well, what'll we do tonight? Shall we go to the movies?"

"I know exactly what we're going to do. Now don't ask questions! Come and sit down by the table. There are you comfy? Lean back and forget you're a practical man and listen to me."

It may be that she had been influenced by the managerial Vida Sherwin; certainly she sounded as though she was selling culture. But she dropped it when she sat on the couch, her chin in her hands, a volume of Yeats on her knees, and read aloud. Instantly she was released from the homely comfort of a prairie town. She was in the world of lonely things—the flut— of twilight Inne's, the achingly call of gulls along a shore to which the netted foam crept out of darkness, the island of Aengus and the elder gods and the eternal glories that never were, tall kings and women girdled with crusted gold, the woful incessant chanting and the—

"Tich-sha-cha!" coughed Dr. Kennicott. She stopped. She remembered that he was the sort of person who chewed tobacco. She glared, while he uneasily petitioned, "That's great stuff. Study it in college? I like poetry fine—James Whitcomb Riley and some of Longfellow—this 'Hawth'— Gosh, I wish I could appreciate that highbrow art stuff. But I guess I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks."

With pity for his bewilderment, and a certain desire to giggle, she consoled him, "The let's try some Tennyson. You've read him?" "Tennyson? You bet. Read him in school. There's that: And let there be no (what is it?) of farewell When I put out to sea, But let the— Well, I don't remember all of it but— Oh, sure! And there's that I met a little country boy who— I don't remember exactly how 't goes, but the chorus ends up 'We are seven'."

"Yes. Well— shad we try 'The Idyll of the King?' They're so full of color."

"Go to it. Shoot." But he hastened to shelter himself behind a cigar. She was not transported to Camelot. She read with an eye cocked on him, and when she saw how much he was suffering she ran to him, kissed his forehead, cried, "You poor forced tube-rose that wants to be a decent turnip!"

"Look her now, that ain't—" "Anyway, I sha'n't torture you any longer." She could not quite give up. She read Kipling, with a great deal of emphasis:

There's a regiment a-coming down the Grand Trunk Road, He tapped his foot to the rhythm; he looked normal and reassured. But when he complimented her, "That was fine. I don't know but what you can elocute just as good as Ella Stowbody," she banged the book and suggested that they were not too late for the nine o'clock show at the movies.

That was her last effort to harvest the April wind to teach divine unhappiness by a correspondence course, to buy the lilies of Avalon and the sunsets of Cockaigne in tin cans at Ole Jensen's Grocery.

But the fact is that at the motion-pictures she discovered herself laughing as heartily as Kennicott at the humor of an actor who stuffed spaghetti down a woman's evening frock. For a second she loathed her laughter; mourned for the day when on her hill by the Mississippi she had walked the battlements with queens. But the celebrated cinema Jensen's conceit of dropping toads into a soup-plate flung her into unwilling tittering and the afterglow faded, the dead queens fled through darkness.

VI She went to the Jolly Seventeen's afternoon bridge. She had learned the elements of the game from the Sam Clark. She played quietly and reasonably badly. She had no opinions on anything more polemic than woolen union-suits, a topic on which Mrs. Howland discoursed for five

minutes. She smiled frequently, and was the complete canary-bird in her manner of thanking the hostess, Mrs. Dave Dyer. Her only anxious period was during the conference on husbands. The young matrons discussed the intimsa of domesticity with a frankness and a minuteness which they eyed Carol. Juanita Hayward

announced that she "simply wasn't going to stand his always pawing girls when he went and got crazy jealous if a man just danced with her"; and rather more than sketched Dave's varieties of kisses. (To be continued.) Every man knows how other men ought to do things.

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