

She sat down, took a pencil in her hand, and became very quiet. The old man was also quiet, and such a restful feeling came over him. He looked in admiration at the golden hair and girlish face, but from admiration the expression changed to one of intense interest. A peculiar influence seemed to be in the very atmosphere—a cool refreshing air. He moved closer to the childish form, but she did not look up. But what is this? Surely she is intelligently drawing lines! And in a moment the atmosphere became as it had been, the wonderful look left her eyes, and she was again a laughing child of fourteen summers.

The problem, however, was *solved*. And as she flew away to resume her romping with Carlo, the old man closed and locked the library door.

Yes, the difficult problem had been solved, but to what end? Only to have left in its place another problem, much more interesting, for the solution of it must open a new highway to knowledge.

Where had she got her information? Not from the idol of modern civilization—books. Not from her teachers, for this they never knew.

The old professor would have given half his life to know just what cause had produced such a marvellous result. He looked helplessly around at his wealth of handsomely bound books. He took a volume down in which much was said about the white and grey matter of the brain; he found much learned talk of atoms, molecules, cells, etc., but no solution to the problem could be found in books because it had never been printed. The subtle laws in operation needed for their physical manifestation a very delicate instrument, and this plastic childish sensitive brain could be operated upon so easily. Here was a proof that there was something beyond cold reason's calculating theories.

The professor sat and pondered far into the night, but that cool refreshing atmosphere which had been present when the problem was solved did not return. But when he arose to turn