

generally warm it up in an ice-cream freezer," said the hero.

They looked at all his stuff, and passed opinions on same, until they were at an end. Then Taylor suggested they have a demonstration.

"It's a long time," he said, "since I have extracted a tooth, and I feel the habit coming over me again. Let's go upstairs."

Now, Keely and Watt, being old men, had no teeth, so could not be operated upon. There being no patients at hand, it must devolve upon that idiot, the hero, to act the rôle of patient. He, poor fool, did not catch on, and so brought up the rear of the file that marched upstairs.

Dr. Taylor selected a pair of forceps. Then, it dawned on the kid, he knew then, that he was it. He shrieked, and made a wild run for the hallway. He ran through the clinic, out through the laboratory, down the back stairs to the lower hall, shrieking all the way, with the three doctors in hot pursuit. He dashed up the front

stairs, and down the back ones, and finally down those that lead to the street. The door was locked, and they caught him. They carried him upstairs on their shoulders, singing :

"John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave,
While we go marching on."

Watt brought up the rear grinning and singing, and beating the bass drum, which belongs to the band.

They placed him in the chair, and just as Taylor was getting a good hold, some one punched him in the side and said: "What are you yelling about? Nobody's going to hurt you. Can't you let a fellow sleep? Lay on your side, then maybe you won't have bad dreams."

He just rolled over, and said, "Gee whiz," while he wiped the cold sweat from his forehead.

The next morning, he took a good look at the tablets in the hall, but no amount of magic words that he could use, would make them fall.

E. H. K.

