

"I am sorry to disappoint you!" said Doctor Anderson. "But, you know, we make no artificial teeth now. Since dentistry has developed into such a science we find it not necessary for our patients to lose their teeth."

"Well, you surely have an extracting room!" said Doctor Benson, somewhat in dismay.

"No," replied Doctor Anderson, "there is no permanent extracting any more. A patient never comes to the office or clinic, except for examination. After the number of teeth which need attention have been determined the patient returns home, and you send your assistant, with an electrical appliance, to extract such teeth as need attention. No pain is felt—no inconvenience of sitting in an uncomfortable chair for half a day at a time! The teeth are electrically prepared for filling. Nothing but porcelain is used.

Unightly gold is unheard of, and broken-backed dentists are a thing of the past, while, with the present manner of tooth filling, the fillings are seldom lost, as was the case formerly, and largely because of the inaccessibility. After the teeth are filled, polished and sterilized your attendant returns to the home of your patient, implants the missing bits of ivory, and you have not suffered and struggled with a distractingly nervous woman for three or four hours."

Just then the deafening sound of my alarm clock, with its unremorseful ringing, which would not cease until I had arisen and turned it off, awoke me from a sound slumber, and, gazing around at the familiar objects of the room, I took a solemn vow that never again would I eat Welsh rarebit at midnight.

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