

DOMINION DENTAL JOURNAL

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A Question of Propriety.

That prince of good fellows and master of his craft, the editor of the *Dental Practitioner and Advertiser*, has periodical fits of the blues, and now and then he makes us feel as if his thoughts were full of "graves of worms and epitaphs." In our last issue we copied an editorial with the above heading, much of which was *apropos*; but because there are "would-be wits and small-beer officials," who, in reporting the proceedings of our societies in the local columns of the press, "consider it exceedingly funny to call a congregation of grave professional men 'tooth carpenters,' and to speak of them as 'jaw-twisters,' and 'mouth-breakers,'" and because "old, grey-beard, time-honored puns" may be retailed and wholesaled, it is too much to expect that we shall no more have "the cakes and ale" of life, and that in the fraternal banquets and meetings of the profession the man who dearly loves a joke shall be suppressed. Vulgarity is not wit; the questionable story, having a *double entendre* and flavoring of the tap-room or worse, is not humor. But the salt would lose its savor if we could not sometimes forget our gravity, and well do we remember how, many a time, our good friend of the *Practitioner and Advertiser* "set the table in a roar," while the late Dr. Chittenden, of Hamilton, declared that it was laughing that had made his Buffalo friend so fat! Well do we remember when choice spirits gathered in the