

students. We have witnessed otherwise skilful applicants referred back for six months, because they could not insert a bridge, where common sense and common physiology should have condemned the practice. The folly of demanding such excessive nicety of manipulation in these two departments, from students who could not make a good removable gold plate from start to finish, is quite as absurd as cramming Greek into a small school-boy who cannot speak grammatically or write his mother tongue. As an adjunct of prosthetic dentistry it is fair enough to give crown and bridge-work a place, but too much value has been put upon them, and too little warning given as to their evils. They have been a god-send to the inexperienced and the unscrupulous. They have been abused ninety times for every ten times they have been of real and lasting service. They have encouraged more genuine dishonesty in the way of undeserved high fees, than anything else in the history of dental practice. That they have been of good service now and then to the *demi monde* and other people who do not know or care enough to know refinement from vulgar display, has nothing to do with the case. The anathema of the present is against their repulsive exhibition in conspicuous places.

THE JOYS OF JOURNALISM.

To anyone who has inherited or acquired the *cacoëthes scribendi*, there is a measure of congeniality in the editorial function which no gross soul can know. It would be folly to pretend that authors do not love their labor; but the editorial position is one of more varied responsibility, in which all is not gold that glitters, and disappointment is felt in every issue. The man who has yielded to the beguilement of putting his thoughts into print, hearkens to no other wooing so full of fascination. He is apt to forget his financial interests, and frequently his dinner; to rob himself of rest or diversion, and the journalistic castles he builds in the air largely compensate him for the modesty of his earthly habitation. There is a species of happy insanity in the fervor of this devotion.

Yet it is by no means a primrose path—this path of pens and ink. If it has its delights it has its drawbacks. If it is sometimes a joyful bed of clover, it is often a distressing one of thistles. Especially is this a fact in a periodical which occupies a circumscribed position, appealing exclusively to the narrow circle of one's own confreres. Publishers generally have a keen eye to business; but when, like our own, they, too, are inoculated with the *cacoëthes scribendi*, and love science and literature for their own sake, it is not "business" which impels them to give a profession more than they pay for. Publishers and editors feel that they are working for the