

well as defiance. Everything new is a "great improvement"; every modification is like the last ditch of difficulty; each chair is "superior to all others," and the height to which they are extolled by their producers is only equalled by the depth to which they can sink their rivals. Where are all the "unrivalled" articles which were to be the acme of dental desire? Mostly in the dental lumber room!

Progress must necessarily make old fogies of improvements once young. But the modern rush in competition is producing such a host of unprincipled humbugs that we pant for breath at the prospect. There is not a modern dental chair from its head rest to its footstool, as comfortable as some of the old fogies of thirty years ago. There are modern chairs by the dozen with ingenious nonsense enough about their head rests and machinery to perplex any operator. They are more showy and handsome, and expensive. But many of their movements are not needed. A man who tries to keep up with the so-called "improvements" would need to re-furnish at least once a year.

We recall the days of gutta-percha, aluminum, various metals, pyroxoline, celluloid, etc., as well as a host of lathes, vulcanizers, flasks, articulators, syringes, engines and "improved" engines, hand-pieces for engines, amalgams, white cements, gold, instruments, *every one superior to every other*, even where a dozen at a time of some, and at least four of all were in the market. They could not all have been "best." Every chair, engine, and instrument to-day cannot all be best. Somebody must be bragging most outrageously. Possibly some of the braggarts may be lying. They can't be blind.

It is time that the profession should cease to be held by the nose by every new thing introduced. Some have been of incalculable benefit—such as the rubber dam, the dental engine, etc., but "testimonials" are now-a-days strown about by the score in favor of any new thing a depot displays, and the only safeguard is calm examination for oneself, *taking every extravagant claim on suspicion*. We accumulate stores of useless stuff in our offices. We are bored by the loudness of advertising assertions. An instance in point. Several years ago, a dentist bought several pairs of forceps from a manufacturer. Four of the five were so brittle that they broke at the edges. Upon mentioning this a few years afterwards in a letter, the reply came back "*Our forceps never fail. Return them, and if they are ours we'll exchange them.*" The agent of the firm happened to call on business one day on the purchaser, and the latter