

cover) appears his office address. He is not willing that the reader should have any difficulty in finding him. When next you receive a reprint, bearing this little ear mark, think of the pamphlet as white paint and look for the crow.

THE PROFESSIONAL QUACK.

The professional quack is a miserable sort of fellow. He takes a notion that he would like to be a dentist. He has little or no education, but in these days that is no obstacle, providing he has a couple of hundred dollars. Any dental college in the United States will accept him as a student (*vide* proceedings National Association of Dental Faculties). He worries along through college to the examination period, and this he passes, because he wears long white cuffs, and knows how to write a fine legible hand with a well pointed pencil. So he gets through and is awarded a diploma. He does not send that pair of cuffs to the laundry, but uses them at a State Board examination which he passes with the same facility, and with the same lack of knowledge as when going through college. Thus he obtains his license. The college and the State Board have done all that they could for him; they have launched him. But thrown upon his own resources he finds that he has none. So one day his room rent is due, and his lunch ticket is punched full of holes, and if he ever heard any lecture on the subject of upholding the dignity of his profession, or if he ever made any promise to do so, he forgets it all. He hires himself to a quack and becomes one of the "professors" in a "Cash Dental Parlor." Poor devil, is it his fault? Of course he ought to have taken a position in a carpenter shop, if he had any mechanical skill or perhaps in a planing mill or machine shop. But his little leaning toward mechanics made him imagine himself fitted for dentistry, and when he applied for admission into college *the professors did not deceive him*. Perhaps a college which only accepted high grade, well educated, refined men as students, would not declare large dividends to its stockholders; but what a work its graduates would do in the world!

Of professional quacks (who, mind you, are only quacks until they get a start), there are hundreds in New York, and thousands about the country.

THE TRUE QUACKS.

The simon pure quack, when you come to know him, may not be half a bad fellow. Of course he is not a professional man; but then he does not pretend that he is. All he asks is permission to do business in his own way. And strangely enough, the very laws which have been passed to elevate the profession (what a pleasant phrase that is as it rolls off the tongue) and presumably to sup-