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## The Dentist's Side of It

"Now, then, grow!" I didn't know he thought it. Certainly there was no murmur from his lips, as the dentist turned away from my chair. But, however that may be, the complaint was stayed on mine, and I looked curiously at the man as he stood there where the sunlight shone full upon him, gently brushing a slender, delicate film of steel with a piece of soft chamomile skin.

Then he paused and turned toward me. In my eyes he surprised a question. There was something of embarrassment in his, like a man accustomed to certain amenities which he had overstepped for the moment. I put it into the word:

"Well?" "Yes, I almost said it aloud." The dentist laughed. I joined him. There was no denying it—he had thought it.

"Try to look at it from my standpoint," he said. "I know it is painful to you, but think of the sacrifices I make."

I said I would try—go ahead. The tooth had ceased asking for further recognition.

"I can't make friends," the dentist resumed, "like the lawyer or the doctor who relieves pain instead of creating it, nor like the merchant who sells you goods you really don't want, or the—but why enumerate? The dentist stands alone."

"But," I interjected, "you charge so—"

"Tot, tut," he said. "The price is reasonable compared with other skilled effort. But I want to tell you my side of it. You look like a good fellow. Sit there and listen."

Flattered—and as the tooth had ceased hurting—I was quite willing. The dentist resumed:

"All day I labor for the good of humanity, without thanks. Do you ever—any of you—think of the sacrifices I am required to make? If I want a cocktail I must refrain; if I

like onions with my steak I only dare to look at them; if I enjoy a cigar I cannot take a whiff of it, nor a cigarette—until the day is done."

He began rolling a cigarette with manifest pleasure.

"All day I must attend to the woes of others—eye teeth, wisdom teeth, molars—pains, aches, tears, howls and unkind feelings when it is all past."

He blew thick clouds of smoke from his nose with great satisfaction.

"But it is pretty hard to feel friendly toward you when you cause us pain every time we come to see you," I suggested.

"That's it. You only take a cursory view of the case. Don't I relieve the pain finally? The dentist is looked upon by his patrons as a skilled instrument of torture—a sort of refined affliction come to curse humanity. You look at it yourself, as it appears to me every day, and think how you would like it. I don't have the satisfaction of the barber, who may gag his customer and tell him the neighborhood news, or give him the freedom of speech to which every citizen is entitled and engage him in a political discussion while he operates on him."

"But that wouldn't be fair when you charge by the hour," I could not help interposing.

"Oh, pshaw! That isn't it. The patient's nerves are in no condition to enjoy interesting conversation—and there is another sacrifice we are required to make. No odorous foods, no drinks, no tobacco, and stand on your feet all day for the benefit of humanity, and then humanity gets grievously sore after it is all done. We are only permitted to express our feelings silently, and sometimes we are caught in the act at that."

The dentist drew another dense volume of smoke in for a delicious visit with the air cells, and accepted the sympathy of the thirteenth and last patient of the day.

## Christ and His Work

That Jesus of Nazareth was a carpenter by trade before He began His ministry is generally assumed. Painters and poets have represented Him as working beside Joseph at the carpenter's bench. The assumption rests, however, upon a single sentence in St. Mark's Gospel. In the parallel passage in St. Matthew He is spoken of, not as a carpenter, but as "the carpenter's son." There is no other mention in the Gospels elsewhere in the New Testament.

That Jesus was a woodworker of some kind was a tradition early current, and yet evidently received with some doubt. Justin Martyr, one of the earliest Christians after the apostles whose writings have come down to us, says that Jesus "was deemed a carpenter, for He was in the habit of making plows and yokes." As will be shown later, this probably means only that Jesus had enough knowledge of woodworking to make certain agricultural implements. In fact, the recorded sayings of Jesus according to the careful analysis of them in the current Craftsman tend to show that His regular earthly vocation was quite other than the carpenter's.

Jesus in his sayings shows familiarity with domestic, commercial, professional and agricultural life. The grind-

ing of grain, the making of bread, the mending of clothes, the washing of dishes, are used by Him as illustrations. He knows the ways of the banker and the money lender, of judges, lawyers, policemen, criminals and physicians. He quotes the current prices of articles of trade. He has observed children at play and the professedly devout at prayer. He knows the details of feasts and weddings even to the order of the guests at table and the proper kind of garments. But the references to these things are rather those of an observer from the outside than of an expert from the inside.

Even if He did make plows and yokes, as Justin Martyr says, it would seem to have been as a part of farm work rather than as a carpenter. That a preacher and teacher should have neglected to draw illustrations from his own trade which He had seen His father practice when He was a boy, is incredible. The only conclusion seems to be that the passage in St. Mark's Gospel is based on a misunderstanding of the fact stated in St. Matthew's that Joseph had ceased to ply his trade before Jesus was old enough to be interested in it, and that Jesus himself was not a carpenter, but a shepherd and farmer.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## Bold Ensign Epps

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders. Sowed a seed of glory and duty. That beautiful flowers and flames in light and beauty Like a crimson lily with hearts of gold. To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old, And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer—No matter on which side, Philip or Earl; Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl. Scarce more than lad, he had been a sharer That day in the wildest work in the field.

He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost; His comrades were slain, or a scattered host. But stainless and scathless, out of the strife. He had carried his colors safer than life. By the river's brink, without weapon or shield.

Was He Joking?

Several Philadelphia men recently went on a gunning trip to Virginia. The first evening they elected to stop at a little, out of the way hotel. Along with the other guests they had repaired to the dining room for supper, and had been seated some little while when the proprietor appeared in the doorway and to their astonishment re-

He faced the victors. The thick heart— He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed. Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun As proudly as if the fight were won; And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade. Cut the silk from the gilded staff. Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made. And hurled at the leader with a laugh. Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love.

He tied the colors his heart above, And plunged in his armor into the tide. And there, in his dress of honor, died. Where are the lessons your kinglings teach? And what is the text of your proud commanders? Out of the centuries, heroes reach With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story. Of one man's truth and all men's glory. Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

clted in stentorian tones the bill of fare.

One of the party inquired later why this novel method prevailed in lieu of the usual printed cards.

"It's a practice I began some years ago," replied the proprietor with a smile, "when I kept a hotel in another state. Most of my guests were members of the legislature, and they couldn't read."

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