

# POST-GRADUATE DENTAL COLLEGE.

Headquarters for all kinds of first-class Dental work. All dental work at half-price. All work is done by the DEMONSTRATORS. Students do no work, they only look on to see how it is done. We use only the

## BUCHANAN CROWNS AND BRIDGES.

this is a guarantee of the superiority of all work in this branch of Dental Science.

### Rooms 42 & 43, TOP FLOOR ELWOOD BUILDING.

#### FREE DENTAL WORK.

The question is daily asked, "Do we do dental work free?" In the Post-Graduate Department we do the work at the cost of the material, and no other charge is made. We are asked how this can be done, and how we can afford to do work in this way?

We will try and explain this matter a little.

We have dentists coming from all over the United States and Canada to learn our methods of dental work. These post-graduates are charged a sufficient fee for admission to the college to enable the faculty to make this offer to the public; otherwise we could not do it. But, remember, the post-graduates do not do the work, it is done only by the demonstrators of the several branches of the college, the post-graduates but look on to see our methods.

In plain language the college must have patients to demonstrate the various principles of dental work before the post-graduates for their instruction. For instance, if we have four or five dentists here from Chicago and other cities, who are paying us at the rate of \$10.00 a day to learn our methods, we must have the patients to work on or they will not be willing to stay, as it would be a waste of time and money to them.

#### PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

Every person, no matter how brave, dreads the thought of pain. This is but natural. Unfortunately many dental operations are painful in a greater or less degree. Much of this pain is, however, to be avoided, if the dentist is careful and considerate. Too many dentists seem to forget that they are operating on living organs, supplied with those telegraphic reporters, the nerves, and do their work in about the same manner a carpenter would build a house—cutting, sawing, hammering, doing his work well, but caring for nothing else. They do not mean to be cruel, but they are, nevertheless.

There are, of course, times when pain is unavoidable, but it can be alleviated, if not entirely prevented, by the use of the proper remedies for destroying pain. The dentist who is careful and sympathetic will find that he is appreciated by all. He may lose time, but he will gain friends and patients. When people better learn the value of their teeth, they will better appreciate a good and careful dentist to care for and save them.

#### OUR LOCAL ANESTHETIC.

There are in the market at the present time many local anesthetics, some of them of exceedingly great value to the profession. We have procured the formulas of most of these from the patent office, and so far as possible, have analyzed them. We find, however, none of these remedies perfect, so we have ourselves prepared an anesthetic that, while we do not claim it to be perfect, we do claim it to be more nearly so than any other such preparation now manufactured.



### Don't Forget to take Elevator to Top Floor. Rooms 42 and 43.

#### ABOUT SANTA CLAUS.

##### BIOGRAPHY OF THE BELOVED SAINT OF CHILDHOOD.

He Was Bishop of the Long Lost City of Myra in Asia Minor When the Roman Caesar Ruled—Origin of the Legend of Midnight Visits at Christmas Eve.

What Horns of elfland faintly blowing does that name awaken.

What fragrant memories of the halcyon days of childhood flit through the mind with the yuletides of the long ago!

According to the strict canon of the saint, he should pay two visits during the festival week—first on Christmas eve, as a congratulatory salutation of the blissful day, then again on New Year's eve, as a parting benediction to the feast.

What hours of hilarious revelry have been passed by happy children during this memorable week between realizing the gifts which the generous saint has already bestowed and anticipating those he is sure to bring on New Year's eve!

The faith of the Christian may sometimes grow faint and waver, but the trust of that child over whom Santa Claus has once waved his double wand is as the faith that removes mountains.

Like mist on the mountains, like ships on the sea, So quickly the years of our childhood go.

"Terque quaterque beate" (thrice four times blessed) cried Aeneas of the heroes who fell in defense of Troy. So of those on whose memories are so deeply imprinted joyous recollections of Santa Claus.

It may be of interest to give a brief biographical sketch of this venerable saint who has invaded all hearts and haunted every imagination.

St. Nicholas, popularly called Santa Claus, was bishop of Myra in Asia Minor in an early age of the church, when that now long lost city was under the empire of the Roman Caesars.

It is said that on one Christmas eve as he wandered through the city at the midnight hour, seeking like his divine Master, those whom he could help, he witnessed an extraordinary scene. As he passed the dwelling of a distinguished nobleman who had been reduced to beggary he overheard a startling conversation. The nobleman was endeavoring to make to his two little orphaned daughters as tenderly as he could a terrible communication. He was explaining to them that in their total destitution and his own utter helplessness to relieve them there was nothing left for them but a life of shame. The good bishop, horror-stricken at what he had overheard, hastened home and filled a purse with gold.

Anxiously careful not to wound the susceptibilities of the family, he returned to the nobleman's home as secretly as possible. Carefully watching his opportunity, when all was retired to rest and everything quiet, he silently opened the window, threw the purse on the floor and fled.

He is said to have continued this friendly exercise as opportunity offered until he had accumulated there a sufficient quantity of gold for the permanent maintenance of the children. As his secret benefactions became widespread, the real benefactor of the orphan became known, with the astounding announcement. Hence the legend of his midnight visits on Christmas eve.

The first origin of the beloved Bishop of Myra passed away from earth and became St. Nicholas in heaven. With his canonization the fame of his noble deeds flew trumpet-tongued over the world.

For those who had loved their benefactor and to the children of the church everywhere in sympathy with them. It was easy to believe that the great heart which had throbbled white on earth with such tender solicitude for the little ones must now in the courts of heaven beat responsive to every child's prayer.

The divine promise, "What things so ever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," was everywhere verified until the empire of the saint over the hearts and minds of the children was more absolute than Caesar's.

However much the popular faith in modern theology may be shaken up, the realm of good St. Nicholas will not be the least disturbed by their wildest commotions, so long as the good saint himself continues to make gift-laden visits to the homes of childhood. Enthroned in the hearts of successive generations of children, this deathless monarch has flourished in perennial vigor, while the mighty empire of the Caesars has passed away like the baseness of a dream. He has preserved his beautiful way and extended his empire over

Regions Caesar never knew. Where his eagles never flew, while the war god with the iron hand of battle has smitten, to the dust the haughtiest potentates and overturned the loftiest states.

After the memory of the brightest saint in the calendar may perhaps have faded away and become a mere tradition of the past, the beloved St. Nicholas, wreathed in garlands of child's love, bids fair to continue to reign in undimmed splendor until the advent of that other Christmas morning when he will hail the return of the Christ child as the king in his glory.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Christmas on a Monday.

In the Harleian manuscripts a prophecy is mentioned showing that if Christmas day falls on a Monday many disasters are threatened:

If Christmas day on Monday be, A great winter that year you'll see, And full of winds both loud and shrill. But in summer, truth to tell, High winds shall there be and strong, Full of tempests lasting long, While battles they shall multiply, And great plenty of beasts shall die.

With regard to this last prophecy, the Pall Mall Gazette pointed out in 1896 how curiously correct were the events of that year, following the falling of Christmas day on Monday in 1895. It was remarked of three of the prophecies that the wind lasted in 1896 from January to May; that a war was ended by the battle of Sedowa, when the Prussians and Austrians were in conflict, and that the cattle plague was in full swing, being a legacy of the outbreak of the rinderpest of 1895.—Manchester Times.

Christmas Aphorisms.

Christmas is a day to form good resolutions. It is easier to form them on that or any other day than to keep them for a single month.

Christmas has gradually evolved out of its theology and has come to stand for a festival of love. Therefore all men love it, for throughout the universe love is born of love and is worshipped for its own sake.

No conscientious person can enjoy his

Christmas dinner if he knows anybody else within reach to be hungry. The conscientiousness that we have given food to the needy provides us with the finest appetite.

Christmas in a Pullman Car.

In a through Pullman from Denver to St. Louis were a number of ladies and gentlemen, but, best of all, a widow and a pretty little daughter. I half wondered what the pretty little girl was to have for Christmas, seeing that no chimney led down from the roof, but my speculations were rather vague and I forgot the little girl and the little of my own dear relatives.

Christmas eve when the berth was let down and the passengers began to retire I came in to look after my own. As I strolled down the aisle I saw a tiny little stocking hanging outside the berth where the little girl lay with her mother. I tell you the effect was electrical. It brought up all kinds of strange feelings, and I added my share to the general contribution.

Old Santa Claus must have been enroute to St. Louis that night, for the way he stuffed and jammed that stocking full of fruit, candy, money, crumets and the like, and then tucked his handkerchiefs under his great round balls and tied them on, was simply wonderful. It did seem as though Santa Claus had no people in the world to take care of. Next morning I enjoyed watching the widow and the little one. They were the especial pets of the occasion, and every one came round and said something kind to the child. But the effect on the passengers generally was the best of all. It brought them together, and every one said merry Christmas and wished every body else all kinds of good luck, until we were all well acquainted and thoroughly sociable. I tell you it takes little children to bind human hearts together and make the world one genial, happy family.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Knighting the Loins of Beef.

The follies of the rich and noble took many manifestations in olden times, some of which were almost childish in their simplicity. Such was the case which has been made the subject of several paintings, the "Knighting of the Loins of Beef." As the story is told among the narrators of this kind of literary narrative, Charles II was an enormous eater and was particularly fond of a well roasted loin of beef. One Christmas day there was brought into the royal presence a loin so noble in its proportions that, in ecstasy at the prospect of the feast before him, the king, in a frolicsome mood, resolved to confer the order of knighthood on the roast, so drew his sword and dubbed the loin a knight. The story is far from bad and illustrates the cheerful nonsense that in those days passed for wit and humor; but, unfortunately for its truth, this particular cut of beef was called the sirloin long before Charles II was born and received its name, not from its transcendent excellence, but from its position in the living animal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Christmas Greeting.

A merry, merry Christmas to all you girls and boys. A jolly week of holiday with Christmas games and toys. A lot of roasted turkey, cranberry sauce and pie. A lot of good plum pudding if you're good and do not cry. Let every happy youngster keep the toys he likes the best. And give his poorer neighbor his choice of all the rest.

Let every one do something to make the angels smile. And plant a pretty white stone at the end of this year's mile.

Lived a Week with a Broken Neck.

New York, Oct. 25.—J. F. Gilliland, the house painter, who has lain at the Manhattan hospital for a week with a broken neck, is dead.

Will Meet in Denver Next Year.

CHICAGO, Dec. 20.—The American Federation of labor delegates met, and after disposing of routine business and giving various votes of thanks sang "Auld Lang Syne," and adjourned sine die. The next meeting of the federation will be held at Denver, Colo.

The State Encampment.

ALBANY, Dec. 20.—State Commander Cleary of the Grand Army of the Republic has decided on Jan. 21 and 22 for holding the annual state encampment at Rochester.

FRESH AND FRAGMENTARY.

The United States has now fifteen crematories, and there were 968 incinerations between 1887 and 1892.

The holes often observed to appear in marble which has for a period remained in sea water are caused by an insect.

An armless boy of Middletown, Conn., named William Mylchreert, has completed the painting of a wagon. His feet did the work.

The pastor of a church in the state of Washington when a boy stole a ride on the cowcatcher of a locomotive on an Eastern railroad. His conscience recently pricked him and he has sent the company \$345, the amount of the passage, with interest.

The Japanese tattooers not only picture dragons and flowers and muscues on the bodies of their patrons, but to meet the artistic demands of Europeans they now produce in colors an exact photograph of any cherished friend whose image the tattooed person may desire to have constantly with him.

Anna M. Victor of Uniontown, Pa., sued the Pennsylvania railroad company for \$50,000 damages. When the testimony was all in Judge Ewing refused to allow the case to go to the jury and recorded a verdict for the company, the rule being that a person can not claim damages for injuries received in getting off a moving train.

The farmers in the vicinity of Raleigh, N. C., complain that the English sparrow, which has so long made himself a nuisance, has acquired another undesirable accomplishment and is playing havoc with the cotton plant. The birds use the cotton, the Southern farmers think, for warmth in the winter. The sparrows pick out the cotton from the ripening bolls as fast as they open.

One of the odd sights at the fair was a mother marshaling a family of seven children. The eldest child was

about 13 years old, and the youngest was not more than four. Each child wore a leather belt, in the back of which was a metal ring. Through these rings ran a chain, harnessing the children together almost as irrevocably as if they were Siamese freaks. The end of the chain was fastened to a bracelet on the wrist of the mother, who walked serene in the consciousness that her children were all within reach, and she was yet free as to hands, arms and skirts.

FUN IN FRAGMENTS.

"What would you do if your husband should join a club?" "I would buy one."

Daughter—Mamma, what is a parvenue? Mamma—Really, daughter, I don't know. It's something, or other, though, that never had a grandmother.

"You have done very nicely," said the traveler to the Pullman car porter. "Yes, sah." "And I now propose to give you a tip—'Thank you sah.'" "On the races."

Upon the Law.

Public attention has been strongly directed of late to the evil result of attempting to meet crime with lawlessness, of punishing cruelty and brutality in a cruel and brutal way. In several states there have been peculiarly atrocious instances of lynching and the horror has been emphasized in at least two cases by the discovery that the victims of the mobs were wrongly accused.

These shameful actions have aroused general discussion, and have produced a revulsion of feeling in those sections of the country where lynching has been most common. The respectable citizens have hastened to disavow the actions of the mob—some of which have been indescribably cruel and fiendish.

It is encouraging to read in many of the local papers eager disavowal of these acts on behalf of the communities, and even to see something like a serious attempt to punish the leaders of the mob.

If this sentiment increases as it should, such barbarities will, in a few years, be as impossible in all our country as they are now in most of it and in civilized foreign lands.

Lynching is never to be justified, unless it be in the rare cases where a community is so isolated that there is no legal machinery for the detection and punishment of crime.

There is now no such community in this country, and every lynching merely makes the regular operation of the law more difficult.

A former Delawarean, now living in Chicago, wears a necktie made of a rattlesnake's skin. He slew the reptile in Florida, just as it was about to spring from its coil and strike him. A taxidermist cured its skin in such a fashion that it should serve for a tie, and made up part of the rattlesnake scarf pin. This the owner wears as an ornament to his remarkable tie.

#### A BRAVE SOLDIER.

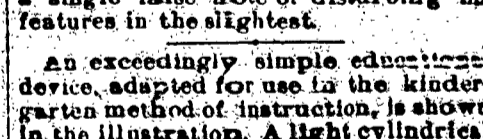
Played the Fiddle While His Limb was Amputated.

A hundred years ago the unfortunate people who came into the hands of the surgeons generally soldiers or sailors who had been hurt in action, were forced to undergo the operations necessary to the prolongation of life without taking either an chloroform, as it is now administered to make the patient unconscious and so free from pain attendant upon the operation. To secure quiet often the subject had to be bound by ropes, so that much as he might desire to, since he was utterly unable to do so. Occasionally patients would show remarkable fortitude at the crisis of their troubles, but none ever showed more than a soldier, who on the morning after the battle of Yorktown (Oct. 19, 1781), was brought into the hospital, having been shot in the knee. It was found necessary to amputate the limb, and the surgeon ordered the nurses to bind the man fast preparatory to the operation.

"Never!" protested the soldier. "You may tear my heart from my breast, but you shall not bind me! Can you get me a fiddle?"

His request was complied with, and he proceeded to tune the instrument, after which he said, "So, doctor, now you can begin." And he played during the whole of the operation, which lasted forty minutes, without uttering a single false note or disturbing his features in the slightest.

An exceedingly simple educational device, adapted for use in the kindergarten method of instruction, is shown in the illustration. A light cylindrical



case, with a glass front, is divided by radial ribs into numerous compartments open at their inner ends, where there is a central recess, in which is placed a circular pocket. This pocket is revolvable by means of a knob or handle at the back of the case, as shown in the sectional view, Fig. 2, and has in one side a slot to permit the balls to pass through, one by one, into the several compartments between the ribs. By permitting one or more balls to pass through the slot as shown in Fig. 1, the pupil may be taught to add and multiply as the balls are distributed, counting being taught as the balls are dropped one by one through the slot. The device is also designed to serve to some extent to teach small pupils.