

# THE CABINET.

## PICTURES OF THE PRESIDENT'S ADVISERS.

### Sketches of the Eight Men Who Administer the Departments of the Government—How They Live and How They Work.

A tour of the possible Presidents is an interesting pastime nowadays, says the Washington correspondent of Philadelphia Record. By possible Presidents, I mean, of course, the eight members of the Cabinet, who are by act of Congress in the line of promotion upon the death or disability of the President or Vice-President. It is not certain that the Secretary of Agriculture, the baby of the Cabinet, is in this line of promotion, for he is not mentioned, of course, in the "Presidential Succession act" because his office had not then been created. But I suppose that under the general terms of the act creating the eighth Cabinet place its incumbent is given all the powers and privileges of his colleagues. But, at all events, "Uncle Jerry" is a member of the Cabinet and a good fellow, and so we will call on him, too.

Blaine's department occupies the southern wing of the new Stannard—State, navy and war—building, which stands just west of the Executive mansion, on the site of the old war and navy buildings. Secretaries Blaine, Proctor and Tracy, who control it, have adopted somewhat more stringent rules for the admission of visitors than are prescribed in other departments. Unless you are a Senator or a representative of a department official you can only see them personally at twelve o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays—newspaper men being, of course, excepted here as everywhere.

Blaine is the latest member of the Cabinet for getting down to his office, the hour arriving until 10 o'clock, the second at which he begins to receive Senators and Representatives. But this is not because he gets up late, for he is a light sleeper and an early riser. It is because he takes time at his desk in his comfortable rooms at the Normandy to read the morning newspapers, which he does like an old newspaper man; dispose of some of his private correspondence, and pass, with the assistance of Walker Blaine, upon some of his public business, so that Walker is apt to carry a portfolio full of papers to and from his father every day. When he can the Secretary of State walks the few blocks by way of Lafayette park from his hotel to his department. His hair and beard are entirely white, his face more deathlike than ever, but his form is straight and his step is springy. At a distance his age would not be at all apparent to a casual observer.

The office of the Secretary of State, having been finished and furnished several years before the others, is faded compared with those of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy. Still it is a handsome room, with a fine wood floor covered with rugs, elaborate frescoes, a great square mahogany desk for the Secretary, and a comfortable chair for his private secretary in one corner, bookcases, cabinets and a fine globe scattered around, and a number of portraits on the wall.

But we must not keep the Secretary of State waiting. He stands up to receive, sitting down and tilting back in his chair, with his legs crossed, if he settles down to a good talk with you. He takes your hand with his old fervor, and his eye still dances and sparkles—as I believe it will when he is doing his work. He always says something pleasant when he is in a titling chair, and, if possible, something clever, too, and, if with a smile and a bow you are dismissed. From 10 to 12, like all the Secretaries in this building, he receives Senators and Representatives on all days except Thursday, which is reserved for members of the diplomatic corps exclusively. On Mondays there are not so many Senators and Representatives calling as to take all of the two hours, so that he does not lose the whole morning. At 12, except on Cabinet days (Tuesday and Friday), when he must be getting over to the White House, he receives the public until 1 or 2, his business will permit.

Then, on his return from the Cabinet, he works away on official business until 5 o'clock, when he drives down to the avenue to a private gymnasium, and either takes some prescribed exercise or a massage treatment. His physician has told him that he must take from four to six hours' exercise every day. Before he went into the Cabinet he walked several miles each day. But now he considers himself fortunate when he is not detained at his office after 5, and can get an hour's exercise before dinner. He dines with his family in their private dining-room at 7, and then works most of the evening at official business if he does not go out to dinner. Mrs. Blaine is superintending the reconstruction of the Seward mansion on Lafayette square, which they have leased for ten years, and which they will occupy in the fall, so that the Secretary is relieved largely of that. He has a great deal of private business, though, with his real estate here, and his railroads there, and his lines far out in the West. Altogether he has too much work to do and gets too little exercise, and he will be very glad to permit little rest after a while.

potassium Window, Secretary of the Treasury, comes next in order on the list. He sits at a desk over through the White House grounds, in front of the White House, and walk up the second floor of the Greek temple known as the Treasury building. Window has changed the office of the Secretary of the Treasury from the southeast corner, where Manning and Fairchild had theirs, to the south side, where he uses Secretary Thompson's old room as his private office, and the chief clerk's office, opening out of it, as his consultation cabinet and real working den. Window, like George W. Childs, whom he so much resembles, looks just the same as he did twenty-five years ago—face as unwrinkled, hair and whiskers as dark. It is his sunny nature which keeps him young. He is never ruffled, but is always smiling. He walks over to his department from Hotel Arno, on Sixteenth street, just north of the White House, with an easy moving step so as to get to his office by 9 o'clock. He sees everybody who comes at all hours of every day when he is in his office and his work will permit. Most of the time from 9 till 3 o'clock he is standing on his feet listening to the office-seeker and his friends. Between callers he signs papers or writes a little luncheon. After 3 or 4 o'clock, when the last caller goes, he buckles down to work, and by 6 has pretty well cleared his desk and made up his work he will do at home. For after

dinner he goes at it again and works till bedtime.

His offices are plainly but solidly furnished, well carpeted, gorgeously frescoed and adorned with oil portraits of Sherman, Folger and others of his predecessors. Everybody leaves Window with regret, for he is a very agreeable host. "He always was so pleasant," might with truth be written on his tombstone. He stands this strain so well, though he gets so little exercise, that it is hard to connect him in this world with a tombstone.

Next in the line of promotion comes the Secretary of War, the veteran Governor Redford Proctor, of Vermont, the richest man in the Cabinet. To see him we must go back to the Stannard, where his office is a splendid room on the west side of the same floor as Blaine's. Proctor, gray with years and bent with work, looks quietest and even phlegmatic. He is the most nervous man in the Cabinet. He always walks as he talks. He does not mean to shake you off; he is unaffectedly courteous to you, but he must walk. He walks up and down when he is dictating to his stenographer; he walks up and down when he is eating his luncheon. He walks over to the Department from the Arlington and back again when the weather will let him. Like most millionaires who have made their millions, if not themselves, he is an early riser, and usually anticipates his clerks at the office. He has very few office-seeking callers, and has been able to learn more about his office than any of his colleagues, except the Secretary of the Navy.

The Secretary of the Navy, Benjamin F. Tracy, of Brooklyn, comes next. His office is that of his predecessor on the eastern side of the same floor and directly in line with Secretary Proctor's. He uses the little inner room more constantly than Whitney did, giving up the long show office with its costly woods and rugs and frescoes and the oil portraits of his predecessors to Lieutenant F. B. M. Mason, his naval secretary; Henry W. Raymond, his private secretary, and his clerks. He is a gray-haired, gray-whiskered man, with a benevolent expression, a clever tongue and a pleasant laugh. He is very apt to have his callers brought in one at a time into his inner office, where, on the famous Monitor desk, he does most of his work. He gets over to his office from the Arno a little after 9, goes back for luncheon at 2 and gets away finally at 6 o'clock, working often, however, to the evening. For, like all the rest, he has too many callers just now to permit him to do all his day's stint at his office, and, like all the others, he dislikes to let it go from day to day.

The Postmaster-General comes next. To see him we must ride all across the business part of town to the crowded, small-roomed postoffice department on Seventh street. There is not a good-sized room in this department, nor one which is handsomely furnished, and the Postmaster-General's is no exception. In contrast with the magnificent offices we have just left, the newest and finest in Washington, his rooms seem shabby. But they seem to be the most attractive rooms in Washington. From the time the doors are opened in the morning until the evening, his callers are coming and going. There is a little ante-room where his typewriter works off behind a screen the letters he has taken in shorthand from the Postmaster-General's dictation. It is small, and usually full of waiting visitors. Then there is his formal office, which is not much larger, and is pretty well filled by his big desk, two leather-covered sofas, several leather-covered chairs and a cabinet. What space is left is also usually filled by the Postmaster-General may be found here sitting in a tilting chair behind his desk or standing leaning on the mantel-piece where Benjamin Franklin is solemnly surveying his successor. Or he may be in his inner office, about the same size, and just beyond, where his faithful private secretary, Mr. Jones, writes neat notes all day long. As likely as not that inner office is filled, too, although usually it is not, since he reserves it for confidential conferences. Portraits of his predecessors look down from every wall.

The Postmaster-General gets down to his office in the official rattle-trap, called by courtesy a coupe, any time between 7:30 and 8:30, having already, after breakfast and prayers, accomplished some work. He does a good deal before 9 o'clock, when the visitor first gets in, unless he has a special engagement with the Postmaster-General, and then Mr. Wanmaker gets in his work in the interstices of interviews until 4 o'clock, when the outer doors are closed and no office-seekers are admitted. By 5 most of them are gone, and between that and 7 he can get in two solid hours of work. After dinner he goes at it again. If he is not careful he will break down. A simple, methodical man can do wonders of work, but there is a limit to every man's powers. Still, I do not think he wastes work, and perhaps the postoffice department and a great business cannot be successfully run in any other way. The Postmaster-General is very agreeable, even if he does look at you rather peremptorily through his eye-glasses now and then. He is rapidly learning Washington ways as well as Washington men, and will be more proficient every day. He did a very wise thing when he bought the Frelinghuysen-Whitney house. In fact, and by tradition, it is one of the most attractive houses in Washington. The Postmaster-General will not feel fully settled here until his wife and daughter join him in the fall. Then he will probably give up his weekly trip to Bethany, and worship every Sunday in his pew at the Church of the Covenant.

Right across F street north of the Postoffice Department stands another Greek temple known locally as the Patent Office, because the Patent Office is in it. It is really the Interior Department, and contains most of the business of that department. Here in the large room which has been occupied by all his immediate predecessors Secretary Noble, next in the line, stands up to greet or dismiss a caller or conferring with him in his little office at the side. Noble is a gentle, patient man, but quick enough to decision and determined enough in his conclusions. He has Window's tactful way of putting a refusal so that it seems almost like a favor. It is well, for he divides the honors of having the largest number of callers with all the others. Noble works early and late at nights. His predecessors, especially Lamar, have often been obliged to work all night to catch up with the enormous current of work. So far he has not had to do this, but he may come to it yet, for his hours are all hours as it is. He takes his exercise in walking to and fro.

The Attorney General closes the list of possible Presidents, unless we take in the Secretary of Agriculture, as I mean to do. We must go uptown again to see William Henry Harrison Miller. He sits up in the fine room which Benjamin Harrison Brewster decorated and furnished so elegantly on the second floor of what is commonly called the Freedmen's bank building, just north of the treasury, across the avenue. Down stairs, where the poor freedmen hand their money "forever and ever," sits the court of claims. Overhead, where the managers of the Freedmen's bureau used to meet, sits the Attorney General in eastern luxury. He is a simple, matter-of-fact man, strongly resembling Garfield in his ways. Miller's hours are like those of most of the others. Here is his own account of his day:

Usually I put in an appearance at the office about 8:30 in the morning, and do not leave the department, save for a brief intermission for lunch, until about 6 o'clock in the evening. After taking dinner, 7:30 o'clock will find me back at my desk, for I do not carry any of my work to my hotel. About 10 o'clock I shut down for the day and go to bed, and it is not much trouble for me to go to sleep. But I do not propose to keep this up, for the strain is too great, and would break a constitution of iron if persisted in.

Living at the Riggs house, he has only a few steps to go between his room and his office. He treats his visitors at the department as though they were all clients at his law office. He takes his exercise with the President almost every day. It is in their walks and drives that they have their moments talks which people are always wondering about. Miller walks well with the President, being about his height, but his face is dark, and his hair and his beard are still mostly black.

The Secretary of Agriculture, Governor Jere Rusk, father of Blaine D. Rusk, is far separated from all his Cabinet conferees. His department is away over to the South Washington, beyond the mall which George Washington wanted to run between the White House park and the Capitol. Rusk's building is a gingerbread affair of bricks of two or three colors, with various gaudy decorations and mansard roof. However, he flies his flag every day in the week, and signs his name right heavily with the only gold pen in the Cabinet. Rusk is the tallest man in the Cabinet, I should think, with a great shock of white hair, and a farmer-like, straggling white beard. He is a bluff, hearty, loud-voiced Westerner, who wants to please as many people as possible. He is to disappoint a lot every day, for places in the Agricultural Department are greatly sought after since many of them are below the limit of the classified service. "Uncle Jere," as everybody familiarly calls him, works as hard here as he did at home, gets up with the chickens and goes to bed with the owls. He lives at the Eobelt House and rides over and back in the very respectable office carriage which Dr. George B. Loring bought for the Department of Agriculture when he was commissioner. He would do better to walk, for the distance would just give him needed exercise.

Most persons who have witnessed the vicious and acrobatic antics of the "bucking bronco" in Buffalo Bill's and other wild Western shows have supposed that the animals were merely acting a part to which they had been trained. The fact is that these traits are in the nature of the beast; and what the horses do on exhibition is as nothing to the diabolical contortions which they go through when endeavoring to unseat a cowboy rider on their native prairies. The broncos of the Southwest, like the cross-bred Indian and cayuse ponies of Montana, are not usually broken until they are four or five years old, and then their training is of the rudest and most imprudent character. Individual animals, like individual men, exhibit tempers and idiosyncrasies of their own; but even the best-tempered cowboy will sometimes break on a frothy morning. Such "mavericks" are turned over to hands who make a specialty of conquering horses that are determined not to be ridden; for a good many thorough cowboys who are great horsemen in the sense of being able to get the best work out of their string of steeds in a round-up do not pretend to be able to sit a hard-pitching or vicious animal. The horse-tamer, with his wonderful lariat, brings the rebellious horse to the ground by a noise around one of the fore feet; then he mounts, and pursues his dare-devil, anti-bucking tactics until the shaggy pony is dazed and cowed into meek submission.—Frank Leslie.

Noted American Trees.  
The big tree of California.  
"Old Liberty Elm" at Boston.  
The "Burgoyne Elm," at Albany, N. Y.  
The immense ash trees planted by General Washington at Mount Vernon and now the admiration of visitors.  
The weeping-willow over the grave of Cotton Mather in Cop's burying-ground, near Bunker Hill, taken from a tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.  
The Cary tree, planted by the roadside in 1832 by Alice and Phoebe Cary, is a large sycamore, standing on the turnpike from College Hill to Mount Pleasant, Hamilton County, Ohio.  
The Washington elm still stands at Cambridge, Mass. It is on Garden street, a short distance from the colleges, and is a large, well-preserved tree. An iron fence is built around it, and on a stone in front is the following inscription: "Under this tree George Washington took command of the American army, July 3, 1775."

A Singular Freak.  
West Virginia offers a very singular specimen of illipitican humanity in the daughter of John E. Miller, of Hampshire county. She is twenty-three years of age, cannot walk or talk and is but twenty-six inches tall. Always lying in a little cradle, she is enabled to keep a sharp lookout on the world as it goes on; no one has yet been sharp enough to catch an article in the house that the little one could not point out. Her memory is most remarkable. A new song or poem repeated in her presence is never forgotten. If the same song or poem is again repeated or sung with the variation of but a single word the little prodigy will show her disapproval by yelling lustily and frowning a frown that cannot be mistaken. How such a remarkable memory can find resting place in a head no larger than a teacup has long been the wonder of physicians and servants who have journeyed from far and near to test the remarkable gifts of the little wonder.—Washington Star.

# BUDGET OF FUN.

## HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

### Alas!—A Questionable Denial—The Past Was Secure—As Far As She Had Been—The Same Stick, Etc., Etc.

I had told her that I loved her. She had whispered me the same: True in innocent flirtation I was caught. The climax came. She demanded back her letters, and my mind is in a whirl. For by some mistake I sent her letters from another girl.

A QUESTIONABLE DENIAL.  
Brown—"I understand that you told Wells that I am a regular chump."  
Jones—"Nothing of the kind, sir. I'm not going round telling the public what I think."—Omaha World.

THE PAST WAS SECURE.  
Full Blown Rose—"What a pity, dear, you are engaged so young. You will never have the fun of refusing a man."  
Bud—"No, but I've had the fun of accepting one."—Life.

AS FAR AS SHE HAD BEEN.  
Omaha Teacher—"What influence has the moon upon the tide?"  
Omaha High School Girl—"I don't know exactly what influence it has on the tide, but it has a tendency to make the untidied awful spoony."—Omaha World.

THE SAME STICK.  
Lady Finehead (at hotel entrance)—"No, I have no money to spare for you. I don't see why an able-bodied man like you should go around begging."  
Lazy Tramp—"I s'pose, mum, it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel instead of keepin' house."—New York Weekly.

WOULD NOT CHANGE WITH G. W.  
"Johnnie, my boy, wouldn't you have liked to have been George Washington?"  
"Now."  
"Not And why?"  
"He never seed a baseball game in his life."—Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.

SUSPENDED EVOLUTION.  
He—"Aw, weally, Miss Blossom, do you believe man sprang from the ape?"  
She (very tired of his attentions)—"Yes, I presume some men have, but there are others who have never yet made the spring, or at least never sprang very far."—Burlington Free Press.

A GREAT SPEECH.  
Daughter—"Talk about your Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Everett, Calhoun, etc., pshaw! Henry made a better speech than any of them last night."  
Father—"What did he say?"  
Daughter—"He said, 'Nellie, I love you; I have three millions. Will you have me?'"—Epoch.

TWO DIFFERENT IDEALS.  
Visitor—"Why are you crying, Tommy?"  
Tommy—"Because mamma won't let me wear my hair long."  
Visitor—"O, you want to look like little Lord Fauntleroy, don't you, dear?"  
Tommy—"Now; I want to look like Buffalo Bill."—Chicago Journal.

AWAITING HER CHANCE.  
Elderly Spinster (at Navy Department)—"I understand that you are going to open a lot of sealed proposals here today."  
Official—"Yes, madam, we are."  
Elderly Spinster—"Well, I guess, I'll sit down and wait. I'm not going to throw away any such chance as this."

INCORRIGIBLE.  
Lawyer—"Your share of the estate, sir, is one dollar, and there it is."  
Prodigal—"Thank you, Mr. Brief. This unexpected windfall quite overwhelms me. Will you not help me to celebrate the occasion by joining me at dinner? I know where we can get a splendid 'dote for a dollar."—Bazar.

WAYS AND MEANS.  
Uncle Midas (to young scapegrace ward)—"What, more money? My dear boy, your extravagance is something amazing. Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and—"  
Young Scapegrace—"Ah! that's just it, nunky; I do consider my aunt's ways, but I consider my uncle's means."—Town Topics.

A LABOR SAVING DEVICE.  
Storekeeper—"Mr. Fogg, let me show you our new ash sifter. It is a wonderful labor-saving machine."  
Fogg—"Thank you. If I should buy one, Mr. Fogg would be getting me to sift the ashes, on the ground that with your machine it is so easy that I could do it just as well as not."—Boston Transcript.

STANDING ON HER DIGNITY.  
Husband (alarmed)—"Emily, there seems to be a smoke coming up through the floor. Run and tell the lady on the flat below. Something's a-fire in her part of the building! Quick! Quick!"  
Wife (cold and stately)—"Cyrus, I'll never do it in the world. We've lived three months in this flat, and she has never called on me."—Chicago Tribune.

A CATASTROPHE FOR THE TRAMP.  
Mrs. Youngwife—"Oh, George, I've got something dreadful to tell you!"  
Mr. Youngwife—"For pity's sake, what is it?"  
Mrs. Youngwife—"I made a pie for dinner and set it out on the back stoop. A tramp came along and stole it."  
Mr. Youngwife—"Dreadful indeed! Poor fellow!"—Burlington Free Press.

HOW HE KNEW HE WAS OF AGE.  
A. D. Marsh was judge at the primary Monday. A young, smooth-faced fellow offered his vote, and Marsh asked him if he was old enough to vote."  
"Yes," says the fellow. "I am twenty-one."  
"How do you know?"  
"Well, I have had the seven-year itch three times," was the response.—Colum (Ohio) Observer.

UNHEARD OF IN HIS PROFESSION.  
First Club Idler—"What does this mean? The paper says that Rogoco, the well-known architect, is in the insane asylum."  
Second Club Idler—"Oh, yes; he drew the plans for a house to cost \$25,000, and he cost only \$30,000. A commission was of once appointed which declared him insane."

BOTH OF THEM CONFUSED.  
They were passing under the elevated railroad, and the dia overhead was almost deafening.  
"This bustle makes my head ache," she said.  
"Probably," observed he, "if you were to wear a smaller one."  
"Sir!" she indignantly cried, "I mean the noise confuses me."  
"I beg your pardon," stammered he, "I am confused too."—Time.

HOW JACK WALKS THE Grog.  
Here is our old salt's story of how he got a glass of grog: When at the wheel Captain South says:  
"How do she head?"  
"Southeast by south, half south, a little southerly, Captain South, sir."  
"Put another 's' to that, my man, and you shall have a glass of grog," says the Captain.  
"Southeast by south, half south, a little southerly, Captain South, sir."  
The grog came.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.  
"The fish were very nice, William. But how did you come to catch fresh mackerel in Fox Lake?"  
"What's that? What do you mean?"  
"I mean that you have deceived me. You never went fishing at all."  
"Of course I did."  
"No, you didn't. It was a stupid blunder of the fish market to send fresh mackerel instead of black bass, wasn't it? We will talk this matter over later. If you can explain your week's absence in any better way than that you are leading a double life I shall be very glad of it."—Chicago Herald.

THOUGHT HIS PA COULD WORK MIRACLES.  
In the train.—"George, Georgiel mind, your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the carriage." Paterfamilias (quickly snatching the hat from the head of refractory youngster, and hiding it behind his back)—"There now, the hat has gone!" George gets up a howl. After a while, his father remarks: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." (Whistles and replaces hat on boy's head.) "There, it's back again, you see!" While the parents are engaged in conversation, George throws his hat out of the window, and says: "Pa, whistle again!"—Argonaut.

A POINT USUALLY OVERLOOKED.  
The youthful heir to a Walnut Hills ancestral establishment is of an inquiring turn of mind and directs his attention specially to the elucidation of religious problems. Last week he heard a Sunday-school address on "The Prodigal Son." Just what the small boy thought of the address his father was curious to learn, and so he said to him that night at supper: "My son, tell me which of the characters in the parable of the prodigal son you sympathized with."  
"Well, papa," replied the cherub with perfect nonchalance, "I think I'd feel disposed to sympathize most with the calf."—Cincinnati Commercial.

THE OLD MAN'S LITTLE MISSION.  
"What is your mission here, sir?" asked the old man with a frown.  
"I am on three missions, sir," replied the poor young man, who was also a humorist.  
"Well, what are they?" inquired the old man, impatiently.  
"Per-mission to marry your daughter, admission to your family circle and submission to the regulations of your household."  
"Ugh!" grunted the old man, who was something of a joker himself. "I have one little mission to offer before I conclude my arrangements with you."  
"Name it," cried the poor young man, eagerly. "I will be only too glad to perform it."  
"Dis-mission!" shrieked the old man, with a loud, discordant laugh, and the poor young man fell in a dead faint at his feet.—Washington Oracle.

OKLAHOMA HOTEL RULES.  
Gents going to bed with their boots on will be charged extra.  
Three raps at the door means there is a murder in the house and you must get up. Please write your name on the wall paper, so we know you've been here.  
The other leg of the chair is in the closet if you need it.  
If it rains through that hole overhead, you'll find an umbrella under the bed.  
The rats won't hurt you if they do chase each other across your face.  
Two men in a room must put up with one chair.  
Please don't empty the sawdust out of the pillers.  
If there's no towel handy, use a piece of the carpet.—Philadelphia North American.

Father of American Photography.  
The father of American photography, Mr. M. B. Brady, has lately been in town on a short visit. He comes from Washington, where he is widely known. It makes it easier to realize what sort of photography Mr. Brady has dealt in, to know that at the close of the war the United States Government bought thirteen tons of negatives from him. He had photographed every celebrated personage in this country. And not only did he photograph them on his plates, but he has retained the most interesting reminiscences of all of them in his memory. In person, Mr. Brady looks like a French marshal of the Empire, though his beligerency has never taken any form other than that appropriate to the best amateur boxer of his day.—New York Journal.

A Substitute for Coal.  
Petrole is the name given to a manufactured substitute for coal, made by a firm in Minneapolis, and is the direct outcome of the scarcity of fuel which has retarded the birth of manufacturing industries in that city and in fact the whole Northwest. It is made from saw-dust, the residuum of crude petroleum, and a number of other ingredients which are not made known by the inventor.

# TO PREVENT DIPHTEHRIA.

## VALUABLE POINTS FROM THE NEW YORK BOARD OF HEALTH.

How the Disease Originates and Spreads—How It Can Be Suppressed—Disinfectant Solutions.  
The New York State Board of Health has issued a valuable circular on the prevention of diphtheria. The information and suggestions given in the circular are applicable to all localities. It reads as follows:

Diphtheria is a preventable disease. Its existence depends on conditions that can generally be controlled. It may appear in any community, but it should not be allowed to develop beyond the limits of a single family. Its appearance probably always originates from a special poison which develops in the throat of a man. This special poison is carried in the breath, in the discharges from the mouth, throat and nose, and in some degree in those from the bowels and urine. The poison has the property of adhering tenaciously to objects on which it happens to alight. By reason of this the sick room, its floor, walls, furniture and all its contents become contaminated, and the disease and continues to be so until the virus is destroyed by cleansing and fumigation.

The disease may also be carried away by any article coming in contact with the sick, and to which the virus clings, by the clothing, bedding, eating utensils, food, toys, and also by the persons and clothing of those in attendance upon the patient. Another important fact is that the virus is very long lived; articles and premises infected with it may communicate the disease for at least several weeks; it may be transported by them with great facility, and to an indefinite distance.

A final important point is that bad sanitary conditions favor the development and propagation of the diphtheritic virus. It grows best in places that are dark, damp, and ill-ventilated, in cellars moist by imperfect drainage and defiled by uncleanly accumulations of refuse. It also grows best in unventilated spaces under floors; in cesspools, drains and sewers, or any place where there is dampness, filth and imperfect access of fresh air. The growth of the virus is so favorable a place for the growth of this virus when it gets into them, and its vitality is so great under such conditions, that the infection may become permanent. No similar conditions, however, need exist in small localities.

Diphtheria is contracted by inhalation of air containing the disease germs coming directly from the sick or from articles infected with them. It is also communicated by articles passing from mouth to mouth, such as cups, spoons and toys. The articles by which it is communicated may have become infected weeks before, and possibly at some locality quite remote. It is also contracted by inhaling the air of sewers, cesspools, cellars, or any damp, foggy or ill-ventilated place in which the disease germs may have been long planted. Children contract diphtheria much more readily than adults.

Every locality is liable to have diphtheria introduced into it. It is so long as the principal conditions on which its existence mainly depends are removed; if the sick are properly secluded, the disease germs destroyed, and all uncleanly accumulations removed, their continued development prevented. Isolation.—Those sick with diphtheria should be isolated from everyone except necessary attendants, and should be kept with mild cases as well as severe ones. They should be placed in an upper, airy room, as remote as possible from the sick and sleeping rooms. Needless furniture and other articles should be removed from the room. Allow the windows to be open, for the reason does not matter, but the atmosphere; give sunshine and fresh air constantly.

The attendants should remember that they carry with them the poison of the disease, and they must keep entirely away from others, especially from children, who take diphtheria most readily. They should leave the room without cleansing or disinfection. Utensils used by the sick should be well cleaned before use by others. Food left by them should be destroyed. Every article of clothing should, before being taken from the room, be placed in disinfectant No. 2, boiling hot, if possible. Cats and dogs should be excluded.

The discharges from the mouth and nose must be received on cloths that can be burned, or in cups that can be disinfected. Vessels for receiving the discharges from the mouth, nose, kidneys and bowels should contain some of disinfectant No. 1 or 3, and after use should be cleaned with disinfectant No. 2. The patient must not mingle with the well until all traces of the disease have left the throat and nose, and the patient has been in the room the body should be thoroughly washed, and fresh uninfected clothing should be put on, leaving everything else behind to be disinfected. Nurses must observe the same final precautions.

General Precautions.—All should avoid sources of contagion. Well children had better be removed from the sick room, but should be kept under observation, and if diphtheria develops brought home again so as not to establish a second case. Every room remaining in the house should not go to school, church, or any general gathering, nor to any house where there are young persons. If the disease has occurred in a locality, every case of sore throat should be regarded as suspicious and excluded from schools and from contact with other persons. Every room where a case has occurred should be well to make sure that milk is not taken from a dairy where the disease exists.

Sanitary Precautions.—Houses should be kept clean, dry and well ventilated. Particular attention should be given to the cellar. Drain pipes and fixtures should be perfect. The premises should be well drained, leaching cesspools and privies should be kept clean, and composing accumulations of garbage or stable manure cleared away, and the place made in every way clean. These precautions are to be especially observed in the case of children, where the disease exists. The condition of school-houses should not be overlooked.

In case of death the body should be inclosed in a sheet saturated with disinfectant No. 3, placed in a tight coffin not afterward opened, but the coffin to be private and with little delay as possible.

DISINFECTANTS.  
1. Of the Room.—During its occupancy as a sick room, the premises should be subjected to destruction of disease germs attached to articles of any sort before their removal from it should be carefully observed. At the termination of the period of quarantine, the room should be tightly closed and with all its infected contents fumigated with the fumes of burning sulphur or of chlorine, which, especially if the latter, should be done only by a competent person. Arrange all the contents of the room so that their surfaces are readily reached by the disinfecting gas. The room should be closed for two or three hours, after which it and its contents should be thoroughly for several days. The woodwork should be thoroughly washed, especially the tops of doors and windows, and solution No. 2 or 3 applied. Cellings should be whitewashed, and the paper removed and the walls washed with one of the disinfectant solutions.

Sulphur Fumigation.—Toll sulphur, in the proportion of two pounds for a room ten feet square, is burned by placing it in an iron kettle, set in a tub containing a little water to guard against fire. It may be ignited by pouring a little alcohol on the sulphur.  
Chlorine Fumigation.—Mix well, breaking up all lumps, one part by measure of black oxide of manganese and two of common salt, and add enough water to form a consistency of cream. A teaspoonful of this mixture is to be put into a large earthen vessel, as a wash-bowl, over two or three common salt in each room. About an equal bulk of commercial sulphuric acid is to be finally poured into each vessel, beginning with the room to be disinfected, and continuing quickly; it is best to pour this from a pitcher; avoid inhaling the fumes by holding a handkerchief over the mouth.

Of the Premises.—The entire house should be thoroughly cleansed. The premises should be cleared of all unnecessary conditions, and all drains, privies, vaults and sites of uncleanly accumulations disinfected with solution No. 1.  
Disinfectant Solutions.—No. 1. Sulphate of iron (green), three pounds; warm water, one gallon; for the discharges. This leaves rust spots on the clothing. No. 2. Sulphate of iron (green), four ounces; common salt, two ounces; water, one gallon; for clothing. No. 3. Corrosive sublimate, sixty grains; water, one gallon. Caution should be had of the dangerously poisonous character of this solution; it is well, as a precaution, to color it by adding an equal quantity of sixty grains to the gallon of permanganate of potash, with which, however, it stains fabrics, etc., to wash furniture and wood-work.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.  
Coral is said to be a coming rage.  
Women are blossoming out as orators.  
Toques are worn more pointed in front.  
Trains are the rule now for house dresses.  
Bermudas are going out of fashion in England.  
Filigree jewelry, always beautiful, is again in favor.  
Ostrich feather trimmings may be worn on evening gowns.  
Ostrich plume is a conspicuous feature in millinery.  
If a caste woman in Corea shows her face she is outlawed.  
Silk, fish-net costumes are made up over silk skirts and waists.  
"Hot-potato napkins" are the very latest novelties in fancy napery.  
American women are said to spend \$62,000,000 a year for cosmetics.  
Miss Laura White, of Kentucky, is making a reputation as an architect.  
The women of Chicago want representation on the Educational Board.  
Tea cigarettes are said to be coming into fashion for feminine smoking in England.  
Round waists and belts are slowly but surely displacing pointed bodices and basques.  
There are six women police officers in the London police force, all employed as detectives.  
Black hats and bonnets are trimmed with the yellow minosa, a favorite trimming flower.  
Bonnets of white and rose tulle are decorated with roses. The eglantine is the favorite.  
Chicago has a home for self-supporting women, where board is to be had for \$2.25 a week.  
With dresses of pale green crepe de chine black gloves and ribbons are now worn by the fashionable.  
Brocades with Empire designs of floral scrolls and laurel leaves are made up over skirts of white satin or silk.  
The monk's gown of brown camel's hair, which envelops the wearer from head to foot, is used for traveling.  
France is somewhat shaken up over alleged indulgence in morphine-taking by thousands of Parisian women.  
There is such a craze for reviving old fashions that it is to be expected that snuff-boxes will soon come into use.  
Bishop-sleeves of chintilly lace are a yard and a half wide and show a closer one of bright color underneath.  
A London milliner has invented a cork bonnet. It is made wholly of the bark of the cork tree and is very light.  
Shoulder capes are sometimes made in a V shape of two pieces of ribbon with bias sides, meeting in the front and back.  
A discovery, due to the plentiful royal deaths abroad, is that a diamond necklace worn between two jet ones is strict half mourning.  
The authorities in Holland have decreed that a woman cannot serve on a school board. In Sweden it has been decided that they can.  
You can buy a child's sash of washing silk five inches wide and one-half yard long for one shilling, but you must go to London for it.  
Seen upon a recent hat: Two birds, three butterflies, two yards ribbon, four of lace, about ten of silver curls in rows and rings and rosettes.  
Frocks of fine white wool braided all over with white silk look and simple enough for a shepherdess and are costly enough for a princess.  
A new finish for sashes of silk or ribbon is two bands of jet openwork across the ends, with a handsome jet fringe falling from the lower one.  
A young lady in Portland, Me., has worked up a new business, in that she is said to be doing well—in refitting to old or disabled people.  
For morning walks or shopping thick veils are allowable, but for all other occasions the sheerest dotted net, coming just below the chin, is the correct thing.  
An easy mitigation of the new baggy sleeve is to shirt it just below the arm-hole, and set velvet or gallowan under the shirring, with another row just above the cuff.  
It is discovered that Brooklyn nurses have a habit of drugging children when they take their charges out for an airing, in order to gossip and flirt with the policeman.  
Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress, at a reception given her by the Chicago Woman's Club, wore five medals, four of gold and one of silver, which had been awarded her