FOR CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

THREE IMPORTANT MEETINGS OF RELIGIOUS BODIES.

An Eventful Year for Presbyterian, Methodist, and Episcopal Churches—Liberalism, Women Delegates, and an Increase of the Episcopate are to be Considered.

The year 1892 will be notable for three great religious conventions in the United States, in two of which, at least, the whole religious world has a vital interest, in view of the important questions involving church doctrine and church polity that are to be decided in them. The great legislative body of the Presbyterian Church — the General Assembly — meets annually, but this year's gathering in Portland, Or., exceeds in importance the famous General Assembly of last year, when Prof. Charles A. Briggs failed of confirmation to the chair of Biblical Theology in Union Seminary. This year the appeal from the decision of the New York Presbytery, which dismissed the charges of heresy against Prof. Briggs, comes before the Assembly, and it will probably be decided once for all whether the liberalism represented by Prof. Briggs and many others in the Presbyterian Church can be tolerated. The sentiment through the West is strongly against Dr. Briggs, while his advocates are found principally in the East. Union Seminary has defied the General Assembly and retained Prof. Briggs, and the question of cutting her off from the Church must come up. The revised Confession, as it has been prepared by the Committee on Revision, must be submitted to the Assembly for rejection or adoption.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which meets only once in four years, will assemble this year in Omaha on May 1, and the Church's 2,400,000 members are looking forward eagerly to the meeting. A number of questions are to be considered, involving the very essentials of Methodist polity. The General Conference assembled in this city in 1888, and at that time the question of admitting women as lay delegates came squarely to the front for the first time. After a long and exciting debate the eligibility of women to a seat in the General Conference was held to be a constitutional question, and it was referred to the Church for its vote. It was decided that to admit women required a change in one of the restrictive rules, and under the law of the Church that change could not be made until a three-fourths' vote had been obtained in its favor in the annual conferences, and that action had to be ratified in the next General Conference by a two-thirds' vote. There has been a lively agitation on the subject for two years past, and nearly all of the Methodist publications have come out sharply either in favor of the seating of women or against it. The discussion was especially heated last year when the time approached for the voting of the ministers in the annual conferences. At the close of the fall conferences last year the ministerial vote, out of a total of 10,753, stood 5,602 in favor and 5,151 against the measure. That was a majority of 451, but the proposed change failed to obtain the necessary three-fourths vote by 2,495. The spring conferences this year are voting again on the proposition, because there was a technical error last year, but no material change in the result as announced is expected. The movement in favor of women delegates is by no means dead, however. On that subject the East and the West are divided more sharply than the Presbyterian Church is over the question of Dr. Briggs's orthodoxy. Curiously the majority of the Western Methodists approve the change, while the Eastern conferences cling to the present system. In the controversy over Prof. Briggs, the conditions are exactly reversed. Nearly all of Dr. Briggs's support is found in the East, while the opposition to the liberalism he represents is in the West.

It is very possible that the woman question may be decided at Omaha as far as the General Conference is concerned. A number of the lay electoral conferences have chosen women to represent them, and a motion to allow the women to take their seats may go through with a rush. Many authorities on Methodist polity believe that each Conference has a right to pass on the eligibility of its own delegates, and that no constitutional question is involved. The majority of the delegates this year probably will be in favor of the woman delegates, and, consequently, inclined to favor that ruling. An effort is now being made by the other side to guard against any such action by the General Conference. The Bishop who is presiding when such a motion is made, has the right, it is contended, to turn it over to the Judicial Committee to decide whether it can properly be put to the delegates. It could be killed in the committee on the ground that a constitutional question was involved. The friends of the movement are very persistent, however, and they say that they will not be shut out in that way.

Many in the Church believe that the admission of women is a doubtful question, and they do not believe that the benefit of that doubt should be taken by the General Conference, but should be given to the Church to be decided by original rather than delegated authority. The Conference is warned that to admit women by a mere majority vote would be the source of endless agitation, or worse. With the bars let down the opponents of the proposed measure contend that the natural result will be the admission of women to the Methodist ministry. There is a very large number in the Church who take the subject to heart so strongly that they have announced their intention to leave the Methodist fold if that state of affairs comes about. A prominent Methodist layman of this city said recently that he would certainly cease his connection with the Church in that event, and take his family with him. He knew of several among his acquaintances who were of the same way of thinking. The action of Dr. J. M. Buckley in the *Christian Advocate*, the official organ of the Church, has had much to do with strengthening the cause of the opposition. Dr. Buckley wields personally a great influence in the Church, and he is an uncompromising opponent of the woman delegate, his arguments being based on scriptural grounds. Before Dr. Buckley took the field there was practically no opposition to the admission of women. In the small country towns where Methodism is strongest the work of the Church is largely in women's hands, and the movement to admit them to the General Conference gained strength in consequence. No one cared to oppose the measure then, and it was in general favor until Dr. Buckley trained the guns of the *Christian Advocate* against it and practically organized the opposition. Since then he has had a constant battle with the editors of the Western Methodist publications, who are with the other side. Dr. Moore of the *Western Christian Advocate*, published at Cincinnati, and Dr. Buckley have had many sharp editorial tiffs on the subject which have not tended to harmony. Through the West pronounced dissatisfaction has been caused by Dr. Buckley's stand, and a movement is now on foot to oust him from his editorial chair and at the next General Conference put in his place a clergyman who will be in sympathy with, or at least not opposed to, the election of women.

One of the interesting topics to be brought up at Omaha is that of equalizing the clerical and lay delegations. The laymen are largely in the minority now, but an effort is to be made to secure an equal representation. Another proposition is to establish two distinct houses, one composed of laymen and the other of clergymen, and requiring all proposed legislation to be approved by both bodies. Another radical departure suggested is the establishing of diocesan Bishops, practically, as in the Episcopal Church. At present the system of itineracy prevails with the Bishops as with the ministers, and each Conference has a different Bishop presiding each year. There is a movement connected with that to do away with the presiding elders, who are the executive heads of the districts within the Conference, and turn their duties over to the Bishop. That has not met with much favor in the Church at large. At present the Bishops in the Methodist Church are chosen for life, and it is proposed by some to limit their term of office to a specific number of years. There are now eighteen Bishops in the Methodist Church, including two missionary Bishops. The recent General Conference elected six new Bishops, and the sentiment of the Church seems to be against the increase of the Episcopal Board this year, although several prominent Methodist ministers are anxious for the distinction. The colored men in the Church are anxious to see one of their number elected as a Bishop, and that is a subject which is likely to be debated with great warmth at Omaha. The restlessness of the colored contingent is bringing that subject to the front constantly, but many of the Conferences do not like the idea of having a colored Bishop to preside at their sessions, and under the present system of itineracy he would necessarily make the circuit of the Conferences just the same as his white brothers. A strong effort is to be made in this Conference to unite with the M. E. Church South, which boasts a million and a quarter members, and the election of colored Bishops would, it is said, militate against the Union in the eyes of the Southern Methodists.

The mission work of the Church, both home and foreign, is carried on by one organization—the Missionary Society. That has led to some confusion of late, and many women delegates to Omaha are in favor of dividing the society into two distinct organizations, one to have charge of home missions and the other of foreign missions. A great many other questions will come before the General Conference, which probably will sit for a month before it can dispose of all the matters that are to be discussed.

Although no such vital questions as will absorb the attention of the Methodists and Presbyterians are to come up at the Episcopal General Convention in Baltimore in October, yet much important legislation is to be proposed. There are two houses in the Convention, one composed of the Bishops and the other of the clerical and lay deputies, known respectively as the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies. Each diocese sends four clerical and four lay deputies to represent it. The venerable Bishop John Williams of Connecticut, as the senior Bishop in the Church, presides over the House of Bishops, while Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity, who was the presiding officer of the House of Deputies three years ago at the Convention in this city, will, undoubtedly, be elected again this year.

One of the most important subjects for consideration at the General Convention is the increase of the episcopate. The mission work is claiming a great deal of attention in the Church just now, and there are many advocates of an increase in the number of missionary Bishops. It is urged that the dioceses and the missionary jurisdictions through the West are entirely too large to carry on effective work, and a division of many of them is to be proposed. The missionary jurisdiction of China and Japan is vacant now, and a new missionary Bishop must be elected for Alaska. The State of Washington has asked for two more missionary Bishops. With the large influx of population into the Indian Territory, the need of having that section as a separate missionary jurisdiction is recognized. Several of the Western dioceses may be divided, and new Bishops elected by the dioceses thus created. California is considered too large a field for one Bishop, and the southern part of the State may be made a distinct diocese. Throughout the middle West are many large dioceses whose applications for division are to be considered.

The revision of the prayer book has been before the Church for the past six years, and at the General Convention the changes are to be approved and the standard prayer book is to be established. Some of the amendments originated at the Convention of 1886 and were adopted in 1888. Others that were proposed in 1886 will come up this year. Under the constitution no alterations or additions can be made in the Book of Common Prayer unless proposed in one convention and adopted at the subsequent convention. The changes do not involve any doctrinal matters, but they bring the prayer book of the American Church more in line with the prayer book of the Anglican communion, principally by certain enlargements in the services.

The controversy that was raised over the election of Phillips Brooks to the bishopric of Massachusetts will bring forward for action at the convention a proposed change in the constitution. When a Bishop is elected by his diocesan convention a majority of the standing committees in all the other dioceses must consent to his consecration, and then the House of Bishops must give its approval. The standing committees, under the constitution, must be convinced that the newly elected Bishop is sound in the faith and in his observances of the Church's laws, but it is manifestly impossible for the churchmen of other dioceses to have any knowledge of their own on those points. Therefore many standing committees withheld their approval of Bishop Brooks's consecration, although many authorities argued that the standing committees must accept the word of the diocese electing the Bishop. Now it is proposed to abolish entirely the approval by standing committees, leaving the question of approval to the Bishops.

FIGHTING FIRE IN JAPAN.

Plenty of Pluck and Enthusiasm Displayed, but No Common Sense.

Of the many enemies in nature the Japanese have to fear, including earthquakes and typhoons, plagues and volcanic eruptions, fire is the most dreaded. Against it they are ever on the watch and guard, and yet they suffer more and oftener from its ravages than from any other cause. Most of the buildings throughout all the country, with some exceptions in cities like Tokio, are built of wood, or of bamboo and paper, and thatched with dried grass, or shingled, are exceedingly light and inflammable, and offer great opportunity for the outbreak of fire and no protection whatever against it. Very frequently whole villages and towns are swept away and completely destroyed by fire in a single day.

To such an extent is fire dreaded that the Japanese have many superstitions on the subject, and all kinds of signs are watched for anxiously and heeded carefully. When the cock crows loudly in the morning it is a sign of fire. If the dog climbs up on the roof of the house, or on a building of any kind, an easy feat, it is an unfailing sign that fire will break out soon. If a weasel cries out once fire will

A FIRE TOWER, TOKIO.

break out. To avert these signs, or omens, a person must pour out three dipperfuls of water on the ground, holding the dipper in the left hand. A peculiar kind of grass grows on many Japanese houses, known as hinodé, and it is a matter of firm belief that if that is pulled up the house will take fire.

In Tokio and other cities, and in fact in all towns of any size, are tall watch towers where a man is constantly on the lookout to discover the first signs of fire. The towers in Tokio have been erected in localities short distances apart. They were instituted there as far back as 1625. They are simply immense ladders, often of great height, with a bell at the top and a place for the watchman to stand or sit. By a code of taps on the bell the watchman can indicate the part of the city in which a fire breaks out. When an alarm is sounded from one tower all the others take it up and continue to announce the location and progress of the fire. The system is very like our own fire bell system. Fire watchmen patrol the streets, carrying a lantern in the left hand and in the right an iron staff with a bunch of rings at the top. As the watchman goes along he thumps the ground and calls out, "Look out for fire."

In *Temple Bar* a writer gives an interesting description of how Japanese firemen fought a fire in the town where he was sojourning. He turned out as the guest of the fire brigade. The brigade was equipped with only three hand engines, "squirts," and it had the assistance of a hook and ladder company. The officers' horses were kept ready for a call. When the alarm was heard from one of the fire lookouts the man at the station tower hammered loudly on his bell, the men turned out, the officers hastened into their uniforms, jumped on their horses, and ordered things for a start. The Captain armed himself with a huge wisp of horsehair, a kind of substitute for a baton of authority, and the Lieutenant waved a long spear from which hung a horsetail, the standard of the brigade. The brigade harnessed itself to the engines and the procession started, officers first and visitors bringing up the rear.

When the brigade reached the fire half a dozen houses had been gutted, and others were going up like paper lanterns. Hundreds of people were rushing wildly around, trying to save their household goods, and there was the usual panic, only greatly intensified because the danger was great and near to every inhabitant. The engines had lots of water, but they did little go d. The Hook and Ladder Company worked like monkeys, swinging about from beam to beam, and climbing over the burning houses with the greatest pluck. They worked well, too, but worked only at the burning houses, and, like the men with the engines, they could hardly get from house to house as fast as the fire. There was unbounded enthusiasm and pluck, but no common sense. The Captain and Lieutenant waved their horsetails and shouted, but they knew nothing of fighting a fire. The writer says one American engine company would have put out the fire, or stopped its progress, in an hour. Dozens and dozens of houses were burning when I saw it.

The visitors could stand it no longer, and they suggested to the Captain that he turn the work of the hook and ladder company on a group of untouched houses in the direct path of the fire, and try to make a gap that the fire would not cross. The Captain looked on with amazement and ordered them back. But after a few more houses had gone up he took their advice. The people were aghast at the brigade's leaving the fire and tearing down untouched houses, and there were strong protests. But a number of the houses were torn down and the course of the fire was stopped.

HARD JOB AT THE CROSSING

FOR THE POLICEMAN WHO KEEPS THE TEAMS AT BAY.

But the Post is One of the Patrolmen's Prizes, and the Competent Officer Makes Many Influential and Valuable Friends.

"There is an honest week's work finished," said Mr. Brass Buttons, as he stepped upon the curbstone at 6 o'clock on Saturday evening and whipped the dust from his shoes with a handkerchief. "An honest week's work, and a hard one, and the kind of week I like to see—no accidents, no arrests, no complaints about anything, everybody satisfied. Now I shall go home and have a solid rest."

It was a policeman who was speaking, the policeman who guards one of the busiest street crossings in the city and makes it safe for pedestrians—the crossing from the Liberty Street Ferry to the opposite side of West street. This crossing leads to a ferry that runs to nothing but a railway station, so the crossers are nearly all regular comers, inners in the morning and outers in the evening, and the officer knows most of them by sight, speaks

DISSECTING A TANGLE.

of them paternally as "my people," and is ready always to do any of them a service. It was to one of his people, who is also one of THE SUN's people, that the officer made the remark, and supplemented it with some sage reflections on the delicate art of keeping a crossing clear.

"You may not think it hard work," he continued, "but I do not know of anything harder. Imagine yourself done up in a rubber suit from head to foot, heavy gloves, your moustache loaded with ice, the street six inches deep with slush, keeping the way clear from breakfast time till an hour after dark. That's what it is in winter. In summer of course there is no real hardship, but the work is just as hard."

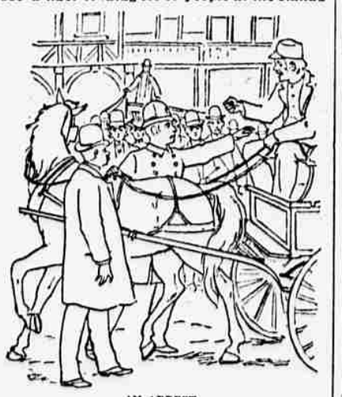
HOLD!

"But to be stationed on a crossing is considered one of the prizes for a patrolman, isn't it?" he was asked.

"It is considered so," he replied, "and so it is, in some respects; not so much for the job itself as what it may lead to. You see, it gives a man a chance to make good friends, if he attends to his business—particularly a crossing like this, where you have regular customers. Then it's a compliment, because the department always picks out good men for the important crossings. A man with a hot temper, or a man who keeps out the cold by putting too much hot stuff inside, doesn't do at all for a big crossing. He must always keep cool, always be on hand, and always keep the way clear for foot passengers."

"You seem to have no trouble in keeping the teams back," THE SUN man suggested.

"Not now," the officer replied: "but I did at first. I'll tell you how it was. You see, there's a great many fine people cross this ferry. All the Lakewood people, and at least half the Long Branch people and the Orange commuters and Elizabeth, Bergen Point, Plainfield, Cranford, and all those central towns. Just look at my 3:30 train. We call that the bankers' and brokers' train. It seems to me that half of Wall street comes down, and you don't see a finer-looking lot of people at the Italian



AN ARREST.

opera. Grover Cleveland is one of my people. He comes in at 10:10 in the morning and goes out at 3:45 in the afternoon, and he never goes past without speaking to me.

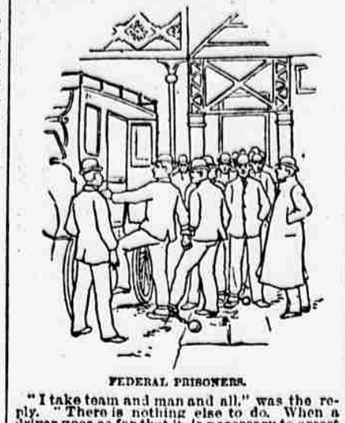
"Of course we keep the crossings clear just the same for everybody; but it's a good thing for a man to know such people as I have. The man that was here before me was Officer Humphrey, a giant six feet high, weighing about 250 pounds. He was a good one, and he made friends. When the Central Railroad Company put up their big building on the opposite corner, they took him and made him special officer for the building. You see, that was through attending to his business and making friends. That left this crossing vacant, and somebody recommended Officer Thomas E. Coughlin of the Second precinct. That's me."

"Does the Captain of the precinct make the appointment?"

"No, the Police Commissioners make the appointment, but the Captain has a great deal to say about it. It's like this: When there's a vacant crossing somebody recommends, we'll say, Officer Smith for the place. It'll be done by Officer Smith's friends, and the recommendation is made to the Commissioners. They send out to the Captain of the precinct and ask him, 'What kind of a man is Officer Smith? Is he a good officer? Has he a good record? Does he drink rum? And would he make a good man for such and such a crossing?' If all depends, you see, on the Captain's answer; if he recommends the man the appointment is made. This crossing is in the Second precinct, and I belong to the Second, and Capt. Slevin recommended me and I was appointed, and here I am.

"It was a hard enough pull at first, I tell you. You see, the officer before me was such a big man, he got the drivers so that if he just held up a little finger at them they'd stop. But when they saw a man of my size here (you see I'm just about the average size, or a trifle below it) they thought they'd run right over me. Well, it took some time to get them out of that notion, but I've done it, and they haven't made me lose my temper yet, and I don't think they will. I had to take a few of them in at the start, but it's very seldom that happens now. They know that when a crossing officer tells them to stop they must stop, and they always do it unless they think the officer won't attend to his business. Do you know it's pretty hard work sometimes to stand still and let a man swear at you and call you hard names without paying any attention to him? But that's what an officer has to do. It doesn't make any difference what drivers say, unless they're disorderly; it's what they do. They can growl away, as long they do what they're told. Sometimes they lose their tempers and want to fight, and strike at me, and then I have to take them in."

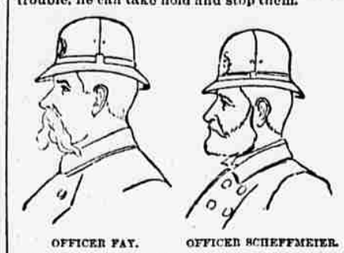
"What becomes of a driver's team when you arrest him?" he was asked.



FEDERAL PRISONERS.

"I take team and man and all," was the reply. "There is nothing else to do. When a driver goes so far that it is necessary to arrest him I summon another officer to take charge of the crossing, climb upon the truck, and make the driver drive to the police station. From there word is immediately sent to the man's employer, and if he does not send and take the team away within a reasonable time it is sent to a stable at his expense. It is never necessary to arrest the same driver twice.

"Danger? Sometimes a man runs a pretty lively risk of being squeezed, but it is seldom that anything happens to an officer on a crossing. The only real danger is from the cobs, that would give a man an ugly bruise if they should hit him. The officer is generally at the safest and still the most effective place, which is at the horses' heads, where, in case of trouble, he can take hold and stop them.



OFFICER FAY. OFFICER SCHEFFMEIER.

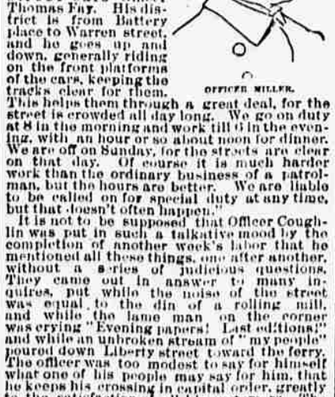
"What must I stop? Anything that goes on wheels or four legs. Some things have the right of way over all other vehicles, of course, such as fire engines, ambulances, and mail wagons, but this does not give them a right to run over and injure pedestrians. An officer must use his judgment about such things. When a fire engine is coming at full speed, which very seldom happens, the proper way is to keep the foot passengers back till it has passed. I never have any trouble about mail wagons; there are many unavoidable delays in a crowded street, and it is only when the mail wagons are purposely delayed, without sufficient cause, that there is any difficulty.

"The whole system of keeping the crossings clear is based on the law that gives pedestrians the right of way. That is a State law, a municipal law, and a police regulation. A man walking across a street has the right of way over every vehicle, and no driver has any business to run him down or interfere with him in any way. But while the right is with the pedestrian, the might is with the drivers, and the foot passenger has to look out for himself. That is why officers are stationed on the busiest crosswalks; not to give pedestrians any special privileges, but to secure to them the rights that the law gives them. If a driver is arrested and taken to the police court the Judge asks, 'What is the charge against this man?' The charge is generally disorderly conduct, and the Judge asks, 'Why did you stop his team?' 'Because there were people wanting to cross who might have been injured if he had not been stopped.' That settles it. The man gets a light fine for a first offence and he doesn't go to the court any more.'

"You must see some odd things in the course of a week."

"Plenty of them. A few days ago I got a little girl about 4 years old out from among a crowd of teams, not on the crosswalk, but in the middle of the street. A minute afterward her mother ran up and began to cry and thank me for saving the child's life. They had started to cross at the foot of Cortlandt street, and the little girl lost her mother in the crowd, started to run, got frightened, and brought up in a minute here at Liberty street, with teams all around her. All the United States prisoners come here to the ferry. The Government has a contract with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and a batch comes in nearly every day, all handcuffed in pairs. There is a transfer coach always to meet them, and they are taken over to Brooklyn. Postmaster-General Wanamaker is one of my people. He comes across often and always gives me a nod.

"Yes, it's a steady job, having a crossing, if a man shows that he's fit for the place. Peter Miller has Cortlandt street and Timothy Scheffmeier has Barclay street. The pay is the same as for any other patrolman, $1,200 a year, and we buy our own clothes. We start out with three complete suits, which cost about $100, and they ought to last two years. Then there's another officer in charge of the street cars—Officer Thomas Fay. His district is from Battery place to Warren street, and he goes up and down, generally riding on the front platforms of the cars, keeping the tracks clear for them. This helps them through a great deal, for the street is crowded all day long. We go on duty at 8 in the morning and work till 10 in the evening, with an hour off to shield men for dinner. We are off on Sunday, for the streets are clear on that day. Of course it is much harder work than the ordinary business of a patrolman, but the hours are better. We are liable to be called on for special duty at any time, but that doesn't often happen.



OFFICER MILLER.

"It is not to be supposed that Officer Coughlin was put in such a talkative mood by the completion of another week's labor that he mentioned all these things, one after another, without a series of judicious questions. They came out in answer to many inquires, put while the noise of the street was equal to the din of a rolling mill, and while the lame man on the corner was crying "Evening papers! Last editions!" and while an unbroken stream of "my people" poured down Liberty street toward the ferry. The officer was too modest to say for himself what one of his people may say for him, that he keeps his crossing in capital order, greatly to the satisfaction of all his customers. The same good word may justly be said not only for all the ferry crossings, but for almost every guarded street crossing in the city. The New York policeman is the best estate on a crowded crossing with a party of ladies just heaving into sight on the weather bow.

NATURAL GAS IS GIVING OUT.

The Supply Cannot Be Depended Upon, and Its Use Must Soon Be Abandoned.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The days of natural gas are numbered. There is surprising unanimity among the mining engineers on this point. They agree that more gas can be found, and that wells may continue to flow to some extent, but they say that experience has proven that the supply cannot be depended upon for manufacturing or for heating purposes. The amount of natural gas reached its maximum two years ago. It has fallen off each year since, notwithstanding the large number of new wells bored, said a Pittsburgh engineer: "We have had a pretty bad time this winter in Pittsburgh. The flow has given out repeatedly just at the time, perhaps when most needed. People who had no coal in their houses have had the gas out on them in some of the very coldest weather. Manufacturers who depended on gas for fuel have had to shut down. Business has been deranged, and home life has been made miserable. Some people are still boring wells and trying to keep up a supply by tapping places, but with only partial success. One after another the wells give out. When they cease flowing the only thing to be done is to turn the valve and leave them alone, sometimes a well will start up again and flow gas after it has been idle for some time, but all the same to reach a state of exhaustion sooner or later. Manufacturers are going back to coal again, and householders are agreeing that it will not do to depend upon natural gas. One thing has been made certain, the theory that this manufacture of gas is going on fast enough to supply the flow is all wrong. It is a slow process. We have already bored holes enough to overtask nature."

IN A WARD OF A HOSPITAL.

EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS OF A PATIENT.

Treatment that Taxed His Endurance and Patience, but it Cured Him—How His Temperature Was Reduced—The Daily Routine—Sad Scenes in the Night.

"You had better make up your mind to a long sickness."

"What do you call a long sickness, Doctor?"

"Oh, three or four weeks."

"Why, I have felt this way before, and have been all right in a week or ten days."

"I am afraid you did not feel just like this; you have typhoid fever."

"Typhoid fever!"

"Yes, but you need not be frightened. There is very little danger. You may have to submit to some hardships, such as cold baths."

"I am used to cold baths."

"Yes, but probably not as used to them as some of our fever patients here."

A patient had just been admitted to one of the wards of the New York Hospital. The house physician stood by the patient's bedside. On the other side of the cot stood the head nurse of the ward, ready to take notes and carry out any suggestions the doctor might make.

"You had better give him the cold baths every three hours and put him on a milk diet, as usual," the doctor said, as he and the nurse turned away.

The patient had applied for admittance at the office of the hospital about an hour before. All that he knew of his condition was that he felt sick enough to be in bed, and as he had no prejudices against hospitals, but was decidedly prejudiced in their favor, he had concluded that a hospital was the best place for him. A young physician had plied him rapidly with questions, felt of his forehead, examined his pulse, and assigned him to the ward. A male attendant helped him to undress, and, much to his own relief, he was soon in bed. His temperature was 102, showing that a high fever was raging.

After the assurance from the house physician that he was there for a long time, the patient turned his attention to his new quarters. The cots were in two rows, numbering twenty or more. Several of the patients were conversing with friends who sat by their bedside. A very few of the patients were able to be up and dressed and to walk around. The four nurses, dressed in blue plaid costumes, with dainty white caps, were attending to the wants of the patients. There was an air of wholesome cleanliness about the place and of considerate care on the part of the nurses and physicians that made the newcomer feel as though he had fallen into good hands.

When the new patient was put to bed, he wore a nightshirt, and had a sheet, a blanket, and a counterpane for covering. At the end of fifteen or twenty minutes the counterpane was removed, afterward the blanket, and finally he was deprived of the night dress. He began to wonder if they were planning to freeze him out. But that wasn't a circumstance to what was coming. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon his temperature was taken again. Its registry evidently meant something, for one of the nurses told an orderly to make the temperature of the water 70°. There was a suspicious-looking bath tub between the patient's bedside and that of his nearest neighbor on the left. The orderly—a name used to designate the male attendant of the ward—brought screens and placed them so as to enclose the bath tub and the bed. Then he brought some ice, and busied himself in getting the water down to the proper temperature. A liberal use of the ice brought the temperature down to 71°, as indicated by a thermometer which he placed in the water, and he concluded that that was near enough. A nurse brought the patient a drink of rather weak hot whiskey, the orderly called in an assistant from the next ward, and then came the bath. One orderly grasped the victim under the arms, another grabbed him by the feet, and in he went. To say that a cold shiver went through him would express it mildly. A cold plunge at any time is something of a shock to the system, but when any one has a high fever it is doubly so.

The attendants began to rub their victim vigorously, one chafing his arms and chest and the other his legs.

"How long do you keep this sort of thing up?" the submerged patient asked when the cold shivers began to run through his frame.

"Oh, for fifteen minutes," answered the orderly at the head of the tub.

Fifteen minutes! It was not five then, and the victim was shaking as though he were being jarred to pieces by the sea.

"You are not cold, are you?" the orderly asked sympathetically. "We'll have to give it to you at 65° next time."

"What! Do you decrease the temperature until you get down to the freezing point?"

"No, all the baths after the first one are at 65°."

"Do you give them often?"

"It depends on your temperature. We give them every three hours, provided your temperature is at 102.5 or over."

The words struck a chill that seemed to reach to the patient's very soul. Eight baths a day of fifteen minutes each! Two hours out of every twenty-four that he might have to spend in cold water!

"How many of these baths are required before a patient is rid of the fever?"

"Oh! it varies. Some of them have to get seven or eight baths and others not half nor quarter so many. There is one man who came in with a temperature of 106. He has had fifty or sixty baths already, and will get a good many more. You have a got a better start, and won't have to have nearly as many."

At 8 o'clock the orderly took a small pitcher that he had previously filled with cracked ice and water, and poured the water over the patient's head. The sensation that one experiences on a winter's day, with the thermometer at 20° below zero, is warmth itself as compared with the terrible chill that followed this drenching with water.

The only consolation that remained to the patient was the thought that after the bath he would be rubbed vigorously with Turkish towels and then wrapped in warm blankets. He supposed that would follow as a matter of course. But he was denied even that much comfort. When, to his infinite relief, a nurse had announced that the fifteen minutes had elapsed and directed that the patient should be taken out of the bath tub, the attendants tossed him on to the cot and wrapped a blanket about him without touching him with a towel. The screens were removed, and the patient was left to shiver until it seemed as though the flesh would be shaken from the bones. In a few minutes, one of the nurses brought a drink of hot milk, and perhaps ten minutes later the wet sheet and blanket were exchanged for two dry sheets, and the shivering patient was sure of a respite from torture for at least two hours and a half, as he supposed.

Almost immediately after the bath the patient's temperature was taken again. Then came a nurse with cotton cloths, one of which she soaked in a pail of ice water and spread over the patient's chest. She called the cloths compresses, and said they were used between the baths, if after the bath the temperature registered 101 or over. The compresses were changed every fifteen minutes or so in order to keep them ice cold. It need not be said that the position was not comfortable while wearing the compresses; it was, of course, necessary for the patient to lie on his back, and that he had to do night after night and day after day for a week or more until he welcomed that brief period of twenty minutes after the bath, when it was possible for him to lie on his side.

Between half past 6 and 7 o'clock the flurry in the ward was more than usual. The nurses were attending to the final duties of the day preparatory to taking their leave. At 7 o'clock another nurse took charge of the ward for the night. At 8 o'clock the patient's temperature, much to his relief, fell a few tenths of a degree, and he escaped a bath, but at 11 he had to have one and another at 2 and another at 5. He had twenty baths before the fever was conquered.

Gradually the patient became accustomed to the routine of hospital life. The day begins at 5:30 o'clock, when patients that are able to get up dress for the day. Linen shirts, cuffs, and collars are dispensed with. Patients invariably wear the nightdresses furnished by the hospital for comfort and to make the work of dressing and undressing easier. Some patients continue to sleep, perhaps, until the breakfast hour, and others take up a book or magazine, of which enough are at hand usually. The breakfast hour is awaited with pleasant anticipation. Patients that are able to walk go to the kitchen connected with their ward and sit at a table. They will not number more than five or six, generally not more than three or four. The great majority sitting up in bed eat from a tray. Whatever else may be said of the food, it is wholesome. It is not always so abundant as the patient would like, but one of the greatest dangers in illness is overfeeding. The head nurse's injunctions to the nurses who have charge of the kitchen, that they must exercise the utmost care in providing food, are unceasing. Beef steak, roast beef and chicken, eggs, bread, milk, tea and coffee, and a few inoffensive puddings, are among the staple articles of diet. If anything is sent in to a patient by friends outside, the permission of the house physician has to be obtained before it can be served to him.

Nine o'clock is an hour that is awaited eagerly by the patients who are conscious and able to read, for about that time a newsboy goes through the wards with the morning papers. The newsboy who supplies New York Hospital patients with the news is older than most of his class. If any one wants a newspaper or a magazine that he does not carry generally, he will get it. Judging from the size of the bundle that he carries his business is good.

Later in the forenoon the house physician makes his rounds. He is accompanied by an assistant and generally by two of the nurses. The head nurse notes down the directions that the house physician may make in each case. The doctors and nurses go from cot to cot, passing by convalescents and patients who do not require their attention with a "Good morning," or "How do you feel to-day?" Shortly after the noon meal there is usually an influx of visitors, who are, nominally, limited to half an hour, but they linger frequently three or four times as long. Now and then there is a visitor who comes from charitable motives, and goes from cot to cot speaking a word of comfort and cheer to each patient and relieving the monotony a little. Occasionally, too, a representative of the Fruit and Flower Mission goes the rounds with a basket of nosegays, gladdening each patient with a floral token.

Late in the afternoon the house physician goes the rounds again, accompanied by the visiting physician, who often makes examinations for himself, and issues such directions as he sees fit. At about 5:30 comes supper, and after supper the last doses of medicine are administered, the work of the day cleared up, and the day nurses take their departure. At about 8 o'clock the house physician makes his final rounds. At 9 the electric lights are turned out. Sometimes the patients are disturbed in the night by a patient's snoring or heavy breathing, or by the struggles of a violent patient in an adjoining ward. At other times sadder scenes render sleep impossible.

A patient who has been fighting a vain battle against disease is dying. Screens are placed about his bed. A faint light glimmers through them. His family are at his bedside mingling their sobs with his dying moans. A clergyman, clad in his priestly robes, comes and administers the last rites of the Church. At length all is over. The family file out of the ward, sobbing louder than ever. Attendants bring in a stretcher, and the corpse, covered by a single sheet, is removed to the hospital morgue. During the reporter's eight weeks of confinement in the hospital there were eight cases of death in his ward. One, a young man of 25, had typhoid fever. He submitted once or twice to the cold bath, but the doctors concluded that he could not stand it. One morning his cot was empty. The reporter asked a nurse what had become of him, and was told that he was dead.

But amid the scenes of sickness and death are others less gloomy. Late one afternoon a middle-aged man arrived in a state of coma. The particular kind of coma from which he was suffering was caused by too free indulgence in bad whiskey. At daybreak he had recovered consciousness. This man missed his vocation in not becoming a comedian. To look at him was to smile. He was of rotundous build, and he had a head as large as two of the ordinary size. Before long he was the butt of the ward. At breakfast time when nourishment was brought him he spurned it. He said he wanted whiskey, and when it was refused he offered to pay for it and showed some small change in proof of his ability to do so. He was reminded that the hospital was not a grogshop. One of the nurses, speaking one day of the humorous side of hospital life, said she could write a book about it if she had the leisure. Then she related an incident. A horse jockey with a broken leg had been brought in. One day the doctor asked him how he was. He replied that he was all right, except that he coughed a good deal.

"Do you raise anything when you cough?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, doctor," he answered, "when I cough I always raises my leg."

One of the most noticeable things about hospital life is the unceasing devotion of the nurses. Amid duties that are extremely arduous and trying, and sometimes dangerous, the nurses show a devotion that is wonderful. For any patient, with any disease, the nurses are painstaking in their care. Don't get sick; but if you have to go to a hospital be sure that the nurses will pull you through if they can.

FOX HUNTERS HAPPY.

Singular Incidents of the Season in the Fields and Swamps of Connecticut.

NORWICH, April 9.—In the warm days of the waning fox-hunting season Connecticut sportsmen have scored not a few trophies, some of them in a rather curious way. While strolling about his father's wild farm at Salem, ten miles west of this city, the other day, the young son of Levi Mitchell saw a fox coming across an open pasture directly toward him. Reynard was very tired, Mitchell saw at a glance, for he took up his feet in a laggard manner. The lad heard a pack of hounds baying dispiritedly more than half a mile away. He picked up a good-sized pebble and stepped behind a tree. The fox ambled on and never swerved from his straight course. When he was less than seventy-five feet from the tree, the boy stepped quickly out of his ambush, and shied his pebble at the game with the precision and cleverness of David killing Goliath. The fox tried to dodge, but the stone hit him on the head, and Reynard fell dead in his tracks. Never before had a fox been killed with a pebble in New London county. The boy threw his game over his shoulder and stepped homeward proudly. The fox had been running for forty-eight hours continuously before Johnson's splendid pack of hounds of Montville.

Three of the most successful fox hunters this season are Sam Phillips, Old Tom Crumb, and Mr. Hicks of Packerville, eighteen miles north of this city. Each has bagged several foxes within a few weeks. Sam Phillips is 70, Old Tom Crumb 74, and Mr. Hicks about 70 years old. They have driven foxes with hounds for fifty-five years, and travel forty miles a day in the chase with ease.

Oscar Jencks of Willimantic killed a couple of foxes about his house before breakfast lately.

At Attawaugan, a few days ago, George Day's and Mawry Tripp's two hounds went hunting on their own hook, and at noon drove a fox right through the village. In an instant the place was wild with excitement. A dozen men charged the bewildered fox and hounds with shovels and revolvers for a mile of a mile, and women ran about their dooryards, broomstick in hand. Reynard got safely out of the melee, ran down the broad county road to Gilbert Tracy's house, and there the dogs overhauled and killed him on the highway not thirty feet from the homestead.

Edward Root of Bristol, a veteran trapper, went to his traps in a swamp one morning, and in one steel trap was the foreleg of a fox. Its owner, Edward knew at once, had gnawed it off overnight in order to save the rest of himself. The trapper took the foreleg home. Two nights later he went into the woods with dog and lantern to hunt rabbits. Pretty soon out of a thicket limped a queer-looking animal coming toward him, which evidently had been attracted by the lantern light. Where upon Root whistled to his dog, which came up and killed the strange animal almost at the trapper's feet. It was a three-legged fox. Root took the game home and fitted the foreleg to it. The foreleg matched the three-legged fox perfectly.

Old Peter of Tolland village, among the rugged hills of Tolland county, the most wonderful of all foxhounds in existence, recently killed his 101st fox. In the past twelve years Peter has been in at the death of ninety-four foxes that were slain with powder and shot, and seven more he has scared while hunting alone. Eighty-eight of the number were shot by Pete's owner, Benjamin Root, and the latter's son, L. I. Root. Peter is a pretty good dog still.

One of the luckiest hunters this season is William H. Spencer of Haddam Neck, a veteran of the war, who has bagged fourteen foxes in the past three months. He hunts with three high-