# BUCKING FOR ORDERLY.

## THE CEREMONY OF GETTING A SOFT BERTH AT AN ARMY POST.

**The Rivalry Is Confined to the Spick and Span Men Who Seek Light Duty in the Immediate Service of the Commanding Officer, but the Whole Post Is Intensely Interested.**

WASHINGTON, April 10.—"Bucking for orderly" is a struggle that takes place at every military post in America every day in the year at guard mount. It is a struggle that inspires the bosoms of the enlisted men with ambition, envy or rage, according to the contest's outcome, and at the isolated posts it gives the men something to live for between pay days. There is not a company, troop or battery in the United States army that has not its regular complement of regular, persistent orderly buckers, and every man in every outfit nurses deep in his soul, the hope that he himself may at some time reach the orderly bucking class.

Bucking for orderly is the strife among the men detailed for guard duty to be chosen orderly for the commanding officer by the Adjutant at guard mount. Out of every guard mounted a man is selected by the Adjutant to report to the "beak" or the "old man"—the commanding officer of the post—for messenger duty. It requires no knowledge of army life to perceive how comparatively joyous this assignment is. The commanding officer's orderly does not have to "hump his post" for eight solid hours out of the twenty-four during which the guard tour lasts. He is not subjected to the misery of being gruffly awakened at 2 o'clock on a wet or snowy morning by an unsympathetic corporal of the guard, to be escorted to a distant, shadowy, cheerless guard post, there to pack his rifle or carbine for two hours and to think inexpressible things, until he in turn is relieved by another equally unfortunate sentry. The commanding officer's orderly does not get jolted out of a sound sleep in the middle of the night to grab his gloves, belt, and gun in order to "turn out for the officer of the day" in front of the guardhouse. The commanding officer's orderly is never glowered upon by the reproachful stars or the remorse-arousing moon during his guard tour, unless he elects to take the night air of his own free will. It is his privilege to pass the night of his guard tour in his comfortable bunk in his comfortable quarters, in which respect he is a heap better off than the officer of the guard or the officer of the day, neither of whom has much sleep when he is on guard duty.

At nearly all American posts guard mount takes place at 9 o'clock in the morning. Immediately after the guard has been mounted and marched off to the guardhouse, the fortunate man who has been picked out for commanding officer's orderly reports at this officer's office, and embarks on his period of heavy sitting around. He is perhaps sent on two or three errands around the garrison during the day. When the commanding officer takes a walk the orderly follows him at a distance of about twenty feet. At about 11 o'clock in the morning, when the before-luncheon office business has been disposed of, the commanding officer dismisses his orderly to the barracks. There the orderly lolls around on his bunk for an hour or so before and after dinner, and at about 2 o'clock he reports at the office again. By 4 o'clock he is again dismissed to the quarters, where he takes off his belt, and his guard tour is over. Meantime the men who mounted guard with him are wearing out their shoes on their posts, and will continue to do so until their guard is relieved the next morning.

The lightness of the duty is not the only advantage of the orderly assignment. For forty-eight hours after the guard to which the commanding officer's orderly belongs is relieved, the orderly is absolutely his own master. His time is his own. He does not have to stand a call, not even morning reveille. He can go anywhere he chooses without a pass, as long as he turns up ready for duty at the end of the two days. Meantime the other men of his guard tour undergo their "old guard fatigue," which means that the day after they come off guard they don their brown canvas fatigue suits at fatigue call in the early morning and begin a round of such little chores as following around the slop cart, chopping a cord or so of kindling wood, shovelling a few tons of coal, mowing the parade ground grass, flushing the post sewers, or other tasks of an equally diverting character. It will thus be seen that it is worth while for a private soldier in the United States army to buck for commanding officer's orderly.

There is no favoritism shown in the Adjutant's daily dishing out of this guard-mount goody. The guard regulation prescribes that the "man of the most soldierly bearing" shall be selected for commanding officer's orderly. In practice, however, the regulation has gradually been ground down to the picking of the "cleanest" man for this duty. Now, all soldiers of the American army are clean; they have to be, willy nilly. But the term "cleanest" in this respect does not refer to the matter of personal cleanliness. It bears upon the shine of the soldier's accoutrements, the fit of his uniform, his manner of handling himself at guard mount, and often, at a close pinch, upon his drilling ability.

It is practically impossible for a recruit to gain the orderly prize, for the reason that the recruit has to mount guard in his Government straight uniform and accoutrements. He has no money to buy tailor-made uniforms, and he has not acquired the trick of working up a kit, which it takes a long while to master. So in competing for orderly at guard mount with the old-timers he would be nowhere. But the recruit rarely makes an attempt to enter the orderly bucking lists. He bides his time until he has picked up the skill, and the money to back up his skill. The skill comes in in working up of a kit. A soldier's kit is his gun and belt. When he joins his outfit, these are served out to him by his first sergeant. Both the gun and belt, with bayonet attachment, as thus issued to the recruit, generally require a long course of elaborate and scientific working up before they are fit to be classed as "orderly kits" or accoutrements of a sort to entitle the wearer to hope for the orderly assignment of guard mount. The soldier with the orderly fever generally begins work on his belt first. He daddyacks and heel-balls it until it is brighter than patent leather. Then he soaks belt and cartridge box in chemicals, and begins the daddyacking and heel-balling process all over again. If he is an artist, and can gain the assistance of the old-timers in his outfit, who know all of the tricks, after a few months of work of this sort he finally has a belt, cartridge box, and bayonet scabbard with which he can at least make a try for orderly. Then he goes at his gun. For weeks he works up the stock with heel-ball and gun polish and alcohol, until finally he gets it so that he can see his face in it. A gun thus worked up by a "doughboy" soldier was on exhibition in a glass case in the War Department for several years. Barrel and stock had an almost incredible glitter, and the manufacturers of the gun declared that they could not understand how it had been done. Then, after devoting a few weeks to his bayonet, the soldier whose soul yearns for at least one chance at orderly duty, feels that, as far as his kit is concerned, he is ready for the effort.

When he has arrived at this stage he begins his conferences with the company tailor, and in time he has a tailor-made uniform that fits him as if he had been melted and poured into it. He saves up enough money to buy a pair of citizen's shoes—the Government straight brogans being bad for orderly catching—and a forage cap made especially for the orderly buckers, the contract-made forage caps issued to the men being in no wise comparable with them. Then, as he stands got up all regardless, with his belt strapped over his fatigue blouse and his gloves on, ready to make his first orderly fight, it is just as likely as not that the trumpeter, in sounding first call for guard mount, will append three short blasts to the regular call, which mean that, instead of black belts and forage caps, the Adjutant has given orders that the guard shall be mounted in overcoats, campaign belts and hats, leggings and overshoes. Not being provided with any of these accoutrements fit to be classed as orderly gear, the new aspirant for orderly honors is done for, the old-time buckers who are to battle with him being provided against all emergencies of this sort. After two or three such experiences, however, he, too, works up all of his equipments, and is finally ready to enter the lists in any weather.

It is interesting to watch the bucking for orderly at guard mount in a large regimental post, in which two or three arms of the service are stationed—a few troops of cavalry, a few companies of infantry, and perhaps a battery or so of light artillery. Every time a guard is mounted each of the outfits of the different arms has at least one competitor for orderly. When a man is distinguished for his orderly gaining abilities, all the members of his company pitch in the day before he mounts guard to get him ready for the ordeal. One man takes his belt buckle, another his ramrod, another his gun, another his cartridge box, another his shoes, and so on, and they spend hours in getting the "orderly character's" gear to shine like the morning dew. Then, on the morning he is to go on guard, they all act as his valets, and by the time first call for guard mount goes they are willing to stake everything they have that he is to be the winner.

The rivalry for orderly among the men of the different arms is especially sharp. When the assembly of the guard is sounded by the trumpeter it often happens that all the men of the post are on hand to see how their favorites make out in the orderly battle, and around pay day there is a lot of betting on the result. At all times the sneering between the favorite-backers of the different arms is constant, and it often leads to fights. Lined up for inspection, the members of the guard undergo the lynx-eyed Adjutant's inspection. First the Adjutant inspects the guard as a whole, paying no more attention to the orderly buckers than to the men who have no hope of getting the prize, and have made no effort in that direction. In this first inspection his eye picks out the men who have, on the very face of it, made their appearance for the primary purpose of capturing the orderly berth. These he goes over carefully after the preliminary inspection and sifts them out. The little finger of the left-hand glove of one of them is not so white as snow, and the wearer is out of the running. There is a particle of dust in the shank of another's bayonet. He is a dead one. Thus the Adjutant assorts the orderly characters and weighs them. Then, amid the quiet, intense excitement of the men who are looking on, and whose money is on the men of their outfits, he walks up to the fortunate soldier, says simply, "Commanding officer's orderly," and it is all over. The soldiers whose men have not won go back to the barracks and spend the morning swearing that the Adjutant is partial, especially if the Adjutant happens to belong to a different arm of the service from their own.

It often happens, however, that three or four men bucking for orderly are so absolutely fit and so nearly alike in their perfection that the Adjutant finds it impossible to pick out the orderly from an exterior inspection. The first thing that an Adjutant usually does under these circumstances is to open one button of the soldier blouse in order to ascertain if all of them have on regulation blue shirts. He is pretty likely to find that at least one of the men has nothing underneath his blouse but his undershirt, having left off the flannel shirt of blue because his blouse did not fit well over it. The omission puts him out of the race. The rest of the men being found all right as regards the blue shirt, the Adjutant commonly examines the remaining men to see if they have on Government straight socks. Those that are wearing socks of their own private purchasing are out of it. The thing might by this time be narrowed down to two men who are in every possible respect perfect and equally good for commanding officer's orderly. These two the Adjutant will drill. He will give them the manual of arms all straight and correct for about five minutes, both men going through the movements with skill and precision. Then, suddenly, the Adjutant will give a trick command—a command that is wrong, which in drilling the soldier is not supposed to obey. For instance, he will command the men to come to an "order arms," which in the army manual is incorrect. Almost invariably, however, one of the men, for a single second off his guard, will make the slightest movement toward obeying the command before he recollects that it is wrong. He is lost. The Adjutant's eye has caught the slight movement, and after his game fight the man who has made it loses, and victory goes with his opponent with the cooler head. When, as occasionally happens, the selection cannot be made even by the weeding process of drilling, the Adjutant in desperation produces a copy of the guard manual, and, with a penknife, the men cut the pages for the highest letter, and the winner gets the orderly assignment.

When a soldier makes an unsuccessful try for orderly it is said that he was "run off" by the victor. There is one man in the United States army who has been soldiering for nearly fifteen years, and has the distinction of having never been run off in an orderly battle, and who never mounted guard without winning the selection for orderly. This man is an Irishman, now a corporal in the Fifth Artillery. He has been a sergeant many times, but, like Mulvaney, his canteen nibblings always caused him to be "rejooced." The very first time this man went on guard in the army he won the orderly prize, and during all the years that he was a private he never failed to win it. It was simply impossible to beat him, so perfectly did he get himself up, and his success as an orderly character made him famous throughout the army. Whenever he was transferred to a new post all of the orderly buckers of the post would immediately put away their orderly kits and retire. They knew they would stand no chance with the new bucker in the post. For three years this man was stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco, one of the largest posts in the country, and during that period not a single man of the orderly buckers who had been battling for the prize among themselves before his arrival, made any effort to go up against him, so that he did not walk his post once while stationed in California.

## "HINKY DINK" OF CHICAGO.

**Peculiarities of the Newly Elected Alderman from Bathhouse John's Ward.**

*From the Chicago Times-Herald.*

The newly elected Alderman from the First ward in Chicago is Michael Kenna, but he is known all over the city as "Hinky Dink." He got that name years ago when he was selling newspapers and shining shoes on the streets. It will stay with him until he dies, notwithstanding his triumph at the polls last Tuesday. While some of his admiring constituents may address him as Alderman Kenna, and the etiquette of the Council chamber may forbid familiarity, he will continue through life as "Hinky Dink," or "Hink," or "H. Dink," or "Dinky" Kenna, the little man from the First ward.

There are several stories as to how he came by his own peculiar name. Probably the most correct explanation, and certainly the one entitled to the most credence, is furnished by "Hinky Dink" himself. He says the name was given to him years ago when, with a lot of other newsboys and "shiners," he used to go swimming in the lake at the foot of Van Buren street. He doesn't remember who the boy was that named him so effectively nor why he was thus distinguished.

"Most of the boys I ran with in those days had nicknames," said the First ward statesman, "and mine came to me before I realized what they were calling me. We were in swimming every warm day, and I can only remember that it was during those days somebody started calling me 'Hinky Dink.' I don't know why. One of the boys was called 'Keelover' on account of his peculiar style of diving. I've read all kinds of stories about how I was nicknamed, but they were all wrong."

Politics is a game that "Hinky Dink" knows more about than many men who have higher reputations in that line. He has been playing at it ever since he was a boy, and thinks there is no better fun. He is a fighter before whom some of the shrewdest Republicans and Democrats in the city have gone down. He is conceded by friend and foe alike to have a genius for organization, and the fact that he was elected by a plurality of over 2,500 proves something, even in the First ward. Tom McNally aided in giving him his start in politics, something like twenty years ago. He wasn't old enough to vote when he became prominent in his ward. He has been a delegate to every Democratic city convention for ten years, and has been a member of the Central Committee for the past five years. Now he is an Alderman. When Alderman Kenna takes his seat in the Council chamber for the first time he will undoubtedly disappoint many of those present on that momentous occasion. His reputation as a leader in the rough-and-tumble politics of his ward has served to create some very strange impressions among the citizens of Chicago concerning his personal appearance.

The real "Hinky Dink" is nothing whatever like the imaginary. A more inoffensive personality can scarcely be found in Chicago. He is as modest and retiring as a country parson. He will attract the least attention of any member of the City Council by his appearance. He isn't big enough to half fill an Alderman's chair, and could hide behind the desk which the city has waiting for him. He really stands a chance of being overlooked by Mayor Harrison some night. The First ward boss is 37 years old and has gray mixed with the blond hairs that cover his head. He stands 5 feet 4 inches, not high enough to reach the shoulders of his worthy colleague and friend, "Bath House" Coughlin. When he is fleshy he is as heavy as 110 pounds. He parts his hair almost in the middle and wears a little blond mustache that effectually conceals a short upper lip. His clothes are always quiet and in good taste, and he is rarely guilty of wearing a collar that is not as near spotless as the laundry can make it. One fairly good diamond stud adorns his neck scarf, and this, with a plain gold ring, constitutes his stock of jewelry. When he gets out with the Cook County Marching Club he puts on a silk hat that is almost a load for him to carry.

When "Hinky" struck out for himself he took possession of the southeast corner of Madison and Dearborn streets and sold papers. While he wasn't busy with the papers he was shining shoes. The newspaper business suited him best, however, and he gave it the most attention. He got the agency for *Peck's Sun* when that publication was at the height of its fame, and soon boosted its circulation in Chicago away up into the thousands. He saved his money and steadily prospered until he began to think it was time for him to look elsewhere for an opening. He went out to Leadville armed with letters of recommendation from some of the best business men in Chicago and was soon in charge of the circulation department of the Lake County *Reveille*, a paper published at Leadville. That was in 1879, and less than two years later "Hinky Dink" had made enough money to bring him back to Chicago and start him in the saloon business. He says he is worth $50,000, the bulk of his wealth being in residence property on the west side.

He used to tend his own bar, but he doesn't do that kind of work now. He has four barkeepers busy ringing two cash registers and as many porters busy keeping the place clean. "A man doesn't have to have the price of a drink before he can eat in Hink's place," said Hank North. "The lunch is always there, and a man is welcome to eat all he can hold. Hundreds of men keep themselves alive every winter at Hinky's place. Hinky has a big heart in him, even if he is a little man. If a man is taken sick suddenly in his place he don't call for the police ambulance. He sends the man to the hospital in a carriage or hack and sees that he gets proper medical attendance, and still there's probably a lot of people down in the Thirty-second ward who think Hinky has horns on his head and carries a bowie knife in his sleeve."

**Refused to Die While Cleveland Was President.**

ALTOONA, Pa., April 9.—Uncle Ban Borley died here yesterday. Some months ago, on being taken ill, he predicted that he would live until McKinley came into office and fixed the date of his death as April 8. He was an ardent Republican and had expressed repugnance to dying under a Democratic Administration.

# KENTUCKY'S FIERY CAT.

## FIGHTS TWICE ITS WEIGHT IN DOG WITHOUT TURNING A HAIR.

**It Is Still in the Ring After Vanquishing Half the Dogs in Powell County—It Is Owned by a Syndicate, and Is Fought in Style, with the Sheriff as Master of Ceremonies.**

STANTON, Ky., April 8.—All eastern Kentucky has been excited for the last four weeks over a series of wildcat fights in this town.

About a year ago wildcat fighting was inaugurated at Bowen, a station on the Lexington and Eastern road ten miles north of here. A wildcat had been caught there and had whipped a number of dogs, when Sam McGraw, a half-witted fellow, offered to fight the cat without gloves. At the last moment the owners of the cat refused to allow McGraw to fight the animal for fear the cat might kill or badly injure him and they would be prosecuted. Several of the young men of Stanton took a deep interest in these cat fights, and when they heard about a month ago that John Logan had caught a wildcat on Bald Knob Mountain, just back of Stanton, Robert Blackburn, Albert Welsh, Sheriff of Powell county; G. M. Derrickson, his deputy; Thomas Boone, and O. C. Law combined to buy the brute. Sheriff Welsh and Bob Blackburn climbed the mountain and negotiated the purchase of the cat for $5. They brought him here the day McKinley was inaugurated and put him in a cage of two-inch oak slats.

The first fight took place on Saturday, March 6. The cage is within a stone's throw of the new Powell county Court House, and about thirty persons assembled to see the fight. Logan Falkner began the fighting by putting his half-shepherd dog into the cage. The cat snarled at him a few times and jumped on the dog's head, cutting the scalp in a dozen places with his sharp claws. The dog ran toward the door and yelled lustily. He refused to attack the cat and he was let out. Charley Pettit, who saw how easily Falkner's dog was whipped, declared that his big hound, which has an enviable reputation as a coon hunter, could whip the cat. Sheriff Welsh, who was master of ceremonies, told him to bring on his coon dog. When placed in the cage, the hound attacked the cat, but the cat gathered himself for a powerful spring and landed on the hound's head with all four feet. His powerful claws made ribbons of the dog's scalp, and, yelping in agony, the hound gave up the fight and rushed toward the door.

The syndicate let the cat rest on Sunday, but on Monday S. H. Hardwick insisted that his large hound could whip any cat that wore hair. When put in the cage the hound became so frightened that he began to whine and beg piteously to be let out before the cat jumped on him. The next day H. Henningfield's bench-legged fice, a dog with a very long body and very short legs, was pitted against the cat. He was full of fight, and attacked the cat viciously. The cat backed in its corner, and when the dog stepped back it jumped on his head, nearly cutting out his eyes. The dog yelped, and tried to get out of the cage. The cat seemed to realize that there was no more fight in the dog, and walked up beside the fice and looked at him in a pitying manner. The next day a cur belonging to H. Scholl was put into the cage. He refused to fight, and Bob Blackburn pushed him toward the cat with a pole. The cat made a rush for the dog's head and scratched his face badly. The dog grabbed the cat around the neck and threw him to the floor, but the cat scratched him so severely with his hind feet that he yelped and ran toward the door, and it was evident that he was whipped.

The sixth fight occurred on the 11th, when L. Stevens's fifty-pound shepherd dog was matched against the cat. Although he was anxious to fight, when put into the cage there was only one round to the encounter. The cat sprang on the dog's head, knocking him down and tearing his face so badly that the dog tucked in his tail, ran to the door of the cage, and, after the door was opened, ran home as fast as he could go. Stevens was so disappointed that he sent for his eighty-pound hound, which has a great reputation as a coon killer. When put into the cage the hound made a rush at the cat. The cat was taken unawares, but defended himself by striking the dog on the nose with his right paw. The dog retreated, shaking his head as if his nose was on fire. With the blood pouring from his nose, it looked as if the fight was over; but the hound was game, and he attacked the cat again. The cat anticipated him this time, jumped on the dog's back and rode him around the ring, carving his back into shoestrings with his claws. The hound tried to reach him with his teeth, but the cat was too agile, and the dog finally gave up the fight and was let out. Like his predecessor, he tucked his tail between his legs and ran home, not heeding the call of his master.

The next fight occurred on the 12th, when C. B. Creed's large hound, another coon dog, was put in the cage. He seemed to realize that he was no match for the cat and refused to fight. John Hatton said he would bet his shepherd would fight the cat, and it was not long before he was on the ground. As soon as the dog was put in the cage he put his paws over his eyes and began howling. Then he ran into a corner, and keeping his face covered with his paws, continued to howl. The cat growled ferociously, but as the dog showed so much cowardice he did not attack him, and Hatton took him out. As did the other whipped dogs, this one made a direct line for home, two miles away, and when George Combs tried to stop him he ran between his legs and knocked him down.

Up to this time the owners of the cat had taken up collections from the spectators at each fight to defray the cost of the cat and the cage, but as the crowds were so large and the collections so small, they determined to advertise a big fight. Accordingly it was given out that Charley Rice's mongrel bulldog, which had made a record of four coons in one night after swimming Red River with one of the coons, and his half brother, belonging to Tom Conley, would fight the syndicate cat on Saturday, March 13. A large crowd gathered to see the sport, and the admission fee was cheerfully paid by more than one hundred persons. There was a great deal of betting on the event, the odds being from two to three to one on the cat. Each of the dogs weighed about eighty pounds, and as the cat weighs only twenty-seven pounds it looked to an outsider as if the cat's backers were giving false odds. Charley Rice's dog, which he calls Morgan, was let into the cage first. The cat was eyeing him closely, and when the dog was within four feet of his corner he sprang on his head, landing with all four feet, knocking the dog down and cutting his head and face badly. Morgan rushed at him again and the cat repeated the dose, climbing on top of the cage after he had cut the dog's face into a jelly. The blood nearly blinded Morgan, but he made a jump for the cat as he was hanging to the cage. The cat jumped down on his back and, after cutting the dog severely, jumped back to the top of the cage. By this time Morgan was beginning to tire, but he kept barking at the cat and rushing at him at every opportunity. For fifteen minutes the battle was kept up, but Morgan became so weak from the loss of blood that his owner decided to give up the fight and he was taken out. His beautiful white coat was covered with blood and for several days it was thought that he would lose one eye. The cat was also badly winded and seemed so tired that its owners decided it would be unfair to the bettors to allow Conley's big dog to attack the cat after Rice's dog had worried him down. Then the spectators set up a howl, saying they had not received their money's worth, and as three or four tough customers who had drunk freely of moonshine whiskey threatened to do some shooting the syndicate returned the gate receipts and declared all bets off.

On the 16th John Maxwell of Clay City came up with his large English mastiff which he was anxious to pit against the cat, but just as the mastiff entered the cage the cat took a fit and there was no fight. Since then the cat has been ailing and the owners have not allowed him to fight, although a number of men have offered to match their dogs against the cat. The following challenge comes from West Virginia:

"Thurmond, W. Va, fayet co. 1897. chas. rice dear sir i have learned from the post that your dog got knoced out By the cat if there is any one there to Back the cat i will Bring a dog soone as she weanes her Pupies and i will Back her for all they want the Bitch is white Weys 50 lb and can Whip a den of Wild cats and if they dout this answer my letter and let me Know my Post office is clore mont, fayet co W. Va. hoping to here from you R. B. MYERS."

Two men are also anxious to fight the cat. Bill Creed, an old Union soldier, says he will curry the cat, bring him out alive, or kick him to death for $5. Creed is a well-known fighter. During the war, when he was home on a furlough, a mob of Confederate sympathizers went to his house to lynch him. He opened fire with his musket and killed Sam Adams; the others ran. Since the war his fighting has been done principally with his mouth, but those who know him say he will fight the cat. Joe Bush, a mountain ox driver, who lives six miles from here on Hardwick's Creek, offers to fight the cat without gloves for $2.50. Circuit Court has been in session here for the last week and Bush is one of the petit jurors. He is about 50 years old, is tongue-tied, and a typical fighting mountaineer. A few years ago, at an election at Vaughn's mill, in Estill county, a man and his three grown sons jumped on Bush and he whipped all of them with his fists. In speaking of the cat Bush said:

"Dod rot him, I kin whirp him afore breakfast. I aint afraid of no wildcat that wars ha'r."

At the convening of every Circuit Court a number of stray dogs come into town with witnesses and other court attendants, and these dogs have been thrown into the cage with the cat from time to time. As soon as they were let out they left town for home, and thus every stray dog has been driven out. If the cat dies his hide will be stuffed and presented to the State College Museum at Lexington.

**Harvard's New Shell.**

LONDON, April 10.—The new shell built by Clasper for the Harvard crew, for use in the intercollegiate race, has been shipped to the United States. The boat is 62 feet long, 23 inches beam, 9¼ inches deep amidships, and 6¾ inches deep forward.


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## HE DRUMS UP TRAVEL.

**A Novel Employment That Yields More Than $3,000 a Year and Expenses.**

*From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

"I am willing to bet that you can't guess what I do for a living in ten guesses," remarked a well-dressed man on the Empire State Express the other day.

The proposition was rather strange. The man was one of a half hundred men just like him who sat about the car reading, smoking, or playing cards. There were no external features to indicate the man's business, but the casual traveller would have said that he was a travelling man for some large firm, possibly carrying a dry goods or shoe line. The newspaper man had made his acquaintance at the station and boarding the train had taken his seat beside him. The man seemed to know that he was talking to a reporter. In fact it is probable that he gleaned that information from some of the newspaper man's friends at the depot. After a cigar or two, during which time the conversation had been about commonplace things, the man suddenly braced up, knocked the ashes from his cigar, and shot the question at his seatmate. The latter admitted the probable truth of the statement and then asked the natural question:

"Well, ten years ago I was a newspaper man in Chicago. I never had a college education, and while the city editor used to say I had the nose for news, I could not put my stuff into good English. So, when the young blood began to come into the newspaper offices and the college graduate was no longer ridiculed by the old-fashioned editors I went out. I had a lot of good clothes, but I was out of a job. I hardly knew where to turn when a bright idea struck me, and I have been following out that idea ever since.

"I am a professional traveller. No, I do not presume that you understand me, but I will explain. The Americans are travelling people, not tourists, but hustling travellers. That's premise No. 1. Secondly, foreigners are in the habit of visiting America to see the sights. I thought of this and went to the general passenger agent of a great Western railroad and unfolded my idea. It is this: There is always a sharp competition for passenger traffic west of Chicago. The various roads leading across the plains advertise extensively in Eastern magazines, have bureaus in New York and Boston, and send agents to the landings of the Atlantic steamships. The purpose of these various kinds of advertisements is to persuade tourists, English, French, German, or any other foreigners who have come to see America, to cross the continent to the Golden Gate over the lines of a particular company. Occasionally, there is a young and unsophisticated married couple who need advice as to hotels and routes.

"In a word, I am a personal advertiser. I board the train at New York at least twice a week. I spot the travellers, get acquainted with them and then insinuatingly ask them where they are going. After I learn, I ask them if they have ever ridden over such and such a road. Of course, they haven't, and I remark casually that I am going West as far as Chicago by the B. and B., which is always the same road that they intend to patronize. Then they ask me if I know anything about the lines west of Chicago. I always do, you can bet, and I tell them that I am an old traveller, and that I have always found the best service on the B., M. and W. I crack the merits of the road up to the limit. I get a salary of $3,000 a year for doing it, besides my expenses paid to me by the road. Then I continue acquaintance until I get to Buffalo and I tell them that I know the Eastern agent of the B., M. and W., located in that city, and that I think that I could, through my friendship with him, fit them out with tickets over the B., M. and W. to Denver or 'Frisco or any place they want to go.

"It generally works, and I see them safely on board the train and then suddenly remember that I have left my grip at the parcel stand. I go back to get it, wait until the train has pulled out, and then board the next train for New York, where I repeat the operation. I tell you I did a big business World's Fair year. In the winter I post up on the beauties of the scenery along the B., M. and W., the solemn grandeur and all that stuff and in the summer time I tell of the beauties of the plains. Did you ever see them? I think they are the dreariest sight under creation.

"Incidentally I get a commission from two hotels in Chicago for recommending travellers to patronize them. That helps out considerably. I have had a good trip this time. Back in the next coach are three young married couples on their way to California. They came up from New York with me yesterday afternoon and stopped off in Rochester over night. I got acquainted with the men, was introduced to the three brides, jollied them along, and made myself generally useful to those young husbands. The result is that I bunched them all into a Rochester ticket office this morning and made them buy transportation to Los Angeles by way of the B., M. and W. I got a commission from the local agent, too."

## LAKE MICHIGAN ALWAYS OPEN.

**How It Is Made Navigable All the Year Around.**

*From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

Navigation on Lake Michigan is never closed. Steamers run back and forth across the lake and between the ports of the west shore of the lake during the entire winter with remarkable regularity. The first attempts at winter navigation on the trans-lake routes were made by the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad Company and by the now defunct Engelmann Transportation Company many years ago, and the success of winter ventures became established as the character of the steamers was improved and developments were made in marine enginery. Now winter navigation proceeds almost uninterruptedly, and the new car ferries steam back and forth with little regard for weather or for ice. The success of the car ferries on Lake Michigan and the car ferry which defies winter in the Straits of Mackinac is probably the cause of the announcement that negotiations are in progress looking to the construction of ice-breaking freight steamers that will enable their owners to keep them in commission on the Lake Superior and lower lake route during the winter. The report is without foundation.

There is a vast difference between the navigation of Lake Michigan from one shore to the other, and along its west shore, and the navigation of the great lakes throughout their lengths and through the inter-lake channels. Ice breaking is expensive, and occasionally the ice floes defy the crushing powers of the best of the so-called ice breakers. One of the car ferries was recently stalled by a floe near Menominee which defied not only the steamer, but the explosive power of dynamite. The trouble of winter navigation on the chain of lakes would occur in the inter-lake channels and in the canals. Owing to the clogging effects of the ice it would be almost impossible to operate canals during midwinter.

Another and a very serious bar to general lake navigation in winter is the prevalence of snow storms, during which nothing whatever can be seen. Snow is more obstructive to the sight than fog, and during a driving snow storm it is impossible to see anything ahead, even in the daytime. Winter navigators on Lake Michigan, who are never out of sight of land for any great length of time, experience their chief annoyance from snow storms. They manage to steam into port when snow is flying thick because of their familiarity with the route, but they occasionally get into trouble while they are wrapped in "the tumultuous privacy of the storm."

It does not follow, by any means, that because winter navigation is successful on Lake Michigan it can be made successful in the upper and lower lake service.


# CHAS. S. MORLEY,

**MERCHANT TAILOR,**

1127 BROADWAY, Above 25th St.

*Garments for young men, unlimited assortment of* **choice fabrics** *to select from.*

Prices: Suits, $20 to $50.

Trousers, $6 to $10.

*Successor to the business of* **George A. Castor & Co.,** *recently conducted under the* **Fifth Ave. Hotel.**

**Customers can order from former measurement.**


## CLAMORED FOR QUARTERS.

**Birth and Marriage Chroniclers Thought the Health Board Was a Silver Mine.**

Since the act entitling any doctor, parson, or midwife who registers a birth or a marriage to draw 25 cents from the public funds became law ten days ago there has been a run on the Bureau of Vital Statistics. Every few minutes some one turned up with a batch of certificates, raked up from oblivion, and demanded the price. When told that the bureau was not paying anything, some of them manifested great indignation and denounced the supposed swindle. One midwife, who had four certificates, refused to leave them unless a dollar was paid her, and went away in high dudgeon when informed that unless she left them she was liable to arrest and a fine for each of the four unreported births.

One east-side pastor who marries as an exclusive business, and has united 704 couples since New Year's, sent word that he was entitled to $43.50.

The fact is that the law does not apply to this city at all. There is a law, however, that makes failure to report a birth or a marriage punishable by $50 fine.

## BERGS THAT PASSED IN THE FOG.

**St. Paul Didn't See Them but Felt Them—Arctic Birds Hover Over the Ice.**

The American liner St. Paul, which arrived yesterday from Southampton, came over a course that was doubtless dotted in the neighborhood of the Banks with many icebergs, but Capt. Jamison did not see any, as they were enshrouded in fog. The temperature while the ship was steaming slowly through the thick mist was several degrees below the freezing point. The ship's speed was reduced half for thirteen hours, and double lookouts were on duty.

The Hamburg-American steamship Georgia, from Stettin, passed twenty icebergs off the Banks. The most spectacular one was about 240 feet high, and on its sides and peaks and flying around it were thousands of big Arctic birds that looked like gulls. The Norwegian steamship Nordkyn, from Hamburg, ran into a heavy field of ice on Sunday night. She stopped many times in the darkness to avoid collision with bergs, and was once forced to reverse at full speed to save herself from hitting a berg head on.

## DIVORCED FROM H. S. CORNISH.

**The Wife of the Athletic Manager Secures a Decree in Chicago.**

CHICAGO, April 10.—Addie J. Cornish secured a divorce in Judge Tuley's branch of the Circuit Court to-day from Harry S. Cornish, formerly athletic manager of the Chicago Athletic Club, now manager of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club of New York.

Cornish was brought from the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York by A. G. Spalding, and it was through his efforts that the Chicago Athletic Association got a great start in athletic sports. Trouble in relation to a reduction of salary from $2,500 a year led to his resignation.

About a year ago, Cornish went to New York. Mrs. Cornish in her petition asked for a divorce on statutory grounds. She named as co-respondents, Mrs. Small and Mrs. Fitzgerald of this city.

## HURT BY A FALLING SIGN.

**Panic on a Crowded Chicago Street—Three Persons Injured in the Accident.**

CHICAGO, April 10.—A wooden sign 25 feet long hanging in front of Mandel Bros.' dry goods establishment on State street, in the center of the retail store district, fell 15 feet to the sidewalk while the street was crowded with people this afternoon. The frame was heavy enough to have crushed the skull of any person. Three persons were injured severely, but fortunately none of them was hit on the head. Those injured were Miss Lydia Saure, 2723 Indiana avenue, shoulder injured; Miss Nellie Crawford, 38 West 50th street, right arm fractured; Majorie Birney, 5 years old, home in Edgewater, cuts on face. A panic prevailed on the street until the extent of the accident was known.

## REAL MAD AT MAYOR STRONG.

**McGuire, with a Jag, Scolds His Honor Over an Imaginary Telephone Line.**

Thomas McGuire, a machinist of 35 Havemeyer street, Williamsburg, is to have his mental condition inquired into. While at Roebling and North Second streets yesterday he harangued a crowd on the refusal of Mayor Strong to approve the Greater New York charter. When McGuire got through talking he climbed a telegraph pole, and over an imaginary telephone line sailed into Mayor Strong for his inconsistency. He was arrested and locked up. Surgeon Southward of the Eastern District Hospital found that McGuire's condition was the result of a very large jag.

## DEATH OF FRIEDRICH FRANZ III.

**He Was the Reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.**

CANNES, April 10.—Friedrich Franz III., the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who was visiting the Riviera for his health, died here this evening.

He was born on March 19, 1851, and succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, which occurred on April 15, 1883. On Jan. 24, 1879, he married the Grand Duchess Anastasia, daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. He will be succeeded by his second child, Friedrich, who was born in 1882. His eldest child is a daughter.

**Knocked the Station Agent Out.**

John J. Collins, 25 years old, the station agent on the uptown side of the Eighth avenue elevated railroad at 135th street, was knocked down at 3:30 o'clock yesterday morning by a passenger whom he tried to keep from crossing the track. The passenger had been carried beyond his station and wanted to get on the downtown side.

Collins grabbed him as he jumped to the rails from the platform. The man sprang back to the platform and knocked Collins unconscious by a blow between the eyes. The stranger escaped.

**Notice to Sons-in-Law.**

Any one whose mother-in-law is missing may call on Commissioner of Correction Robert J. Wright; that is, if her name is Catharine O'Neill. The Commissioner has one of that name, committed to his care yesterday by Magistrate Crane in the Jefferson Market Police Court. She was "found lost." She is not sure what her son-in-law's name is, but she thinks it is Michael Murray. She said that she always carried her son-in-law's name and address in her snuff box, but when she opened the snuff box on Friday the slip of paper blew out.

**Child Hurt by a Detonating Cap.**

Frank Jackson, 6 years old, of 678 Kingsbridge road, while playing in a vacant lot on Webster avenue, near Kingsbridge road, yesterday afternoon, found a detonating cap such as is used to explode dynamite. He tried to break open the cap with a stone. It exploded, and both his hands were badly cut. He was attended by Dr. Bradley, and was taken home.

**Expelled Mormon Elders Return to Georgia.**

BREMEN, Ga., April 10.—Several elders of the Mormon Church came here from Salt Lake City a few days ago to establish a Mormon colony. The leaders are the Rev. Albert Matheson of Salt Lake City and the Rev. G. T. Wride of Payson, Utah. Two years ago the same elders were here on a similar errand, but the Georgia Crackers drove them out.

**When the Man Reeled the Cab Yawed.**

Philip Carlin was driving up Broadway on a cab yesterday. The cab yawed about the street in unison with Carlin's waverings on the cab seat. There was a smash at Dey street and Carlin was landed on his chest on the cobble stones. Then he landed in the station house.

**Amberg and Geistinger Arrive.**

Among the passengers who arrived here last night on the Cunarder Etruria were Gustave Amberg and Marie Geistinger, the German actress.

# HARVARD'S FENCERS WIN.

## THEY CAPTURE THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP.

**Columbia's Cracks Make a Gallant Fight, but Lose by One Point in a Close Finish—The Naval Academy Men Bring Up the Rear, but Houston Takes the Individual Prize.**

There was a clash of steel and a flashing of foils at the Racquet and Tennis Club's home yesterday afternoon and evening, when nine clean-limbed young athletes, representing Columbia, Harvard, and the United States Naval Academy, contested for the intercollegiate team fencing championship of America. It was the fourth annual tournament held under the club's auspices and the gymnasium was handsomely decorated with bunting in honor of the occasion. The efforts of the young men were loudly applauded by a representative gathering of club men, who included W. Butler Duncan, Jr., J. Langdon Erving, Isaac Townsend, A. R. Lightfoot, L. Gregory, J. Bloodgood, H. D. Ripley, H. C. Mortimer, Jr., H. C. Mortimer, F. Swift, J. C. Taylor, F. H. Lee, Morton S. Paton, Thomas Paton, W. T. Lawson, S. K. de Forrest, W. P. Williams, H. A. Taylor, George E. Perkins, L. McCormick, E. S. Chapin, W. W. Fuller, W. B. Hopkins, E. La Montagne, Jr.; B. B. Kirkland, Ford Huntington, J. G. McNeel, T. L. Manson, Jr.; S. McKay, R. M. Thompson, J. H. Wadsworth, N. H. Lord, W. B. Nash, Walter Bowne, F. T. Quick, D. T. Worden, B. Spalding de Garmendia, H. C. Brown, W. G. Street, Jr., A. W. Hoyt, Joseph Harriman, J. R. Townsend, Walter Jackson, James A. Jackson, E. L. Adams, James Raymond, W. K. Otis, E. M. Culver, T. B. Biset, A. Blake, F. Sadlier, L. Gregory, and F. Peploe.

Under the conditions each college was represented by a team of three men, and the team scoring the most points was entitled to hold the handsome bronze trophy presented by the Racquet and Tennis Club for one year, while an individual medal was awarded to the contestant scoring the most points.

There were twenty-seven four-minute bouts, and the judges, who sat on a raised dais overlooking the narrow fencing platform, were often unable to decide, so any number of extra two-minute bouts were fenced, which prolonged the affair until midnight. After an exciting competition the Harvard fencers won by a score of eleven points. Columbia was a close second with ten, and the Naval Academy brought up the rear with six. Victor S. Houston of the Naval Academy, however, won the individual championship medal with five bouts to his credit. L. M. Lawson, Jr., of Columbia, M. de Diaz, and A. F. Riggs of Harvard tied for second place with four each.

Columbia was represented by L. M. Lawson, Jr., G. T. Kirby, and J. F. B. Mitchell, Jr.; Harvard by A. F. Riggs, M. de Diaz, and Archibald G. Thatcher, and the United States Naval Academy by Walter M. Falconer, Leonard R. Sargent, and Victor S. Houston.

The jury of judges was composed of C. G. Bothner, Samuel T. Shaw, and Dr. M. J. Echeverria of the New York Athletic Club, and Chas. Tatham of the Fencers' Club, while H. K. Bloodgood represented the Racquet and Tennis Club and directed the affair.

The Harvard and Columbia boys fenced well, and put considerable dash into their work, but did a little too much rushing, in the opinion of good judges; while the Naval Cadets, as a rule, crouched very low and fenced more after the manner of the Italian rather than the French school.

Columbia and Harvard made a close race of it all the way through, and at 11:30, when de Diaz and Sergeant went on, the score was a tie, each team having won nine bouts to the Naval Academy's six. The pair mentioned made such a close fight that the judges were unable to agree and ordered an extra bout of two minutes and de Diaz won, putting Harvard in the lead. Houston then settled Columbia's chances for the trophy by beating Kirby and landing Harvard a winner.

The individual records of the men follow:

For Columbia—Lawson beat Riggs, Thatcher, Falconer, and Sergeant. Kirby beat de Diaz, Thatcher, and Falconer. Mitchell beat Riggs, Falconer, and Sergeant. Total, 10 points.

For Harvard—Riggs beat Kirby, Falconer, Sergeant, and Houston. De Diaz beat Lawson, Mitchell, Falconer, and Sergeant. Thatcher beat Mitchell, Falconer, and Sergeant. Total, 11 points.

For the Naval Academy—Sergeant beat Mitchell. Houston beat Lawson, Kirby, Mitchell, de Diaz, and Thatcher. Total, 6 points.

## BOXING AT THE ARENA A. C.

**A Small Crowd to See a Programme of Limited Round Bouts.**

Last night a poor house greeted the Arena A. C.'s innovation of holding limited round bouts at popular prices. Although a good programme was offered, only 1,500 sports were present.

The first bout, between Charley Johnson of Providence and Mose Corbin of this city, both colored, was exciting. The limit was ten rounds at 122 pounds. Corbin, who is quite clever, avoided several vicious right hand swings and returned with a number of straight jabs in the first round. In the second and third rounds Johnson tried hurricane tactics, but was so erratic that he fell all over himself. One of Johnson's swings caught Corbin on the jaw in the third, and Mose went down in a heap. He rose as nine seconds were counted and managed to last the round out. Corbin was after Johnson in the fourth and pummelled him for keeps. A left-hand punch in the stomach doubled Johnson up, and he fell to the boards. He refused to get up and Corbin received the decision.

The second bout introduced Eddie Hayes and Jerry Reedy, both of this city. They met at catch weights for ten rounds. Hayes outpointed Reedy from the start and won.

George Coston of New Haven, and Frank McClaire, known as the "Cuban Wonder," both colored, were the principals in a one-sided affair of ten rounds at 145 pounds. They did not make any attempt to fight until the second round. Then Coston, who stood several feet away from his opponent, made a feint. As he did this McClane ducked and then jumped back. Finally, when they came together, McClane knocked Costen down, but good naturedly allowed his antagonist to to recover. After this round McClane easily held his opponent off. He jabbed and countered stiffly and had Costen's face nearly red when the mill ended. McClane knocked Costen down five times in the last round and the referee interfered and gave the fight to McClane.

The final bout was the best exhibition of the night. It was also for ten rounds at 112 pounds. The principals were Tommy Tully, New West Side A. C., and young Brofield, Ramblers A. C. Sammy Kelly was one of Tully's seconds.

The boys pegged away for dear life and showed exceptionally good judgment and hitting powers. It was an even thing up to the sixth round, when a right-hand hook blow on Tully's jaw put the latter flat on his back just as the gong sounded. Tully was shaky on his pins in the seventh round, and Brofield kept jabbing him with the left. He kept these tactics up until the end of the bout. Everybody expected Brofield would be declared the winner, but the referee called it a draw.

## RUINART'S $10,000 HANDICAP.

**Marty Bergen Rides the Winner in California's Big Race.**

SAN FRANCISCO, April 10.—Ruinart, a California bred four-year-old brown colt, by St. Carlo—Queen Alta, who was so little fancied that as good as 20 to 1 was laid against him, won the $10,000 Burns Handicap at the Oakland track to-day. There were ten starters. It was a great race and was won in the last fifty yards. Marty Bergen made a gallant ride on the winner.

Candelaria was the favorite in the betting, with The Roman and Installantor coupled as second choice. When the barrier flew up to a perfect start The Roman made the running, but at the stand Salvation went to the front, only to give way at the quarter to Installantor. At the three-quarter pole Shaw, on Salvation, began his efforts. He took his mount to the front, and opened a gap of three lengths at the head of the stretch, with The Roman second. The pace was furious, and already Denny and Argentina were out of the race. Ruinart, who got off ninth, was in fifth place.

Down the stretch came the flying field, with Salvation in front and The Roman rapidly cutting down the lead. Fifty yards from the wire The Roman had Salvation beaten and the race seemed his. Ruinart was on the extreme outside. Bergen suddenly began to work for his life and Ruinart responded gamely. He gave three great leaps, and just under the wire his head shot in front. The Roman was second, Salvation third, and Wheel of Fortune fourth. Candelaria was sixth and Schiller eighth.

**Amateurs Box at the National A. C.**

Following the example of the Bohemian A. C. of this city, the National A. C. of Brooklyn held an amateur boxing show last night in the Labor Lyceum, at Myrtle and Willoughby avenues, Brooklyn. Although there were no knockouts, the fighting was fierce enough to please the most exacting sports. The hall was comfortably filled when the fun began. Summary:

105-Pound Class—First Bout, Thomas Quinlan, Brooklyn A. C., beat Richard Marven, American A. C. Second Bout, James Johnson, Brooklyn, beat Kid Cavannagh, Claredon A. C. Third Bout, Charles Boutt, National A. C., beat "Spider" Hogan, Claredon A. C. Fourth Bout, William Kramer, Brooklyn, forfeited to S. Downey, Brooklyn. Fifth Bout, Mike O'Brien, National A. C., beat Charles Raymond, Excelsior A. C.

115-Pound Class—First bout, John Donaldson, Violet A. C., beat Marty Coulin, Blue Star A. C. Second bout, D. Cuff, Eagle A. C., forfeited to James Walsh, Brooklyn A. C. Third bout, J. Zeetner, National A. C., forfeited to William Smith, Harry J. Fisher Association. Fourth bout, J. Fox, Pastime A. C., beat P. Dordy, Brooklyn, in an extra round. Fifth bout, J. Butler, Lafayette A. C., beat J. Allen, Willoughby A. C., in the second round. Sixth bout, J. Collins, Palmetto A. C., beat Jack Hearns, Eagle A. A.


# THE LUNGS

## and

## The Diseases Which Affect Our Breathing.

## Scientific Facts of Vital Interest to Everybody.

Forty out of every hundred people who die of disease lose their lives by some form of throat or lung complaint.

This frightful sacrifice of precious human life before the middle of its average duration is reached is wholly unnecessary and results from ignorance, neglect and malpractice.

Throat and lung diseases constitute such a small part of the whole sickness that they could not possibly cause *Forty Per Cent.* of the gross mortality were they rightly understood by general physicians.

It is because their usual treatment is not governed by those principles which have become axioms of medical science in the successful treatment of inflamed and ulcerated organs in other parts of the body.

It is because all their early and most curable stages are wholly wasted in vain attempts to reach the lungs through the stomach and general system, instead of attacking the disease in the lungs while it is yet mild and could be easily removed by direct medication.

*Medical Science Requires the Direct Application of Remedies to All Inflamed, Ulcerated and Germ Infected Parts,* and no cure can result without it.

All throat and lung complaints begin and have their seat in the lining membranes of the tubes, air passages and cells of the throat and lungs. They are purely local diseases and can only be removed by the *Direct Application of Healing Remedies to the Internal Surfaces of Those Organs.*

By inhaling medicines in a volatile state we carry them through every air passage, tube and cell of the breathing organs, and produce a direct healing action on the very seat of all lung cases. If the physician knows what to inhale and has experience in its strength and proper adaptation to the various stages and forms of lung disease his patient has a fair chance of cure—but without local treatment and the knowledge to rightly apply it, no chance whatever.

*Inhalation Is the Only Way These Diseases Ever Have Been or Can Possibly Be Reached,* their seat being in the internal lining of the breathing organs, which can only be penetrated by medicated air, gas or the most delicate vapors. If we do not treat them by medicated inhalations, we *Do Not Treat the Diseased Parts at All,* and cannot possibly expect to restore them to health.

Inhalation is, therefore, the only common sense treatment for any form of Bronchial or Pulmonary Disease and the only possible means of bringing specific germicides to act upon and expel the germs of consumption from the lungs.

In the light of our present knowledge of these diseases, to treat Bronchitis, Asthma, and Pulmonary Catarrh through the stomach is to conduct them by the most direct road into consumption. Whoever misleads the people into believing they can be cured by such treatment deceives them to their own death and ought to be held criminally answerable.

If medicating the general system would cure local diseases, why do physicians all over the world insist on the necessity of local treatment for the eye, the ear, the womb, and every other organ that can be reached by local remedies! It is because they know they could not cure them in any other way. If they could, their present treatment of all female diseases would be an outrage against modesty and decency. Nothing justifies it but the necessity of applying remedies directly to all inflamed or ulcerated parts, whether it be the womb, the eye, or the lungs.

I often wonder why those doctors who delude their patients having Bronchitis and other lung complaints into trusting their stomach medication and hypodermic nostrums do not try to cure the itch by putting sulphur ointment into the stomach, or wrestle with ascaradies in the bowels by hypodermic injections of vermifuge! Sulphur and vermifuge are certain remedies for these diseases when locally applied, but would not cure in any other way.

Colds, Grippe and Congestion of the lungs are the starting points from which all cases of Bronchitis, Pneumonia and Asthma begin, and *the Failure* of all general treatment by the stomach *to Cure These Is the Real Cause of Consumption.*

I have before me the records of over 5,000 cases of lung disease, which have come under my care during the past six years. Ninety-seven per cent. of them date the beginning of their lung sickness to attacks of cold or grippe, which resulted in congestion of the lungs and left a soreness of the chest, or an irritation of the throat or some cough which they did not at the time think serious, but through bad treatment and neglect it wenton and brought them to consumption.

Every case of Cold, Grippe, Inflammation or Congestion of the lining of the air passages endangers your life by Consumption if you neglect it, but can be easily and quickly cured by local treatment by inhalation.

Bronchitis, Asthma or Chronic Pneumonic disease, in which such attacks result before Consumption begins, are all easily and quickly cured by this treatment. Were they all so treated and cured, 97 per cent. of the deaths by Consumption would be prevented and the thousands of precious lives now sacrificed by that disease would be saved.

These are plain truths, proved by statistics and the history of the origin and development of Consumption in thousands of cases.

Ask those of your friends who are afflicted, and in almost every instance they will not fail to tell you of the cold, grippe, congestion or bronchial attack in which their diseases began, but how they were deceived and misled into thinking it only a slight bronchial affection, which would soon get well, until they were in the grasp of Consumption—that the failure to obtain help for the mild and curable conditions by stomach treatment brought them to their present state and left them to struggle for life against the germs of tuberculosis.

If such facts do not teach people the folly of treating the lungs through the stomach, nothing that can be said will save them from the sufferings and death they wilfully bring upon themselves.

Another delusion which people have been taught is that they can run away from lung disease by going South or North, East or West, as the case may be. In cold weather they are sent down to the humid and malarious atmosphere among the swamps and lagoons of Florida, which the hotel keepers, railway circulars and local doctors there tell them is the very thing they need! The result is they come back worse than they went, with their disease more firmly seated.

In warm weather they are told to go into high, mountainous regions, where the air is so thin and poor that their feeble hearts and inflamed lungs are strained beyond their strength and made worse instead of better.

If it were right to send them to the seashore in the South, it cannot be right to send them two or three thousand feet above the sea level in the North.

The truth is, no known climate or elevation in the world will cure consumption. It is as common among the natives in the Adirondacks, in Colorado and in the South as in any other parts of the country.

I have at this time among my patients many who went as miners to Colorado in strong health, contracted the disease there and now appeal to me for local treatment to save them in that climate from tuberculosis.

The same thing is true of California. I have scores of patients in all the southern counties of that State who contracted the disease there, and now look to me to save them by medicated air inhalations.

The best place for the curative treatment of weak and diseased lungs is where the air is dense, rich and pure, just far enough from the sea coast to escape its humid atmosphere, chilling winds and oppressive fogs, and dry enough to avoid all chance of malaria. A hundred feet above the sea level and twenty miles from the coast is of all others the best. Anything above a hundred feet elevation is an evil instead of a benefit, and the evil is made greater by every additional foot of elevation.

The fad of sending patients with weak and sore lungs to the Adirondacks, Catskills, and Colorado shows a lack of knowledge of the physiology of the lungs and of the requirements of the disease. High altitudes increase the danger of hemorrhage, lower the nutrition of the body, prevent the proper purification of the blood, and expose them to the constant peril of death by heart failure.

*These are Four Scientific Facts which every lung specialist Knows, and every intelligent physician Ought to Know.* To disregard them is to send thousands every year to untimely graves.

The coast lines of New England and the damp, malarious shores of Long Island are particularly objectionable for all who are predisposed to lung complaints.

*ROBERT HUNTER, M. D.,*

**Specialist in Throat and Lung Diseases, 117 West 45th st., New York.**

***NOTE.—Readers of the SUN can obtain Dr. Hunter's book free by addressing him as above.***