To Keep Out the Plague

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Suppose, in spite of the repeated denials by the authorities of any such probability, that the awful bubonic plague should reach America's shores, how would its attack be met? What means are at hand to repel the invasion?

New York, being the largest port of entry in America, it is there that the most elaborate and expensive defense would have to be made, and undoubtedly that port possesses the most efficient and thoroughly organized quarantine service in the world. It was that quarantine service which beat back the onslaught of the cholera germs in 1892, when Hamburg and the European cities suffered so severely, and although the precautions then taken to prevent the admittance of the disease during that visitation were relaxed as soon as the danger was over, the organization was still intact, and notice of a day or two would be sufficient to set it all in order again.

The New York Quarantine is a State institution. Its headquarters are at Fort Wadsworth, on Staten Island. There the State owns a tract upon which stands houses for employes and an administrative building, and there is a dock for landing. Besides the Staten Island establishment, there are two small islands in the lower bay. Hoffman's, where persons suspected of bringing infection are detained till all danger is thought to be over, and Swinburne, where those actually ill are cared for.

Lower Quarantine, which was used when there was fear of the yellow fever from Southern ports, and consisted of an anchored hulk, was given up about five years ago. It could be re-established, however, at a moment's notice. Fire Island, the patch of ground that sticks its head above the waves off the south coast of Long Island, and was bought in haste by the State in 1892, for the housing of passengers detained at the height of the cholera scare of that year, has been sold.

Exclusive of the force employed on the two islands in the lower bay, which varies according to circumstances, about twenty men are kept busy by the New York quarantine board. At the head is the health officer of the port, who is an appointee of the governor. The health officer appoints two deputies to aid him. At all times every vessel arriving is boarded by the doctor, or one of his assistants, to whom a clean bill of health must be submitted before the ship can proceed on its way up to the harbor. Every case of sickness reported is rigorously inquired into, and all the steerage passengers are carefully examined. Cabin passengers not suffering from any illness are not examined in ordinary times, nor is the cargo of any ship not from a suspected port examined. Vessels coming from infected ports, however, are much more rigidly dealt with, and at this time ships from India receive the closest scrutiny. Whenever there is apprehension of danger cabin passengers are examined as to their whereabouts for some time before sailing, and baggage and mails are fumigated, and infected passengers and those who are ill are sent to the islands in the lower bay.

The New York quarantine station is maintained by fees collected from entering vessels. Both steam and sailing vessels from foreign ports pay $5, and between May and November all vessels from domestic ports south of Cape Henlopen are taxed—each steamer $3, and each sailing vessel $1. The amount of these fees varies from year to year, but generally it just about covers the running expenses, which are about $50,000. Whenever there is any extra expenditure it is met by special appropriation by the legislature.

Prior to the cholera scare of 1892, it was not always easy to obtain the necessary extra appropriations, but since then there has been no trouble or delay. This result is held to have been exceedingly beneficial; the methods of quarantine have not changed materially, however, since they were undoubtedly already the best in the world, only needing sufficient means to carry them out.

In addition to the protection of the State quarantine, the port of New York would also have all additional protection it should ask from the United States government quarantine in case of necessity.

The national quarantine is in the control of the Treasury Department, and its immediate administration is in charge of the marine hospital service, the surgeon general of, which, Dr. Walter Wyman, is the chief official. Organization is at present maintained only at those ports of entry not protected by State organizations. These are Brunswick, Ga.; Delaware Breakwater, Port Townsend, Oreg.; San Diego and San Francisco, Cal.; Southport, S. C.; Washington, N. C.; and Dry Tortugas, Fla. At each of these ports Surgeon General Wyman has inspectors, who examine all entering vessels and report to him. The surgeon general is empowered to send government inspectors to any State quarantine station where there is reason to fear the work is not properly done, and, if necessary, to establish another quarantine at that port. The law also gives the surgeon general power to send inspectors to foreign ports from which infection could come and to inspect cargo and passengers in the interest of the health of this country. This provision of the law has not yet been put in operation, and probably will not be until some definite cause for real alarm shall arise.

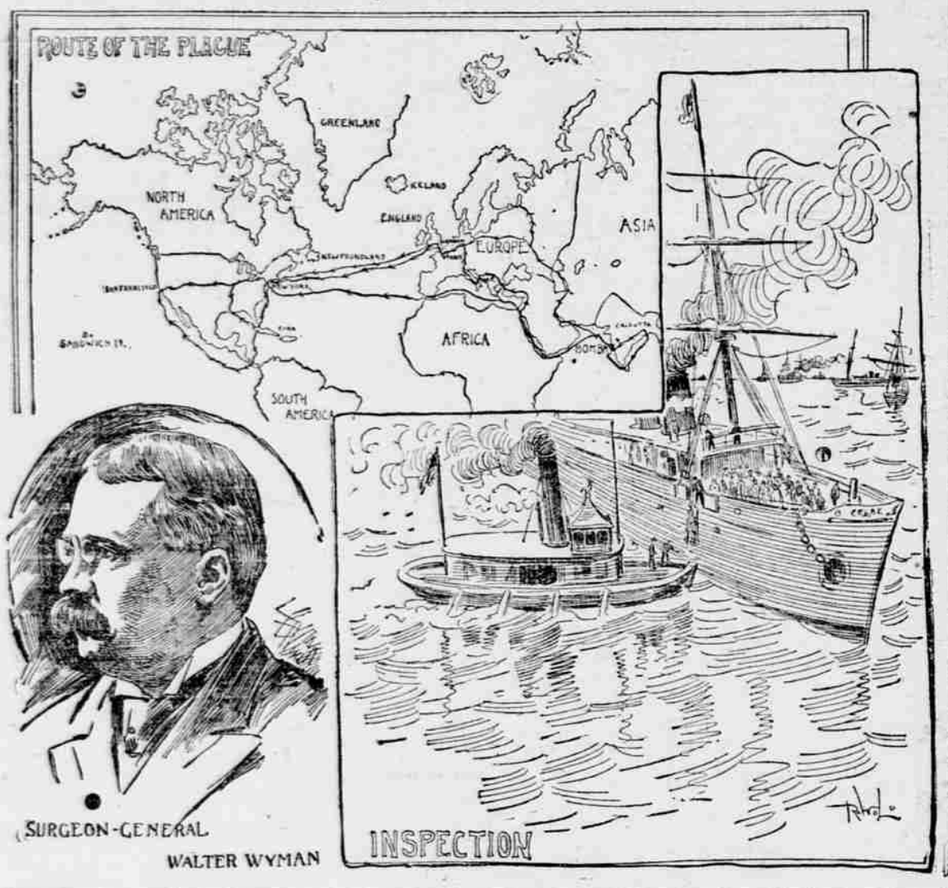
Dr. Doty, the present health officer of the port of New York, does not express any fear that danger will arise from the bubonic plague now raging in India, but he is taking many precautions all the same. Much of his time recently has been taken up experimenting with new plans for disinfection. Former Port Health Officer Jenkins agrees with Dr. Doty that there is, as yet, no real cause for alarm. He believes the bubonic plague to be infectious and not contagious.

"I am of the opinion," he said, when questioned, "that the vitality of the plague germs would die out before they reached this country, even if they were to get started on a voyage hither. Dr. Koch told me, two years ago, that he was sure Germany was forever safe from black death.

"With regard to quarantining the ports of this country," he went on, "I must say that I am prejudiced in favor of the State and not the national system. The New York city board of health trains from twenty-five to fifty young men every year to handle infectious diseases, and has at least 200 men under immediate control at all times. This is a much larger number than the Marine Hospital service will have at its command, as things go now, in ten years."

In 1892 the government sent a man to oversee Dr. Jenkins, but nothing was done to change his methods. It was Dr. Jenkins who discovered the cholera at Hamburg. He was working at pretty long range, but, by tracing the course of the disease through Germany, he was able to say with certainty that the disease must exist in Hamburg, and so notified the authorities there. They declared that it did not, but at last, by intervention of the state authorities at Washington, were induced to make close investigations, which proved the suspicions of Dr. Jenkins to be correct. The doctor sent a man to Hamburg to study the situation, but because of some trouble with the United States consul, the German government failed to allow the man to do much. Dr. Jenkins criticises the provision of the national quarantine law, for sending men to foreign ports, and believes that each United States consul should have power to appoint a local medical examiner, who shall make regular reports as to the health of the town. From these reports the State Department at Washington could be kept constantly posted.

The course the plague would travel over in case it should visit the United States may be fairly predicated from the routes taken by the cholera in times past. Like the plague at this time, the cholera has always started from India, its course being around the coast, as well as across the peninsula, to Bombay; thence to and along the Persian Gulf and over the inland lines of travel to the cities of Persia, and across the Caspian. The plague would also undoubtedly travel the Red Sea and Mediterranean, following the main lines of travel to the chief European cities. On reaching the Atlantic coast it would take ship with the passengers and be brought to the chief ports of the United States. If not stamped out upon the sea coast here, it would then work its way along the lines of rail and water communication. So far Asiatic scourges have always traveled from east to west, but now, that there is constant and regular steam communication across the Pacific, it might also travel from west to east. In these days, too, a plague might travel much faster than in the olden times; but the chances for stopping it are almost infinitely greater.



SURGEON-GENERAL WALTER WYMAN

Just How the Czar Acts.

The Czar of Russia does not care much for the bicycle, but his sisters are devoted to it. He likes lawn tennis better and devotes much time to it in summer at Peterhof. He is fond of art, and eminent Russian painters are frequently invited to bring their new pictures to his palace, where he gives much time to their inspection. He is not talkative, and usually expresses his thanks with a smile or a gesture.

Around the World in Thirty Days.

There is soon to be a new country to visit and a new way of going around the world. It seems only the other day that Jules Verne's man went around in eighty days, and thought it a considerable feat. The record for circumnavigation is now sixty-six days or thereabouts. Baron Hikoff, the combination of American mechanic and Russian prince, who was in this country recently, said that when the railroad across Siberia is finished, which, he thinks will be in four or five years, the time of getting around will be cut in two, and from thirty to thirty-three days will suffice it. He allows ten days to cross Siberia from St. Petersburg, ten days from Vladivostock to San Francisco, and thirteen days from there to St. Petersburg again. Early in the next century, then, the tired American may turn his face eastward when he starts on his month's vacation, and keep it turned that way until he gets home, just about in time to resume his work.—Harper's Weekly.

THE ART OF CHOOSING MEAT.

A Well-Known Chef Tells How to Distinguish the Sound.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

"It is a miracle," remarked a chef, "that the average woman, with her husband and family, is not poisoned more frequently than is the case."

"What an alarming idea!" exclaimed a woman standing near.

"True, nevertheless," he replied. "Do you know, that eight women out of a dozen cannot detect disease in meat and poultry? I don't mean disease germs. It takes doctors with instruments to discover that. But a really advanced stage of disease."

Being requested for further hints upon this most important subject, the wise man gave a few of the simple rules by which flesh, sound and unsound, may be distinguished from each other.

First of all the oyster. This should be used as soon as opened—the sooner the better. When an oyster is not firm. When it has a cloudy or milky appearance, avoid it. This usually occurs during warm weather.

To buy a good fish make sure that the flesh is firm, not flabby. The skin will be clear and the scales bright. The eyes full and the fins stiff.

In purchasing your chicken select one which is plump and firm. The breast full and broad—except in the case of spring chickens, upon which little fat is found. The lean meat should be white. The fat a pale yellow. The skin will be fine grained. The legs smooth. The breastbone soft, and the toes easily broken by bending back. Many cooks consider a "dry picked" chicken the best for culinary purposes. A "scalded" fowl may be easily detected by the skin. This will appear smooth and stretched tightly across the bones. In buying young fowls to broil choose those with yellow legs and firm white skin.

A turkey when good has most of the points given above for chicken buying. The tip of the breast bone should be soft. The meat clear and firm. In purchasing chickens and turkeys be careful to watch the liver, intestines, etc. See that these are of a healthy normal color.

In buying other birds, as woodcock, quail, etc., do not worry over the gamey smell. This is not taint. All game of the kind has this odor. It is entirely different from that of decomposition.

As to venison. Care is necessary with this also. It should show a good bit of fat. The fat should be white and the lean a dark red.

A good tongue may be discovered by certain points. It should be solid and thick. The under side should show a good deal of fat.

In sausages, pick out such as are firm and solid, being somewhat dry upon the outside.

In selecting pork the main object is to secure such as comes from a young animal. The flesh should be firm and of a pale red color; the fat white; the skin white and clear. A poor quality of pork is shown by the fact that the flesh is soft and the fat yellow. When the pork has been salted good pork will take on a pale pink shade. Nothing is more dangerous than pork which is unsound or from an unhealthy animal. The rind will be thin in the proper article. The grain will be fine and the skin cold.

Good veal has several points by which it may be known. It should not be purchased when having a bluish tinge and a flabby feeling to the touch. This means that the animal was too young. The fat in the proper thing will be white and firm. The lean will be of a pale pink shade. Never buy veal in which the flesh is very white. This shows that the animal was bled before being killed. Veal, newly slain, changes color very rapidly.

In choosing lamb select meat with red bones. With hard white fat. For mutton take that which has fat hard and white. Meat of a fine grain, firm, dark red in color and juicy in appearance.

In beef look for the following points: Good, young beef, whether of steer or heifer, is fine in grain, is firm and solid with yellowish white fat. When first cut it is dark red in color, which changes rapidly to light red as the air reaches it. It will contain much juice. The suet in good beef is dry. It is easily crumbled and almost without fiber.

The flesh of ox and cow is considerably darker in color than that of the young animals. It will appear rather dry. The grain will be coarser.

All fresh meat, to be sound and good, should be firm when tried by the fingers. It should show clearly the veins and branches. A pink hue in some cases warns one of disease. A deep purple suggests that the death was a natural one. No disagreeable odor should be noticed when the meat is cut before cooking. The fat should be white and suety. Moist and flabby fat shows poor meat.—Philadelphia Press.

A Real Romance

At Christmas Mr. Rooterby had given the pretty typewriter in his employ for two or three years a present of a handsome street gown, for Mr. Rooterby was practical, and she had needed it so badly that when she told the cashier about it the tears came into her eyes, and she said she thought it such a pity so dear and good a man as Mr. Rooterby did not have a wife, and a home and children, and all those happinesses which go with matrimony, and there was something in the typewriter's tone that made the cashier wonder what Mr. Rooterby had been saying to her, anyhow.

The cashier and the typewriter were the only occupants of the office except Mr. Rooterby, and it was not surprising that the cashier should wonder what Mr. Rooterby had been saying to the typewriter, seeing that he (the cashier) had been saying a great deal of importance to her himself, and with some hopes of success, unless distracting obstacles were thrown in his path, and Mr. Rooterby was a distracting obstacle, beyond peradventure.

Nor did the fact that he had presented a fine suit of clothes to the cashier as a Christmas souvenir make it any clearer in the cashier's mind why he had a right to be saying things to the typewriter when he (the cashier) was in the office with her three hours to Mr. Rooterby's one, and thought more of her in a minute than any other man thought of her in seven years by the watch.

"All I've got to say is," responded the cashier to the typewriter, when she spoke to him about the matrimonializing of Mr. Rooterby, "all I've got to say is that he ought to have been married twenty-five years ago, and out of the way."

Which seemed so bitter and unkind that the sweet little typewriter opened her blue eyes in surprise, and ejaculated in almost a tone of horror, "W'y, Charley! how can you say that?"

After that the life of the cashier seemed to grow narrow, and he never saw Mr. Rooterby come into the office that he didn't begin to think of those mysterious murders in the Rue Morgue, which Poe tells of, and wonder what the price of a man eating monkeys and how long it would take him to teach one to climb up to Mr. Rooterby's window and eliminate Mr. Rooterby from the emotional problem which was slowly but surely undermining the mental equilibrium of the cashier.

Mr. Rooterby, unconscious of what was surging and throbbing in the bosom of his cashier, grew more polite, if that were possible, to the typewriter day by day. Indeed, his manner to all women was changing. He seemed to be so gentle, when before, while he was always courtesy itself, he was lacking in that ineffable gentleness which comes only from the heart of hearts. In other words, Mr. Rooterby impressed the cashier as a man deeply and dangerously in love.

Strange that the cashier should be so inscrutable, for no one else noticed that Mr. Rooterby was other than his old self.

Yet he was, and the typewriter knew something that few others knew. Certain the cashier did not know it, for his manner would have been very different had he known.

The typewriter, was was nineteen, lived in the same boarding-house that sheltered Mr. Rooterby, notwithstanding the cashier had done all in his power to have her move to some other, and with her there lived her mother, a widow not yet forty, and so young and pretty as easily to pass as her daughter's sister. The women were confidantes, and all the typewriter knew the mother knew. Under the circumstances what other result could have been expected than that Mr. Rooterby was looked upon with favor.

As for Mr. Rooterby, he would have laughed to scorn so much as a vague hint that he was gradually succumbing to the mysterious power of the feminine over the masculine destiny.

It was New Year's eve. The cashier was calling on the typewriter, or rather they had joined the "watch meeting" at the boarding-house after the theater, and the cashier was comparatively happy, for Mr Rooterby was devoting himself to the mother, quite to the neglect of the daughter, and the daughter seemed to be comparatively happy in the company of the cashier. There was a sound of revelry by night, and all the boarding-house had gathered there, its beauty and its chivalry, and they had a walhalla kind of a wassail until the clock struck 12, when the festivities ended, and each member of the company before departing was called on to make one resolution for the year just ushered in.

Mr. Rooterby popped up first.

"Excuse my haste," he said, "but I want to resolve right now and here that I will not propose marriage to any woman on earth, just to show you folks who are everlastingly chaffing me that I mean business for the new year at the same old stand."

This was received with great applause, and the cashier glanced stealthily at the typewriter, as if to assure himself that she was safe for another year anyway. And the typewriter caught him in the act.

Then, with a resolution to the credit of each one, they said "Good night," and in an hour the lights were out and the house was still.

It was 1 o'clock, the dead hour of night.

At 3 came a terrific banging on Mr. Rooterby's door, accompanied by a scream, and Mr. Rooterby, before he was wide awake, was out in the hall in his dressing gown.

It was the typewriter, in a cloud of white and the hall full of smoke and people below banging doors and shouting and a fire bell clanging around the corner.

"Mamma," she gasped, and down she went in a faint just as the cashier dashed in from his house in the next block, and Mr. Rooterby, dropping her in the most unromantic fashion, flew up to the fourth floor where the widow and her daughter occupied the front rooms.

There he found her just coming out of a faint, and as she caught her scattered wits, for the widow was a woman of rare sense and presence of mind after the first shock, she grabbed his outstretched hand and groped her way with him to the head of the stairs. A tongue of flame met them at that point, and for an instant Mr. Rooterby's heart failed him. He knew there was no fire-escape at the front of the house, and access to the back was cut off by the fire, which had taken possession of the stairway.

But the widow was in no wise daunted.

"Come," she said, "I have a rope escape in my room. We can go down by that. I had it built for two."

Mr. Rooterby had told her at first that her daughter was safe on the floor below.

The flames were yet some distance from the front windows, with a door shut between them and the outer air, and in a second Mr. Rooterby had secured the rope's end to the window and adjusted the widow and himself for the more or less perilous trip to safety.

Whoever's make the fire escape was, it was a most excellent one, and before Mr. Rooterby had got to the second-story window he was perfectly at home in controlling the thing, and he stopped it twenty feet from the ground.

The widow, who was dangling below him, gave a nervous start, fearing some accident.

"What is it, Mr. Rooterby?" she inquired.

"My dear madam," replied Mr. Rooterby, with as much feeling as the circumstances would permit, "will you be my wife?"

"Why, what do you mean," gasped the widow, almost losing her balance at the unexpectedness of it.

"I mean will you marry me, of course, How else could you be my wife?"

This was a poser.

"But your resolution, Mr. Rooterby?" replied the widow, looking up at him as shyly as she could, considering her position.

"What resolution?" inquired Mr. Rooterby.

"Why the one you made when the new year came in that you wouldn't marry any woman on earth?"

Mr. Rooterby was stumped, but for an instant only.

"That doesn't apply here at all," he said, confidently. "You are not on earth, and you never will be if you don't accept me right now, for I have wasted time enough, and the thought a few minutes ago that I was going to lose you in the frightful blaze——"

The widow had recovered her senses again.

"Mr. Rooterby," she interrupted, with some degree of asperity, "don't you see what a spectacle you are making of yourself? I am willing to do anything to get down from this."

And it was even a more ridiculous spectacle five minutes later, when Mr. Rooterby, in his dressing gown, with his arm around the widow in a fluffy smoked wrapper, met the cashier in an overcoat and boots, holding fast to the typewriter in something white, and the firemen trying to turn the hose on all of them.

Fully insured, and what a happy New Year it was to the cashier.—New York Sun.

Unsuspected Uses of the Humble Cat-tail

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Very few, probably, are aware that the fur, or vegetable down, of the cat-tail is a marketable article, superior to feathers or cotton for many purposes. It is not quite so valuable or useful as eider down, but it approaches it very closely, and is cheaper than any of the three. As a matter of fact, a great many people are today using articles covered with cat-tail products, who have no idea where the material comes from.

It is a vast extent of country, comparatively speaking, from which the cat-tail is gathered. It comes from the swamps along the numerous creeks that put in from the Delaware Bay from Morris River to Cape May. The average amount gathered in the season is a ton a day. The work of gathering and transporting it, and then weaving it into the many forms which it must take before becoming salable, constitutes a considerable industry.

One of the most elaborate uses to which this material is put is that of covering sofas. Very many of the supposed plush-covered divans are really covered with a fabric of cat-tail. It wears better than the plush, and is infinitely cheaper.

Sofa pillows, also, are made of cat-tail. The same argument that applies to the sofa is applicable to the pillow. Very often, however, such pillows go by another name, because a pillow avowedly covered with cat-tail would probably be regarded with contempt. Call it Alaskan plush, however, or Shetland wool that she will sell readily enough, and give good satisfaction, too.

The family album which graces the center table in the parlor of so many farm houses, is also in many instances adorned with cat-tail covers, although the housewife cannot be convinced they are not plush. She has doubtless paid almost as much as if it were what she supposes, and naturally she scoffs at any person who hints that she has been victimized.

It is becoming a prevalent custom to use cat-tail fur on the back of hand mirrors and brushes, which have heretofore been backed with plush. Some say that the substitute is really proving better than the original. The head-rest, too, seen on the easy chair, is often of cat-tail—and is none the less comfortable for that.

Another article for which the cat-tail is used is the bed-quilt. The eider-down quilt is an old-time article of luxury. The cat-tail quilt is every whit as comfortable, and costs about one-quarter as much. In New Jersey, at least, the housewife fully appreciates the value of the cat-tail quilt, however much her less well-informed sisters may scoff at the idea.

Gathering Cat-tails.

THE TURKISH GIRL'S LIFE.

She Doesn't Have Such a Hard Time, After All.

The life of the Turkish girl differs entirely from that of her other European sisters. From the day she is born she is taught awe and deference for the lordly sex, of which she is destined to see so little, and even in the sultan's harem, the young princesses during their childhood are entirely given over to the care of servants. The Turkish girl-child is as calm and self-possessed as her father and mother. Her thoughts are mainly centered on her clothes, which are often exceedingly elaborate and beautiful, for there is no distinction of dress between the child of two years old and the woman of twenty. The same garments, jacket, blouse and trousers, are worn by both, and the most splendid jewels and embroideries are as freely lavished on the one as on the other.

It may be truly said that in Turkey a girl's face is her fortune. Not unfrequently an exceptionally beautiful baby will be sold for quite a sum to one of the larger harems, for the Turks are fond of adopting children, and when this occurs every kind of luxury is showered on the plaything of the seraglio.

It is a mistake to suppose that a Turkish girl of good birth is ignorant and uncultivated. French, German and English governesses often form part of the regular establishment, and in the sultan's family French women have played for many generations an important part. The Turks are passionately fond of music, and every Turkish lady can play at least one musical instrument. But it may be added that no Turkish girl of good family is ever taught dancing, this recreation being left to slaves, and each harem boasts of a regular corps de ballet, who amuse the master of the house and his friends. The ordinary Turkish lady does not know what dancing means, and never has an opportunity of finding out.

Many of us think of a harem as a dull, melancholy place, whose inmates spend their time in eating sweets and in performing their toilet. Nothing can be further from the truth. Every harem in Constantinople is connected by an invisible chain of gossip. The slaves, the eunichs and the hundred and one attendants of both sexes who come and go freely are sure and swift sources of information, and too often a town scandal is known to all the children of the harem before the master of the house has heard of it.

Properly speaking, there is no Turkish girlhood, for, by the time the little Heyminch or Sulama is thirteen years of age, a husband has already been found for her, and everything has been prepared for her removal to her future home.

When a girl attains a marriageable age, the old women, who act as matrimonial agents in Turkey, immediately begin to bestir themselves, in order to find a suitable husband. If the girl is exceptionally ugly, her parents offer a small dowry, but if she is pretty, they expect to receive something in exchange for so precious a gift. In either case, however, the agent is well paid by both contracting parties for the trouble to which she is put. The marriage ceremonies are many and elaborate, but the bride-elect is only present at the actual marriage service. Once this is over, she is taken in state to her bridegroom's harem, while he presides over the wedding festivities.

Probably the most trying day in a Turkish woman's life is that of her reception into her husband's house. She is greeted by those of his wives who are in future to be her companions and rivals, and whilst he is amusing himself at being congratulated on his good fortune, the unfortunate bride is being openly criticised, and made to feel more uncomfortable than she would otherwise be. This is all the stranger when one considers the extreme courtesy with which a foreign lady is received in a Turkish harem. An English or an American woman who has been permitted to pass through the sacred portals is greeted with a smile, urged to stay, and treated as a friend.

No occupation, whether business or pleasure, is permitted to interfere with the religious duties of a Turkish woman. It is a common occurrence to see the daughter of the sister of the sultan alight from her carriage, and when her slaves have spread her prayer-carpet, kneel down, closely veiled, but within sight and sound of the crowds that surround her, as calmly and quietly as though she was shut up in one of the gilded chambers of her own seraglio.

At all times of her life the Turkish lady devotes the greater part of her waking leisure to her toilet, and it would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the bath. The seraglios of the sultans and of the leading pashas always contain a very elaborate bathing hall, rivaling in luxury the Roman baths of the ancients. The bath may be called the terrestrial paradise of the Eastern women, and it has become a national institution—a kind of club where everything is discussed. A Turkish girl, instead of asking her friend to tea, asks her to accompany her to her bath, and even those ladies who have every bathing appliance at home often spend hours at the luxurious public establishments which abound in all public towns.—Boston Traveler.

Irregular Regularity.

The Rev. Mr. Wilgus—My good man, do you attend religious services every Sabbath?

Dismal Dawson—I allus do when I'm in jail.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Hillsboro, N. H., young lady has completed a piece of fancy work in which, by actual count, there were 316,935 stitches.

AN UGLY MASK FOR A LOVELY LADY

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A baseball catcher in full panoply is scarcely a more grotesque object than a fashionable lady adorned with the new inhaler and complexion mask which has been invented by a Missouri genius.

This mask, however, is intended to be worn only at night, which relieves the situation somewhat. For persons with weak lungs, as well as to beauty-seekers, it has been found of inestimable benefit; it has also proved very helpful to mountain climbers, who have the hardihood to ascend to heights where the rarified atmosphere makes breathing difficult.

The New Mask and "My Lady" Who Uses It.

It is made of plain rubber, and fits closely over the face, including the ears, and comes well up on the head.

There is an oblong opening for the eyes, but instead of the customary breathing holes it has a double pipe projecting from a point opposite the wearer's mouth, and herein lies the chief distinction of the affair.

The inner tube is made of collapsible rubber, within which there is a valve which allows the exhausted air to pass out of the lungs, but prevents the ingress of air. The outer tube has a valve just the reverse of that of the inner one, that is, it allows the ingress of air into the lungs, but prevents exhalation.

Flannel filters are fitted to the inner side of this tube, and the air passing through these pieces of cloth is taken into the lungs in a much purer state. The passage of the air through the tube also warms it to a certain extent, and in consequence it is not so irritating to lungs affected with bronchial or pulmonary troubles.

The mask is worn by many ladies who would hesitate to use complexion powders, for there seems to be no possible chance of injury, and after it has been worn each night for a few months, the complexion is said to assume that "pale pink" so much desired by those who seek to appear at their best in the subdued light of the parlor or the trying glare of the ballroom.

For reasons of health, as well as those of personal improvement, such masks are worn much more extensively than the uninitiated realize. Though they can hardly be said to be an adornment to the wearer while in use, the results are so satisfactory that "my lady" in the privacy of her boudoir is willing to hide her good looks temporarily, in order that she may appear to better advantage in public.

HERE'S THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

The Antagonism of Certain Clergymen Cause It to Be Defined.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The discussion which clergymen of various evangelical denominations have been carrying on in the hope of helping to introduce the era of "the ideal newspaper" has not been without interest, and we hope it may prove to have been not without profit. But there is one obstacle in their way to which, perhaps, they have not paid sufficient attention, namely, that they are not at all agreed among themselves as to what constitutes an ideal newspaper. That this is the case may fairly be inferred from what they have said on the subject, and is otherwise demonstrable. Differing widely even in their definitions of the ideal church, how can they unite in defining the ideal newspaper? Many of them have high personal respect for one another, as doubtless they have also for most of the newspaper men whom they know; but the simple fact that each clings tenaciously to his own ecclesiastical forms and polity precludes the possibility of his regarding another's as ideal.

More than that, the clergy are generally wont to use much freedom of speech in commenting upon the ways and opinions of their brethren. We have no doubt that if they should ever get so far as to establish a newspaper for the purpose of carrying out certain ideas which they suppose they hold in common, and should appoint one of their number its editor, he would resolutely exclude from its columns under a strong sense of responsibility many articles contributed by members of the ministerial syndicate, who would speedily conclude that they had made a serious mistake in choosing him for so important and delicate an office. Indeed, we should pretty confidently expect that the first point as to which all the others would find themselves in perfect agreement would be that their appointee, being very far from an ideal editor, could not possibly produce an ideal newspaper, and consequently that it was their painful duty to depose him.

Of course, these clergymen, like other intelligent and moral citizens, have no difficulty in agreeing that there are so-called newspapers which are just about as bad as they can be, as there are so-called religious organizations of similar quality. A church which, instead of being filled with the spirit of the Gospel, breeds bitterness and strife and scandal, is at least as deserving of condemnation and avoidance as the journal which does the same thing in a different way. Concurrence in that proposition is easy of attainment, but long experience has shown that it is much harder to agree upon an ideal standard either for churches or newspapers. Nevertheless, we hope that the discussions of the ministerial conference will not be wholly ineffectual in raising the actual average of both.

A Seat for the Lady's Dog.

A woman had the nerve to ask for a seat for her dog in the Empire Theater in New York the other night. The manager promptly furnished a seat for "K 9."