THE NEW DISCOVERY

BY WHICH MANKIND SHALL BE EMANCIPATED FROM "NERVES."

Fibers of One Class of Nerves Grafted Upon Those of Another Class—Terrible Pains Changed into Harmless Sensations.

[Detroit Free Press]

It was not Socrates who said "perfect happiness is impossible because man has nerves;" but the remark might have been made with entire truth by the great discoverer of hemlock as an antidote for a scolding wife. For it is to the nerves chiefly that mankind, and especially womankind, owes the major portion of its sufferings. The amount of misery occasioned by mere nervousness, so called, is very great; and when we add these to the special pangs for which separate and individual branches of the nervous system are directly responsible, the sum total becomes simply incalculable. If it were not for his meddlesome nerves man could bump his head or pinch his fingers, or even have his corns trodden on without any serious annoyance. Fire and frost would lose all their terrors; and the fiend, neuralgia, would return howling to his den, if he has one, and be known no more among the children of men.

The medical profession has long recognized this tyranny of the nervous system. It could hardly help doing so since it is one of the chief sources of the medical man's income. But with a self-sacrificing spirit rarely found in any profession, the doctors have studiously sought to relieve mankind from the tyranny. Their noble efforts have not been unavailing In the current number of The Medical News it is related that Dr. Edward T. Reichert has been experimenting recently in the laboratory of Professor Schiff at Geneva upon the reunion of divided nerves. His object, in the plain untechnical language of The News, "was to determine whether fibers of nerves of entirely different origin and function, though still motor or sensory, would unite, and should regeneration occur, to ascertain whether a motor nerve was capable of conveying impulses peculiar to another sensory nerve. To this end, the vague and hypoglossal nerves were selected as being of distinct origin and function, and as affording the best facilities for observation.

Five dogs were prepared by Professor Schiff by cutting the hypoglossal on one side close to its exit from the cranium and the vagus at the thyroid gland. The peripheral end of the hypoglossal was sutured to the central end of the vagus by a silk thread through the neurilemma." "The result," we quote from the remarkably clear statement of The News, "proved that the motor fibers of the vagus in the five dogs operated upon, united to similar fibers of the hypoglossal, and that the hypoglossal fibers conveyed impulses which were peculiar to the vagus apparatus. They showed, moreover, that in at least one dog, irritation of the sensory fibers in the hypoglossal trunk gave rise to impulses which were conveyed by the sensory fibers of the vagus to the vagus centers, and produced effects like those produced by excitation of the vagus trunk, thus proving in both instances that a motor or sensory nerve can convey impulses peculiar to another motor or sensory nerve of entirely different origin and function."

Like all great inventions it is very simple when you once "get the hang" of it. Like most great inventions, also, there will undoubtedly be mistakes at first in operating it. In detaching the nerves that carry painful sensations and tying them to others whose purposes are peaceful the several portions of the latter must, of course, be taken care of. Without great care this process may result in serious confusion, if not in grave unpleasantness While it would be cause or rejoicing if a nerve, bent on producing a twinge of the gout, could be balked of its purpose and compelled to content itself with a mere wink or nod, it would be a serious matter if the nerve, whose ordinary vocation is to attend to harmless winking and nodding, should find itself compelled by its new associations to go into the pain-producing business. Yet it is inevitable that such results should follow from an imperfect comprehension of the new method. Perhaps it is just as well. Otherwise the doctors who are entitled to so much credit in the premises might find her services dispensed with altogether too speedily.

The grandest promise of the new discovery lies in its application to the reformation of criminals. The prison surgeon of the future called to examine the convict just sentenced will ascertain what his crime is and the nerve course followed by his sensations in carrying out his purpose. Then by a judicious use of the scalpel and proper subsequent treatment he will shunt the murderous or burglarious sensation in such a direction that it will eventuate in an irresistible impulse to work. The reformation thus effected will be radical and complete and it will only be necessary to prevent by stringent enactment any readjustment of the convict's nerves to the criminal basis by irresponsible outside practitioners.

Manifestations at a Revival.

[Chicago Herald.]

The mesmeric power of Mrs. Woodworth, who is conducting the great revival at Hartford, City, Ind., is said to be great. Her subjects are not always paralyzed at sight, but frequently go away and find themselves prostrated afterward. The wickedest man in the town entered the meeting the other night for the purpose of breaking it up. As he strode up the aisle cursing in a loud voice the revivalist fixed her eye on him and he lost the power of speech for the rest of the evening. One young woman went to an evening service and returned home in a normal condition. The next morning she was found sitting up in bed, cold and stiff, with wide staring eyes and speechless. It took three hours of hard work to bring her out of her trance.

Miss Viola McDermot, another young lady, goes off into trances every time she attends the revival, and in spirit visits the eternal world. "I know as well as anybody," she says," when the trances are coming. My hands get cold and I can feel my arms stiffening. My eyes get hard and the inside of the church-room gets smaller. The darkness begins at the outer edges of the room and comes toward me from all sides. Finally the sight is gone and I am in two worlds. I can hear everything that is said here and there and I can see the great white throne." There are many other people in that vicinity similarly affected.

Dampness and Disease.

[British Medical Journal.]

We often hear a great deal about the dampness of our climate as a cause of disease of the respiratory organs especially. But the death rate and the amount of rainfall do not appear to stand in any definite relationship, whereas a spell of cold weather produces an immediate and notable effect.

Kentucky's Lawful Fence.

What is meant by a lawful fence in Kentucky must be tight enough to keep out pigs, high enough to prevent a horse from jumping, and strong enough to resist a bull.

END OF TWO MONSTER SHIPS.

Vessels That Never Left the Ways—The Java and Colossus.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

For a few days there will be some life and activity in the Brooklyn navy yard, for a large number of workmen have already been engaged to destroy two immense hulks known as the Colossus and the Java. For the past twenty years these two uncompleted vessels have never been moved from the ways on which they were originally built, and the very timbers on which they lie are almost rotten from long exposure. The Java and Colossus have always attracted a great deal of attention from visitors, and from their battered appearance many people supposed that the two ships must have been through some frightful naval combats.

The Colossus was to be a double turreted monitor carrying four fifteen inch guns. She was designed by Benjamin Delano, one of the most skillful naval constructors of his day. Two millions and a half were to be expended on her, but when the war was more advanced orders were received from Washington to stop work on the Colossus. This was done, and many men in consequence thrown out of employment. The ship's engines had just been put in her, and she was all ready for launching when the men ceased work, and nothing has been done to her from that day to this.

"What about the Java?"

"The Java was designed for a fast steam cruiser for the purpose of pursuing such swift vessels as the Alabama and others of her class. She was to be capable of attaining a speed of seventeen knots an hour; in fact she might have equaled the speed of the Arizona. The Java was mainly built for speed, and all her woodwork was of the best white oak. She would have made a formidable mate to the Colossus, and especially in those old war times the two vessels could easily have withstood the attack of any other two men-of-war. It is a pity to see them go without having even touched the salt water, but then the space that these two old hulks occupy is very valuable and will be used for something else, I hope, more useful and ornamental."

"When are you going to begin the work of destruction?"

"We have commenced to demolish the Colossus already, and as soon as we take on some more help we will lay the Java low. It will take about five months altogether to break up the two ships."

Tenement-House Life.

[Cor. New York Tribune.]

Standing in the flowery and looking across the site of the old Windsor theatre, one faces the rear of an immense tenement-house. At night every window is aglow with lights which by contrast with the gas and electric lights of the street you recognize at once as the cheap oil lamps of the poor. There are some eight floors of this house, and it is not less than 100 feet wide, or five old houses in a row thrown into one. On each floor of these five houses are probably eight rooms like the ones seen at the rear—a little larger, a little better, perhaps; and each giving shelter to a family.

The average, I am told, is four to a room in such buildings. That means 250 persons to a house, or 1,250 human beings crowded into the one tenement which the five old buildings form. This means that a population greater than that of any one of thousands of incorporated towns and villages in this country is crowded into a single building on a plot of ground 100 feet square. Think of it in those torrid days with the thermometer at 90 degrees, and don't grumble any longer at your own fate. If one only looks at it in this spirit one can find a great deal of satisfaction in reading paragraphs like this showing what a miserable and unhappy world it is that we live in.

A Hepicure from Bosting.

A thin man wearing eyeglasses entered a Harlem restaurant a few days ago and asked:

"Have you any beans?"

"Yes, sir."

"Round, fat beans?"

"Yes, sir."

"With a brown crust on them?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll take a plate."

"'Ere Billy," shouted the proprietor through a hole in the wall. "Tell your mother to dish h'up some beans from the black pot. 'Ere's a hepicure from Bosting."

Won't Use Coal.

The Russian government has sought thus far in vain, to bring about the general use of coal in that country instead of wood, in order to save the forests. As though no such thing as a good stove or heater was known, a prize has been offered for the best apparatus for utilizing coal in government offices.

Mountain Air by the Cake.

[Chicago News "Flats and Sharps."]

A Colorado millionaire, who owns a chain of valuable mining properties in and around Leadville, came to Chicago lately upon a rather curious mission. He has invented during his leisure moments a curious machine whereby air may be condensed and compressed. By an ingenious combination of certain chemicals and his electric trithnometer, as he calls it, large volumes of air are compressed into small packages or cakes, closely resembling the cakes of compressed yeast in common use. These cakes of compressed air expand upon being exposed to the light and atmosphere, and in the course of half an hour an ounce cake of this curious composition will evaporate into 138,900 cubic feet of fresh air suitable for breathing.

The inventor intends to have a large machine manufactured by a company in this city after the model electric trithnometer he brings with him. This machine he will transport to Colorado, where he will organize a joint stock corporation for the manufacture of compressed air. This will enable invalids to benefit by the clear, pure invigorating atmosphere of the Rocky mountains, although thousands of miles away. The merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, the journalist, and all other hard-worked men will pay 10 cents per cake for this compressed air and be as much refreshed and reinvigorated by its evaporation as if they stood upon the very summit of Pike's peak. Fifty cents' worth of these wondrous cakes will supply an ordinary room with fresh, pure air for twelve hours; $2 worth will be equivalent to a trip from Denver to Leadville and back. At a comparatively trifling cost, asthma, bronchitis, hay-fever, and consumption can be cured, and there will be no need of vacations when the invention becomes popularized.

Blowing Up a Glacier.

[London News.]

One of the youngest as well as one of the most beautiful glaciers in the country is that which gives birth to the river Rhone, and the grandest sight in connection with the Rhone glacier is the superb seracs, or pinnacles of ice, which prove a source of unending attraction to travelers by the Furka pass. As is well known, the second and third bends of the road almost hang over the glacier, and afford a wonderful view of the stupendous ice fall, which, descending from precipitous rocks, is broken and twisted into fantastic pyramids. This sight, writes our Geneva correspondent, is certainly unique in that part of the Alps, but unless active steps are taken to stop the destruction now going on it will soon be so no longer.

It appears that some people have obtained permission—from whom it is not clear—to destroy these pinnacles by means of dynamite, in order that the huge blocks thus easily detached may be put on the St. Gothard railway, and so transported to Bale, where they are to be stored in immense wells for summer use. Should the destruction of the glacier be allowed to continue, the authorities will find to their cost that they have killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, for the chief attraction of that desolate region is the superb ice pinnacles of the great glacier, and when they have disappeared travelers will turn their steps in other directions.

A Satisfactory Explanation.

[Exchange.]

At the Pont des Arts in Paris is a blind man, who carries a board around his neck with a sign: "Blind by birth and by accident." "See here, my good man," said a passer-by, "can you tell us how you happened to be blind by birth and by accident at the same time?" Easy enough," said the old man. "You see I'm blind by birth myself, and I've bought out a blind man who did business on the other side of the bridge. He was blind by accident."

A Neglected Grave.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Thaddeus Stevens' grave is grown over with noxious weeds, and neglect and decay are visible on every side about his tomb.

[Lockport (N. Y.) Journal.]

Previous to its first publication in 1842, it appears that the poet laureate had printed a few copies of his now famous poem of "Locksley Hall" for private circulation. In this private edition were two verses which do not appear in later editions. The two verses which were originally printed in "Locksley Hall," followed after the line in the published version:

And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of our lips.

The two omitted verses which bear their own indubitable hall-mark of authenticity, are as follows:

In the hall there hangs a painting, Amy's arms are round my neck,
Happy children in a sunbeam, sitting on the ribs of wreck.
In my life there is a picture: she that clasp'd my neck is flown,
I am left within the shadow, sitting on the wreck alone.

No Triflers Need Apply.

[New York Mail and Express.]

"Will you have some soup or fish?" asked the waiter of a stranger.

"No, sir! Bring me some meat and potaters, and coffy."

After he had finished his meat and potaters and coffy, he leaned back in his chair and said:

"Now, you kin bring in your fish and soup if you want to, but you shouldn't go trifling with a Kansas City man when he's hungry."

THE PROPERTY MAN.

One of the Most Important Individuals About a Theatre.

The Responsibility of the Position—Things to Remember—Swearing at the Property Man—A Stage Banquet.

[Philadelphia Times.]

"One of the most useful and important functionaries about a theatre is the property man," said one who has grown gray in the business the other day. "By the property man is meant the person whose duty it is to furnish the properties for all the plays produced, and to see that they are placed conveniently at hand to be ready when wanted. Properties are everything used in a play except the scenery. The carpets, furniture and curtains, guns and pistols, pocket-books, money, candles, matches, cigars, pianos, pictures, food and drink, letters, musical instruments—all these and countless other things come under the head of properties.

THE PROPERTY-ROOM.

"Every theatre has what is called a property-room where these things are kept. It has very much the appearance of a pawnbroker's shop, except that nothing is wrapped up and there is no counter. Come in here and see for yourself," he continued, as he led the way into a dingy room at the back of the stage, where there was a most heterogeneous collection of such articles as he had named.

"Few people have any idea of the care and responsibility of a property man. He has more on his mind than anybody else about a theatre. There are 150 different things, large and small, that he must remember, and woe betide him if he forgets any one of them or fails to have it in its proper place at the right time. People who visit the theatre have no idea how dependent they are on the property man for their pleasure, for if he forgets anything or does not have everything just as it should be it will give rise to a contretemps, which will retard the action of the scene and mar its whole effect.

A CHOICE OF PISTOLS.

"For example: It is part of his duty to attend to all the fire-arms used on the stage. In the most critical part of the play the leading man is to rescue the leading lady from the toils of the villain by killing him with a pistol shot. The property man selects the best pistol in his collection, cleans and loads it carefully, fires it off in the property-room to make sure that it won't miss fire, loads it again, and in a perfectly comfortable frame of mind gives it to the leading man as he goes on for his great scene. The critical moment arrives. The leading man cries, out in his most terrible voice: 'Die villain!' and pulls the trigger, but the pistol doesn't go off, so the villain must either fall and die without having been shot, or else he must live on, succeed in abducting the beautiful maiden and thus ruin the play. I am sorry to say that property men, being somewhat given to profanity, divide their firearms into three classes—the sure, the very sure and the d——d sure. The first are given to the most unimportant of the supers, the second are given to those of somewhat greater importance, while only the last are ever given to the people who play important parts and whose guns must go off in order to carry out the plot of the play.

"Writing letters is another important duty of the property man. The letters which people read on the stage are all written for them by him. Actors do not commit them to memory, but simply read them when they are handed to them upon the stage. In the multiplicity of his cares the property man sometimes forgets to write one of these letters, and when the actor to whom it is handed opens it he finds only a blank sheet of paper. His wits must serve him then, and if he knows the general purport of the letter he can improvise it. If not he can only affect to read and exclaim when he has finished: 'Tis well.'

SWEARING AT PROPERTY MEN.

"More fault is found with the property man than with all the other attaches of the stage put together. A property man is expected to know how to make anything and everything. If there is a crown and scepter required, if a golden goblet is needed, or if there is a demand for a handsome drawing-room mantel, the property man must make them all, and no one outside of the profession can have any idea of the skill with which a first-rate property man can make a most deceptive imitation of almost anything. Turkeys and chickens, either with their feathers on or dressed and roasted for the table; fish and vegetables of all kinds, pies and cakes—all are within the resources of his art, as indeed it would be hard to name anything that is not.

Several days before the production of a new play there is given to the property man a complete list of all the properties required therein, and it is his duty to see that they are all ready in their proper places at the proper time. Many of these things, of course, he already has in his extensive collection in the property-room. Others he will borrow, if he can, from other theatres or from stores which deal in the articles required. China and glassware, furniture, fancy riding whips, paintings and bric-a-brac are always borrowed from stores, the dealers being glad to loan them for the sake of obtaining free admission to the theatre and of having their name on the house programme.

A STAGE BANQUET.

"Stage banquets, suppers and meals of all kinds often put the ingenuity of the property man to a severe test. If the manager is economical the most elegant banquets are but hollow mockeries. The turkeys and chickens, which seem to spectators to be roasted to such a delicious degree of brownness, are only brown holland stuffed with sawdust. The wines are cold tea or water colored with burnt sugar. Sometimes they are drank from pasteboard goblets and then they are purely imaginary. Do you remember Dickens' description of how Mr. Crummles used to take long draughts of nothing out of the pasteboard goblets in banquet scenes?"

"Yet in these banquet scenes the people eat something?"

"Oh, yes. It is essential to the action that they shall eat. There is always a plate of bread and one of cold meat. They look at the elegant turkeys, chickens, etc., and eat the bread and meat. If the manager is liberal, however, a stage banquet is sometimes a meal at which no epicure would turn up his nose. This is always the case under Lester Wallack's management. He gives his companies splendid suppers and real champagne. Poor Matilda Heron always did so, too, when she played Camille, and Albina de Mer, the wife of M. B. Curtis revived this good old custom in the same play when she starred it last season, presenting a bill of fare which included oysters, raw and fried, roast turkey, chicken salad and real wines.

The Main Difficulty.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A dispatch says that the creditors of an exploded bank "have every confidence in the ultimate security of their claims." The main difficulty with ultimate security is that it is not receivable for board and washing.

AT A FROZEN HARVEST.

Ice Cutting Upon Wolf Lake—Life Among Chicago Ice Cutters.

[Chicago News.]

Snow, thigh-deep in the woods, knee-deep on the frozen marches, hems in an army of ice-cutters who are now harvesting the white acres of Wolf lake, an irregular body of water five miles long and half as many miles wide, lying near Sheffield, Ind., seventeen miles from Chicago. There are no paths connecting that cold, desolate spot with the outer world. The snow is a barrier which the ice-cutters seldom cross during their busy season.

About 200 men were working in a snowstorm on the lake the other day when the place was visited by a reporter.

"If a man hasn't anything the matter with his lungs," said one of the ice-cutters who was leaning on a long iron-tipped pick waiting for a raft to come up the channel, "there is no more healthy work for them than ice-cutting. How do we keep from getting cold? Three woolen shirts, two pairs of woolen socks, two pairs of woolen mittens, thick boots, a big woolen cap, and a muffler for the face keep me warm in the coldest weather. Then I always throw water on the bottom of my trousers legs so they will freeze to my boots and keep the wind out. But some of the men are careless. The wind is awful out here, there's no doubt of that, for every day somebody gets his face frozen. Big, purple ears and swelled noses are common enough among the green hands. A new beginner who doesn't get a finger or a toe frozen the first day always feels lonesome. But there is no danger of freezing when you once understand the business. This is a good place for a man to let his beard grow. There's nothing like a beard for cold weather." The man stroked with one huge, mittened hand, a thicket of long, red hair, which covered nearly the whole of his face.

"Is there much danger of falling into the water?"

"Why, that all depends on whether you're careful or not. A man can fall in easy if he don't look out. Somebody tumbles in every few days. You notice that lots of the men wear big leather belts outside of their coats. They are to drag them out by if they fall in. A pike hooked under one of those belts will yank a man out on solid ice in no time. The chap who's in the water can't do very much for himself after the chill strikes him. The first douse is the worst, but it don't get funny no matter how long you stay in."

"What kind of men usually come here to cut ice?"

"Most of them are Swedes who can't talk English. They are a funny crowd generally. They get $1.25 a day. The two boarding houses here charge $4 a week for board. They can't be blamed for charging so much, for ice-cutters eat more than any other men. They eat awful piles of meat and potatoes, and drink enough coffee every day to drown themselves in. They could eat four meals a day and still be hungry. The provisions all come from Chicago.

The Science of "Gynametry."

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"What! you fit my dress by measuring my neck?" said an Atlanta lady of fashion to the dressmaker.

"That is all I want," was the reply.

"Dear me," said the lady, "how strange."

"Gynametry is the name of the science," said the lady with the measure. "The system of measuring the female figure was discovered by me after years of patient study and hard work. Professors Bartlett and Battle gave the new science the name of 'gynametry,' which is made up of the Greek words that mean female measurement. The rules, however, which apply to the female figure apply with equal and absolute force to the male figure."

"Do you mean to say you can make my dress fit by simply measuring my neck?"

"I do, if I see you."

"And if you don't see me?"

"Then I must know the measure of your neck, the measure of your waist, and which toe is longest."

"Dear me! Why do you want to know which toe is longest?"

"If your big toe is longest your shoulders are square. If your second toe is longest your shoulders are drooped, and the waist is correspondingly shorter. Drooping shoulders are those that slope from the neck outward—not stooped shoulders."

"Has your system any connection with the theory of twice around the wrist is once around the neck, etc."

"Not at all. This is fallacy. It will not work out. It is impossible to measure the human form with a tape line. You simply cannot measure the back to save your life. But my system does it, and I can make a lady's dress and never see her, by simply having the measurements that I have named."

How Pages Turn a Penny.

[Washington Star.]

That lively and saucy little biped known as the "page" in congress is an indefatigable autograph seeker. But it is not for the gratification of retaining the signatures of the members, who keep him continually skipping about the floor, that he bores them for autographs. There is a far more material satisfaction for him in it than that. He turns autograph fiend for money. Therein consists his principal perquisite. The grave and dignified senator who enters the chamber before that body is called to order or remains after adjournment is a ready victim of the page. The latter is provided with an album which he first carefully covers with paper to protect it from injury. On the outside of the cover is pasted a roll-call of the senate, and as each signature is secured the name corresponding is marked off the list. To a page who was diligently flitting from senator to senator, as a bee sipping honey from flower to flower, a Star reporter put the question: "Who employs you to get these autographs?"

"Oh, lots 'o 'em," he replied. "Mostly ladies, but sum men's jes' as anxious as women."

"How much do you get for it?"

"Six cents a name."

"Is there sharp competition in the business?"

"All the boys take a hand in it, and we trades all round. If any boys hasn't got albums to fill us who has hires them to help. Most boys don't fill more'n one in a session. There's two or three senators that don't like to be bothered, but we generally manage to git 'em. We watches our chances and catches 'em in a good humor."

Which Shall It Be?

[Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

Our dangerously rich men can make themselves hated, held as enemies of the race, or beloved and recognized as its benefactors. The clouds of discontent are threatening, but if the gold-pointed lightning-rods are rightly distributed the destructive element may be drawn off silently and harmlessly.

Some Reflections.

[Exchange.]

Wong Chin Foo, the Chinese journalist of New York, having been asked to contribute an article to The New York Christian Advocate, admits the superiority of Christianity over Chinese religious as the two are preached, but casts some reflections on our practice.

Not Very Sensitive.

[Texas Siftings.]

"I'se gwinter quit. I has to look up an odder place," said Uncle Mose to his employer, a wealthy merchant of Austin.

"What's the matter with you, Uncle Mose?"

"De bizness manager has not kicked me in de las two mumfs. Not once has he lifted his foot agin me."

"I ordered him not to kick you again. I don't allow anything of that kind in this establishment. I intend that nobody shall hurt your feelings, Uncle Mose."

"Ef I don't get no kicks I'se gwinter quit."

"Are you crazy? Do you want to be kicked and cuffed about?"

"Yes, sah, I does. Ebery time de bizness manager kicked me or cuffed my ears when he was mad, he got ashamed of hisself arter ward, and gub me a quarter. I'se done lost enough money already, wid dis heah foolishness about hurtin' my feelin's."

Rosecrans and the Dutchman.

[Inter Ocean's "Curbstone Crayons."]

"One evening Rosecrans came to me and said in a droll way, 'I wish you would take me over and introduce me to that Dutchman on guard at the further gate. He stops me whenever I attempt to come in after dark, and when I explain that I am Gen. Rosecrans he always exclaims: "Dot is too thin. Anybody can say dot to me. I vas not been a soldier for notings. If you was Rosecrans why you not have the countersign, hey?" I think I ought to be introduced to him.' After the matter was explained the Dutchman yielded the point, but he always contended that Rosecrans was wrong."

Dietrich's Proverbial Philosophy.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Dietrich, your father-in-law is very low," said the physician. "I think he will hardly live through the night." Ach, well," said Dietrich, "dot was all right. De better he is dead de quicker he is off."

Swallow-Tail Coats and Low Vests Lead to Serious Pulmonary Troubles—A Draught at a Dance—Precautions to Observe.

[Philadelphia Letter.]

A letter from a Philadelphia woman who has married abroad conveys the interesting information that the prince of Wales recently appeared at an evening entertainment wearing a high-buttoned frock-coat. Only one who has lived abroad and felt the weight of the British love for swallow-tails and high hats can appreciate the daring of Albert Edward's innovation. It is devoutly to be hoped, however, that all true Britons will follow the fashion set by him in this, as in other respects, and then, of course, the Anglo-maniacs who are supposed to show us on this side what to wear will take up the mode. Experience has taught some of us that swallow-tail coats and low-cut vests are not adapted to this climate.

One of the loveliest women of Philadelphia is at this moment mourning the loss of her only son, an intellectual, delicately-organized boy, who died of pneumonia brought on by exposure to a draught at a dance. He is not by any means the only one whose evening dress has been his shroud. A fashionable physician who declines every invitation that would necessitate his getting into the customary full dress, tells me that the opening of the social season always sees a great increase in the number of his patients suffering with pulmonary troubles. The fact that this increase is not due to the weather simply is shown by the other fact that with the beginning of Lent, when fashionable entertainments are modified or given up altogether, the number of patients falls off and continues to grow smaller until Easter, when up it goes again. An operatic season is always, he says, a period of coughs, catarrh, and incipient consumption.

Aside from the matter of climate, the danger to the American society man, my physician tells me, is made greater by the fact that he is seldom a respectable tramp, but is pretty sure to be an active professional or business man. He goes to his office or counting-room in the morning heavily clad, as he must be to meet the rigors of the elements, and remains so all day. At 6, when the sun has gone down and the thermometer has dropped, he comes home, exchanges his thick warm clothing for the light and open swallow-tail, and sallies off to a dinner or a ball. In the latter case he will probably be returning just before dawn, the very coldest time of all the twenty-four hours. There never was a carriage invented that could keep out the draughts, and if one is obliged to forego the comfort of a closed vehicle there is the added danger to be apprehended from snow and rain and slushy streets and sidewalks.

While the fashion of full dress lasts it will of course always have an army of followers, and there are some precautions that it will be well to observe. It is a good thing to have a heavy flannel or perforated buckskin chest protector to be worn under the linen only when a swallow-tail is donned. It is good, too, to wear another outside the linen, so that it may be removed and put into an overcoat-pocket when one's destination is reached, and readjusted on again going out of doors. Despite all precautions, however, one might just as well understand that a certain number of men must die of the swallow-tail every season.

The Statesman's Fashion.

[Washington Letter.]

Mr. Evarts introduced into Washington what is called the stateman's fashion of wearing silk hats. He wears his hat clear over on the back part of his head at an angle of forty-five degrees. He then brings it forward at this angle until it pushes out his ears at right angles from his head. There are a great many statesmen now who wear their hats in the same way. A man in public life who wears a new shiny hat right side front and squarely on his head is considered a man of no promise and with the certainty of an obscure future before him. Most of the leading justices of the supreme court wear their hats upon the backs of their heads. Senator Jones, one of the great constitutional lawyers in the senate, always wears his hat very much upon the back of his head, and always wrong side before.

President Arthur ruined all chance for his administration at the very start. He wore new, shiny hats and he always put them on straight. He tried to make a name for himself in American history, however, by having his hats made in a particular fashion for himself. The crown is about four inches higher than the regulation hat, while the brim is stiff and flat instead of rolling. His white cassimere hat last summer was made upon the same block. This species of eccentricity, however, did not save him. The fact still remained that the hats were of recent make and were worn squarely on the head. This may seem to be little thing, but the public men of Washington never had any confidence in the president when they saw him ignore this important trade-mark of a statesman.

What Happens in the Happy-Go-Lucky Business Houses of This Country—Merchants and Bankers Who Strain Human Nature.

[Chicago Tribune Interview.]

A resident of Chicago, whose long experience in the examination of irregular accounts gives his opinion some value, expresses his conviction that there is hardly a large establishment in the city in which dishonest practices do not prevail. There is a remarkable difference, he says, between the conservative business concerns of England and Scotland and the dashing, happy-go-lucky houses of America. In the steady business of Great Britain, where the son succeeds the father and is trained in the counting-house from his early years, all the details of the office are carefully elaborated, and no one can steal 5 cents without being found out. But here a shrewd man establishes an enormous business without giving any part of his attention to the routine of the office, and as his employes usually receive a beggarly allowance it is scarcely to be wondered that they add to their salary by theft.

"Much as I should deprecate any attempt to excuse the thief," said this man, "I feel no commiseration whatsoever for the merchant or the banker who looks for honesty in a clerk or cashier who is paid $85 a month for handling $400,000 a year, without any check or safeguard imposed upon him. An employer who expects fidelity should reward his servants according to the responsibility of place. The loose and inadequate systems of some firms are amazing. I do not believe there is a large establishment in Chicago where, if employed in a position of trust, I could not steal thousands of dollars every year.

"There are several different kinds of defalcations which we often have to deal with. First, there is the blunderer, who takes advantage of a mistake to pocket the odd cash. Suppose he has the pay-roll to make out in a house where fifty men are employed. That duty is generally considered so purely mechanical that some subordinate employe is delegated to draw up the pay-roll. He credits each man with his proper salary, but by mistake makes the footing $600 instead of $675. The proprietor looks over the roll, observes the correctness of each item, takes the footing for granted, and draws his check for $600. The young man puts the weekly stipend of each person in an envelope, finds a surplus of $15, and, discovering his error, pockets that amount. Then he reflects what a fool he has been to live on $50 a month when by a careful blunder every week he might easily double his income. The suggestion of accident is turned into a system, and he becomes a regular defaulter. The preservation of the pay-rolls might, of course, to be imperative, but as a matter of fact he quietly destroys the evidence of his crime, which is never suspected until the drain is felt by the firm or his own style of living betrays him. Even after he knows himself to be suspected he will not stop his thieving. Having acquired certain habits and associated himself with certain companions he will not reduce his expenses, but sets himself to invent some new mode of cheating. Fearing to betray himself by incorrect footings, he begins to insert in the pay-roll the names of "dead men," or those no longer employed in the house. By this ruse he succeeds in deferring the day of judgment.

"The blunderer is harder to detect than the systematic defaulter. A bookkeeper will sometimes enter all items correctly in his cash-book, but when he comes to post his accounts will doctor the footings. He will enter a debit for general expenses, with some hieroglyphics intended to particularize the items of expenditure. Instead of the correct footing of $318.64 he will write $418 64, get his voucher, and pocket $100. After a month or so, when the items are forgotten, he will turn back and prefix the figure 1 to some one of them, making the footing apparently correct. No one can explain his abbreviated notes but himself, and so he feels that he has covered up the tracks of his dishonesty. He takes his chances of not being called to answer for his accounts during the month past.

"The expert will readily detect the deceit. It is impossible for a man, after the lapse of a month, to change the figures 51.50 to 151.50 without enabling a practiced eye to recognize the inserted digit. Generally the intruding figure is dried with a blotter, while the rest of the page has been allowed to dry by evaporation. When the plan of defalcation is once made out the details can be followed with ease. It will generally be found that the false entries occur at the same time in each week or month, and we have only to turn to that date to find the inevitable trace of guilt.

"An old trick is the use of carbon paper to duplicate vouchers. A member of the firm writes his 'O. K.' on the voucher presented to him, and the bookkeeper, having carefully inserted his carbon paper underneath, has two vouchers for the same sale. He has left the date blank, and afterwards fills it up with any date he pleases. I had such a case not very long ago, and I detected the ruse the moment I set my eyes on one of the vouchers. That strategem is rather stale nowadays, and has gone out of fashion.

"Many of the defalcations are the result of conspiracy. Those who are employed to act as checks upon each other pool issues and divide the profit. These cases are hard to detect, as the accounts are often perfectly regular. But young men who enter into such dishonest enterprises are apt to be indiscreet, and they usually display by their extravagance the disproportion between their salaries and their expenses.

"The ignorance of many rich men regarding their own business is incredible. I knew of one case where a firm owed one of the partners over $100,000, of which he was as good as ignorant. A great many firms are vaguely aware that their employes are cheating them, but while business is prosperous they say, 'Never mind, we are making enough!' Salesmen in dry-goods stores constantly hand goods over the counter to their friends without any return whatsoever, and in many establishments hundreds of thousands of dollars pass through the hands of men who are not even restrained by a system of checks, and who can put an indefinite sum in their pockets without leaving any record whatsoever. If I were a young man receiving a salary of $85 a month and handling a very large amount of money, with no reputation to lose and a very remote prospect of detection, I doubt if I could resist the temptation so freely offered. Merchants and bankers who strain human nature so far ought to be regarded as participants in the guilt of their hirelings."

Bees and the Apple Crop.

[Exchange.]

Hives of bees places in an orchard will increase the crop of apples, as the pollen rubbed off the bodies of the trees fertilizes thousands of blossoms which might otherwise be barren.

DON'T WOBBLE ABOUT.

Brother Gardner Rebukes the Wobbly Man—"Be Plumb Up an' Down."

[Lime-Kiln Club.]

Elder Toots having got most of his feet under the redhot stove, and Col. Cahoots having succeeded in knocking down a bust of Plato and wrecking $500 worth of relics, Brother Gardner arose and said:

"What I hanker arter am to meet a plumb up an' down man. Dar' am pussons in dis club who wobble about like a loose wagon wheel. One day dey greet you wid a grin as soft as June, an' de nex' day dey doan' know you as you pass on de street. I doan' mean to hurt no man's feelin's, but I mean to be plumb.

"If Whalebone Howker should come ober to my house an' ax de loan of a dollar I wouldn't keep him on de hooks fur half an hour fur a decision. I should at once reply to him: 'Whalebone, de man who uses money airned by his wife at de wash-tub to buy lottery tickets can't get no dollar outer me!' When a man axes my religion I doan' beat aroun' de bush to find out if he has found a short cut to heaben, but I denounce myself as a Baptist an' take my chances by de ole road.

"When you think yes or no, doan' besitate to say so. Doan' be leanin' one way one day an' some odder way on de nex'. De man who knows whar to find you won't go away mad, eben if you decide agin him. Our Samuel Shin am one day gwine to be a statesman, an' on de nex' he's gwine to open a saloon wid a gilded cellin'. One day you will find him a Methodist an' de nex' you will see him devourin' a Universalist sermon. Meet him in de mawnin' an' he am a feroshus Republican; cotch him in de afternoon an' he am a good Dimocrat.

"Be plumb up an' down. If you am sot on bein' good stick to it. If you am sot on bein' bad doan' let de purlecce bluff you off. If you like a man tell him he can have de use of your snow-shovel all summer. If you can't hoe co'n wid him, ax him to buy or sell out an' take some odder cow-path. De wobbly man am a pusson to be shunned. Tryin' to do bizness wid him am wasted labor frown away."

Theatrical Managers.

[Blakely Hall.]

A theatrical manager said a day or two ago, "I don't know whether you know it or not, but nearly every prominent star, and many of the most successful theatres, are not run by the men whose names are printed as managers, half so much as by some quiet individual, who holds the position of the power behind the throne, and who is not generally known to the public as the head of the firm. For instance, Dan Frohman, a quiet and unobtrusive gentleman, who works night and day, is entirely responsible for the vast success of the Madison Square theatre, just as Theodore Moss is the proprietor and owner of Wallack's theatre. In the same way, John Duff is the man who has enabled Daly's theatre to succeed, and Billy Connor was for many years the cause of the great success which attended John McCullough's tours.

I mention these few names casually, but the most pronounced instance of all is that of the mother of Lotta. Lotta has two brothers, both of whom are in the theatrical business. They are clever enough young men, but they have no more to do with Lotta's business than she has herself. Mrs. Crabtree, the aged mother of the famous star, has entire control of the finances, and is the business woman of the whole Crabtree family. She is extremely sharp at a bargain, and much of the great fortune which Lotta has accumulated is the result of the keen business insight of her mother.

A Matter of Luck.

[Boston Herald.]

A gutter band consisting of five Germans was tooting an excruciating tune in front of a beer saloon on Druid Hill avenue the other morning. The musicians were incased in thick clothing, and three of the cornetists wore mittens, making it impossible for them to sound one note without closing all the valves on their instruments. The larger instruments were incased in bags to prevent the cold weather and the vigorous blowing of the players from splitting the brass.

"Say, Jim, give them fellers a nickel!" shouted a potato fakir to his partner, who was passing the band. The vender immediately went down in his pocket and gave a coin to the little stout fellow who was lustily blowing the cornet with icicles.

"Is it customary for arabs to give money to gutter bands?" asked a reporter.

"Oh, yes," replied the peddler of vegetables, as he changed five buge potatoes from one hand to another. "You see, we have to do it for luck. I'll bet $1.00 we sell out before noon, an' if we had let that band pass we'd a ben kept peddling all day."

The Future Man.

A French scientist has written a pamphlet which proves theretically that the future man will have a large brain, but no natural teeth.

Letting the "Star" Shine.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Actors who star, as a general thing, are in the habit of seeing that the members of their companies do not attract too much attention—first, because it detracts from the importance of the principal personage in the company, and, second, because minor actors who make strong hits usually fall at once into the condition known as "feeling their oats." It is related of a certain actor that for a long time after starting out with his new and popular piece, he carried a professional dramatist with him, whose duty it was whenever a minor player received a round of applause for a given speech to immediately rewrite that portion of the play, giving the popular sentiment to the star.

"Delta Metal."

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