HERE IS HOPE FOR THE FORSAKEN.

The Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids and Its Work of Relieving the Sufferings of Its Inmates.

PHYSICIANS WHO STRIVE FOR SCIENTIFIC WONDERS.

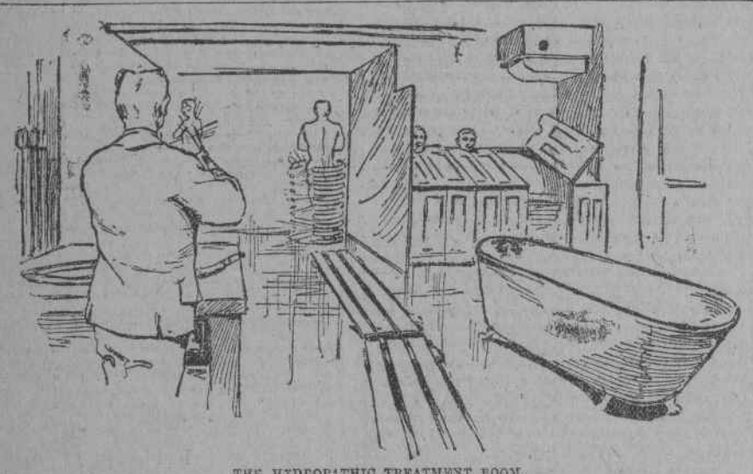
An Institution Which in Many Respects Has Not Its Equal in This Country in Its Care for Apparently Incurable Diseases.

With its façade facing the Jersey hills, and with the sun diffusing warmth and healthfulness through its wards whenever the skies are clear, the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids is an institution that is in most respects unequalled by any hospital in the country.

Persons who have driven up the Grand Boulevard of recent years have been attracted by a handsome building at 138th street, whose elaborately decorated front receives the full benefit of the undimmed light and fresh breezes which the wide extent of territory reaching from it to the Orange Mountains affords it. From its windows, looking directly west, may be seen the Hudson, the Highlands along the New Jersey shore, and the blue tips of the mountains in the horizon. The site has been selected with rare judgment, for the hygienic advantages of unobstructed light and air which is not smoke laden from the furnaces of the city cannot be overestimated.

SUPT. HAUSMANN.

The Home is four stories in height, the main building having a high pitched roof and a handsome cornice supporting at its centre a broad and tall dormer window. The wings follow the general lines of the central structure and add very greatly to the beauty of the balance of the entire edifice. Upon its southern side there are balconies, and a story which always arouses attention from its nearly resembling a conservatory. The builders of the institution, valuing as they did the advantages of the site, took occasion to build this southern wing so that a portion of it would be converted into a reproduction of a Florida garden, with orange trees and plantains, with palms and other beautiful exotic plants, and having a continuously equable temperature, so that by going from a ward into this "sun room," as it is called, the patient could secure about all the advantages he could derive from a trip to the tropics. Warm days in spring and summer the balconies are used.



THE HYDROPATHIC TREATMENT ROOM.

WITHIN ITS OWN FLOWER GARDENS.

About the Home there is a somewhat limited garden, for the property which was purchased for the erection of the present structure was so valuable that the directors considered themselves obliged to use about all they could of it. The result is that the ground which is available for the purpose has been transformed by the gardener's art into what might be termed an American reproduction of a Japanese garden. At the rear of the building property has recently been purchased and the directors propose to extend the institution by the means of an elevated way, so that this plot for a time may be used as an additional recreation ground. Thus not alone has the patient's comfort been considered when he is so ill as to be obliged to be watched constantly by the hospital attendant, but when he is convalescent he need not remain amid the melancholy surroundings of his former sick room, but may either go into the bright apartments which have been specially prepared with flowers and sunlight for his reception or go further and breathe the deliciously fresh air which sweeps the balconies of the Montefiore Home after its forty mile journey from the summits of the Jersey hills.

SEWING SOCIETY—MONTEFIORE HOME.

It was originally intended when the Home was incorporated, in 1884, to make it an institution where incurable patients should be received and made comfortable until they died. This idea was essentially a charitable one, with the saddest elements. It assured the patient who was received that his doom was sealed, and that once he passed beneath the lintel of the door he should come forth no more save upon his last journey. Of course, the charity which was thus established was of the most supreme order, regarded theoretically, but the founders of the institution, as well as the chief of the medical staff, a physician of wide experience, after a consideration of the disheartening effect of such a definition of the functions of their foundation upon the patients, decided that the Home should be essentially one to which patients who were suffering from diseases generally regarded as incurable should be received, and especially this should be the case after their treatment had progressed beyond the point set by other hospitals. It was the desire of the founders to make it a place where a man who had been given up by his physician might come and there receive the final chance for his life.

The most advanced system of treatment was introduced; rooms were specially prepared in which these apparently hopeless cases might be treated under the most favorable conditions; the size of the wards was so limited that there could be no possible dormitory effect, which is always so unpleasant a feature of hospital experience; and to make the institution particularly notable a department was devoted entirely to the treatment of extreme cases by water, using it as a tonic and as a therapeutic assistant to the ordinary methods of attendance. This last department of the institution made it remarkable, inasmuch as the Home then became the only hospital in the country, and probably in the world, where hydrotherapy was carried out with perfect machinery.

A STAFF OF SPECIALISTS.

Not alone was this establishment of hydrotherapy of value in the organization of the institution, but the chief of the medical staff, Dr. Simon Baruch, decided upon a division of the duties of the physicians who were his associates and assistants, which made the treatment of special cases extraordinarily convenient. His idea was to have a medical department so arranged that the so-called incurable cases could be treated by specialists who were members of the staff, and who were, therefore, interested with him in the efficacy of the treatment given in the institution. Thus the patient had the advantage upon entering of not alone securing the mere advice and supervision of a noted scientist, but of securing his professional sympathy as being a case which had been abandoned by other men, and which was submitted to him for the purpose of proving, if possible, to his medical brothers outside of the Home that that which they had abandoned he could accomplish.

The medical staff is composed of Dr. Simon Baruch, who is chairman; Dr. Willy Meyer and Fred S. Dennis, surgeons; Dr. H. S. Oppenheimer, Carl Koller, the discoverer of cocaine, and E. S. Peck, ophthalmologists; Drs. Leo, Ettinger and Max Rosenthal, resident physicians; Dr. Max Toeplitz, laryngologist; Drs. B. Sachs, A. Seessel and C. L. Dana, neurologists; Drs. B. A. Morjé, H. J. Wolf, S. Henry Dessau and Charles J. Sharrets, visiting physicians; Dr. Fuerth, dentist, and Dr. Max Einhorn, chemist. The mere recitation of the names of these gentlemen is sufficient to show the high standing of the special treatment given in the institution. One great advantage, which is evident to the patients, is that these physicians are banded together with one distinct purpose—that of proving to the world that incurable diseases, regarded generally as such, may under certain well defined conditions be as thoroughly subject to amelioration as illnesses of insignificant types.

When the institution was incorporated it began its work in a frame two story mansard building at Eighty-fourth street and avenue A. The work progressed with such good effects in this little building that a great fair was held, the ladies interested in the success of the hospital contributing their services, which resulted in the accumulation of sufficient money to build the present institution, which was formally opened on December 12, 1888. When the doors of the old structure were permanently closed the sick inmates of the institution numbered only 30. Yesterday the roll showed 146 sufferers, 75 of whom were phthisical patients, the remainder being subject to chronic diseases of various kinds.

Of course the good results formerly secured were very enormously increased under the new condition. The admirable sight and arrangement for treatment in the new structure returned even better results than were hoped for. The proportion of cases which were regarded to be hopeless by other hospitals which were discharged from the Montefiore Home was very large. As the work progressed in the present institution the average of cures increased, until now the directors have occasion to congratulate themselves that all which seemed to be indicated by the hopes of Dr. Baruch when he assumed direction of the medical department of the institution are about to be fulfilled.

HYDROTHERAPY AS AN ASSISTANT.

The building is under the constant supervision of Adolf Hausmann, the superintendent, and his wife, Mrs. Rachel Hausmann, the matron. Mr. Hausmann is as much devoted to preserving the immaculate condition of the interior as Dr. Baruch and his aids are determined to prevent the increase of disease. The superintendent is full of energy and constantly on the go, is always ready to throw himself into the breach whenever he is called upon to exercise any extraordinary authority, and it seems to the directors as though Mr. Hausmann was as necessary to the institution as its exterior walls.

At present the building is not nearly large enough for the demands which are being constantly made upon it by so called incurable cases. The directors, however, are determined to utilize their recent purchase of ground on the other side of Hamilton avenue, and there increase the accommodation of the institution by a structure which shall be similar in all respects to the various divisions of the main building. How soon this will be done it is at present rather difficult to indicate. Certainly the attention which has been widely called to the Montefiore Home in the treatment of phthisis would warrant even a much greater extension of its present building than is contemplated.

This special care which has been taken with consumptive cases has been due to the very great efforts which Dr. Baruch has in diseases of that character. For some time past he has been using the hydrotherapeutic method, and has achieved some marvellous results, not alone in tubercular patients, but also in rheumatism, gout and nervous diseases. The success of the use of the hydrotherapeutic method in the nervous diseases has led one of the most prominent physicians in this country to describe it as an American Hotel de Chacot. Recently the physicians of the staff on Dr. Baruch's direction have treating tubercular patients with the Koch curative lymph. The possibilities of comparison which, therefore, offer themselves as between the hydrotherapeutic method, which hitherto has obtained the most immediate results, and the Koch method, which is still in purely the experimental stage, cannot fail to be of vast interest to the medical profession of this country.

With the admirable arrangements which the Montefiore Home has of using water as a therapeutical assistant it assumes the greatest importance in the treatment of chronic cases in which water may be used as a tonic. The room which is devoted to the therapeutic method is in the basement of the south wing. In it are the most approved implements for giving baths of various sorts. The most interesting, perhaps, of these is the apparatus at the eastern end of the room called the "ring bath," which is supplemented by the douche. The ring bath is composed of four standards and three hollow three quarter circles made of hollow and perforated tubing. The patient stands within the broken circle, which is as high as his armpit, and the water is forced upon him from the multitude of perforations at a temperature and with a force which is regulated by a system of valves a short distance away and under the control of the hospital attendant.

PLENTY OF STING IN THIS BATH.

The force of the water can be made as strong as thirty pounds to the square inch. This is sufficient to bring the blood to the surface of the skin of a hippopotamus. When this ring bath is supplemented by the douche, which has an equal power, the man who is capable of sustaining both showers at once has to stand pretty firmly upon his legs.

Besides the douche, a hose is used for the purpose of bathing the patient by the direct stream. Then there are bath tubs with various attachments, by which the patient can be treated to sprays of varying temperature and force and hot air baths, which completely close the patient, leaving only his head beyond the confines of the box, in which his body is subjected to a heat which is sufficient to very materially modify the painful symptoms of gout and rheumatism.

THE SUN ROOM—MONTEFIORE HOME.

The lay observer might be rather amused upon seeing a row of these hot air baths while the patients are under treatment. They resemble, to a great extent, those tin boxes in which grocers keep their supplies of sugar and flour, only that they are very much larger and are made of wood. There is a hole cut out of the top of the sloping cover which is just sufficiently large to accommodate the neck of the bather. The patient is put in them and the cover shut down around his neck, so that a row of these baths in full operation shows merely a series of wooden boxes with a half a score of human heads apparently stuck upon the covers. In these baths again the temperature is regulated to a half degree by a very delicate system of valves, the steam coil being used as the heating medium.

In the last report of the directors of the Montefiore Home Dr. Baruch refers to this method and its encouraging results when used in the treatment of various chronic cases in these words:—

A recent visit to a number of institutions specially devoted to hydrotherapy (water treatment) in Europe warrants me in saying that I have seen none superior to ours in point of practical utility. It will doubtless gratify you, as it did myself, to learn that the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids is the only general hospital which possesses a complete outfit for scientific hydrotherapy.

The results achieved by this treatment during the past year are even more favorable than those recited in my last report. Without entering into detail it may be affirmed that there are very few among the comparatively large number of improved and cured cases (162 out of a total of 302) in which some form of the water treatment did not play the most important role.

No specific curative powers are claimed for this treatment, but its value as a tonic to the system, as a refreshing and sustaining remedy to the feeble, is exemplified most clearly in many of the hopeless cases that seek refuge under our roof, and that have usually been subjected to all other most approved treatments ere they come to us.

The report of the house physicians furnishes ample details. It illustrates also a fact that is most gratifying to me—viz., that they have become fully imbued with the spirit which I have sought to impress in every annual report, and which I trust you will continue to aid us in exemplifying—viz., that we must labor ceaselessly and hopefully to wrest from their apparently inexorable fate some of the hopeless victims of chronic disease, commonly regarded as incurable, and thus encourage by publishing our results to the medical world, further research into the insufficiently tried or untried resources of the healing art.

The scope and value of your efforts, gentlemen, as well as of the work of the medical attendants, may thus be enlarged indefinitely, and the blessings of unknown thousands who have never entered our portals may crown our united labors in the interest of suffering humanity.

It is impossible in the limited space available in a newspaper to describe some of the admirable results from this use of water as a therapeutic agent. The various medical journals of the country have described from time to time the advantages which Dr. Baruch and his assistants at the Montefiore Home have secured. Of course the longer the treatment is used the more widely it becomes known; and this is shown by the fact that the hospital is now regarded as the chief institution in this country where water is used with any degree of scientific skill.

THE SUN ROOMS AND WARDS.

The south wing of the hospital has as its top story two apartments which are enclosed in glass and which are known as the sun rooms. Together these rooms have a surface area of 20 by 60 feet. They resemble conservatories, not alone from the fact that they have flowers in them, as well as various tropical plants, but also because they are veritable hothouses for the forcing of certain conditions in the patients who are selected to come under their influence. Their temperature is kept at a degree which never varies unless experimentation is desired. The southern exposure gives them the full benefit of the winter sun, and so bright and warm are their interiors that most frequently the attendants are compelled to use shades across their roofs in order to temper the heat of the sun's rays.

This department of the institution is divided into two rooms, one for women and one for men. In the summer time, of course, they are unbearably hot, but during that season the gardens of the Home afford the patients opportunity to breath the delicious pure air which comes to them from the green clad hills on the other side of the river. But even in summer time the use of the rooms is not abandoned, for they have at the Montefiore Home several cases of locomotor-ataxia, one of the phases of the treatment of which is the suspension of the patient by his head; thus when this operation is performing a casual visitor might be surprised by observing men and women apparently in the last stage of hanging.

The remainder of the south wing of the institution is devoted to the accommodation of women patients. They are treated in rooms which hold from two to eight beds. These wards are exceedingly pleasant. A particularly noticeable thing about the whole institution is that the peculiar odor which seems to be inseparable from a hospital cannot be detected in any portion of the Home.

The main building is, with the exception of the top story, where there is a ward, devoted to the administrative offices, reception room, dining room, sewing room and apartments occupied by the physicians, superintendent and matron of the institution. In the north wing are the male wards, the top story being devoted to the sleeping rooms for the attendants.

The present officers and directors of the Montefiore Home are these gentlemen:—

President, Jacob H. Schiff; Vice President, Louis Gans; Treasurer, Isidor Straus, and Honorary Secretary, Julius J. Lyons.

Directors—Levi Bamberger, Lyman G. Bloomingdale, Isaac Brandon, Louis Clark, Jr.; Samuel H. Eckman, Isaac Eppinger, Raphael Ettinger, Louis Gans, Henry Hermann, Marcus Kohner, Sigmund M. Lehman, Leonard Lewisohn, Julius J. Lyons, M. W. Mendel, Sigmund Neustadt, V. Henry Rothschild, Adolph L. Sanger, Jacob H. Schiff, Gerson Siegel, Henry Solomon, Louis Strasbourger, Isidor Straus, Joseph Waxelbaum and Lewis S. Wolff.

NOT ALONE A HOSPITAL, BUT A HOME.

The original intention of the founders of the Montefiore Home, to have it as a place where incurable patients could be received and attended until they died, while modified to a very radical degree by its change into a hospital for the treatment of chronic invalids, has enabled it to retain that quality, which would be inseparable from the definition of a home. Its patients are not merely received for the purpose of experimentation, but are received with that philanthropic spirit which seems to be inevitable where the heads of the institution are of the Jewish faith. The average patient here after a short attendance becomes convinced that he is the friend of the attendants and that anything within reason that he asks for to assist in his comfort will be speedily forthcoming without any of that half-hearted manner of response which is too noticeable in other great institutions. Of course here, as in other charitable hospitals, there are much greater demands made upon the management for accommodations than can possibly be granted. But with the proposed addition, and with the increased contributions to its support, which must certainly follow when its good work becomes more and more widely known, it is the desire of the directors to accommodate all deserving persons who may apply.

JOHNSON WAS OUT OF SIGHT.

AND HIS BAND PLAYED ZIMMERMAN'S "FRIENDSHIP MARCH."

When the band began to play Mr. Johnson was out of sight. I tell this bit of history with all due respect to Mr. Johnson. As a matter of fact there were grave reasons why he should be out of sight; but these shall appear later on. It was last Monday night, and the place was Union Hall, No. 140 Sixth avenue. The function was the first concert soirée, reception and collation of Johnson's Military Band.

You see, Mr. Johnson pondered four months ago that there was a long-dark-felt want in this city—to wit, the want of a colored military band. Whereupon he at once set about organizing. Soon he got together eighteen young colored gentlemen, whose names I hereby hand down to history. These are they:—

H. P. Vandeveer, leader; Fred Reynolds, George Brown, Howard Roy, F. Smalley, George Johnson, Martin Mann, Henry Van Dyck, Alfred Davis, James Arnold, William Lane, Henry Brown, M. K. Greene, J. Villaon, George Cisco, Alfred Lane and Benjamin Somerset.

It is rather hard work to get inside of Union Hall because the supper room and the hat check boudoir are jammed so close to each other at the entrance. It was worth the trouble to go in last Monday evening though. There, under a four branched chandelier, stood and sat Johnson's Military Band. Leader Vandeveer did the standing. He frowned official and admonitory frowns at the young colored gentlemen who were blowing hot air into their cornets, clarinets, altos, tenor horns and tubas so as to limber them up for the fray. Mr. Johnson wore full evening dress, much gold jewelry and an ecru satin tie that buckled behind. Leader Vandeveer wore ordinary evening dress. So did three of the B flat cornets. Five other young gentlemen wore frock suits, with evening dress ties of lawn, and all the others but one had frock suits with four-in-hand cravats. The sole exception was Mr. Benjamin (alias Dodey) Somerset. He played the bass drum, and in order to give his muscles free play he carelessly concealed himself in a snuff colored coat and soft gray negligee pants. They were not trousers. Trousers would have been too tight.

Well, leader Vandeveer looked around him at ten o'clock and shouted "One!" The eighteen young colored gentlemen got ready to toot. Mr. Vandeveer's silver baton made two flourishes and a flapdab, and then——

The band played Zimmerman's "Friendship March." They played it well, too. But Johnson was out of sight. He was out looking after the welfare of the collation. I know it was not a supper, but a collation. Mr. Johnson told me. The band played lots of schottisches and galops, but chiefly they ran to marches. A march is a fine thing. The eighth number on the programme was the overture to Rossini's "William Tell." Two of the alto horns were unavoidably absent, so "William Tell" was "scratched" at the last moment. The cream of colored society was on every side of the band. Colonel J. H. Simms, in full uniform, made a speech. He is a lawyer, with a strong political pull, and he congratulated the band and Johnson. I don't know how late it was when the band stopped playing, but I do know that Johnson was indeed and gloriously out of sight.

RUDYARD KIPLING ASTRIDE THE CLOUDS.

Intoxicated by Deep Draughts of Yellowstone Wonders.

AMERICAN BEAT ENGLISH MANNERS

Word Painting Adequate to the Society and Inspiration of a New Hampshire Girl.

Once upon a time there was a carter who brought his team and a friend into the Yellowstone Park without due thought. Presently they came upon a few of the natural beauties of the place and that carter turned his team into his friend's team, howling:—

"Get out o' this, Jim. All hell's alight under our noses." And they called the place hell's half acre to this day to witness if the carter lied.

We, too, the old lady from Chicago, her husband, Tom and the good little mares, came to hell's half acre, which is about sixty acres in extent, and when Tom said:—

"Would you like to drive over it?" We said:—

"Certainly not, and if you do we shall report you to the Park authorities."

There was a plain, blistered and peeled and abominable, and it was given over to the sportings and spoutings of devils who threw mud and steam and dirt at each other with whoops and halloos and bellowing curses.

The places smelt of the refuse of the pit, and that odor mixed with the clean, wholesome aroma of the pines in our nostrils throughout the day.

LAID OUT LIKE OLLENDORF.

This Yellowstone Park is laid out like Ollendorf, in exercises of progressive difficulty. Hell's half acre was a prelude to ten or twelve miles of geyser formation.

We passed hot streams boiling in the forest; saw whiffs of steam beyond these and yet other whiffs breaking through the misty green hills in the far distance; we trampled on sulphur in crystals, and sniffed things much worse than any sulphur which is known to the upper world; and so, journeying bewildered with the novelty, came upon a really park-like place where Tom suggested we should get out and play with the geysers on foot.

Imagine mighty green fields splattered with lime beds; all the flowers of the summer growing up to the very edge of the line. That was our first glimpse of the geyser basins.

The buggy had pulled up close to a rough, broken, blistered cone of spelter stuff between ten and twenty feet high. There was trouble in that place—moaning, splashing, gurgling and the clank of machinery. A spurt of boiling water jumped into the air and a wash of water followed.

I removed swiftly. The old lady from Chicago shrieked. "What a wicked waste," said her husband. I think they call it the Riverside Geyser. Its spout was torn and ragged like the mouth of a gun when a shell has burst there. It grumbled madly for a moment or two and then was still. I crept over the steaming line—it was the burning marl on which Satan lay—and looked fearfully down its mouth. You should never look a gift geyser in the mouth.

DEVIL'S BETHESDA.

I beheld a horrible, slippery, slimy funnel with water rising and falling ten feet at a time. Then the water rose to lip level with a rush, and an infernal bubbling troubled this Devil's Bethesda before the sullen heave of the crest of a wave lapped over the edge and made me run.

Mark the nature of the human soul. I had begun with awe, not to say terror, for this was my first experience of such things. I stepped back from the flanks of the Riverside Geyser, saying:—"Pooh! Is that all it can do?" Yet for aught I knew the whole thing might have blown up at a minute's notice; she, he or it being an arrangement of uncertain temper.

We drifted on, up that miraculous valley. On either side of us were hills from a thousand or fifteen hundred feet high, wooded from crest to heel. As far as the eye could range forward were columns of steam in the air, misshapen lumps of lime, mist-like pre-adamite monsters, still pools of turquoise blue stretches of blue corn flowers, a river that coiled on itself twenty times, pointed boulders of strange colors and ridges of glaring, staring white.

A moon faced trooper of German extraction—never was Park so carefully patrolled—came up to inform us that as yet we had not seen any of the real geysers; that they were all a mile or so up the valley and tastefully scattered round the hotel in which we would rest for the night.

THE TROOPER'S STORY.

America is a free country, but the citizens look down on the soldier. I had to entertain that trooper. The old lady from Chicago would have none of him; so we loafed along together, now across half rotten pine logs sunk in swampy ground, anon over the ringing geyser formation, then pounding through river sand or brushing knee deep through long grass.

"And why did you enlist?" said I.

The moon faced one's face began to work. I thought he would have a fit, but he told me a story instead—such a nice tale of a naughty little girl who wrote pretty love letters to two men at once. She was a simple village wife, but a wicked "family novelette" countess couldn't have accomplished her ends better. She drove one man nearly wild with the pretty little treachery, and the other man abandoned her and came West to forget the trickery.

Moonface was that man.

GOBLIN BATHTUBS.

We rounded and limped over a low spur of hill and came out upon a field of aching snowy lime, rolled in sheets, twisted into knots, riven with rents and diamonds and stars, stretching for more than half a mile in every direction.

On this place of despair lay most of the big, bad geysers who know when there is trouble in Krakatoa, who tell the pines when there is a cyclone on the Atlantic seaboard, and who are exhibited to visitors under pretty and fanciful names.

The first mound that I encountered belonged to a goblin who was splashing in his tub. I heard him kick, pull a shower bath on his shoulders, gasp, crack his joints and rub himself down with a towel; then he let the water out of the bath, as a thoughtful man should, and it all sank down out of sight till another goblin arrived.

So we looked and we wondered at the Beehive, whose mouth is built up exactly like a hive, at the Turban (which is not in the least like a turban) and at many, many other geysers, hot holes and springs. Some of them rumbled, some hissed, some went off spasmodically and others lay dead still in sheets of sapphire and beryl.

TURNING A GEYSER'S STOMACH.

Would you believe that even these terrible creatures have to be guarded by the troopers to prevent the irreverent American from chipping the cones to pieces, or, worse still, making the geyser sick? If you take of soft soap a small barrelful and drop it down a geyser's mouth, that geyser will presently be forced to lay all before you and for days afterward will be of an irritated and inconstant stomach.

When they told me the tale I was filled with sympathy. Now I wish that I had stolen soap and tried the experiment on some lonely little beast far away in the woods. It sounds so probable and so human.

Yet he would be a bold man who would administer emetics to the Giantess. She is flat lipped, having no mouth, she looks like a pool, fifty feet long and thirty wide, and there is no ornamentation about her. At irregular intervals she speaks and sends up a column of water over two hundred feet high to begin with, then she is angry for a day and a half—sometimes for two days.

Owing to her peculiarity of going mad in the night not many people have seen the Giantess at her finest; but the clamor of her unrest, men say, shakes the wooden hotel and echoes like thunder among the hills.

UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIERS.

The congregation returned to the hotel to put down their impressions in diaries and note books which they wrote up ostentatiously in the verandas. It was a sweltering hot day, albeit we stood somewhat higher than the level of Simla, and I left that raw pine creaking caravansary for the cool shade of a clump of pines between whose trunks glimmered tents.

A batch of United States troopers came down the road and flung themselves across the country into their rough lines. The Melican Cavalryman can ride, though he keeps his accoutrements pig fashion and his horses cow fashion.

I was free of that camp in five minutes—free to play with the heavy, lumpy carbines, have the saddles stripped, and punch the horses knowingly in the ribs. One of the men had been in the fight with "Wrap-up-his-Tail," before alluded to, and he told me how that great chief, his horse's tail tied up in red calico, swaggered in front of the United States cavalry, challenging all to single combat. But he was slain, and a few of his tribe with him.

"There's no use in an Indian, anyway," concluded my friend.

A couple of cowboys—real cowboys—jingled through the camp amid a shower of mild chaff. They were on their way to Cook City, I fancy, and I know that they never washed. But they were picturesque ruffians, exceedingly, with long spurs, hooded stirrups, slouch hats, fur weather cloth over their knees and pistol butts just easy to hand.

"The cowboy's goin' under before long," said my friend. "Soon as the country's settled up he'll have to go. But he's mighty useful now. What would we do without the cowboy?"

WHAT COWBOYS ARE GOOD FOR.

"As how?" said I, and the camp laughed.

"He has the money. We have the skill. He comes in winter to play poker at the military posts. We play poker—a few. When he's lost his money we make him drink and let him go. Sometimes we get the wrong man."

And he told me a tale of an innocent cowboy who turned up, cleaned out, at an army post, and played pokker for thirty-six hours. But it was the post that was cleaned out when that long haired Caucasian removed himself, heavy with everybody's pay and declining the proffered liquor.

"Now," said the historian, "I don't play with no cowboy unless he's a little bit drunk first."

Ere I departed I gathered from more than one man that significant fact that up to one hundred yards he felt absolutely secure behind his revolver.

"In England, I understand," quoth the limber youth from the South, "in England a man aren't allowed to play with no firearms. He's got to be taught all that when he enlists. I didn't want much teaching how to shoot straight, 'fore I served Uncle Sam. And that's just where it is. But you was talking about your Horse Guards now?"

I explained briefly some peculiarities of equipment connected with our crackest crack cavalry. I grieve to say the camp roared.

"Take 'em over swampy ground. Let 'em run around a bit an' work the starch out of 'em an' then, Almighty, if we wouldn't plug 'em at ease I'd eat their horses."

A HENRY JAMES MAIDEN.

There was a maiden—a very little maiden—who had just stepped out of one of James's novels. She owned a delightful mother and an equally delightful father, a heavy-eyed, slow-voiced man of finance. The parents thought that their daughter wanted change.

She lived in New Hampshire. Accordingly, she had dragged them up to Alaska and to the Yosemite Valley, and was now returning leisurely via the Yellowstone just in time for the tail end of the summer season at Saratoga.

We had met once or twice before in the Park, and I had been amazed and amused at her critical commendation of the wonders that she saw. From that very resolute little mouth I received a lecture on American literature, the nature and inwardness of Washington society, the precise value of Cable's works as compared with Uncle Remus Harris, and a few other things that had nothing whatever to do with geysers but were altogether pleasant.

Now an English maiden who had stumbled on a dust grimed, lime washed, sun peeled, collarless wanderer come from and going to goodness knows where, would, her mother inciting her and her father brandishing his umbrella, have regarded him as a dissolute adventurer—a person to be disregarded.

AMERICAN VERSUS ENGLISH MANNERS.

Not so those delightful people from New Hampshire. They were good enough to treat him—it sounds almost incredible—as a human being, possibly respectable, probably not in immediate need of financial assistance.

Papa talked pleasantly and to the point.

The little maiden strove valiantly with the accent of her birth and that of her reading, and mamma smiled benignly in the background.

Balance this with a story of a young English idiot I met mooning about inside his high collar, attended by a valet. He condescended to tell me that "you can't be too careful who you talk to in these parts." And stalked on fearing, I suppose, every minute for his social chastity.

That man was a barbarian (I took occasion to tell him so), for he comported himself after the manner of the head hunters and hunted of Assem who are at perpetual feud one with another.

You will understand that these foolish stories are introduced in order to cover the fact that this pen cannot describe the glories of the Upper Geyser basin. The evening I spent under the lee of the Castle Geyser, sitting on a log with some troopers and watching a baronial keep forty feet high spouting hot water. If the Castle went off first they said the Giantess would be quiet and vice versa; and then they told tales till the moon got up and a party of campers in the woods gave us all something to eat.

CHANCE CAVALRY ESCORT.

Then came soft, turfy forest that deadened the wheels, and two troopers on detachment duty stole noiselessly behind us. One was the Wrap-up-his-Tail man, and they talked merrily while the half broken horses bucked about among the trees. And so a cavalry escort was with us for a mile, till we got to a mighty hill all strewn with moss agates, and everybody had to jump out and pant in that thin air. But how intoxicating it was! The old lady from Chicago ducked like an emancipated hen as she scuttled about the road, cramming pieces of rock into her reticule. She sent me fifty yards down to the hillside to pick up a piece of broken bottle which she insisted was moss agate.

"I've some o' that at home, an' they shine. Yes, you go get it, young man."

As we climbed the long path the road grew viler and viler till it became without disguise the bed of a torrent; and just when things were at their rockiest we nearly fell into a little sapphire lake—but never sapphire was so blue—called Mary's Lake; and that between eight and nine thousand feet above the sea.

Afterward, grass downs, all on a vehement slope, so that the buggy following the new made road ran on to the two off wheels mostly till we dipped head first into a ford, climbed up a cliff, raced along down, dipped again and pulled up dishevelled at "Larry's" for lunch and an hour's rest.

Then we lay on the grass and laughed with sheer bliss of being alive. This have I known once in Japan, once on the banks of the Columbia, what time the salmon came in and "California" howled, and once again in the Yellowstone by the light of the eyes of the maiden from New Hampshire. Four little pools lay at my elbow, one was of black water (tepid), one clear water (cold), one clear water (hot), one red water (boiling). My newly washed handkerchief covered them all and we two marvelled as children marvel.

DOING THE CANYON.

"This evening we shall do the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone?" said the maiden.

"Together?" said I; and she said "Yes."

The sun was beginning to sink when we heard the roar of falling waters and came to a broad river along whose banks we ran. And then—I might at a pinch describe the infernal regions but not the other place. The Yellowstone River has occasion to run through a gorge about eight miles long. To get to the bottom of the gorge it makes two leaps, one of about one hundred and twenty and the other of three hundred feet. I investigated the upper or lesser fall, which is close to the hotel.

Up to that time nothing particular happens to the Yellowstone—its banks being only rocky, rather steep and plentifully adorned with pines.

At the falls it comes round a corner, green, solid, ribbed with a little foam and not more than thirty yards wide. Then it goes over, still green and rather more solid than before. After a minute or two you, sitting upon a rock directly above the drop, begin to understand that something has occurred; that the river has jumped between solid cliff walls, and that the gentle froth of water lapping the sides of the gorge below is really the outcome of great waves.

And the river yells aloud; but the cliffs do not allow the yells to escape.

That inspection began with curiosity and finished in terror, for it seemed that the whole world was sliding in chrysolite from under my feet. I followed with the others round the corner to arrive at the brink of the canyon. We had to climb up a nearly perpendicular ascent to begin with, for the ground rises more than the river drops. Stately pine woods fringe either lip of the gorge, which is the gorge of the Yellowstone. You'll find all about it in the guide books.

SOME WORD PAINTING.

All that I can say is that without warning or preparation I looked into a gulf seventeen hundred feet deep with eagles and fish hawks circling far below. And the sides of that gulf were one wild welter of color—crimson, emerald, cobalt, ochre, amber, honey splashed with port wine, snow white, vermilion, lemon and silver gray in wide washes. The slides did not fall sheer, but were graven by time and water and shaped into monstrous heads of kings, dead chiefs, men and women of the old time. So far below that no sound of its strife could reach us, the Yellowstone River ran a finger wide strip of jade green.

The sunlight took those wondrous walls and gave fresh hues to those that nature had already laid there.

Evening crept through the pines that shadowed us but the full glory of the day flamed in that canyon as we went out very cautiously to a jutting piece of rock—blood-red or pink it was—that overhung the deepest deeps of all.

Now I know what it is to sit enthroned amid the clouds of sunset as the spirits sit in Blake's pictures. Giddiness took away all sensation of touch or form, but the sense of blinding color remained.

When I reached the main land again I had sworn that I had been floating.

The maid from New Hampshire said no word for a very long time. Then she quoted poetry, which was perhaps the best thing she could have done.

"And think that this show place has been going on all these days an' none of we ever saw it," said the old lady from Chicago, with an acid glance at her husband.

"No, only the Injians," said he, unmoved; and the maiden and I laughed.

TOYING WITH IMMENSITIES.

Inspiration is fleeting, beauty is vain and the power of the mind for wonder limited. Though the shining hosts themselves had risen choiring from the bottom of the gorge they would not have prevented her papa and one baser than he from rolling stones down those stupendous rainbow washed slides. Seventeen hundred feet of steepest pitch and rather more than seventeen hundred colors for log or boulder to whizz through!

So we heaved things and saw them gather way and bound from white rock to red or yellow, dragging behind them torrents of color, till the noise of their descent ceased and they bounded a hundred yards clear at the last into the Yellowstone.

"I've been down there," said Tom that evening, "It's easy to get down if you're careful—just sit an' slide; but getting up is worse. An' I found down below there two stones just marked with a picture of the canyon. I wouldn't sell those rocks not for $15."

And papa and I crawled down to the Yellowstone—just above the first little fall—to wet a line for good luck. The round moon came up and turned the cliffs and pines into silver; and a two-pound trout came up also, and we slew him among the rocks, nearly tumbling into that wild river.

* * * * * *

Then out and away to Livingstone once more. The maiden from New Hampshire disappeared; papa and mamma with her. Disappeared, too, the old lady from Chicago and the others.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

A HUMAN FIEND.

[From the New York Weekly.]

New Yorker—Hello, Broadbrim! Buying a copy of Ward McAllister's book, I see.

Rich Philadelphian—Yes, I am going to seal it in the corner stone of a new building I intend to erect. It will be found there by our descendants a couple of hundred years from now.

"But what's your object?"

"I hate New York."

ISRAEL'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO MANKIND.

Warm Tribute to Secretary Windom by Rabbi de Sola Mendes.

BENEDICTION OF THE ROSE.

Practical Plan for Establishing Supply Stores in the Tenement Districts.

At the Shaaray Tefila Synagogue, West Forty-fourth street, yesterday, Rev. Dr. de Sola Mendes preached upon the lesson of the day, Exodus, xix., 6.

After describing the significance of the Israelites of that time, of the promise that they should become "a kingdom of priests, a holy nation," which at a bound raised them to the summit of the social ladder of antiquity, the priesthood, he urged that Israel of to-day had much to ponder on in this charter or commission delivered to them on Sinai. He said:—"A kingdom of priests must we be. Not a kingdom hedged around with the worldly might which to-day protects the monarch against the common sense of his subjects, but monarchs of the intellectual world, warriors of science, knights errant of research and useful discovery. In all and with all, never forgetting the priestly side of our avocation.

WHAT ISRAEL GAVE THE WORLD.

"Israel gave the world of old what is higher than the love of beauty which Greece taught, love of law and order which Rome formulated; more than the mystic, visionary lore which Chaldea and more distant India have sent down the ages as their contributions to man's advancement. Israel gave religion to man's ennoblement. We did not bring down our Deity, as did they of ancient paganism, to the level of mankind, but essayed to raise mankind toward the level of Deity, pure and spiritual.

DR. F. DE SOLA MENDES.

"To be a holy nation holiness must not be confined to the cloister; it is the holiness of active life we must represent, life among men, with men and for men, with Moses' time honored ethic, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,' as its motto and actuating principle. God's 'peculiar treasure' in the midst of all the nations who equally belong to Him must hold itself in consonance with such high vocation, and by the pursuit of uprightness and purity, charitable endeavor and brotherly sympathy, be priests among men, privileged, it is true, but privileged simply with higher duty.

TRIBUTE TO MR. WINDOM.

"And in this connection let us tender a respectful tribute of esteem to the memory of that distinguished fellow citizen, not of Israel's seed, who was snatched so suddenly from a sphere of patriotic usefulness. Just such attributes as become Israel's imperative duties have won for him the grief and love of a whole country. Uprightness of life, intelligent conception of its duties in their widest sense, an earnest desire to be helpful to his fellowmen in the exalted position to which his talents called him—all these ennobled this untitled nobleman and made him one of God's own priests for the worship and the service of the God of truth and honor. May eternal recompense be his!"

BLESSING THE GOLDEN ROSE.

DESCRIPTION OF A COMING EVENT OF INTEREST TO CATHOLICS.

The Rome correspondent of the *Catholic News* sends word that Archbishop Galimberti, Papal Nuncio at Vienna, has notified the Austrian Court that the Pope will this year send the golden rose to the Empress of Austria.