GOOD ALIKE FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

Homely Recipes from a Student of the Laws of Nature and Hygiene.

ATHLETES AND CAR DRIVERS' CLOTHING.

Cheap Sanitary Underwear Invented and Appropriated by Superior Boston Intelligence.

The freckle season recedes far in the distance as last summer's flirtations, but the comedone season is on in its fulness.

Boys and girls with rough complexions always find them worse toward the close of winter, with rich pies and puddings, fat meats and sausage to account for it together. Add to these causes the solitary weekly bath, and the underflannels worn from Sunda morning round without pulling off, and you can see how the skin takes a coating of its secretions, a glaze of wax and sweat which renders the skin vessels torpid. The face, which gets washed twice a day, serves as an outlet for the humors of the six square feet of cuticle belonging to the body. Is it any wonder the cells are enlarged and distended with matter seeking escape? Dust settles in these oily cells and remains, or they become centres of inflammation, swelling and pimples.

Hardly anything is more hideously mortifying to a nice girl than one of these black specked faces, conveying the idea of personal uncleanliness not always deserved.

Bad complexions are not always the result of individual neglect, but tell of the transgressions of ancestors three and four generations back. Not bad people, only unwholesome ones—old grandmothers who shut themselves up in rooms that never were aired save at house cleaning, and astringed their insides with strong tea and salt fish, and rather prided themselves that their bodily functions never were active like those of common people; grandfathers who never took baths all winter, regarding them as therapeutic measures only to be resorted to in case of fever or something of the kind, and did not believe in changing underwear too often for fear of catching cold.

It takes strong nerves to read the accounts in medical books of the old practice. You come across old ladies and gentlemen in New England now who live after the same fashion and crawl out sunny winter days clad in brocade and astonishing old velvets and laces, but one must be careful to get the windward side of them. No wonder they carried pomander boxes and cloves and scented snuff in the old time when many such bodies of decay were abroad.

Blood of such descent is pretty apt to show itself for a hundred years in bad complexions or tuberculous diseases, and it is a great comfort to know that it is better in than out, after the old saying.

COMEDONE FACES.

The chemist, who has studied medicine further than many doctors, had something to say the other day about comedone faces. It seems he has more inquiries for remedies for this disfurement than any other, and they are mainly from women who have swallowed quarts of medicine in hopes to cure it.

"Tell them," he said, his mind running on the subject, "to quit taking such loads of blood purifiers. The blood may not be out of order, but only needing a chance to work off its daily impurities the natural way, and blood purifiers make the matter worse. Their diet ought to be right and tend to free elimination, plenty of hot drinks to cause perspiration, coarse bread, soups rich with vegetable juices, but no pie crust, cake or pudding nor sauces with starch or flour in them till the state of things which causes a rough face is broken up. It won't be easily done.

"Doctors say few disorders are so slow to cure as this sluggish state of the skin, mainly because people cannot be persuaded to give proper pains and attention to themselves. They won't bathe, or if they do the water isn't hot and alkaline, and the rubbing afterward is not enough to stir up the whole system as it ought to be of the least use.

"Do you notice that excitable people never have pimply faces or blackheads in the skin? It is your dull, depressed, sluggish natures who suffer with them. A quick set of nerves is good as an electric battery to keep the body in working order, if only it isn't overcharged and torn to wreck. That is why people with spinal diseases seldom suffer with other ailments, for the acute nerves throw everything off. What force there is in the system is at the fingers ends and on the surface of the skin, not congested or half dead at the roots.

BATHING TO SOME PURPOSE.

"What these girls with bad faces want to do is to use clean, pure soap freely in hot baths, and pay more attention to the rest of their skin than to their faces. Soft soap and alcohol beaten together and laid on the face nightly five or six minutes and washed off with hot water—hot, mind you, just as near scalding as you can bear it—dried, and a coating of powdered pure French chalk or Fuller's earth laid on is a very good practice. The soap softens the skin and the accumulations, which can be pressed out easily. Tell them never to force out blackheads unless they are ripe to come easily. The soft soap must be pure or it is horrid stuff to put on the skin. Oh" (with a groan) "it is such hard work making people, even ladies, understand what purity is in anything, soaps, lotions or creams. Clean fats and clear potash are necessary and clean keeping after.

"The best alternative, if you can't be sure of the soft soap, is the alkaline cerate, which dissolves the oily matter out of the pores. Either laid on the comedones with a hair pencil softens them so they can be taken out easily, but it does not insure that they will not come back. I believe that electricity on the skin is the very specific for the trouble, and the next best and most available are very hot alkaline washes and chalking the face at night. They have stuff nowadays that dries in a mask over the face and leaves it very soft and smooth, but it isn't in the market yet. Only one or two women of celebrity have the secret as yet from the inventor, and they are really able to keep smooth faces as if they were handsome twenty-five instead of no matter what age. I do love the warm velvet of a cheek that seems made to invite——"

A dry look from the women listeners changed the subject just about then, and the rest of the suggestions may come later.

THINGS NOT TO DO.

At present girls with miserable complexions must remember several things they are not to do for them. They don't want to take sarsaparilla by the quart. They do want charcoal and small doses of cascara, five drops twice a day, morning and night. They don't want sticky creams for their faces. They are not the least use in such cases. They don't want face masks, either. They don't want to rub their faces raw, but they do want thorough massage of the body every day, with wool or silk towels, and they want to throw off wool underclothing and wear silk, which brings me to another matter.

ABOUT THAT WASTE SILK.

To the several hundred inquiries about waste silk it may be said the fabric originated about five years ago as the invention of an Americanized Englishman in Providence, R. I. It is not raw silk, which is the thread as reeled from the cocoon, but "combings" taken from "boiled off" silk, as it is cleansed to remove the rather strong gum in which the caterpillar silkworm mummifies himself and which does not smell at all pleasant.

It always makes any one smile to hear silk raising advised as a refined business for women. Some people may like it, but I had as soon take care of a barn as keep a silkworm stable, and the final performance of standing all day over a boiler of very dirty scalding water washing the cocoons does not at all fit into the picture of an industry for ladies.

It will do for Italian peasant women to hang all day over the steaming copper, inhaling silkworm odors, but not for Americans.

The Japanese do these things better in their sunny gardens and honey boxes of houses. This by the way.

SILK, WOOL AND COTTON FIBRES.

There is a distinct and interesting difference between the fibres of wool, silk and cotton fabrics, and it is worth studying. As the silkworm makes its fibre it is a soft mucus, and the fluid is secreted from the nose, as it were, in two streams which combine at once in an infinitesimal double thread.

"Silk," says the expert whose interesting letter I quote, "is perfectly smooth, symmetrical and solid, not hollow like cotton and linen fibres, and without the branchlets the latter have upon them. Wool has scales or hooks, and is spiral, also, which is the reason it shrinks. It creeps together more and more, condensed and stiff."

The shrinkage of flannel is not wholly to be laid to washerwomen's ignorance—it is the nature of the stuff to shrink and felt together. Perspiration mats and stiffens it, and so does every sort of dampness. Silk is a great absorbent because its fibres are so glassy fine—a spidery catgut, one may say—and fluids, water or oil creep between the fibres and are held, yet will pass out quickly, evaporating and drying, or will wash out readily.

"It is like glass," says the manufacturer; "nothing clings to it. For this reason it is necessarily hygienic and salutary. In its natural color silk accumulates no germs of disease and moths and buffalo bugs find no home in it.

"SPONGE" SILK FABRIC.

"We take the short combings of silk," the maker goes on to say, "and spin them into a soft yarn like old fashioned homespun or softest zephyr wool. We get the body of silk at low cost and yet all the benefits of it, in fact more than in the same weight of long silk, which would necessarily be so dense as to admit less ventilation. A shirt the weight of ours made of long silk thread would cost perhaps $25."

It is called sponge silk, because it is really a very soft and spongy fabric capable of the greatest absorption of any known fabric. One great use of the cheaper grades is for wiping the oil from machinery in the huge factories of New England and Old England. One of the hemmed machine cloths, thirteen inches square, will take up nearly a quart of oil, manufacturers say, and mark how closely these great concerns study that economy which your Bridget and Bridget's mistress too often both disdain. These cloths are not flung away like the waste cotton formerly used, but are pressed, the oil collected and cleansed, and the cloths washed by the hundred cleaner than our dusters I am afraid. The great advantage of these silk oil wipers is that they never generate fire when wet with oil, whereas the oil soaked cotton has caused so many fires in factories that it is the great dread of every engine house and business quarter. A rag wet with grease and allowed to lie around is a risk to any dwelling or building whatever. So the use of silk wiping cloths is an economy and a great relief from danger.

ADVANTAGES FOR UNDERWEAR.

This sponge silk fabric is the best sanitary underwear made. Any one who wears silk next the skin knows the difference from wool in its power of holding damp. Wool grows sodden and chill with the moisture of the air or of perspiration, and chills the body dangerously. I cannot say how often I have heard active persons complain of getting chilled after exercise in warm wool underwear. Silk seems to keep the skin comfortable and one does not take cold in it—that I know from experience, having omitted my usual winter cough by wearing silk.

It keeps one warm and not too warm. Too much heat on the surface of the skin renders it very tender and unfit to resist changes of temperature. One man I know says he wears the sponge silk undershirts straight through the year in different qualities, and finds they have a marvellous quality of equalizing temperature in heat as well as cold. It is exceedingly safe wear for the raw spring months, when one alternately shivers in the morning and swelters at noon, without daring to shed one's flannels. The beauty of sponge silk is its lightness, so you seem to be handling magnified spiderweb spun into yarn and knit on coarse needles.

After throwing off thick, fine wool underwear for a suit of sponge silk you look round to see if you have shed your body, you feel so light. You also acquire a contempt of weather, for you have an inner coating very like the short feathers next the skin which keeps birds so deliciously warm.

I write this for one thing, as some correspondents have expressed themselves wofully disappointed because the new fabric was not pretty. Did I not explicitly say it was not pretty, to avoid any mistake on the point? But these people rushed to the conclusion that they were going to find a glossy, high colored fabric for twenty-five and thirty-five cents a yard. I wish to say, once and for all time, it never will be pretty as some persons count prettiness, looking in shade and coarseness precisely like Russia crash, so much so that it is hard to believe at first there can be a grain of silk in it. But wear it once and you need no assurance that there is not a fibre of anything but silk in it save the cotton thread run in the selvage.

HOW TO WASH IT.

Silk gives so it never shrinks, never can shrink, and the travelling man who wrote that he meant to use it because the hotel laundries shrank his wool undershirts so he could not wear them was entirely level headed. Silk shirts don't shrink; they stretch by washing so that they have to be made small purposely to begin. This elasticity makes them very easy to get in and out of after being once washed. At first there is a crispiness to the fabric, owing to its gummy nature, which softens when it is warm on the skin and wholly disappears after washing once. But you don't want to put such fabric through laundries, for scalding and boiling will ruin it.

The sponge silk and all silk should be washed in lukewarm water, with mild soap, and rinsed in clear lukewarm water the same temperature. It does not need the scalding which wool and cotton require to get the sweat out, as old washerwomen say, for it does not hold it as they do. Consequently it has not the rabid scent which common clothing will acquire in warm weather when travelling without baths. It is not pretty, true, but it has all the other good qualities, and every time it is washed it improves, taking the clean, whity look of nice crash, a wholesome look that wears vastly better than your cream and pink and blue silk frippery.

FOR BABIES' WEAR.

"Will it do for babies' wear," anxiously asks a mother, imagining, no doubt, some glorified material. Well, yes, it is soft enough washed twice before it is put on, but it is not so fine a fabric as we expect for babies' legettes. With the film of cambric, which good doctors say is the only thing that should ever touch a baby's skin, and barrow coats of the sponge silk, baby is delightfully warm and healthfully so. For children that can run about it is the best possible wear, as it keeps them free from colds without overheating and burdening them like wool.

Doctors protest angrily against swathing children in such quantities of flannel as some mothers find necessary, and these overdressed children are the ver ones to take croup and diphtheria or get eczemas.

Not a little skin disease both of young and old medical books charge to warm and prickly woollen flannels next the skin, especially when saturated day after day with decomposing sweat. One recommendation for children's wear is that it is so easily kept clean. The shirts, drawers and petticoats for a whole nursery could be washed out over night in a hand bowl and be ready to put on next morning, for it need not be said that silk underwear never ought to be ironed.

HOW TO MAKE IT UP.

Of the wider sponge silk sixteen inches wide it takes three yards or less to make a man's undershirt and two yards for drawers, which, by the way, should be faced broadly with white washing silk to wear well. Pray don't allow any more than these measure or you may repeat the experience of the liberal sort of woman who cut her silk shirts as she would flannel, to have them returned after washing with the remark from her husband that he didn't wear his day shirts down to his knees. By all means get the material and have it made for fullest satisfaction. Sponge silk is a fortunate discovery for the health of American people. It is the equalizer we need for changes of temperature, the embodiment of light, comfortable, healthful clothing. If it were a German discovery we should have it sold by a stock company at fabulous prices with doctors' certificates galore in all the newspapers.

At present it is worn by two classes of people in Boston, the car drivers and the gentlemen athletes, and either of them are bound to know what is best in clothing. The drivers wear it because it keeps them warm in their exposured duty, and a Boston street car driver in his Japanese wolfskin coat and silk flannels is a very comfortable looking being, different enough from the pinched creature one sees in his place in other towns.

The gentlemen know what is nice and wholesome, and athletic clubs and gymnasiums have sponge flannels made up at the swell outfitters' and pay fancy prices for them, not to mention some wealthy women who wear petticoats of this fabric and no other; it is so light, warm and washable.

SHIRLEY DARE.

STRANGE SOUTHERN BIRDS.

SAM HOPKINS DESCRIBES SOME CURIOUS DENIZENS OF THE VIRGINIA BACKWOODS.

"Didn' yo' never hyar 'bout elpenstrechers?" asked Sam Hopkins the other day.

Sam is a little colored chap that runs errands and makes himself generally useful about an uptown hotel. He hails from Charlottesville, Va., and what Sam doesn't know about the Virginia woods isn't worth knowing. Sam may trifle with the truth sometimes, but he puts on such an air of injured innocence when any of his statements are doubted that you are almost forced to believe him.

"Never hyard 'bout elpenstretchers?" he again repeated. "Why, they're the curiusest birds in all Virginny. What they's like? Why, bloss yo' stars they aint like nothin' in these hyar parts. Yo' kin only find 'em in the swamps back o' Charl'tsville, in the spring time, too.

"Whar they is in the summer? They ain't nowhar. They's jess frogs an' lizards. Well, when yo' want fur to shoot elpenstrachers yo' takes your gun an' goes out in the swamp at night. Yo' see they burrows in the ground day times an' comes out at night to feed.

"They's bigger'n a quail an' most as big as a 'en. Ain't got no fea hers—only long bristles like a porkypine. They's as black as yo' hat, too, an' looks like a young roostor with his feathers all pulled out. Good to eat? Yes, siree. Mos' as good as 'possum. Yo' has to be mighty keerful, too, for if a elpenstrecher sticks yo' with one o' them ar quills you's a dead man, sartain sure. In the summer time they changes into lizards an' frogs. They's jess the bigges' frogs you ever see, too.

"An yo' never hyard o' soras neither? Well, sakes alive! Why, me an' my cousin Bill killed mos' a thousand of 'em in one night. Soras is jess like blackbirds, only smaller.

"All yo' has to do is to go in the woods with a pitchwood light an' a long pole. I jess went out one night with a light an' pole, an' Bill he held a big bag. Jess as fas' as I'd knock 'em off the limb they'd fall in Bill's bag. But they's common all over Virginny.

"Then they's the gingas cutus, bigger'n a nelephant, and the whangdoodle bird that flys aroun' nights and carries off pigs and cattle. An' say, mister, they's got a green bug down there mos' a foot high an' ——

"Hol' on sah! That ain't half they's got down there." Then, as I had turned to leave, after expressing my incredulity, Sam remarked, with an air of injured innocence:—

"Well, of it doan' jess beat me. These hyar Yankees won' b'lieve nuthin 'less they sees 'em."

NIGHT SIGNALLING ABOARD MEN-OF-WAR

Colored Electric Lanterns To Be Used in the White Squadron.

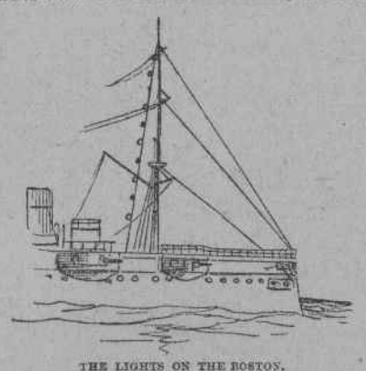
HOW THEY ARE PUT IN CIRCUIT.

Combinations of Red and White Lights Provide a Simple and Most Serviceable Code.

An interesting device has been fitted for experiment on board the vessels of the Squadron of Evolution during the coming fleet manœuvres in the Gulf of Mexico. It is an application of electricity to night signalling and is a French invention.

The accompanying cut shows roughly the general design of the instrument used in making the signals, but of course it is not desirable to show the exact combinations by which letters, words and sentences are transmitted.

The device calls for ten signal lanterns fitted with Fresnel lenses, five being white and five red. These are displayed at equal distances apart in a vertical line. On board the Boston they are seized



THE LIGHTS ON THE BOSTON.

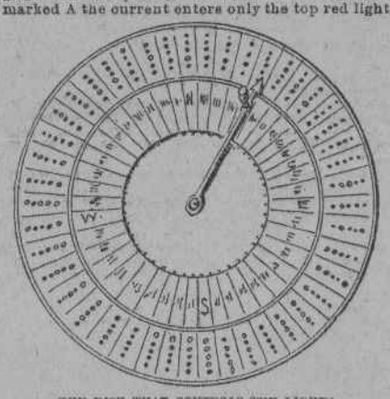
to a pendant leading down alongside the foretopgallant backstay. The red and white lanterns alternate in place and in each one there is a thirty-two candle power electric lamp. These lamps are of course inactive unless a current is sent into them, and waken into light only when a current is turned on.

HOW THE LAMPS ARE LIGHTED.

An electric wire connects the lamps with the dynamo, and in the circuit is a signal disk by which the current can be sent into any of the lanterns according to the position of an arm revolving on a spindle in the centre of the disk and reaching to the outer edge. The circumference of the disk is divided into three parts by two concentric circles, and the two outer rings cut off by these circles are subdivided into a number of small divisions by radii of the circles, as shown in the accompanying cut. Each division contains an arrangement of red or white or red and white dots, the greatest number in one compartment being five. Around the inner circle is a row of cogs, and a spring on the arm or pointer shoots a catch into a cog and holds the pointer fast unless the spring is held back.

The connection between the pointer and the dynamo is such that when it stops opposite one of the divisions the current is turned on in the lanterns in the order shown by the colored dots in that division. The lamps not represented in the combination shown in that division are not lighted and therefore are not visible.

Thus the letter A is represented by one red dot, and when the pointer is turned to the division marked A the current enters only the top red light,



THE DISK THAT CONTROLS THE LIGHTS.

all the rest remaining dark. So with combinations, such, for instance, as red, white, white, red; the current enters the first red and the first white lamp, skips the second red lamp and enters the second white and third red, and skips all the rest. In this way many combinations can be made and they may represent letters, figures, points of the compass or words and syllables.

PROVIDING FOR CHANGING THE CODE.

There are four combinations that mean a change of code, so that it is easy to guard against the reading of a message by any of the methods usually employed to decipher secret codes. After sending by one code for a few minutes a change can be made to another and two other changes subsequently, so that it would be next to impossible for an enemy to study out the correct translation of the signals.

The principle of this invention is apparently satisfactory, and if the mechanical operation of the transmitting machine—that is, the pointer on the disk—should give good results the system may be made highly effective. One change, however, is desirable—namely, the arrangement of the white and red dots on the disk so that they will correspond with the dots and dashes of the American Morse telegraph code. This is the code now officially adopted by the Navy Department for use in the navy with signal flags and torches—the "wigwag," as it is generally called. Throughout the service this code is in daily use for signalling from one vessel to another, and officers and signal boys have to learn it.

ONE CODE IS ENOUGH.

Inasmuch, therefore, as the American Morse code is already the naval code it is a mistake to adopt a different one for these electric signals. Thus, taking the red lamp as representing the Morse dot and the white lamp as representing the dash, the whole alphabet and many syllables and phrases could be represented on the electric signal disk in a code with which the navy was already familiar.

It is manifestly a mistake to burden the memory of signalmen with one code for day use and another for night service, when one would work just as well. Different codes would be sure to cause mistakes, even when the observers were cool and careful. At times of danger or excitement, when mistakes would be most damaging, the risk would be greatly increased.

Objections have been made to the American Morse code for navy signalling, and it is very doubtful whether it is the best code, but whatever code is adopted for the "wigwag" should be adopted for the signal disk for use at night.

IT WAS SINGULAR.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"What was it you wanted?" asked Officer Button at the Third street depot of a man who happened to be looking for somebody or something.

"I—I came in on the train from the East half an hour ago."

"Yes."

"Are the passengers all gone?"

"Yes."

"I was in hopes not. I wanted to find a young man who rode from St. Thomas with me."

"Anything wrong?"

"Oh, no. Something a little singular. I have unintentionally done him an injustice."

"I see."

"He asked me to give him two fives for a ten, and come to look closer at the bill I see it is a twenty. He has robbed himself of $10."

"Exactly. Let me see the bill.

"Certainly."

"Yes, it is singular," said the officer as he returned it. "It is singular you did not know the bill was bad."

"Mercy! but is it?"

"Of course. That bill wouldn't fool a newsboy."

"Dear, dear me! And he talked so plausible, and he was so interested in me, and he so hated to bother me for change! Is it possible he knew it was bad?"

"Of course he did."

"Dear, dear me! And he was on his way to California in hopes to stay his consumption! Why didn't he ask me for two tens for this twenty?"

"Probably he thought he had hit your pile at ten."

"You don't say! Well, I now remember saying I had only $10 left. Is it possible? And he so young, and one lung already gone!"

UNCLE SAM'S ARMY UNDER KIPLING GUNS.

Military Criticism and Advice from the Anglo-Indian Editor.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MORMONDOM.

Trickery's Ascendancy Over Imported Ignorance Which Once Challenged the Nation's Sovereignty.

I should very much like to deliver a dissertation on the American army and the possibilities of its extension. You see it is such a beautiful little army and the dear people don't quite understand what to do with it. The theory is that it is an instructional nucleus round which the militia of the country will rally and from which they will get a stiffening in time of danger. Yet other people consider that the army should be built like a pair of lazy tongs—on the principle of elasticity and extension—so that in time of need it may fill up its skeleton battalions and empty saddle troops. This is real wisdom because the American army as at present constituted is made up of:—

Twenty-five regiments infantry, 10 companies each.

Ten regiments cavalry, 12 companies each.

Five regiments artillery, 12 companies each.

Now there is a notion in the air to reorganize the service on these lines:—

Eighteen regiments infantry at 4 battalions, 4 companies each; third battalion, skeleton; fourth on paper.

Eight regiments cavalry at 4 battalions, 4 troops each; third battalion, skeleton; fourth on paper.

Five regiments artillery at 4 battalions, 4 companies each; third battalion, skeleton; fourth on paper.

A CONCERTINA ARMY.

Observe the beauty of this business. The third battalion will have its officers but no men; the fourth will probably have a rendezvous and some equipment.

It is not contemplated to give it anything more definite at present. Assuming the regiments to be made up to full complement, we get an army of 50,000 men, which after the need passes away must be cut down fifty per cent, to the huge delight of the officers.

The military needs of the States be three:—(a) Frontier warfare, an employment well within the grip of the present army of 25,000 and in the nature of things growing less arduous year by year; (b) internal riots and commotions which rise up like a dust devil, whirl furiously and die out long before the authorities at Washington could begin to fill up even the third skeleton battalions, much less hunt about for material for the fourth; (c) civil war in which, as the case in the affair of the North and South, the regular army would be swamped in the mass of militia and armed volunteers that would turn the land into a hell.

Yet the authorities persist in regarding an external war as a thing to be seriously considered.

The Power that would disembark troops on American soil would be capable of heaving a shovelful of mud into the Atlantic in the hope of filling it up. Consequently the authorities are fascinated with the idea of the sliding scale or concertina army. This is an hereditary instinct, for you know that when we English have got together two companies, one machine gun, a sick bullock, forty generals and a mass of w. o. forms we say we possess "an army corps capable of indefinite extension."

The American army is a beautiful little army. Some day, when all the Indians are happily dead or drunk, it ought to make the finest scientific and survey corps that the world has ever seen; it does excellent work now, but there is this defect in its nature:—It is officered, as you know, at West Point.

WEST POINT LEAVENING.

The mischief of it is that West Point seems to be created for the purpose of spreading a general knowledge of military matters among the people. A boy goes up to that institution, gets his pass and returns to civil life, so they tell me, with a dangerous knowledge that he is a sucking Von Moltke and may apply his learning when occasion offers. Given trouble, that man will be a nuisance, because he is a hideously versatile American to begin with, as cock sure of himself as a man can be and with all the racial disregard for human life to back him through any demi-semi-professional generalship.

In a country where, as the records of the daily papers show, men engaged in a conflict with police or jails are all too ready to adopt a military formation and get heavily shot in a sort of cheap, half instructed warfare instead of being decently scared by the appearance of the military, this sort of arrangement does not seem wise.

SOVEREIGN STATE LAWLESSNESS.

The bond between the States is of an amazing tenuity. So long as they do not absolutely march into the District of Columbia, sit on the Washington statues and invent a flag of their own, they can legislate, lynch, hunt negroes through swamps, divorce, railroad and rampage as much as ever they choose. They do not need knowledge of their own military strength to back their genial lawlessness.

That regular army, which is a dear little army, should be kept to itself, blooded on detachment duty, turned into the paths of science and now and again assembled at feasts of Free Masons and so forth.

It is too tiny to be a political power. The immortal wreck of the Grand Army of the Republic is a political power of the largest and most unblushing description. It ought not to help to lay the foundations of an amateur military power that is blind and irresponsible.

SALT LAKE CITY.

By great good luck the evil-minded train, already delayed twelve hours by a burnt bridge, brought me to the city on a Saturday by way of that valley which the Mormons, over their efforts, had caused to blossom like the rose. Twelve hours previously I had entered into a new world where, in conversation, every one was either a Mormon or a Gentile. It is not seemly for a free and independent citizen to dub himself a Gentile, but the Mayor of Ogden—which is the Gentile city of the valley—told me that there must be some distinction between the two flocks.

Long before the fruit orchards of Logan or the shining levels of the Salt Lake had been reached that Mayor—himself a Gentile, and one renowned for his dealings with the Mormons—told me that the great question of the existence of the power within the power was being gradually solved by the ballot and by education.

All the beauty of the valley could not make me forget it. And the valley is very fair. Beach after beach of land, flat as a table against the flanks of the ringing hills, marks where the Salt Lake rested for a while in its collapse from an inland sea to a lake fifty miles long and thirty broad.

THE CREED OF MORMON.

There are the makings of a very fine creed about Mormonism. To begin with, the Church is rather more absolute than that of Rome. Drop the polygamy plank in the platform, but on the other hand deal lightly with certain forms of excess. Keep the quality of the recruit down to the low mental level and see that the best of all the agricultural science available is in the hands of the Elders and there you have a first-class engine for pioneer work. The tawdry mysticism and the borrowed from Freemasonry serve the low caste Swede and Dane, the Welshman and the Cornish cotter just as well as a highly organized heaven.

Then I went about the streets and peeped into people's front windows, and the decorations upon the tables were after the manner of the year 1850. Main street was full of carts of every description from the desert come in to trade with the Zion Mercantile Co-operative Institute. The Church, I fancy, looks after the finances of this thing and it consequently pays good dividends.

[illegible] but for the certainty that ugly persons are just as irrational in the matter of undivided love as the beautiful, it seems that polygamy was a blessed institution for the women, and that only the dread threats of the spiritual power could drive the hulking bourdfaced men into it. The women were hideous garments and the men appeared to be tied up with string.

To my wonder another all their sins were washed on Sunday go to the praying place. I tried to talk to a few of them, but they spoke strange tongues and scared and behaved like cows. Yet one woman, and not an altogether ugly one, confided to me that she hated the idea of Salt Lake City being turned into a show place for the amusement of the Gentiles.

"If we 'ave our own institutions that ain't no reason why people should come 'ere and stare at us, his it?"

The dropped "h" betrayed her.

"And when did you leave England?" I said.

"Summer of '84. I am Dorset," she said. "The Mormon agents was very good to us and we was very poor. Now we're better off—my father an' mother an' me."

"Then you like the State?"

She misunderstood at first. "Oh, I ain't livin' in the state of polygamy. Not me, yet. I ain't married. I like where I am. I've got things o' my own—and some land."

"But I suppose you will——"

"Not me. I ain't like them Swedes an' Danes, I ain't got nothin' to say for or against polygamy. It's the Elders' business, an' between you an' me I don't think it's going on much longer. You'll 'ear them in the 'ouse to-morrer talkin' as if it was spreadin' all over America. The Swedes they think it his. I know it hisn't."

"But you've got your land all right."

"Oh, yes, we've got our land an' we never say aught against polygamy o' course—father an' mother an' me."

AT THE LAST GASP.

On a tableland overlooking the city stands the United States garrison of infantry and artillery. The State of Utah can do nearly anything it pleases until that much-to-be desired hour when the Gentile vote shall quietly swamp out Mormonism, but the garrison are kept there in case of accidents. The big, shark-mouthed, pig-eared, heavy-boned farmers sometimes talk to their creed with wildest fanaticism, and in past years have made life excessively unpleasant for the Gentile when he was few in the land. But to-day, so far from killing openly or secretly or burning Gentile farms, it is all the Mormon dare do to feebly try to boycott the interloper. His journals preach defiance to the United States government, and in the Tabernacle on a Sunday the preachers follow suit.

When I went there the place was full of people who would have been much better for a washing. A man rose up and told them that they were the chosen of God, the elect of Israel; that they were to obey their priests, and that there was a good time coming. I fancy that they had heard all this before so many times it produced no impression whatever; even as the sublimest mysteries of another faith lose salt through constant iteration. They breathed heavily through their noses and stared straight in front of them—impassive as flat fish.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY.

PREVENTION OF CONTAGIOUS DISEASES IN THE FRENCH ARMY BY MEANS OF DISINFECTIN.

[FROM THE EUROPEAN EDITION OF THE HERALD.]

WHENEVER a case appears of a complaint that is susceptible of being transmitted the bedding of the patient, his clothing and his room are immediately subjected to a cleansing with antiseptic substances. If other cases break out, or if the complaint becomes general, the process of disinfection is extended to the entire barracks and to the stock of clothing which forms the reserve kept in the storehouses of the companies."

These few lines, which are an extract from a report addressed, about eighteen months ago, by M. De Freycinet to the President of the French Republic, in order to post him as to the condition of hygienic matters in the army, are a proof of the solicitude shown by the War Department for every method of prophylaxis against epidemics.

There is no denying the fact that every means of disinfection is brought into use in as large a measure as possible by the military Health Department. In order to convince one's self of this we have only to refer to the order issued November 23, 1889, concerning the health service of the army in time of peace, in which will be found, in minute detail, not only all indications by which the authorities are to be guided, but also the orders to be given, the authorizations required and the formalities to be fulfilled. In it will also be found information as to the persons by whom the disinfection is to be performed and as to the chemical and physical agents by which it is to be effected, and finally, attention is more especially directed to the process that seems best adapted to each particular case.

I. In the hospitals the disinfection is under the direction of the physician in charge; but in the bodies of troops it is ordered by the colonel, acting with the advice of the surgeon. The War Department only acts when a considerable amount of clothing or bedding, or when a building of any size is to be disinfected, and when an unusual expense has to be provided for. However, in case of urgency the necessary authorization can be given by the general commanding the army corps, when deemed necessary by the director of the health service. A report of such a disinfection has always to be sent in to the War Department.

Physicians in the hospitals, or attached to a body of troops, are required to keep a record of all cases of disinfection, whatever may be their nature or importance. In their requisitions they are obliged to specify, not only the pathogenic conditions requiring disinfection but also the buildings to be disinfected, according to the nature of the disease or its tendency to spread.

In addition to complaints that are clearly transmissible, such as typhoid fever, measles and scarlatina * * * there are some modifications of sanitary conditions, or complaints less serious in themselves, such as sore throat, diarrhœa and gastric disorders, which by their number and frequency at a certain moment, and by their relation to epidemic diseases which they usually precede, may in exceptional cases justify a recourse to disinfection. The persons by whom the process is to be effected and those who are to direct it are to be taken from the corps in which the disinfection is to take place. The surgeon in charge is to see that the materials are prepared and that the antiseptic substances are properly distributed and used, and he is personally responsible for any accidents resulting from their use that may occur during the entire process. The men employed, after being duly warned of the danger to which they will expose themselves by not following the instructions and rules prescribed, must lay aside their ordinary clothes and put on garments specially furnished for this work; they must neither eat nor drink during the process, and must wash their faces, hair and beards after every séance and take a bath after each day's work.

II. The means to be employed are of a physical or chemical nature. Among the former are destruction by fire, immersion in boiling water for half an hour, and exposure to the action of steam at the temperature of 100 degrees centigrade, or to moist steam under pressure at a temperature of between 112 and 115 degrees. In the second class we find solutions of carbolic acid at 2 and 5 per cent; of deutochloride of mercury, 1 in 1,000; lime water, 20 per cent; solutions of cresyl, 2 and 5 per cent; a 2 per cent solution of sulphate of copper; chloride of zinc, in solution at 2 or 5 per cent, and sulphurous acid gas.

Destruction by fire, boiling and the use of steam at 100 degrees centigrade can be performed in any sort of apparatus. The method of procedure is always very simple and requires no explanation. Steam under pressure is obtained by the use of Geneste & Herscher's boiler, manufactured in Paris, and with which each *corps d'armée* is supplied. This apparatus, accompanied by two men understanding its use, is put temporarily at the disposal of any body of troops on requisition made to the general-in-chief.

Carbolic acid, deutochloride of mercury, cresyl, chloride of lime and sulphur are included in the stock of material with which each regimental infirmary is supplied. Lime, of course, can be found anywhere. The method of preparing the solution is simple, with the exception of that of sublimate, in which case glazed earthenware apparatus has to be used, or cast iron, or enamelled sheet iron. One gram of common salt and one gram of sublimate should be allowed per litre of boiling water. This preparation deteriorates when it is kept and should therefore be prepared fresh each time.

To make the preparation of lime and water, 1 kilogram of lime should be allowed to 500 grams of water. This gives a volume of 2.20 litres, and if it is mixed with twice the same amount of water, 4.40 litres, it gives a preparation of lime at 20 per cent—that is eminently useful in disenfecting.

To purify by the use of sulphurous acid gas thirty to forty grams of sulphur per cubic metre should be burned in a room that is hermetically sealed. Every crack and opening must first be closed up by gluing on slips of paper, and the process must be allowed to last thirty-six hours. The room should then be opened and the fresh air allowed to enter, and it should be ventilated for at least one hour before being put to use again.

III.—These various methods of disinfection are applicable to various cases. All articles made of linen or cotton, such as shirts, caps, drawers, stockings, cravats, handkerchiefs, towels, sheets, &c., can be perfectly disinfected by being immersed in boiling water or in a solution of sublimate carbolic acid, sulphate of copper or chloride of zinc; articles such as waistcoats, trousers, belts, vests, blankets, mattresses, &c., can be purified by steam under pressure, by ordinary steam, by immersion in a disinfecting liquid or by being exposed to the action of sulphur gas.

Oilcloths, all articles in leather or made of wood and those put together with glue can neither be treated by steam under pressure nor by boiling water; they must either be washed with antiseptic solutions or treated with sulphur. Wooden furniture must be disinfected with a brush or cloth dipped in strong solutions.

Rooms are purified by sulphur or antiseptic solutions. To apply the latter process a room should be emptied of its furniture and hangings, which should be disinfected as above, and then the ceiling, walls, woodwork, doors, windows, and finally, the floor, should be thoroughly soaked by means of brushes, cloths or sponges fastened on the ends of sticks or by means of a powerful spray.

The excreta of the patients require, to be made inoffensive, to be mixed with antiseptic solutions. Any articles used for this purpose should first be partly filled with a certain quantity of these solutions. The solution of cresyl has the special advantage of destroying all odor.

Water closets in common use should be forbidden to patients suffering from contagious complaints, more especially typhoid fever, cholera and scarlet fever. Special utensils should be provided for them, supplied in advance with disinfectant solutions.

When these substances have to be deposited anywhere but in a modern drain they should first be rendered inoffensive by being mixed with an equal amount of the above preparation of lime.

Thanks to the establishment of these various prophylactic measures, of which disinfection is one of the most powerful, epidemic diseases give rise every day to fewer deaths in the ranks of the French army. The general mortality, which in 1870 was twelve per thousand in time of peace, has now diminished to eight per thousand, and this figure is lessening every day. The War Department cannot carry out too energetically the work which it has begun, since, as M. de Freycinet remarks in the report to which we alluded in the beginning, the first condition of success is that the health of an army should be as good as possible.

WILL KNOW NEXT TIME.

[From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.]

"Have you any Colorado trousers?" a man asked one of our salesmen the other day.

"I don't know exactly what you mean," replied the salesman.

"Do you smoke?" said the stranger.

"I never do," was the reply.

"I thought not," said the man. "Gimme a pair of light colored pants please."

That salesman says the next time a man asks him such a question as that he's going to tell him we Havana kind of trousers he wants.

DRS. M'COY, WILDMAN AND BLAIR.

A LYMPH PATIENT JUBILANT.

HE SAYS HE FEELS AS WELL AS HE EVER DID IN HIS LIFE.

A GENTLEMAN WRITES FROM CALIFORNIA TO DR. J. CRESAP McCOY AND SAYS HE HAS GAINED 13 POUNDS SINCE DR. McCOY FIRST TREATED HIM SEVEN WEEKS AGO. ANOTHER INTERESTING STORY FROM A MAN WHO WAS CURED OF CATARRH.

The following letter was received in this city by Dr. J. Cresap McCoy, of Drs. McCoy, Wildman and Blair, from a gentleman to whom Dr. McCoy applied the Koch lymph treatment immediately after Dr. McCoy's return from Berlin last December. The letter, as will be seen by the following copy, is dated at Los Angeles on February 4, and according to the date stamp on the envelope it was mailed February 4 at 8:30 A. M. On the back of the envelope the New York Post office stamp shows that the letter was received in the New York Post office on February 9 at 7 P. M. Here is a copy of the letter, heading and all:—

"HOLLENBECK HOTEL (the largest and finest hotel in Los Angeles), COR. SECOND AND SPRING STS., LOS ANGELES, CAL., Feb. 4, 1891.

"DR. J. CRESAP McCOY—Dear