

# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## CARE OF CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.



By Dr. E. C. Sweet, of Chicago.

Whenever it is possible, all contagious diseases should be sent to a hospital for treatment; frequently, however, this cannot be done and it is found necessary to treat the patient in the home. Such being the case isolation of the patient is the first thing to be looked after. For this purpose a room should be chosen in the upper story and if possible the sunny side of the house. It should be cleared of all pictures, cloth chairs, carpets, sofas, etc. Nothing should be left in the room which cannot afterwards be thoroughly disinfected, unless it be cheap books, pictures, toys, etc., that can be burned after the illness is over.

The contents of the room should include bed, bed clothing, wooden chairs, table, couch for the nurse and a stove or fireplace, the latter if possible. The door should be kept closed, and outside a sheet should be tacked up, hung so as to reach the floor; this sheet should be kept constantly wet with some antiseptic solution; a tablespoonful of carbolic acid in two quarts of water makes a very good solution and one easily prepared. The nurse should not be permitted to mix with the rest of the household, and all dishes, utensils, etc., in which food is sent up should be washed and rinsed in carbolic acid water before they are sent down. Children should not be permitted to attend school, or other public places when contagious diseases are in the home. The ordinary diseases requiring such isolation are scarlet fever, diphtheria, whooping cough, measles, mumps, and chicken-pox. Typhoid fever and erysipelas do not need to be so isolated, influenza cannot be isolated it spreads so rapidly, while smallpox is so dreaded and so very contagious that isolation can hardly be trusted to the individual family.

After recovery the room should be closed up and disinfected for twenty-four hours. There are several good disinfecting agents, but the best and one most used at the present time is formaline; a pound of this should be used to a medium sized room; after the gas has been in the room for twelve hours, the windows can be opened. Then all cloth goods must be washed and boiled. All woolen materials as well as the walls of the room should be thoroughly washed with the carbolic solution, then after the room is thoroughly aired by the admission of air and sunlight it will be ready for occupation again.

## CHURCH PROPERTY SHOULD BE TAXED.

By Rev. Madison C. Peters, D. D. of Baltimore.

The general theory of all just taxation is reciprocal service. Judge Cooley, in his "Law of Taxation," says: "The protection of the government being the consideration for which taxes are demanded, all parties who receive or who are entitled to that protection may be called upon to render the equivalent." It costs the community something to enjoy the use of property. If the church paid taxes, it would pay its fair and honest share to secure its enjoyment of the use of property.

The state avoids a deficiency in its revenues by transferring to other property increased taxation, not by the voluntary action of the taxpayers, but by the compulsion of law, all of which is out of consonance with our republican institutions. The founders of our republic wisely separated church and state. But if he are taxed for the support of churches, it cannot justly be said that church and state are separated. The churches enjoy no immunity from the operations of the law of God.

They place roofs upon their buildings to keep out the

rain, and put up lightning rods to prevent lightning striking them. If God does not vary his laws for the benefit of churches, why should the state be expected to do so?

It is argued that many churches are not self-sustaining at present and that to tax them would render them still less so. Thousands are less able to provide for their children because of the tax collector. Why should the laborer pay taxes upon his humble home and the religious corporation be exempt? Make all property bear its just and equal share of taxation and you lessen the laboring man's burden. When the workingman feels that his burden is heavier because the magnificent possessions of the church are omitted from the tax roll, do you wonder that the church loses its power over him?

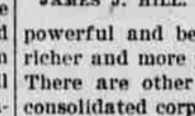
In 1850 the church property of the United States which paid no taxes, municipal or state, amounted to \$7,000,000. In 1860 the amount had doubled. In 1870 it was \$365,483,587. The census of 1890 reported the alleged value of church edifices, the lots on which they stand and their furnishings, as \$880,687,106. This does not include parsonages, lots, monasteries, convents, schools, colleges, etc. A conservative estimate of the value of the church property of all sects in the country is \$2,000,000,000.

The taxation of church property is in the interest of American principles and in harmony with the experience of nations. Exemption is a relic of the principle of church and state, inherited from the old world, and not yet eliminated from our political system.

## REMEDY FOR TRUSTS.

By J. J. Hill, President Great Northern R. R.

There are different kinds of trusts. Some of them are formed for good purposes and serve the public welfare and the President and members of Congress and other intelligent people ought to be able to discriminate between honest and dishonest corporations. Take Herr Krupp, the great German ironmaster, who died recently, as an example. He was a very rich and powerful and benevolent monopolist, and made Germany richer and more prosperous and his 45,000 employees happy. There are other good monopolies. The large number of consolidated corporations are honest and well managed and are for the public welfare. Others, however, were organized for speculative purposes and capitalized at enormous figures to sell stock to people who don't know any better than to buy it, and such schemes ought to be crushed out. The remedy is simple. Compel them to make a show-down before they are allowed to put their stock on the market. Make them show what they have got and what it is worth. If a company in Rhode Island wants to sell stock in California it ought to be required to give people out there an honest statement of its business, as national banks and insurance companies are compelled to do.



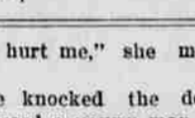
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## DEFECTS OF MODERN PREACHING.

By Prof. Charles W. Pearson.

Jesus told the scribes and pharisees that they had made "the word of God of none effect through their tradition." Very many of our religious teachers of to-day are doing the same thing. Modern preaching lacks truth and power. The Bible is the most precious of all books. Its teaching that man is the child of God and heir of heaven ennobles human life and is the great basis of virtue, happiness and high achievement. The Bible is a noble collection of law, history, biography, precept and poetry.



PROF. PEARSON.

## LULLABY.

Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover!  
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low!  
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!  
Down into wonderland,  
Down to the underworld,  
Go, now go!  
Down into wonderland go.

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover  
(Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep)  
Rockaby, lullaby, bending it over!  
Down on the mother-world,  
Down on the other world,  
Sleep, O sleep!  
Down on the mother-world sleep.

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover,  
Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!  
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!  
Into the stilly world,  
Into the lily world,  
Gone, now gone!  
Into the lily world gone.  
—J. G. Holland.

## The Successful Applicant.

SEARCHING through the want columns of one of the daily papers, Marion Dudley came across the following advertisement.

WANTED—By a young man, who is studying the violin, some one to accompany him on the piano. Apply between 11 a. m. and 3 p. m. at 33 — avenue.

She read it over again and then glanced to the other side of the room, where her mother was busily engaged in writing letters.

"I don't want to disturb her," she murmured, "and I don't believe she would care. I'll try it anyway."

She quietly folded the newspaper and slipped noiselessly out of the room, down the stairs and into the narrow, crowded streets below. Hastily gathering up her skirts, she walked briskly for fifteen minutes, and then stopped in front of a lodging house on — avenue.

It required a little courage to mount the steps and ring the bell, and she was half inclined to go back. But the thought of their necessity urged her on. The door was opened by a motherly-looking old lady, who conducted her up two flights of stairs and showed her Mr. Jeffrey's room. Marion poked outside the door for an instant, wondering what her mother would say, her lady-like mother, who did not think Marion would lower herself to work. "Well, I am here, and I might as well go in;

work will never hurt me," she murmured.

As soon as she knocked the door opened and disclosed a young man.

"You have come in answer to my advertisement?" he asked in a deep, rich voice.

She nodded assent.

"Will you come in and play some accompaniments, then?"

She entered a small, nicely furnished room, with a piano in one corner and a violin resting on the table. It was a medium size piano of a German make, and by striking a few chords she found that it had a deep, sweet tone. Now that she had arrived so far all her fear vanished.

"I suppose you have had a good many answers to your advertisement," she said, while she was selecting some music.

"Oh, yes, quite a number," he replied. "But such playing! It fairly set my teeth on edge. Suppose we try this?"

The piece he placed upon the piano was Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." Marion's face lighted up, for it was one of her favorites and she had played it many times. He observed the look and smiled. "You are familiar with this?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I am very fond of it."

They played it through, and when they had finished it he praised her warmly. "It is such a relief to hear good music. If you had been through what I have to-day you would sympathize with me."

After they had arranged the time and money and Marion had started to go, she turned back and asked Mr. Jeffrey if he would keep her name private, as her mother objected to having her work, and she did not wish her to know of it.

"Your wishes shall certainly be respected," he replied.

All the way home Marion thought of the young musician. His frank, open countenance, his fine eyes and, above all, his exquisite playing haunted her strangely. She went each day to his studio, and they both thoroughly enjoyed their music. He finally visited Marion with his violin and they played together all the evening, much to the pleasure of Mrs. Dudley. After that he dropped in frequently and they spent many pleasant evenings together. Little by little she learned that he lived in one of the small Western towns and had come to Boston in order to study under a competent master. He confided to her all his hopes and ambitions, and she cheered and encouraged him when his courage failed.

One day when Marion went to his

studio she found it deserted. Thinking that he had gone out for a few minutes and would be right back, she sat down and began to read. Ten minutes passed by, and still he did not come. She got up and went over to the piano. Fastened to the stool she found the following message:

Dear Marion—Received a telegram this morning. Father very ill, so I had to go home. Did not have time to send you word. In haste,  
DICK.

She re-read it. How lonesome it was without him! Supposing he should not come back? If his father died, he probably would not. With a little sob, she laid her head on the piano stool.

Just then a door opened and Dick rushed in. He had received another telegram when he reached the station that his father was better, and not to come home. He stopped short when he saw the figure kneeling at the piano.

"Why, Marion!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

She half turned her tear-stained face toward him, but did not answer.

"Marion!" he cried, a sudden light dawning upon him. In a second he was beside her and had her in his arms.

In a month their engagement was announced. It was not until then that they told Mrs. Dudley how they first met. She only smiled wisely as she said: "I knew it all the time."—Indianapolis Sun.

## GEORGE SIPE, AN AGED MAN WHO IS A CHAMPION CHOPPER

George Sipe, who lives in Hellam township, near the town of Hellam, Pa., York County, lays claim to being the champion woodchopper in his township. Notwithstanding the fact that he is about 74 years old, he is hale and hearty and most active, still following his occupation as a woodcutter. He reads the newspapers daily without the aid of glasses. Among Mr. Sipe's achievements is the woodcutting record he made in four weeks. It consisted of hewing 175 1/2 cords of wood, 3,500 rails, and 1,700 posts. It is said that not a man has ever approached this.

Story from a recent show: A man went into a lunatic asylum, and, looking up at the clock, asked an inmate: "Is that clock right?" "Of course not," the inmate replied; "if it were right, it wouldn't be here."

## OLD FAVORITES

Rory O'More.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen as he sat on the lawn; He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dove; He wooed in his heart pretty Kathleen to please, And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry, "Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye—"

"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about; Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Och! jewel!" says Rory, "that same is the way You've thrated my heart for this many a day; And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like, For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike; The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."

"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground!"

"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go; Share I dhrame every night that I'm hating you so."

"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear, For dhramas always go by contraries, my dear. So, jewel, keep dhramin' that same till you die, And bright mornin' will give dhrity night the black lie. An' 'tis plased that I am, and why not to be sure, Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough; Sure I've thrashed for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff; And I've made myself, dhrinkin' your health, quite a baste, So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck, So soft and so white, without freckle or speck; And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light, And he kissed her sweet lips—don't you think he was right?

"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more, That's eight times to-day you've kissed me before."

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure, For there's luck in odd numbers," says Samuel Lover.

Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy That he shouts with his sister at play! O, well for the sailor lad That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on, To the haven under the hill; But O, for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O sea! But the tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me.—Alfred Tennyson.

## A POSTMASTER'S LOT.

Like That of a Policeman, It Is Not a Happy One.

"A postmaster's lot, like that of a policeman, is not always a happy one," remarked a department official to a Star man this morning. "If he isn't being constantly jacked up by the department, he is blamed and abused more or less by the public, so he gets it coming to him both ways."

"The department is going after fourth-class postmasters now because they are so careless in executing pension vouchers, and the first thing some of the first citizens in their communities will know will be that they have been summarily fired out of the service for failing to give heed to the department's orders."

"The Secretary of the Interior has reported that the auditor for his department is hampered and delayed in the auditing of the accounts of the several United States pension agents through the want of the exercise of proper care on the part of the fourth-class postmasters in affixing the stamp of their offices to vouchers for pensions executed before them as authorized by law."

"The main points of defects in the use of a postmarking stamp on pension vouchers are indistinctness of impression and variance of date from that given in the jurat. If the impression made by the postmarking stamp is not clear and distinct, so as to show the date and the name of the postoffice and the State, a pen or pencil must not be used to complete the impression."

"Postmasters are instructed to test their stamps on a separate piece of paper before making an impression upon a pension voucher, and to see that the stamp will make a clean and clear impression, and that the date is correct. Only one impression must be made on the voucher at the time of its execution."

"Vouchers returned to postmasters because of imperfect impression of the postmarking stamp must be re-stamped, showing the date of the ex-

ecution of the voucher, instead of the date on which the second impression was made.

"Postmasters are informed that continued failure to comply with the requirements of the law in this respect may be considered cause for removal, so they had better get a move on themselves, and act accordingly. Postmasters will find the law set out in section 281 of the postal laws and regulations, and they had better study up, or some of them will lose their billets."—Washington Star.

## FIREMAN'S ADVICE.

Don't Jump from Burning Building Till Rescue Is Impossible.

Were you ever caught in a fire? Pray that you never may be, but if you ever are one of the unfortunates, heed this advice given by the veteran Chief Swingley, of the St. Louis Fire Department, who says that in forty-nine out of every fifty cases where persons jump from burning buildings and are killed or injured they would be rescued if they waited until the arrival of the firemen.

"What persons should do if cut off from escape is to shut the door of the room in which they are and make for the nearest window. The best way is to crawl. There is always a space next the floor where the air is good. Smoke always rises. I don't care if a building is filled with dense smoke, a window can be reached by crawling and keeping the head close to the floor. Persons should get on the outside of the window. The room may be filled with fire, but it will take some time before the fire reaches them. Persons should wait until their clothes catch on fire before jumping. It is almost sure death to jump."

"Burning buildings do not fall immediately. They are generally burning at least half an hour before they begin to fall. Even if the building does begin to fall, the portion where one is may not fall. Of course, when persons are placed in great danger, minutes seem like hours. The engines get to fires in the majority of cases within a few minutes after the alarm has been given. Another thing that I am reminded of is the fact of how few persons know the location of fire alarm boxes nearest to their residences, and how to give an alarm. Every one should familiarize himself with the location of the box and how to turn in an alarm."—Washington Star.

## CONVERSATION AS A FINE ART.

Lessons in Talking Should Become Part of Our Education.

"Before these days of delightfully written and widely distributed descriptions of passing events, conversation was regarded as an artistic accomplishment, and valued a great deal more highly than it is at present," said a matron in the New York Tribune. "We hear so many curious facts, we see so much more of the world than our coach-traveling ancestors, that the spirit of astonishment is less easily conjured than of old, when the sciences had destroyed fewer of our illusions and mankind was less analytical. Crispness, conciseness and humor are the indispensable ingredients of the dish offered to the jaded mental appetites of the old and young of to-day. Lessons in the art of conversation should be considered quite as necessary to a girl whose mind is expanding in the hothouse of her little school world as instruction in the sciences or modern languages. The chief difficulty, apart from the girl herself, would be to find a teacher competent to make the study both profitable and interesting. But the cause is well worth a struggle, and the only thing is steady, serious, daily cultivation. Some people are born with a turn for conversation; it comes by nature to them to make the apt repartee, the sympathetic phrase, when occasion calls for it; others have the airy manners, the speaking glance from liquid eyes, the reserve thawing, contagious laugh. These are gifts of the favored few; but we are all endowed with the faculty of intelligible speech, and it behooves us to regard the making the utmost of it—not as a mere frivolity, but as a duty to our social neighbors."

elder seldom sees them, are many cascades and waterfalls which would stir the poet's heart, but which, like the flower that is born to blush unseen, attract no notice, save when some photographer and his camera get into the vicinity. Of such are these, familiar to many people of thence, but having no other fame, is the delightful bit of scenery pictured on this page. It is a series of cascades on one of the creeks which flow into Cayuga Lake and is about two miles from the University City. It is known as Enfield Falls. The water that flows over the rocks like filmy lace falls a distance of about forty feet, and its music as it glides down into the bed of the creek and continues on its course to the lake is pleasing and refreshing.

## "PARAMOUNT" COMMISSIONER.

James H. Blount, Who Hauled Down the Flag in Hawaii.

James H. Blount, who died in Macon, Ga., recently, was for twenty years a representative in Congress and was known to the world over as "Paramount" Blount. He was a representative from the Macon district from the Forty-third to the Fifty-second Congress, inclusive. He was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House during the first Cleveland administration, and was sent to Hawaii by the President to haul down the American flag. When asked on what authority Mr. Blount was sent on this mission, administration officials answered that he was sent to Hawaii, as the personal commissioner of the President with "paramount authority" to investigate and act. By his direction the American flag, which had been raised over the islands, was hauled down.



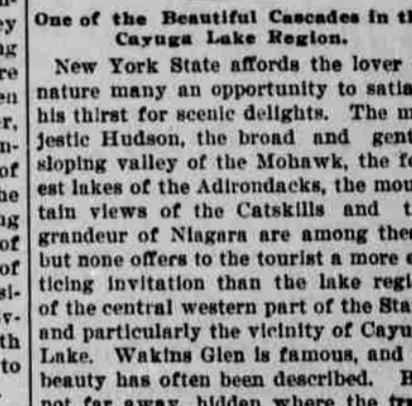
This raised a storm among the opponents of the administration, and Mr. Blount was nicknamed "Paramount," a title which stuck to him through the remainder of his life. He was a close personal and political friend of Mr. Cleveland, who supported his action in Hawaii. Mr. Blount was a man of prominence in the South and a leader among the Southern Democrats in Congress. Mr. Blount was born in Macon in 1837. He was one of the largest land owners in middle Georgia.

## DELIGHTFUL SCENERY.

One of the Beautiful Cascades in the Cayuga Lake Region.

New York State affords the lover of nature many an opportunity to satiate his thirst for scenic delights. The majestic Hudson, the broad and gently sloping valley of the Mohawk, the forest lakes of the Adirondacks, the mountain views of the Catskills and the grandeur of Niagara are among these, but none offers to the tourist a more enticing invitation than the lake region of the central western part of the State, and particularly the vicinity of Cayuga Lake. Watkins Glen is famous, and its beauty has often been described. But not far away, hidden where the trav-

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## ON THE TRAIN.



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He—I've just missed my train.  
She—Well, you didn't miss mine.

Perfectly Hopeless.  
"I don't believe that man ever deceived anybody in his life," said the enthusiastic friend.

"And yet," said Senator Sorghum, "you want me to give him employment. You don't suppose I have time to teach him the rudiments of business, do you?"—Washington Star.

Followed Instructions.  
Mr. Subbubs—Why, what's the matter? Where's the new servant girl?  
Mrs. Subbubs—It's all due to a misunderstanding. I told her to dust this morning, and the first thing I knew she had dusted.—Philadelphia Press.

No Longer His Own Master.  
Stiphree—Well, now that you're married I suppose your wife expects you to live up to your ideals?  
"Tidemann (sadly)—No; to her ideals.—Brooklyn Life.