

Newspaper Life.

It is strange what curious ideas some people have of the way in which matter for a newspaper is prepared. A few days since, a reporter on this paper was asked by a middle-aged man, who looked as though he ought to know something, who it was that wrote out the items he picked up in his wanderings about the city—evidently laboring under the impression that it was the reporter's duty to hunt up information regarding local matters, and at night sit down and relate, to some individual with a pencil, his day's experience.

Another man remarked to one of the editors that he thought Mr. — must be a very industrious man to write all the articles which appeared in the *Union and American* every day, adding that it was wonderful to think that one man could do so much. These two men represent quite a large class, in their much confused ideas regarding the newspaper business, and it is for the benefit of these that this article is written. Those who know all about the subject treated of, need not waste their valuable time in persuing this screed.

The regular writing force of the paper is made up of quite a number of remarkably talented men, in addition to whom there are regular correspondents in the leading cities of the State, who furnish us with information regarding important events as they occur.

The Political Editor is a man who has made political economy a study from his cradle up. In his childhood's days he had no taste for the games and pastimes of boys of his age, but preferred to spend his leisure time in "reading up" the history of all human governments, from the date of Adam's expulsion from the Garden of Eden. As he grew in years, his love for political matters increased. He has invented half a dozen well defined systems of government, any one of which would astonish the world by its completeness and success if he was allowed to put it into practice. He sends his copy direct to the composing-room, and it is never "scratched."

The News Editor is an individual with large perceptive faculties and a bright pair of scissors. He can "go through" a bushel basket of exchanges in a twinkling, extracting all the newsy items and rejecting the trash with unflinching precision; and he is remarkably skilful with the scissors. The matter which this gentleman prepares for the paper passes under no eye but his own and that of the compositor and proof-reader, until it is perused the next morning by the thousands who daily draw inspiration from our columns.

The Fighting Editor is a man who weighs a ton in his stocking feet. His lower limbs are plated with sheet-iron, and he wears two breast-plates. He has a special permit from the police authorities to carry as many arms as he chooses. He chooses to carry two, besides half a dozen six-shooters; and a bowie-knife in each boot-leg. He never writes anything for the paper "hisself," but he stands responsible for what the others write.

The Commercial Editor has his organ of "calculation" so fully developed, that all the other organs have remained in *statu quo* from the day of his birth. He is an odd-looking genius, but a very valuable man. Figures are his hobby, and he fairly revels in statistics. The articles which emanate from his gifted pen, or pencil rather, are read with the most absorbing interest, the page on which they appear being the first one perused by nine out of ten of our readers.

The River Editor was born on a flat-boat. He could swim when he was two years old, and the days of his childhood were pleasantly and profitably occupied in throwing stones at frogs and mud turtles, going fishing—on which occasions he always carried his bait in his mouth—and spelling out the name of the river craft which daily passed the paternal mansion. His contributions to the current literature of the day are quoted far and wide, many of them having been set to music for the use of the schools throughout the land.

Our Musical and Dramatic Critic is one of the most accomplished young men of the age. The young ladies go into raptures over his long, flowing locks, which are black as the raven's wing, a bucket of tar, or any other dark substance. He is thoroughly conversant with the famous productions of the old mas-

ters of music, and he knows all about the peculiar characteristics of Liszt, Gottschalk, Cornstalk, and other celebrated musicians. As for the drama, he is fully satisfied that if he saw fit to devote his attention exclusively to that subject, he would be a formidable rival for Mr. Shakespeare. But he is not going to devote his attention exclusively to that subject—at least, not at present. He prepares his articles in a carefully shaded room, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, with a copipe in his mouth, and a "sunthin' soothin'" on the table before him.

The Local Editor has charge of the matter intended for the local pages. The innocent, hard-working reporters are under his immediate supervision, over whom he exercises a sort of step-fatherly care. He has two grand objects in life, the one being to get ahead of rival papers in the way of city news, and the other to properly train the talented young men under his charge, so that they may develop into the bright-shining literary lights nature designed them to be.

The Reportorial Staff is made up of college graduates—the favorite sons of wealthy parents. They are young men of grand expectations and promising future. They toil daily from sheer love of work, and not because they are compelled to. They choose to remain in a newspaper office in the character of reporters, because of their innate love for truth, as an abstract principle, which, with them, amounts to a passion. They find that the associations and influences connected with their present position are such as to tend to fix and confirm them in their desire to rival Washington in his reputation for truth-telling. Mark Twain says that a reporter has to lie a little or he will be discharged. It is the high aim of the reporters on this paper to convince the world that Twain himself prevaricated in making this statement.

Our reporters perambulate up and down the streets during the day, filling their little note-books with interesting items, and meeting with varied experiences. For instance, in the morning they will interview State officials, ministers, medical students, and other gentlemen of standing. Later in the day they attend the Police Court, where they are brought in contact, occasionally, with the scum of the city. Repairing to their favorite free-lunch establishment, at noon, they partake of their frugal repast. In the afternoon they visit the workhouse (where they see many familiar faces), the jail, the corner's office, run after "der mer-shene", when a fire alarm is sounded, break for a crowd when they see one collected, hoping that a fight is in progress, a man had a fit, or something of that kind. In the evening, they attend and report lectures on all sorts of subjects, always making marvellously correct reports, closing their day's labors by writing up the contents of their note-books, which keeps them busy until a late hour. They write a great many brilliant articles—more than the public generally know anything about, owing to the fact that the local editor, holding his own peculiar views regarding their articles, consigns some of them to the waste basket. It is possible that such will be the fate of this screed, and if it does not appear in print, the public will know whom to blame. But let us not be too severe on the Local. Let us rather look upon his errors of judgment with a lenient eye, and let us drop a pitying tear over his lack of discernment in literary matters.

But the most important man in the office is the Intelligent Compositor. He it is who determines how the matter shall appear when it comes out in print. This man recognizes no law, human or divine, but is influenced entirely by the impulses of the moment. The proof-reader is supposed to control his vagaries to some extent, but owing to his long experience he is skilful enough to outwit the proof-reader generally. He is the chap who has a playful way of substituting words and sometimes sentences, for those in the copy, carefully extracting those the writer intended should appear, with the most astonishing result. No doubt the Intelligent Compositor is pleased with the article as it appears—but it looks odd, it certainly looks odd. For instance, there was a man who wrote "We will hallow her grave with our tears." After passing through the hands of the Intelligent Compositor, those beautiful lines read, "We will harrow her

grave with our steers." Although the poor poet, in this case, hung himself with his own hand, the Intelligent Compositor is the real murderer, and the day is coming when he will have to answer for that man's life. And that is not all: He is bringing the raven-black locks of our own poet, our musical critic, in sorrow to the grave. Language is not able to express the deep and acute anguish which that talented youth suffers when he attempts to read his carefully prepared articles after they have been wrestled with by the genius of the composing-room. He always smiles and says, as he passes one thin hand across his expansive brow, "Tis no matter, 'tis nothing at all," but those who love him best are able to penetrate this thin disguise of assumed indifference, and as they look upon his attenuated form, and see the hectic flush upon his sunken cheek, they turn aside and whisper, "Alas! alas! and he, too, must go."

As for the rest of us, as we are not of such sensitive temperaments, we don't care much about it. We are satisfied that, on many occasions, our pen-scratchers would have been as abominable in our own sight as in that of our readers, if the Intelligent Compositor had not altered, amended, and substituted words which were necessary to make our effusions both readable and intelligible; and as we would be forgiven, so we forgive.—*Nashville Union and American.*

ANÆSTHETICS.

THE DANGERS OF CHLOROFORM AND ETHER.

Now that public attention has been drawn to the subject, the record of deaths from anæsthetics is increasing; from all parts of the country accounts of sudden deaths reach us, and there is a natural anxiety on the part of the public, which ignorance on the subject only increases. At the present time three agents are in use for deadening the nervous sensibility: chloroform, ether and nitrous oxide or laughing gas; science has added several new agents to this list, but those mentioned are alone in general use. Chloroform, as it is the most powerful, is also most fatal. It is a popular error that when death is caused by this agent the victim is always affected with disease of the heart. This is far from being the case, as chloroform kills without distinction, and it is impossible to tell beforehand what its effects will be. From a record of cases—incomplete, it is true, but sufficient for present purposes—we have found that in three fatal cases out of seven, post-mortem examinations showed no appreciable cause of death, the heart being specially noted for its freedom from disease. A noted case happened some years ago at Bellevue Hospital, New York. A trivial operation was being performed on a woman—the restoration of a nose—and the patient had no sooner inhaled a small portion of the vapor than she passed away without a struggle. Chloroform, in this case, was administered by a skilful operator, and all the appliances of science were used for restoration, but unsuccessfully. A most thorough examination could discover no causes for such an untoward result.

In this connection we may state a fact of some practical importance; the majority of deaths from anæsthetics follow the most simple operations, such as tooth-pulling and cases of minor surgery; but very few cases are reported of fatal results when the operation has been of any magnitude. Of course, this is not the place to discuss the reason of such peculiarity, but we offer it to our scientists as well worthy investigation. Another cause of death from chloroform seems to be the manner in which it is administered. Unless the vapors of the fluid be largely mixed with air it is a veritable poison. In hospitals this fact is frequently forgotten. A paper cone containing a saturated sponge is thrust over a struggling patient's nostrils and mouth, effectually shutting off all currents of outside air, and the only wonder is that fatal cases are not of more frequent occurrence. Another cause seems to be the impurity of chloroform itself. A practical deduction from these statements is, that in the present state of knowledge, chloroform should be used as seldom as possible. Medical scientists are rapidly coming to

this conclusion, and even when they are forced to use it they generally dilute it with half its quantity of ether. Common sense would also suggest that such a powerful agent should never be used for trifling surgical or dental operations. Ether seems to be the least harmful of anæsthetics; in this country it has been used in hundreds and thousands of cases, and it is very rare to read of it producing death. A further advantage connected with ether seems to be that it always gives sufficient warning of a fatal result, and allows means to be employed by which such a tendency may be averted. Undoubtedly this is the only comparatively safe anæsthetic deserving of confidence.

Nitrous oxide gas has been received with much confidence, but, like many other public favorites, it is false and undeserving. It produces insensibility by poisoning the blood; acts, in fact in the same manner as strangulation, and each individual who inhales it and then signs his name attesting its harmlessness, has approached as near as possible to that river which is never crossed but once. This gas is used by the most ignorant class of men, and is much more fatal than a confiding public is led to believe. Deaths from its use are far from being unfrequent, nor are its after effects so exhilarating as advertisements would have us believe. This subject is deserving of more than a passing notice, and some public action should be taken to prevent its indiscriminate use. Finally, it should be remembered that no anæsthetic is entirely harmless, or productive of nothing but good. As in other things, the public has its welfare in its own hands. If it did not insist upon being rendered insensible in every trifling operation; if, as in olden times, it was content to suffer present momentary pain for future health, deaths from anæsthetics would sink to a minimum.

While timid young ladies insist upon swallowing chloroform fumes when a splinter is to be taken from their delicate fingers, while bold young men demand to be poisoned by "laughing" gas when a single tooth is to be extracted, we may expect to be horrified with a repetition of "sudden death in a dental chair." To sneer at science for what science is incapable of foreseeing is only an evidence of ignorance. It is not science but the public that needs to be enlightened. Science is not perfect; but while it is hampered in its endeavors by the outcries of an ignorant public its duties must be circumscribed, and its enemies, quacks of all kinds, flourish at the expense of health, morality and life. When the public interests itself in hygiene, when it condescends to learn the primary laws of physiology, even deaths from anæsthetics will become a tradition. While awaiting however for such a wished-for consummation, it is desirable that scientists themselves should refuse to administer anæsthetics so indiscriminately as has been done heretofore.—*Ez*

Methodist Intrigues at Washington.

About a week ago, after Rev. J. P. Newman had been elected chaplain of the Senate, Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania entered a motion to reconsider the election. There was a good deal of curiosity as to Cameron's object. It now appears that the movement was the result of a little disagreement among some of the lights of the Methodist Church. Dr. Tiffany, who succeeds Dr. Newman as pastor of the Metropolitan Church, which the President attends, was a candidate for the position of chaplain of the Senate, and was backed by Bishop Simpson, who, it is stated, has grown jealous of Newman's influence at the White House. Simpson, so the story goes, was anxious to defeat Newman, and get him out of Washington. Newman, however, was backed by Grant, who, it is stated, has taken a dislike to Bishop Simpson, because the latter is for offices for his friends. Morton, acting as the President's friend, nominated Newman and had him elected one day, when the friends of Dr. Tiffany were not on guard. After Cameron made his motion, some person friendly to Newman went to the Pennsylvania Senator and told him of the fight in progress among the lights of the church. This person also informed Cameron that he was being made the cat's-paw of the Simpson-Tiffany party, where-

upon the veteran wire-puller withdrew his motion to reconsider. To show his confidence in Newman, the President not only backed up his claims for the position of chaplain, but appointed him to the position of Inspector of Consulates, with a roving commission to go around the world at a salary of \$6,000 a year in gold.—*Missouri Democrat.*

BY TELEGRAPH.

FOREIGN.

LONDON.—The exhibition at Vienna will be divided into groups according to the character of the contributions, each group to have a president and two vice presidents. Mr. Sanborn advises minister Jay that the presidency of the groups of the trade and commerce of the world and the vice presidents of the groups of civil engineering and public works and architecture and farmhouses have been arranged. From the United States in the department of art a fine display is promised. England sends paintings valued in the aggregate at two millions. France will contribute 500 paintings and Italy 300, also statuary. The carpenters are at work on the American buildings. Many buildings of other nationalities are already completed. Elaborate showcases have arrived from all parts of Europe. In this respect Americans also fall behind others.

LONDON, 8.—Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has been offered \$50,000 to deliver fifty lectures in the United States.

LONDON, 9.—In a conflict this a. m. in Kindale, Ireland, between fishermen on strike and the police, two of the former were killed and several injured.

BERLIN.—The Emperor William, Prince Bismark and General Von Moltke, accompanied by a brilliant retinue, leave for St. Petersburg, on a visit to the Czar, on the 25th inst. The Crown Prince, Frederick William, and his wife depart for Vienna the following day.

MADRID.—Genl. Saballs, a Carlist chieftain, with a force of insurgents, is within six kilometres of the town of Pingreda in the province of Gerona. An attack is expected. The women are fleeing from the town. The men are preparing to defend the place. The inhabitants of Salamanca have expelled the Jesuits from that city.

SHANGHAI, 9.—The Russian Grand Duke Alexis left to-day for Japan. The Japanese embassy, of which C. W. Legendrus, consul at Amoy, is a member, and second in rank, is on the way to Peking.

PARIS.—Letters say that of 20 millions of francs subscribed in France for the construction of the imaginary Memphis and El Paso R. R. eighteen and a half millions went into the pockets of those engineering the scheme, and the remainder was used to make extravagant contracts, that the sale of bonds might be further stimulated.

PARIS, 10.—A desperate fight occurred a few days ago at Olonne, department of Vendee, between two companies of strolling actors. Nine were killed and several injured.

LONDON, 10.—During practice on board the ship *Cambridge* at Devonport yesterday, a shell burst. The officers refuse to give information, but it is understood that a number of men were wounded.

At the examination before the Lord Mayor, to-day, evidence was given conclusively showing that Bidwell, arrested at Havana, was the chief operator in the frauds on the Bank of England.

Mr. T. Taylor, of Aston Rowant, Oxon, has given the sum of £5,000 to the town of Wigan, Lancashire, to establish a free public library in that town.

The London *Morning Post* which started in 1772, is now beginning the second century of its career. The London *Times* began in 1778. The daily *Telegraph* is said to be the most popular newspaper in the world, and to circulate 175,000 copies.

An English writer discourses somewhat sarcastically of that small coin, the three-penny piece. He says: "It is too small to fetch a flitch of bacon; it is too weak to bring home a sack of flour; it is no use to pay half a year's rent; so it is solemnly and sacredly set apart to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Dord against the mighty."