FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

MODES FOR GIRLS.

—(The Gentlewoman.

EYESIGHT OF PUPILS.

Thorough Investigation Now Being Carried on in Public Schools.

A thorough examination of the eyesight of children attending the public schools of New-York was recently begun by the Board of Health, and it is intended to extend the work through all the schools of the system. Previous investigations have been made chiefly with reference to contagious diseases that the children might communicate to one another, but the intention now is to discover visual inaccuracies, and the Public Education Association has expressed a desire to co-operate by providing glasses for those whose parents cannot afford to purchase them.

The work was begun experimentally in Public School No. 2, and the results obtained there were such as to demonstrate fully the need for such an investigation. This school was selected as the starting point because of the well known interest of its principal, Miss Alida S. Williams, in the subject.

"Defects of vision are a fruitful cause of childish troubles in school," said Miss Williams to a Tribune reporter. "They must necessarily result in faulty writing and drawing, and may easily be the cause of otherwise inexplicable errors in written spelling and reckoning. A pupil in her fourth year was once brought to me by her teacher with the statement that she did unreasonably poor work in reading for an intelligent and willing child. Her eyes were tested and found to be myopic, and in the friendly chat which followed she said: 'I often see two words where there is only one. When I was a very little girl I used to read every word twice. Then I was scolded for being careless. So I learned that I must not say two words, even when I saw them.' Then she went on to explain that she thought she was learning in arithmetic to allow for the erratic behavior of figures, which would insist upon seeming two of a kind and being only one. But that day she had an example wrong, because she saw two fives. She saw them and she saw them, and she just had to use them, and then, after all, there was only one five. I might easily multiply instances of this kind. The same day a child was brought to me who was virtually blind in one eye, and during the recent investigation the examining physician found a little girl who could not read anything smaller than the big 'O' on his cards with her right eye, though her left was entirely normal. That right eye is practically out of commission, and the child has been doing her work with one eye."

Mrs. Haggard—Do you know, myself and my laughter are often mistaken for sisters. Mrs. Gay—Ah—the dear girl must be studying too hard, don't you think?—(Puck.

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Write or telephone for interesting booklet.

GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years.
Let it wipe another's tears.
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

FRIENDS.

It's an owercome sooth for age an' youth,
An' it brooks wi' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the young are just on trial.

There's a rival bauld wi' young and auld,
And it's him that has bereft me!
For the surest friends are the auldest friends,
An' the maist o' mine hae left me.

There are kind hearts still for friends to fill,
And fools to take and break them;
But the nearest friends are the auldest friends,
And the grave's the place to seek them.
—(R. L. Stevenson.

NOTICE.

Letters are received occasionally from admirers of the Tribune Sunshine Society showing that they have confused it with organizations of nearly similar name subsequently started by persons whom they mistakenly believed to be still in the service of The Tribune. To avoid error all communications, packages, etc., should be addressed "The Tribune Sunshine Society, Tribune Building, New-York."

EMERGENCY FUND.

Mrs. Anna S. Crossman, of New-Jersey, has sent $2 for the emergency fund, and will contribute the same amount each year.

KINGSTON BRANCH.

The following excellent report given at the semi-annual meeting by the president of the Kingston (N. Y.) T. S. S. Branch, shows how much real good can be done by interested and systematic work:

The Kingston branch of the Tribune Sunshine Society has held ten regular meetings since last fall and one special meeting. We have met every fortnight at the homes of the members, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to sew, with a business meeting at 4 o'clock, after which tea was served.

We have sixty on our membership list. Besides the regular officers and board of directors, we have four active committees: investigation, sewing, buying and visiting. Over $30 has been spent for good, serviceable material, which, with other goods contributed, has been made up into children's clothes. Besides the garments made, we have purchased readymade clothing—wrappers, sacques, dresses and underwear—and distributed some very good partly worn clothing. We have made five complete baby outfits, and sent something for the mother with each one. In one instance we sent with the baby clothes an entire winter wardrobe for the blind nineteen-year-old mother. We sent $5 and a box of clothing to the Hill Branch, in Brooklyn, and $2 with a parcel to Houston, Tex. Cut flowers and potted plants have been sent to sick members and friends, fruit to the City Hospital, groceries and coal to needy families, and rent has been paid in a few instances. We have bought several pairs of shoes for children to enable them to attend school. For some old people and invalids we have provided milk daily, and meat every week. Some dolls brought great delight to several little girls who had none, and especially to one child with spinal disease. We gave $10 for medicine and board to a young woman suffering from consumption.

The women of our branch have arranged to furnish the girls' day room in the new building of the Industrial Home, to be opened in July, to be known as the Sunshine Room.

The year's work came to a rather abrupt close the middle of March, on account of an accident to the president, but it will be continued through the summer by the committees, and the regular meetings resumed in the fall.

The results of the year just passed have been most gratifying, as we have seen the courage inspired in the hearts of those we have become interested in and helped over some hard place in their experience. The sense of independence that has taken the place of discouragement when they felt they were on their feet again has seemed to us decidedly worth while. The woman in Houston, Tex., I have mentioned, writes me: "My husband treats me better now that he sees I have such good friends."

We hope in the next year to increase our membership, and in the truest sunshine sense to grow and be living examples of our motto, "Good Cheer." Respectfully submitted by the president of the Kingston branch, MRS. JAMES R. NELSON.

PASCAL INSTITUTE BRANCH.

President of the T. S. S.: The Pascal Institute branch of the T. S. S. has during the last season done considerable Sunshine work, among the largest contributions being a musical and patriotic entertainment, given for the benefit of the East Side Mission School by the members of the Pascal Institute Alumnæ Association, under the leadership of their teacher, Miss Fannie Glaesser. At Thanksgiving they gave $5 to an aged couple; at Christmas and Easter they remembered the two blind girls whom they always have on their list, and added a third name to that list at Easter time. On one occasion a member of the alumnæ association assisted the teacher in contributing zither numbers to a musical programme at an East Side Settlement. Another member of the alumnæ, Miss Pearl Johnson, secured for one of its own meetings a delightful evening of music and recitations.

On the occasion of a benefit given in April for the Pascal Institute scholarship fund by Miss Evangeline M. Lent and her friends, the Sunshine branch invited sixteen blind men and women to enjoy the entertainment. Miss Fannie Roberge, president of the alumnæ association, escorted them, and the Misses Edna and Edith Dolan, Viola and Hazel Maples and Mrs. W. S. Hawkins sat with them and explained the plays as they progressed.

Following are the names of some of the young friends who have contributed sunshine to the Pascal Institute during the season, and they have been added to the Sunshine branch: The Misses Louise Truax, Eloise Lent, Kathleen Taylor-Massey, Ethel Stewart Rowley, Grace Osborne, Marion Peters, Beatrix G. Gardiner, Grace Isabel Bolles, Elizabeth Carpenter, Jean Grahame Gardiner and Mrs. James Guyon Clark, jr. Yours in Sunshine.

MARGARET P. PASCAL, President.
No. 576 Lexington-ave., New-York.

THANKS FOR CHEER.

The president of the Chelsea branch wishes to return thanks for the telescope bag filled with good and most acceptable clothing from some unknown friend; also to some Western friend, for lovely silk pieces and fancy materials, which are being utilized as sunshine by invalid members. The president is also grateful to the general office for supplying the black and white wools needed by a semi-invalid to make shawls for "shut-ins."

Miss Olmstead, president of Manhattan branch No. 4, writes: "Thanks for the box of worsteds, which we will use in making an afghan, and the box received yesterday is acceptable, as the clothing and skirts are just what is needed, one by a young girl who has been helping me in Sunshine work, and a woman uptown can use some of the other articles."

FRUIT FOR AGED WOMAN.

A visitor at the Presbyterian Home, No. 49 East Seventy-third-st., has written the following letter about Miss S. Marie Bevin, a T. S. S. member, who has been for a long time in the home:

Miss Bevin has few friends, and does not like to ask for many little comforts necessary to one in poor health, of those in charge of the home. She has done a good deal for the Sunshine Society when in more fortunate circumstances, and now makes her appeal for a few of the comforts which your society is known to give so generously. She asks for very little, for she is unable to receive visitors, but would be very grateful for crackers and fruit, particularly oranges. She requests that no lemons be sent, as they are supplied at the home, and she does not care for flowers. Her great craving is for fruit, as it seems to be the only food she enjoys. Trusting you can supply the simple need of this one of God's children, believe me, yours in His name, JULIA T. S. HAINES.

A STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.

The strawberry festival which will be given at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Amsterdam-ave. between Ninety-second and Ninety-third sts., on the evenings of May 26 and 27, promises to be a successful affair. It is planned for the benefit of the Methodist Home in order to replenish the treasury, which is in need of funds at the present time. In connection with the strawberries there will be a sale and an entertainment programme, the musical numbers, recitations, etc., of which will be different each night. The Methodist Episcopal Church home cares for over one hundred Methodists who are without resources or friends of their own.

COMMENCEMENT OF GARDNER SCHOOL.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Huntington Gardner have sent out invitations for the commencement exercises of their school, which will take place on the evening of May 31 at 8 o'clock in the church, Fifth-ave. and Forty-eighth-st. There are ten young women in the graduating class—Elizabeth Bayless, Marjorie Stanwood Billings, Grace Fleischman, Mary Warner Fowler, Mollie Long, Helen Long, Jessie Luella Pogson, Jessie Mabel Ritchey, Ethel Louise Tinkham and Dora Louise Titus. Miss Pogson is the salutatorian, and Miss Tinkham will give the valedictory. The Rev. Duncan J. McMillan and the Rev. David James Burrell will make addresses. The Rev. Matthew Henry Fogson will open the exercises with prayer, and Dr. Gardner will present the diplomas. After the commencement exercises the annual reception will take place at the school, No. 607 Fifth-ave.

SWEDISH EDUCATORS AND TEMPERANCE.

Among the many visitors whom the St. Louis Exposition is bringing to the United States are several educators from Sweden, who are taking this opportunity to study the educational system here, especially one feature of it—the instruction in physiology and hygiene, including the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics. In no other country, it is said, has this instruction been so fully and systematically developed as in the United States, and its results have attracted the attention of other nations, who are now inquiring how they may secure similar instruction and results.

Some of these Swedish educators have already arrived, and others are coming later. Miss Signe Almquist, of Stockholm, a member of a well known family of educators in that city, comes in the interest of the private schools, and has already spent some time in New-York. Miss Almquist is at present in Boston studying the work of that city in this and other branches which are her specialty.

Mats Dalborg, an instructor in the public schools of Stockholm, representing the Board of Common Schools, is inquiring into this instruction from the standpoint of the public school teacher, and is also visiting the schools of Boston and vicinity. Later he will visit New-York and cities in the Middle West.

Opportunities have been afforded in schools in and around Boston for these Swedish educators to see the work in this subject done in the successive school grades beginning with the first primary, and they have expressed the keenest interest and pleasure in the methods by which these children are being taught how and why to observe the laws of health, including those that teach abstinence from alcoholic drinks and other narcotics.

Sweden has had a temperance education law for some years, but it has hitherto been little enforced. There is, however, a general awakening on the subject in that country following the interest aroused among the Swedish delegates to the Bremen International Anti-Alcohol Congress last year, where there was a long and interesting discussion of education as a factor in solving the alcohol problem, following the address on the subject by Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of the United States.

SCIENCE IN THE HOME.

An Exhibition Interesting to Women at Teachers College.

There will be held at the Educational Museum of Teachers College, One-hundred-and-twentieth-st. West, on Tuesday evening and during Wednesday and Thursday of this week, what promises to be one of the most interesting educational exhibitions of the year. It is an exhibition of domestic science, and includes such topics as foods and food values, dietetics, household economy, home sanitation, home nursing, laundering and many others. The exhibition is under the auspices of the domestic science department of Teachers College and is intended to show the public what has been accomplished in the practical application of scientific knowledge to the everyday matters of home life, and especially in the development of instruction in this field which can be applied to the boys and girls of the public schools.

The exhibits will consist, on the one hand, of the teaching equipment used in giving instruction, and, on the other, of a comprehensive display of typical samples of work accomplished by the students in Teachers College and its schools. The latter will be particularly attractive and interesting. For example, in the food exhibit, there are shown the results of a series of experiments with baking powders carried out in the chemical laboratories at Teachers College, and, what seems even more practical, illustrations of the values of these powders in actual cooking. Another part of this section presents a comparison of cakes, one from a scientific recipe giving a maximum of quality with a minimum of expense, other ordinary homemade cakes, and with them samples of baker's cake. The comparison of prices and results given in this exhibit alone is said to be justification enough for the modern scientific instruction in cooking. Another practical display is of suggested menus and dietaries for families with a stated amount to spend on their table; the actual meals which can be secured for varying sums will be shown. There will also be shown meals for a child of four and for an infant. This one feature of the exhibit alone will repay careful study by any one interested in good food and in economy in the home.

But there are other interesting features—the exhibit in sanitation and household management, the latter including the important topic of cost of living, home nursing and care of children—illustrated by a completely equipped invalid's room and a hygienic outfit for an infant; home laundry work, equipment for teaching domestic science, including a homemade equipment which would delight the heart of a district school teacher low in funds but anxious to give modern instruction in her school.

Finally, there will be demonstrations of bread making, and especially of work by children in the Horace Mann and Speyer schools of Teachers College. Particularly interesting is the work of the latter school—a table set by the children themselves and representing their solution of a problem given them, to provide the best meal possible, from the point of view of food values, served under as attractive conditions as possible, despite a definite low money limit placed by the problem. The public is invited to inspect the exhibits in domestic science, as well as in all the departments of Teachers College and the Horace Mann schools, next Tuesday evening and on Wednesday and Thursday from 10 to 5 o'clock.

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A Tissue Paper Pattern of Waist with Pointed Yoke Collar, No. 4,738, for 10 Cents.

Nothing could be prettier for afternoon wear than this dainty waist of sheer white muslin, combined with a yoke collar made of lace, embroidered insertion and frills of fine embroidery. Its deep, pointed yoke gives the necessary droop to the shoulders, and the gathered portion below is softly full, and blouses over the crushed belt most becomingly. The model is unlined, and so becomes washable, but the many thin silk and wool fabrics of the season are equally well adapted to the style, and can be made over the fitted foundation and with frills of lace in place of needlework, while

NO. 4,738—WAIST WITH POINTED YOKE COLLAR.

the yoke can be of lace or any fancy material preferred, and can be made quite transparent or lined with chiffon whenever such effect is desired.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3¾ yards 21 inches wide, 3 yards 27 inches wide, or 1¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 9 yards of insertion, 3¼ yards of wide embroidery and 2 yards of narrow to make as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 4,738, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and bust measure distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern send an extra two-cent stamp, and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

THE EAST SIDE BABY.

Odds Against It—Touching Tales by Tenement Nurse.

Down in Water-st. the other day two small Yiddish boys, aged about ten, were sauntering along, each with a baby brother—or perhaps sister—in his arms. To them came running another boy, wild-eyed and panting.

"'Ikey'!" he gasped, "'Sammy'—'Ikey'—'S-Sammy'—'Billy' Halloran's a-comin' quick, an' he says he—he's goin' to give you both a bust in the eye!"

"Ikey" and "Sammy" immediately broke and ran for the nearest object offering a refuge, which proved to be a high board fence, and endeavored to swarm up its smooth surface. Without the babies they could have done it, but neither was disposed to desert his charge. Grasping their burdens firmly, they puffed and struggled, while the infants, not in the least disturbed by the jouncing, continued to regard life impassively out of their solemn, unwinking black eyes. Fortunately, when "Billy" came along a red-haired giant of sixteen, smoking the stub of a cigarette, he turned out to be less belligerent than the excited courier had reported him, or else it was not in accord with his notion of fairness to attack a boy in charge of a baby. Anyway, he passed peacefully on, and "Ikey" and "Sammy," relieved, resumed their stroll.

Nowhere else but on the East Side will you see small boys taking care of their baby relatives and not ashamed of it. A lad of the so-called "better classes" would consider it an indignity if he were asked to perform the duties of nursemaid, but to many of these sons of poverty it is a mere matter of course. There are not only "little mothers" on the East Side, there are plenty of "little fathers," too. One of the bright spots in the dirt, the disease, the general hopelessless—viewing it from an economic standpoint—of child life on the East Side is the genuine unselfishness one finds among the older children, the matter-of-fact way in which they take up the business of "minding" the little brothers and sisters who in most of these families come along so rapidly.

That adjective "neglected" is not intended to reflect upon the parents among the poor. There is a certain district nurse in the lower East Side who has strong ideas upon this subject. "The poor love their babies," she declared one day; "they welcome them as warmly and cherish them as passionately—allowing for the stress of hard conditions—as the rich do theirs; sometimes more. It is natural they should, for while wealthy people have plenty of outside diversions—clubs, horses, balls and parties, foreign travel—the decent poor have really little happiness in life except as they find it in their children. Of course, there is the saloon, but plenty of them do not care for the saloon. If you mean that the city neglects these babies, it certainly does. It herds them in dirty tenements and makes them breathe poison instead of air. But the parents as a class—of course there are exceptions—love their babies, and do the best they know how for them. It isn't a very wise best; it is distorted by ignorance and restricted by poverty; but it is not lacking in affection."

WHEN THE TWINS CAME.

This nurse is fond of telling as a typical case of an Italian couple down in Elizabeth-st. to whom twins were born just at a time when ill luck had struck them all in a heap. The man worked in a factory, got overheated one day, leaned over a ventilator to cool off, took pneumonia and nearly died. When he was well enough to work again he found that his place in the factory had been filled, and there was a new foreman, who, not knowing him, refused to give him a reference. He tramped the streets for days without finding work, "and just at this juncture," said the nurse, "the twins came along. An outside branch of one of the lying-in hospitals provided a doctor and a nurse, and I had nothing to do with the case, but I went in to see Josephine, because I was fond of her. I shall never forget the face of joy with which Pietro met me the morning after the twins were born.

"'We hava two baby! We hava two baby!' he announced in the tone in which he might have proclaimed that he had inherited a fortune or a castle in Italy. There he was, out of work, and two more mouths to fill, and those babies were welcome. Josephine's joy was more chastened, but she loved the twins. I suppose, from the utilitarian point of view, it was all criminal, but, anyhow, Pietro found work, and they got along somehow. It is true that Josephine nearly killed the babies by giving them overripe bananas to suck at the tender age of three months, and before they were six years old they were in a fair way to get curvature of the spine by having to 'tote' baby No. 3 and baby No. 4; but that was merely force of circumstances, and because the parents didn't know any better.

"The parents didn't know any better"—that is the secret of much of the suffering among the babies of the East Side. And then, of course, there are the parents who do not care, the indifferent parents, the cruel parents; there is the father who gets drunk and beats his family, or deserts them; there is the mother—but much less frequently—who does the same. But chief foe of all to these babies is poverty, the relentless grip of conditions. A tragical side of East Side baby life is that so many of them have to be left alone, or at least in the care of children too young to look after them properly, while the mothers go out to work. Of course, there are day nurseries, but far too few of them; they are sadly overtaxed. A nurse who has worked for a long time in connection with one of these institutions near Tompkins Square could tell you reams about neglected babies—neglected perforce by their hard worked mothers.

The other day she came into the nursery carrying a thin, sickly baby, of a few months of age, apparently, and leading a shy little toddler in a torn pinafore.

DESERTED BY THEIR FATHER.

"I found these children," she said, "in a tenement in First-st., the baby lying in a dirty, fumbled bed, the little girl playing on the floor. They were alone, but the neighbors told me where the mother worked, so I hunted her up. I asked her where her husband was. 'Sure,' she said, cheerfully, 'he loikes to ramble away wid himself. He's been gone six months now.' I asked her if the baby stayed in bed all day. 'Phwat can I do?' she inquired; 'Annie's too little to lift him, an' I wouldn't trust him wid the loikes of the neighbor children on the strate.' I found that before going to work in the morning she would fill several bottles with milk, and set Annie to feed the baby through the day. Of course, every time he cried Annie knew no remedy but to thrust a bottle at him, and by noon they would be emptied, so that in the mornings he gorged and in the afternoon he starved. You can see the state his stomach must have been in, and as for the condition of that bed! But what could the mother do? She had to support her babies. She had heard of the nursery, but somebody told her it was full—which, goodness knows, is true enough."

"Are there many such cases?" a visitor inquired.

"Many. And I don't know that the babies whose mothers take in washing at home—there are many who do—are any better off. Imagine babies growing up, as I have seen them, in one or two tiny rooms, the place cluttered with sticks of furniture, other children about, and the air thick with the steam of boiling clothes. In the summer the street is the great refuge, but in cold weather these mothers have a horror of fresh air for their children. I've seen babies strapped in washtubs to keep them out of the way. Then, some toddler will get near the stove, and hot water gets spilled on it, and it cries, 'Mamma, me burn, me burn!' and the mother hurriedly rubs a little butter on the burned place and goes on with her work. When the older girls—there are generally some at work in the factory—come home at night, the confusion is still worse. You'll hear the mothers say to these older ones, 'Oh, do go out somewhere out of my way,' and so the girls drift to the street, and the inevitable happens. They fall in with some boy, and marry—or worse—and in a little while more children are born into the world, to these girls ignorant of the first duties of motherhood.

"Of course," the nurse went on, "the wages these women get are shamefully poor. Laundry work isn't what it was either, so many of the people who hire are moving uptown. The women have to go a long way after the laundry, and many conductors object to allowing them on the cars with their big bundles. One way and another, the babies are left alone a good deal, and often the fire will go out, and there the baby is in a cold room. You can't wonder they have pneumonia so much. I know babies not two years old who have had it several times. One night last winter," she added, "I had three babies at the turning point in the disease—one, an Italian child, lay in a tenement on First-st., another was the child of some Germans living on Old Dock-st., and the third was on Twelfth-st. You can fancy how I scurried from one to another all night.

"A great need—literally a crying need—of the East Side is more day nurseries, and in some cases hospital facilities in those which already exist. Nevertheless, I firmly believe the true way to help the babies is to improve conditions in their homes, to get at their mothers, teach them how to cook, how to keep clean, how to care for their babies. In most cases they are very willing to learn, and even where they seem at first hopelessly indifferent there may be some germ of love or pride that you can touch. Let me tell you this story. I know," she interrupted herself apologetically, "it sounds like a temperance tract or a fairy tale, but, honestly, it's quite true. Last March I was called to a pneumonia baby on Ninth-st. The room the baby lay in was cold, the fire out. The mother, who sat listlessly holding the child, said the chimney smoked. However, I built a fire, and though it smoked at first it soon stopped. I told the woman to open the windows and let the smoke out, and I wrapped the baby in my jacket and took it to the inner room. Well, that room—you never saw such a nest of filth in your life. The smell was sickening. I went out, and I said to her, 'You dirty woman, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.' 'I don't care,' she said, with a hunch of her shoulder. 'My husband drinks.' Heavens! I don't wonder he drank. Well, I came home and got a lot of things—white oilcloth for the table, soap and scrubbing brushes, food for a supper—and I went back to make that den decent. At first the woman looked scared, but finally she got interested and went to work, too. If you'll believe it, we wrought such a change in those rooms that when the man came home he looked in, and then went climbing up the next flight—thought it couldn't be his home. He ate the supper we cooked for him in speechless wonder. That was in March, and to-day that woman is keeping her home neat. She comes to our classes to learn how to cook, and she's learning how to keep her baby well. And her husband, instead of spending his evenings at the saloon, stays with his wife and baby. Oh, of course I've had to keep at the woman. But while it would have been easier to bring the baby here to the nursery every day, if the little creature had been taken home every night to the filthy place I first found it in the nursery wouldn't have helped it much. Now, I don't say that every mother is teachable, but it's always worth trying."

DEVOTION OF JEWISH MOTHERS.

Of all the babies of all the nationalities that crowd the East Side, the Hebrew babies suffer least from the evil conditions there. The Jewish woman is capable of marvellous devotion to her child, and the Jewish man will not let his wife go out to work unless there is absolute necessity for it. She stays at home and takes care of her baby—nursing it at the breast until it is a big child. This is partly to avoid buying food for the extra mouth, but as mothers are generally strong—at least those who are foreign born—they often have good milk, and the babe grows fat. It is a flabby fat, and as the infants are allowed to drink tea and coffee before they can speak they lose their plumpness early, and grow thin and nervous; but the Yiddish baby, nursing whenever it chooses, never burdened with many clothes, petted by father and mother and big brothers and sisters, is not an unhappy specimen. And if it chances to be a boy it is an autocrat from its birth. A Settlement worker tells a story of one small Aaron Yanowsky, who had a bad attack of typhoid fever.

"I tried to sponge him," she said, "and, of course, he howled. Mamma Yanowsky and the four Miss Yanowskys, his big sisters, stood around miserably, longing to tear my hair out, but not quite daring. Then Papa Yanowsky came in. He looked at his son, at the basin and sponge, and then at me, severely. 'He vants it not; he vants it not,' he told me sternly, and that was enough; Aaron was not sponged. Then I tried to give him some medicine, and he struck it out of my hand and spilled it all. The Yanowskys looked at one another with admiring shrugs. 'Smarta kopf, smarta kopf!' they murmured proudly. Well, I gave up the case in despair but, of course, Aaron got well. They're so awfully wiry, those children."

The blind, instinctive devotion of some of these Jewish mothers to their babes is almost like the devotion of certain animals to their young. Nurses tell of women who had sat up night after night with a sick child, until they fairly staggered, dazed with fatigue. It made no difference to them that the father often sat up, too; they did not reflect that it would be better for the babe if they saved their strength; they only knew that they could not yield the child to any other hand.

Sometimes the older children are almost as devoted to the baby of the family. A very common instance is this one, of the twelve-year-old brother of a girl baby who had typhoid. At the first sound of the nurse's step on the stair he would go to meet her, carry her bag, wait on her—not for any love of her, but because she had come to help "his baby." Then he would fill the icebag, help prepare the milk, and stand by intelligently to translate what the nurse said to the mother, who spoke only Yiddish.

"After some days," said the nurse, "Rachel developed an abscess on the leg, and I had to send her to the hospital. I took the boy with me to the drug store, where I telephoned to the hospital, and when the arrangements were made I explained it all to him. He listened without a protest, and nodded to show that he understood; and then suddenly the great tears commenced to roll down his face. It was awfully touching—the boy's self-control, the impassive little dark face, and those big tears rolling down silently."

THE RENT'S THE THING.

It has been said that the Yiddish baby is generally fairly well nourished, but, of course, there are exceptions. There is plenty of pinching poverty down there where the little Rachels and Abrahams live. A Grand-st. doctor tells of one nursing baby whom he found to be practically starving; the mother had so little and such poor food to eat that her milk was fairly blue.

"I told her," he said, "that she must eat better food, or her baby would die. She spread her hands out with that hopeless racial gesture of theirs. 'Vat can I do?' she asked. 'Ven de rent iss paid, dere iss noddings left to buy food. Ich kann nicht es helfen,' she added, relapsing into her native German-Yiddish. The rent—the rent—that is the cry on the East Side, that is what takes food out of the children's mouths. And whatever may be said about 'the rent war being off,' the rents remain shamefully high. This family, for instance, living in two dark rooms on Water-st., no improvements, filthy heaps of refuse in the yard, pay $22 a month, originally it was $8. The wife told me that her man 'worked bet shirts,' but he didn't earn much more than enough to pay the rent. And there was the baby, one child of two years, twins aged five, only one daughter old enough to work, and she very frail."

A marked characteristic of these people is their horror of sending a child to an "asylum" or a "home." And they have good reason. One Settlement worker tells of a baby who was sent, its mother having died, to a well known institution for the care of orphaned babies. It was a bottle baby. An aunt went to see it a fortnight after it was sent away, and found the little creature—which when sent there was fat and healthy—scrawny and manifestly suffering from starvation. Either it did not receive the right kind of food, or among so many babies it was neglected; anyway, in a short time it died.

Another baby this worker knows of was kept at home after its mother died, because the father and Leah, the big sister, twelve years old, utterly refused to give it up, though everybody said she could never manage. But Leah keeps house; Toutsey, five years old, takes care of the baby, "and so far they are flourishing," said the nurse, "though as the baby is a bouncing boy with a piercing yell and a will of his own, Leah may have trouble with him later. But better that than an 'asylum.'"

Summer, which brings its own diseases and suffering for the East Side babies, is nevertheless a boon, because in summer they need not be herded in the tenements, they can be upon the streets. A poor enough refuge the streets are, but the babies seem to enjoy it. They breathe air so foul that it has sent more than one Settlement nurse away with the seeds of tuberculosis or decline in her; they tumble about under the wheels of trucks and streetcars; they play about the doors of saloons; they often see and hear things no childish eyes and ears should ever know. And yet, they survive in miraculously large numbers, and they grow up—some of them evil, certainly, but with plenty of good, and not a little genuine manhood and womanhood.

"Pa, what is intuition?"

"Merely the feminine of suspicion, my son."—(Harper's Bazar.

Housewives' Exchange.

SUBJECT FOR DISCUSSION.

Most fathers and mothers to-day believe in giving their daughters a weekly or a monthly allowance, but there is considerable divergence of opinion as to how it should be done. How old should a girl be, for example, before it is advisable to trust her with an allowance? What should the allowance be expected to cover? What is a reasonable allowance? And should the girl have carte blanche in the spending of it, or should her mother supervise her expenditures?

To the correspondent contributing the best article in answer to these questions the Housewives' Exchange will give a cookbook, a child study book, or a book of current fiction—any one the contributor may select. Although the exchange reserves to itself the right to publish (without compensation) all articles entered in this contest, it will award the prize to only one. In sending in their views, contributors are asked to state what book they want, addressing their letters to the Housewives' Exchange, New-York Tribune, New-York City. Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be received on or before June 4.

Suggestions will be welcomed from readers as to topics they would like to see discussed in these columns.

CHOPPED RAISIN CAKE.

For chopped raisin cake, asked for by D. D., of New-York City, I have always used a plain "one, two, three" cake, with a raisin filling made like this:

Boil together a cupful of sugar and a quarter of a cupful of water until the mixture turns brittle when dropped into cold water. Stir in the beaten white of an egg and a small cupful of raisins stoned carefully and chopped very fine. Cut the cake and spread between the layers. MRS. W.
The Bronx.

NESSELRODE PUDDING.

To A. S. B., Oxford, Ohio: Take one quart of milk and eight eggs, and make a custard. Then stir in a quart of heavy cream, and freeze in the ice cream freezer until it is half stiff. Chop a pound of marrons glaces, remove the dasher and stir them into the cream thoroughly, close the freezer, pack in salt and ice as you would ice cream, and let stand for three hours. Serve on a chilled platter with whipped cream poured around it. M.
New-York.

CONGRATULATORY SPEECH.

I am a constant reader of The Tribune and always read the questions and answers under the Housewives' Exchange. I would like to know where I could get a congratulatory speech for a wedding supper—something containing from about two hundred to three hundred words. If any of the readers of the Housewives' Exchange could offer any suggestions they would be greatly appreciated.
Brooklyn. GRACE ZIMBERHOFF.

HAS ANY ONE THIS POEM?

Will some one kindly give me in the exchange the words of some verses the title of which I unfortunately have forgotten? The story they tell is of a merchant who, while sitting at his ease after dinner, is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a stranger. The latter reproves him for his carelessness in leaving his door open, and while remarking how easily a thief might enter and blow out his light and pocket his silver candlesticks, does the deed himself and walks out.

The concluding line reads:

"Leaving the doughty merchant in the dark."
Worcester, Mass. K. R. S.

To H. S.—Wash silk shirt waists out in gasolene, rinsing in clean gasolene, and they will be like new. Better do it out of doors, or in a room where there is no fire. M. L. S.
Glen Cove, N. Y.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

I would humbly beseech all mothers to take the advice contained in this article, as it is my earnest desire to aid in the attainment ultimately of health and strength by the masses. If you start the children right while they are young, they will grow up to be strong and healthy, instead of sickly and weak. The old and wise saying that "the way the twig is bent the tree inclines" is indeed true in detail.

Some children inherit from birth the germ of that great destroyer, consumption. Especially would I urge the mothers of these to act in time, and spare the child from an early grave.

If it be a girl, instead of letting her bind herself with a tight belt and cruel corsets, which compress the internal organs so that they fail almost utterly to perform the functions assigned them by the Creator, compel her to wear loose clothing and abandon corsets, which are one of the chief causes of so much suffering in the lives of women in general in this country to-day. Also instruct her to form the habit of breathing deeply, so that her lungs will become strong and healthy, and if there be any germ of consumption therein, fresh air, and plenty of it, will prove victor over the germ and cause it to retreat forever from its abode.

The little girl who is instructed in this way will be strong and healthy. She forms the foundation of health upon which she can rely for a happier existence. Instead of sunken eyes, a pale complexion and drawn lips, she will have the flush of health upon her cheeks and will be vivacious and robust. Instruct the boys to breathe correctly, and also lay health's foundation.

I could present four cases of girls, two of whom were always sickly and weak, while the other two are the picture of health. The former have always laced tight, and their lungs are wasted and shrivelled, whereas the other two, so healthy and vigorous, did not bind themselves with corsets. Take, for example, the original American tribes. They did not have such terrible diseases as encompass the race to-day, because of the simple reason that they wore no tight clothing to interfere with the natural functions of the internal organism. Add years of life to your children's existence and teach them the value of dressing and breathing correctly. Do not neglect to instruct them in this matter of life and death. Common sense mingled with practicability will do much in helping any one who doubts the benefit of breathing correctly. G. RUSSELL SALTER.
Maplewood, N. J.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.

I do not know precisely what D. D. means by a recipe for a "plain, solid" chocolate cake, but I wish she would try my chocolate cake, and see if it fills the bill.

Cream half a cup of butter and a cup of sugar. Dissolve three ounces of grated chocolate in a little milk and add with four eggs beaten and a cup of milk. After beating all together thoroughly, stir in two cups of sifted flour, flavor to taste with vanilla and bake in a steady oven. A. A. Q.
Manhattan.

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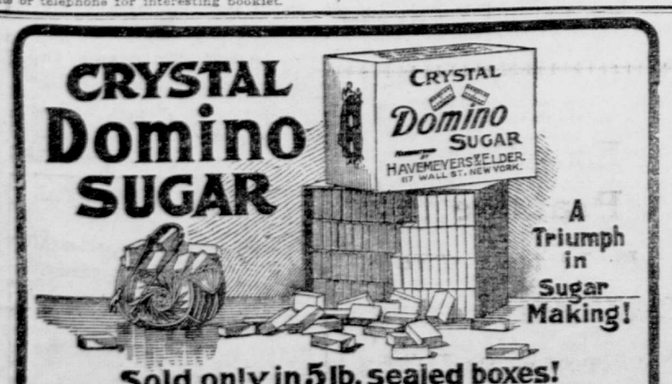

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