

WOMAN AND HOME.

A NEW ORLEANS WOMAN WHO IS A TALENTED CHEMIST.

Mother of the Immigrants—Baths For the Children—Women of the Yellow Land—Burr's Lovely Daughter—Applied Embroidery.

A finished woman chemist, one who has received degrees from two universities and who is now teaching this branch in a college in New Orleans, is Mrs. Evelyn Walton Ordway.

She was born in a small town near Boston, and it was from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology that she received her first degree. This was in 1882, just after the change in the charter permitting degrees to be conferred upon



MRS. EVELYN ORDWAY.

When she was made, Mrs. Ordway was the first woman to benefit by the change. In 1884 she accompanied her husband to New Orleans, where he filled the position as professor of industrial chemistry in Tulane university.

As women were not permitted to share the advantages offered by this college to the men, Mrs. Ordway, with the assistance of several other women of the town, added a new department to the university, which, while it was not exactly an annex to Tulane, was on the same footing with the college, and its head possessed the power to confer degrees.

From this college this woman chemist also received a degree. She now fills the chair of chemistry at Tulane, and besides being a skilled teacher she has made several valuable discoveries which will greatly aid future chemists.

Mother of the Immigrants.

Probably no two women in America come so close to a varied personal history as Mrs. Regina Stucklen, chief inspector of the women's department of the barge office, and well known as the mother of the immigrants, and her assistant, Miss Taylor. No church in all the metropolis solemnizes so many marriages as the barge office, and no matrimonial agent on earth arranges so many weddings as does Mrs. Stucklen, and beneath the majority of these there is a saving proportion of romance that lends to the whole a heavy lump. Thus there are compensations even in the most arduous tasks and amid surroundings that are repellent to a refined feminine mind.

Personally, with great benignity and with signal absence of official fussiness, Mrs. Stucklen regards the wants of all the women. She learns not only whence each comes, but whether each wishes to go and what each purpose to do. Of the struggles with the great problems of existence in all countries and in all grades of social life Mrs. Stucklen knows enough to fill volumes. The mother of the immigrants is a woman of strong personality, calm, firm and sympathetic under most trying situations, and she would be a bride who has arrived a stranger in a foreign land to meet her promised husband, she is at once counselor, witness and friend. As about 300 marriages take place annually at the barge office or directly under its auspices—one solemnization for every working day of the year—and as Mrs. Stucklen inquires into the intimate history of each matrimonial affair, she has more than an ordinary opportunity to study this interesting side of life. Whither they go and how they prosper after leaving her guardian care the inspector has little opportunity of knowing—whether to found honorable and prosperous families or to fall and fill the pauper's grave. Barely 1 per cent of them ever retains enough grateful memory of her services to inform her. But there are rewards in knowing one's duty well done, and if there is a seeming ingratitude on the part of brides and grooms alike it is because the government, and the barge office as one of its institutions, is a thing of odium to the average immigrant—the thing from which he fled when he forsook his native hills and valleys, and the sorrows and tribulations of the detention pens the immigrant seeks to blot from his memory as speedily as possible.—John Gilmer Speed in *Ainsteel's*.

Baths For the Children.

"A young child should have a bath every day. Most little ones enjoy it and show manifest signs of pleasure. Bathe the baby at a regular hour, about midday between two meals and not later than 10 o'clock in the morning. The tub must be placed in a warm room. In winter one heated by fire is preferable; in summer beware of currents of air. Pour enough water into the tub to cover the child to the neck when it is in a reclining position. The temperature should be about 95 degrees," says The Nursery.

"Before placing the baby in the tub wet the head with a sponge or soft piece of rag or apply a little water with the hand.

"Use pure, unscented castile soap for the bath, and wash it off very thoroughly. From three to five minutes is the time allowed for bathing. Do not prolong the time of the bath for the pleasure the child appears to be having, but rub the body thoroughly with a soft towel and after a few moments' rest on the lap place the child in its crib to sleep.

"Occasionally a young child seems to fear the water. In such cases a little strategy must be used. Cover the top of the tub with a small blanket, place the child upon it and let it sink very slowly into the water. Do not remove the blanket.

"In very hot weather, besides the morning bath, sponge the body at night with water at 90 degrees. Water at this

temperature is more cooling than one would suppose.

"After the tenth year a cooler bath is advised; the water can be from 72 degrees to 75 degrees.

"The hot bath (95 degrees to 100 degrees) is advised for different purposes—to cause sweating, to relieve irritability and sometimes to induce sleep or to allay nervousness. Its action is soothing. Five minutes is a sufficient duration of time for a hot bath.

"If you desire sweating, do not dry the body, but wrap the child in a blanket and place it in bed. To render a hot bath more stimulating, a tablespoonful of mustard flour may be added to the water. Do not continue a hot bath too long or you will have a depressing effect.

"Cold baths are not advised as a daily routine until youth is well advanced. They have a tonic action and give force to the entire system, but they are not advisable in cases of feeble health."

Women of the Yellow Land.

It is a mistake to think that Chinese women have small feet naturally; their feet, as a matter of fact, are enormous. Having made up their minds that a small foot is a great beauty, the Chinese go to work with great thoroughness, and instead of resorting to the western shams for making things seem other than they are, they bandage the feet of their children until they are women, bending back the four toes and leaving the big one alone to do duty as a miniature foot, so that a lady's shoe measures at most between four and five inches. We need not waste our pity on these forced cripples because they cannot walk or indulge in healthy exercise, for idleness is the Chinese woman's ideal of happiness, and she regards work or exercise of any kind as a dire necessity. Therefore among the poorest it is not uncommon to find the beauty of the family with artificially small feet; she is allowed to do only light work and fetches a higher price in consequence in the marriage market.

Chinese women cannot read; they know nothing of what is going on in the world, and as a consequence they have no general topics of conversation. When visiting one another, they chatter constantly of money, the principal goal of their race. "What did that cost?" "How much is it worth?" and "How much money did she pay for this?" are the ever recurring questions.

Among the lower classes the women lead a life miserably wretched. Their homes are either filthy hovels or miserable hovels on land. No attempt at cleanliness or sanitary conditions is made, and ten persons are crowded into the space which one should have. The results can better be imagined than described. Underfed and overworked, the women are slaves to the men. The head of the household works in the field or acts as a coolie, and when he fails to earn his 4 or 5 cents a day the women have starvation added to blows and kicks.—Chicago News.

Burr's Lovely Daughter.

When Theodosia was 14, she took her place at the head of her father's household and became his inseparable companion, her playful wit illuminating his hours of relaxation, her steadfast courage, her strength, her very presence, constituting the most powerful bulwark of defense in the darkest hours of his life. She had much of her mother's self-poise and elegance of manner, together with her father's dignity and wit. When she reached maturity, though short in stature, like her father's family, she carried herself with a noble dignity which, with a certain lofty benevolence of countenance, the refinement of her features, the frank intelligence of her brow, the thoughtful beauty of her eyes, made her singularly beautiful. She inspired in her father the most absolute confidence in her. "Many are surprised that I could repose in you so great a trust as that of yourself," he wrote to her when she was 17, "but I knew you were equal to it, and I am not deceived."

He sent Bryant, the Indian chief, to her from Philadelphia with a letter of introduction. She was but 14 at the time and mistress of Richmond Hill, where she entertained him with an ease which gave her father much gratification. She gave a dinner in his honor, inviting to meet him some of her father's friends, among them Volney, Bishop Moore, Dr. Bard and Dr. Hosack. She was already a belle when Edward Livingston, then mayor of New York, taking her aboard a French frigate lying in the harbor of the city, thus warned her: "You must bring none of your sparks on board, Theodosia. We have a magazine here, and we shall all be blown up."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Applied Embroidery.

Ever since it has been wisely recognized that the right position for a cottage piano is not to be pushed back against the wall, but to stand well out into the room, the question of how to turn its somewhat unimproving exposure of back to decorative account has been one of careful consideration. Sometimes the solution is productive of extremely pleasing results, sometimes very much the reverse. Flimsy "dust trap" draperies and unaccountable devices in Japanese fans are, happily, for the most part obsolete expedients nowadays, and it has come to be pretty generally acknowledged that the back of a piano is a feature in the decoration of a room to be treated seriously. When it serves the purpose of a screen, breaking up the formal arrangement of the chairs and sofas and creating a pleasant little alcove or fireside corner, no method is more satisfactory than to cover it, screenwise, with an effective panel of embroidery. The needlework should harmonize in character with the pretty, flowered and beribboned chintzes which now lend their charm to many a drawing room or boudoir.

When a piano is constantly left open, it is a capital plan to protect the keys by covering them with a narrow strip of silk. This gives an opportunity for charming needlework decoration after the manner indicated in the group of sketches. Suppose the keyboard cover to be of white or pale tinted satin, the branches of almond blossom should be in fine ribbon work and the scroll, with its motto, "Music, When Soft Voices Die, Vibrates in the Memory," outlined in gold or silver thread. There should be hints of a thinly quilted silk, pink or green, which may be delicately perfumed with violets, lemon verbena or any other favorite sachet powder.

A Minister's Wife's Duties.

"The duty of a minister's wife, it might properly be considered, is to keep herself informed concerning the work of the mission boards of her denomination," writes "A Minister's Wife" in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. "The wife of the minister may be a valuable and yet not an overburdened member of the mission-

ary society if she quietly holds her societies in league with denominational work. No one else can do this so well, because the minister will supply the needed information. On occasions where it is necessary for the church to be represented in the women's councils it is fitting that the minister's wife should go, if she feels inclined. If she is timid and shrinking, such publicity is torture, and there is no reason why she should force herself to submit to it. She can, in the society, suggest and, if need be, insist upon delegates to do this work. If she has a wise head and a kind heart, she will not do more than is right, and she will do whatever is necessary, but the parish must realize that there are many demands socially and that her life is to be planned out in accordance with her own tables of right. She needs her strength, her brightness, her reposeful home. She should give to the church only such service as every other Christian woman ought to give, and no more, for we are saying today, with a new and sensible emphasis, 'The church engaged my husband, not me!'"

Horse Radish Sauce.

One of the best of sauces for cold meat is horse radish sauce. It may be made quite simply, using only the horse radish, vinegar and cream besides the indispensable salt and pepper. In that case mix well together three tablespoonfuls of grated horse radish, one tablespoonful of vinegar, quarter of a tablespoonful of cream or butter, and a pinch of salt. Whip half a cupful of cream until it is stiff and mix it with the other ingredients just before serving. A more elaborate sauce demands horse radish flour. Use the same amount as of the grated horse radish in the former case, putting it into a bowl with half a cupful of cold water and allowing it to stand for 30 minutes. At the end of that time add a scant teaspoonful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, salt and a dash of cayenne. Strain thoroughly and add two tablespoonfuls of rich cream gradually. The cream in both these recipes should be added at the last moment, before taking the sauce to the table, as the result is not altogether happy otherwise.

To Cure Insomnia.

An English physician of distinction gives these suggestions for cure of insomnia: In cases where the patient sleeps for an hour or two, then awakes with a start and cannot go to sleep again the physician recommends that a hot water compress be laid on the abdomen. Where one cannot go to sleep on retiring and is unable to dismiss thoughts that have occupied the day, it is advised that the patient keep his feet in water as hot as he can bear comfortably for ten minutes before going to bed. He should then put on a pair of thin cotton hose wrung out of cold water and over those a pair of woolen ones. A more powerful remedy is a mustard sitz bath, with the proportion of a teaspoonful of mustard to a gallon of hot water. He should remain seated in the bath 10 to 20 minutes. In many cases a reclining bath in tepid water is useful as a sedative.

Cupid Is Art's Enemy.

There are thousands of ambitious young women art students in the United States. Every summer, at graduating time, a small army of them goes forth from the special schools of New York and other cities. They are fully determined to devote their lives to art and during the summer voyages in the country fill their sketchbooks with material for the serious work which is to begin in the autumn. But in a good many cases this serious work never begins at all, for it often happens that the girl with the sketchbook is herself the most attractive part of the landscape she may be depicting, with the result that Cupid besieges himself with her affairs, and an artistic career is practically ended at its outset. From this fact the conclusion may be drawn that Cupid is an enemy to art.

A Few Simple Rules.

No lady would turn and look behind her in the street. The girl who does so directly courts unpleasant attentions from men who are passing.

Unless she is a hostess or a member of the family a lady need not rise when a gentleman is introduced to her, but when visiting conform to the rules of the house in which you are staying. A visitor should always bear this in mind.

When shopping, do not order assistants about. A lady never forgets to be thankful to those who serve her.

"A man is known by the company he keeps." This applies equally to a woman.—*Woman's Life*.

Smiles and Laughs.

An American professor has been scientifically studying the smile and laugh, which he finds the same all over the world. In every race smiling and laughing express the same thing, the one signifying pleasure and friendliness, the other merriment. One may smile and smile and be a villain, however, but the hearty laugh can never be assumed. As an indication of character to women, therefore, the laugh is of considerable value. Smiles are obviously not worth much, for Professor Dearborn declares that those which are purest are those of infants, imbeciles and savages.

Absolute In Her Household.

The position of the Chinese woman in her own household is that which is or ought to be occupied by her sisters in every clime. She is left in absolute control of all domestic concerns and is given far more to say in the expenditure of the family income than is generally the case among our lower classes. It is true she exercises her influence over her husband, but it is not so recollected that this is usually in our own country. The obligation is probably as much respected in China as it is here.—*Washington Star*.

Mme. Jane Hading, the French actress, believes that when an actress appears before the public the clothes she wears should be the keynote of the character she has assumed, just as the heading of a chapter in a book gives an insight into the matter treated in it.

Gilt picture frames may be brightened by taking sufficient flower of sulphur to give a glaze to a pint of water, and in this boil three bruised onions. Strain off this liquid and with it, when cold, wash the gilding with a soft brush.

Persons of weak digestion should remember that whipped cream can be used with a dish where plain cream would be too rich. Making a porous froth of the cream by the whipping process makes it much easier of digestion.

MEN OF MARK.

Pol Plancon, the opera singer, sings a whole opera in admirable German without understanding a word of that language.

Sir Donald Currie, head of the Castle line of steamers, was discharged from the line during his younger days because he refused to work on Sunday.

Sir Thomas Lipton has started a new cottage, was interviewed the other day on the Australian wine trade with a view to pressing the colonial wines on the British public as he did the Ceylon teas.

President McKinley is a lover of chess, a game with which he frequently amuses himself. He is an expert at all chess problems and believes firmly in the value of the game as a training for logical thought.

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, was interviewed the other day on vacations in the abstract. "The only way for a rich man to enjoy one," he said, "is for him to forget completely that he is rich."

Newport, O., has furnished the champion eater. He is Jack Rarre, and at a recent sitting he ate and drank six bowls of chicken soup, two spring chickens, two loaves of bread, six raw onions, four quarts of beer and three pounds of fish.

General Strjebinsky, the greatest of Russian geographers, died recently at the age of 70 years. His "Measurements of the Surface of the Russian Empire" is not only the standard for all maps of Russia, but has been a model for other works in that department of geography.

Gould P. Dietz of Omaha and the late C. P. Huntington began regular business together in 1845, when the latter had saved \$1,500 from his earnings as a peddler. Huntington was then a man of wonderful strength and would often lift into a wagon a barrel of salt weighing 300 pounds.

Lord Roberts never learned the art of dictating his dispatches and always has to write them out with his own hand. His writing is, moreover, so very bad that it can be read only by his aid, to whose lot it consequently falls to "translate" the orders into characters more readily decipherable.

Senator Morgan says that he is in better health now than he has been for ten years past and indignantly resents any intimation that he is getting feeble, though he is indeed slowly losing weight, and his voice is weak. He is now 70 years old, but his friends say he will stay in the senate until he is 83.

Field Marshal Count Blumenthal, the distinguished chief of the late Emperor Frederick's general staff during the Austrian and French wars, celebrated his nineteenth birthday on July 29. He and the king of Saxony are the only officers of the German army of exalted rank still alive of those who took part in the Franco-German war.

Mr. Yamada, a young judge of Japan and a friend of the Japanese minister at Washington, is making his home temporarily at Philadelphia. He was the first native Japanese to join the Society of Friends in Tokyo, where a number of Philadelphia Quakers opened a school some years ago. While in Philadelphia Judge Yamada will study American legal methods in the Philadelphia courts and the University of Pennsylvania.

CHICAGO AND THE CENSUS.

Chicago wants to be "censused" again. Would a ratio of about 10 to 1 satisfy her—ten counts to one inhabitant?—*Boston Traveler*.

It will now be in order for Chicago to adjust its much advertised mortality rate to its new population figures.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

In his recent disgust Chicago admits that at the present rate of growth it will take her 30 years to pass Greater New York.—*Detroit Tribune*.

By the late federal census Chicago ranks fifth among the cities of the world in point of population. In energy it is the first.—*Springfield News*.

Chicago ought to be well satisfied with the census returns in her own case. A growth of 54.44 per cent is not to be sneezed at.—*New York Sun*.

The World's fair city should have prepared for the enumerator by annexing St. Louis and Milwaukee before the count was made.—*Omaha Bee*.

So far Chicago is the banner city of the country regarding increase in population. Before the Chicago figures were given out Buffalo led, with 49 per cent increase in population. It seems the cities by the great lakes are drawing on the rest of the country rather heavily.—*Nashville American*.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

The so called shipworm, which bores holes in the wood of ships, is in reality a form of shellfish.

Ants can stand extremes of heat and cold. Forty-eight hours' exposure to frost will not kill them, and one sort has been observed to build its nest in chinks in a blacksmith's forge.

A horse will live 25 days without solid food, merely drinking water. A bear will go for six months, while a viper can exist for ten months without food. A serpent in confinement has been known to refuse food for 21 months.

An ostrich seldom jumps over any obstruction of some height, as a well or mound, perhaps fearing for its frail bones, the usual way of clearing the obstacle being to breast the wall or mound and then to roll over it somehow.

THE COOKBOOK.

Dip slices of stale bread in milk, then in beaten egg; fry in hot lard till well browned, and after buttering sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon. Nice for tea or breakfast.

Molds in which blancmanges are to be put should be wet to insure their easy turning out. On the other hand, in those to be used for jelly no water should go, as it will crack the jelly.

Jelly keeps better if hot paraffin poured over each tumblerful after it has "set" than if paper covered. The paraffin can be washed when removed and kept to be melted over again next year.

WAVES OF WATER.

The river Obi, in Siberia, is navigable for more than 10,000 miles.

Round the coast of England the sea is warmest in August and September and coldest in April.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has the curious property of turning red every ten years owing to the presence of certain aquatic plants which are not known in any other lake in the world.

THE FATE OF LANDMARKS

Charles Hemstreet, whose "Nooks and Corners of Old New York" has attracted attention, met with some odd experiences while he was collecting material for his book. One day during his rambles through the byways he came to the head of Coenties slip, where once stood the Stadt Huys, the first city hall of the New Netherlands. A memorial tablet had been placed on the building which occupied the site, but at this time the house was being remodeled, and the tablet, a brass slab two feet square, had been removed. Mr. Hemstreet, who regards such things as memorial tablets as sacred, was anxious to know whether this one was being properly cared for. After an hour of search he found the precious tablet in the gutter under a mass of brick. Then he sought the foreman of the workers.

"See here," he said, pointing to the tablet; "what is that doing there?"

The foreman answered quietly, "Why, it's holdin' up them bricks so the water can run through the gutter."

More than ever excited, the author-researcher exclaimed:

"Vandalism! Vandalism! Do you know what ancient building once stood on this land?"

"Sure," replied the foreman; "a saloon."

"A saloon? Why, man, 200 years ago the Stadt Huys stood here. That brass tablet is the link which binds the present with the past. That must be preserved; that must be treated as tenderly as—"

"Say," interrupted the foreman, "do you own this 'ere house we're puttin' up?"

"No," exclaimed the historian, "but the feeling of patriotism makes me hold this historic spot sacred."

"Well," he replied, "if you come around here hollerin' and interruptin' my work and claimin' property that don't belong to you I'll have you arrested. That piece of brass is holdin' up them bricks all right, and it's goin' to keep on holdin' them up. If you don't want to get into trouble, you better chase yourself."

And the excited historian, noting the gathering crowd, decided the advice was good and went on his way in silence.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Mosquitos Pester Canary Birds.

Owners of canary birds will receive a valuable tip by reading this story:

A well known educator of youths in this city has for years had as a pet one or more of the songsters hung in cages about his house. In the summer it is one of his chief delights to sit on his front porch and listen to them. Recently he noticed that two of his birds were becoming droopy, irritable and very restless and that little spots of blood mysteriously made their appearance on the bottom of the cage. He watched the canaries closely for the next few nights and made the astounding discovery that they were being nearly bitten to death by mosquitoes. In speaking of the affair he said: "I watched one of the birds narrowly for a long while and wondered why it kept hopping from one foot to the other. I saw the mosquitoes in the cage, but it never entered my mind that they were attacking the canary until I saw a tiny spot of blood on the bird's leg. I picked the bird up and saw that it had just received a well developed mosquito bite.

"The only vulnerable part of the canary is the leg, where the skin is very thin and tender and almost unprotected by feathers. The mosquitoes appear to know the tenderness of the skin and attack in such numbers that in the course of time they could seriously injure the health of the bird by draining it of blood. I blocked the game by draping each cage with mosquito netting. My canaries are now well protected and happy. I suffer so much myself from mosquitoes that it is astonishing I did not think of them in connection with the birds before."—*Baltimore Sun*.

The Legation Quarter.

As one enters Peking by the arched eastern gate he comes at once upon Legation street, where are all the foreign compounds strung along "an unpaved slum of a thoroughfare" for nearly a mile. Miss Selidmore says of this quarter in her book on China: "The street is all gutter save where there are fragmentary attempts at a raised mudbank footwalk beside the house walls for use when the cartway between is too deep a mud slough. 'We are here on sufferance, under protest, you know,' say the meek and lowly diplomats. 'We must not offend Chinese prejudices.' Moreover, all the legations would not subscribe to an attempted improvement fund nor all unite in demanding that the Chinese should clean, light, pave and drain Legation street. That jealousy of the great powers so ironically termed the 'concert of Europe' is as much to blame for this sanitary corner of Peking as for affairs in Crete and Armenia."

Humbert's Truly Royal Stalls.

Our Rome correspondent writes: "The late king kept in Rome 300 horses in two immense stables, each horse having an average value of £100. It is estimated that they cost their royal owner 4 shillings each a day, or £21,880 a year. They make a fine show in their splendid and beautifully kept stables, but it must be said that the king did not ride more than seven or eight favorites and the queen as many more. King Humbert was devoted to his stud and paid the stables a daily visit. Each stall used to be inspected and each horse petted and fed with sugar. King Humbert was very fond of driving about the city of Rome, and as his servants wore a dark livery in no way distinctive it is said that the only way strangers could distinguish the king was by his magnificent horses."—*London Telegraph*.

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