

WOMAN AND HOME.

HOW SOCIETY MOTHERS ARE SUPPLIED WITH WET NURSES.

"Dinner Giving" as a Profession—Death in the Dishcloth—Boxing Children's Ears—How Women Rest—Sauce for Battered—Hints for the Household.

On West Forty-second street is a modest little establishment kept by a Swiss and his wife. The man is about 35 years old, of gentlemanly demeanor and always pleasantly but neatly dressed. His wife, who appears to be about six years younger than he, is a prepossessing woman of full figure and bland manners. The business conducted by these people is peculiar, and their establishment is probably the only one of the kind in New York, if not in the United States.

The business is done in two rooms. The main or front room is furnished something like a sitting room and is the reception room for visitors. The second and rear room is used for examinations. The business conducted here is the supplying of wet nurses.

"The supplying of wet nurses for foster mothers for infants in New York," said the proprietor, "will now become a big industry. Heretofore parents had considerable trouble in finding good wet nurses and were liable to be imposed upon by adventurists. You know that it has always been a popular superstition, and even an adage, that 'like father like son,' and over half the world believe in heredity. They also believe that faults and temper are received by the child from the mother who nurses it. Accepting this common belief as having much of truth, how important it is then to be careful in the selection of a nurse who is to nurse the babe. This is not the only cause for the existence of a bureau where nurses can be supplied. The vanity of women, the demands of society, and several other reasons necessitate its existence. Women nowadays, and in fact always, have objected to the duties of maternity. Many of them dislike to raise children on the bottle, and children often have a strong and unconquerable objection to it themselves. There are a thousand kinds of infant food, a great many of them cheap and even dangerous nostrums, and the ill-effects of babies are frequently attributable to poor food. Now we need all sorts of nurses and supply women morally and physically healthy to mothers who object to nursing their own infants."

"How do you get them?" "We have agents who visit the villages and farms near the city and the hospitals. We take none but the healthiest women and guarantee their character. A number of the most reputable physicians in the city have endorsed our work. Here, you see, are some of the endorsements."

He showed the reporter several certificates signed by well known physicians recommending the institution as a needed innovation.

"How many of these women do you ordinarily have on hand?" "Scarcely about a dozen. You have no idea of how we have increased the volume of our business since we started here, a little over a year ago. Yes, we usually have a dozen and sometimes more, and we don't keep them on hand long either. Applications are coming in all the time, and we have recently increased our force of agents."

"How do the mother proceed who want such a personal help?" "Well, if the mother of an infant is unable to nurse it, or refuses to do so for fear of disfiguring her form or missing social entertainments, she gets her husband to look around for a substitute. Of course the bottle is used a great deal, but babies won't always take the bottle. A strong, healthy human substitute is the best. Instead of advertising through the newspapers and getting a woman whose connections, life and antecedents are bad, thus endangering the moral character of the child, he comes to us who are responsible for the nurses we supply. He is accompanied by the family physician. The nurses are brought out, and after looking them over the father or the doctor selects one. She is then taken into the other room and thoroughly examined by the doctor as to her health and general physical condition, and samples of her milk are taken to be analyzed. If everything is satisfactory she is selected."

"How, to you get your pay?" "Both parties pay us. We get a fee from the people who send us nurses, and we pay us a commission on the wages. Do their own children die, or do they abandon them?" "Sometimes they die, but many of them are poor country women, whose husband or family has a cow, upon the milk of which their own child is fed, while she comes to the city to make good wages by nursing some other woman's child. She can make more money in nine months, or so than her husband and the entire family could earn in two years. If they have all the qualifications demanded by the parents of the child to be nursed, and the people are rich, they will pay high prices. It is not at all unusual for these women to get \$40 and \$50 a month, board included, and handsome presents."

"Where did this business originate?" "I am not sure about the locality of its origin, but it has existed and flourished in Paris for years. We brought it from there. My wife's first child died soon after its birth, and she became a wet nurse through one of these bureaus, which are so plentiful in all the big cities of France."—New York Evening Sun.

"Dinner Giving" as a Profession. Among the many occupations invented by impetuous women as a means of support, probably the most original is that of a woman of 30, who had been for several years at the head of her father's luxurious establishment, and learned through experience the art of entertaining his many friends at dinner. Left suddenly an orphan, and without a cent to call her own, she began to cast about in her mind for some means of earning her own living. She was not much of a musician, and she didn't have either knack or desire to teach what languages she knew. She couldn't write or paint, and in fact she found it difficult to find within herself any knowledge sufficiently exact to be worth money enough to employ her. "If I only knew one thing thoroughly," she cried, "but the only thing I know is how to give dinner parties. I know that exactly and completely, but the question is how to give dinners, not how to give them."

Thinking the matter over in every light, she made the fatal mistake of 'dressing up.' I mean that they are dowdies at one time and elaborately gotten up at others. They do not show so well at breakfast, for instance, as an English girl does. There is a certain want of dash about the collars—and, indeed, the general outline of their figure. A really pretty English girl never looks more charming than when she appears in the morning, fresh from the toilet. Her American cousin is limp at breakfast, and imparts no idea of freshness to the beholder. But then, when she is attired for the promenade she is a snorter, and better thought out than any of us as a rule.

Thus says "Madge" in London Truth, uttering a falling to see that she is confirming the popular belief on this side of the water that English girls are always dowdy, whether dressed up or not.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Food for Little Folks.

In the midst of an elaborate spread of excellent recipes for ingenious and toothsome, if sometimes rather indigestible dishes, do we consider as we should the need of the children for simple, wholesome and nourishing meals?

Children do not require, nor should they have, pickles or salads that the torpid livers and abused stomachs of older people crave. Neither should little folks be compelled or even coaxed to eat hearty food when disinclined. But certainly no wise parent will permit a child to gorge itself with rich and useless desserts, candies, or cookies between meals when unable or unwilling to partake of bloodmaking, tissue building, muscle developing material. And thus it behooves us to concoct all the schemes possible to tempt by perfectly natural means the weak and wayward, as well as to control the riotous appetites.—Good Housekeeping.

The Careless Nurse.

Few children escape certain unfortunate consequences of their incessant activity. The child who has never been cut, bruised or burned has probably not led the happiest nor most healthful life. The pliable bones, the highly vitalized tissues, enable the little one to withstand an astonishing amount of violence. On two occasions has the writer seen picked from the bricks, where it had fallen from the third story of the fronting house, a soft, plump, round baby, as luscious apparently as a ripe peach, yet showing no symptom nor sign of serious injury. On the other hand, a careless nurse swings the little one by its wrist or thoughtlessly twists its arm in putting on or taking off a too tight garment, and there is a sprained joint or broken bone.—Edward Martin, M. D., in Babyhood.

ITINERANT ITEMS.

Paragraphs of Interest to Almost Every Body.—Clippings from the Exchanges. When the smokestack of the Allentown thread mill is completed it will be 227 feet high, the loftiest in the United States.

As a prevention against trichinosis small quantities of pig's meat coming from Poland into Silesia are now examined at any of the toll stations at a fee of 6d.

The Chicago board of education has decided to name one of the new public schools in that city "the Washburne school," in honor of the late E. B. Washburne.

A tower now being erected on the highest point of the Mount of Olives by the Russians will be so high that the Mediterranean and Red seas may be seen from the top of it.

Sam Jones, the revivalist, had the audacity to say before a Boston audience that he did not believe in "culture with a big C." And Boston now believes in Jones with a small "j."

There is a strange natural curiosity in Fayette county, Indiana, known as Shaky Hill. It comprises about twelve acres, and is occasionally subject to tremulous movements affecting several acres of land. This phenomenon has been noticed for fifty-seven years.

An American dentist has been fined in Berlin for putting the title "doctor" on his cards. The judge said the law applied to all foreigners; he would fine even the crown prince's doctor, Dr. Mackenzie, if he attempted to use the title "doctor" in Prussia.

The remains of John Oakley were disinterred and reburied near Albuquerque, N. M., recently, and it was discovered that his face and head were covered with a thick growth of hair, although when he was buried ten years ago he was both bald and beardless.

Mrs. Craik was prompted to write her last book, "An Unknown Country," which discusses the condition of the poor in the north of Ireland, by overhearing the remark of a laboring man, who, when rallied upon helping a little girl across the street, replied, "Ay, but a 'nadir' of 'dp' is worth a cartload of pity."

Poultry men say that pullets hatched by incubators and raised in brooders lay much sooner than those hen hatched and reared in the open. A Trenton man has one of these artificial young hens that began laying when 10 weeks old, and has laid an egg a day ever since.

At a public auction of old furniture in one of the Lancaster, Pa., market places the other day, a claw foot mahogany sofa that had belonged to Thaddeus Stevens was knocked down for \$10; a three legged table that once occupied a place in "Old Thad's" office brought only \$3, and an old quaint looking glass that had belonged to him sold for \$1.50.

The Guild of the Iron Cross is a new Catholic organization having for its object the spreading of the principles of temperance, reverence, and chastity. Father Field, of Philadelphia, the guild's chaplain general, has just returned from a successful tour in the west and in Canada, and reports 2,000 members, 117 priests and 7 bishops connected with the guild.

It is stated that a German steamship recently took to Colon from Africa 700 Liberians, men of gigantic stature and powerful physique. They were half naked, carried queer looking bundles upon their shoulders, and spoke a language which no one else on the isthmus understood. It is said that 1,500 more will follow, and that these men will work on the Panama canal.

Chief Drummond, of the United States Secret Service, in reporting on a band of Italian counterfeiters now operating in this country, has called attention to the existence of a formidable secret organization originating in Sicily, but having branches in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco and several other cities. The members of this society are described as assassins and villains of the worst type, engaged in all sorts of criminal schemes, but especially in the counterfeiting business.

Debts on the Bank of Sense. The way to have a good credit is to keep out of debt. To be intelligent is to be honest, kind and good.

You have as much right to put your hand into another man's pocket as your nose into another man's business.

A kind word costs you nothing, and the return of it may come at a time when you need it most.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

HOW RESPECTABILITY IS SUSTAINED ON \$15 A MONTH.

Facts About Financiers of the Pacific Coast—How the Habit of Close Economy is Acquired—A Millionaire's Strategic Economy.

Half a dozen gentlemen in the office of the Palace hotel were talking the other evening of the comparative extravagance of people in San Francisco. An old resident who owns houses by the block and lots by the acre, and is himself regarded as a champion economist, remarked that a good deal of the talk about the extravagance of the San Francisco community was fiction.

"I'm inclined to think," said the thrifty capitalist, "that there are just as many economical people in San Francisco as any town in the country. How do you account for the immense deposits in the local savings banks if the community as a community is not strictly economical?"

"I don't quite agree with you," said a well known young grain speculator who has made and lost millions without being very perceptibly affected thereby. "I think the community as a community is reckless in its estimate of the value of money, but there are no doubt as notable examples of economy to be met with in San Francisco as in any city in the Union. Every policeman knows, for example—a well preserved man with gray hair, neatly brushed clothes and shining, silk hat. In early days he was well to do young lawyer and saved his money, so that he will never need the assistance of his society to appease his undertaker. He began years ago to cut down his living expenses as a matter of principle, and now, when he's old and comparatively comfortable, he has got it down to a fine line that a sum of \$15 a month supports him."

HOW HE MANAGES IT. "How does he do it? Well, in the first place he has hunted up a room on the top of Telegraph hill, where he has to ascend by a rope ladder. The marine view is excellent, but the work of getting up is frightful. Still he doesn't mind, for the rent is only \$4 a month. He blacks his own shoes, shaves himself and walks down town to breakfast, making sure that the establishment with which he patronizes is able to supply a square meal to a healthy man for fifteen cents. Before he orders he makes it a point to devastate the pickle jar, sweep the table of bread and crackers, radishes, beets or anything else furnished gratis. Then he wades into his modest order, and after demolishing that strolls up to read the papers at the Pioneer hall. He always carries his own newspaper loosely over his shoulders, as the common practice of thrusting the arms into the sleeves has a wearing tendency. He invariably spreads a couple of newspapers over his chair in the reading room, so that the cane seats may not too suddenly remove the nap of his already long worn but well preserved pantaloons. He has a patent for hanging up his hat so that it will lose none of its beauty of outline by contact with the wall, and when he dusts it he invariably uses his handkerchief, a brush being calculated to shorten its term of service. He could afford to live at the rate of \$500 a month, so that he will fully puts in the savings bank at his time of life, and without having any family to leave his savings to, some \$255."

"A good many rich people who made their own money make themselves appear mean without suspecting it or being really so parsimonious as they seem," remarked a full blooded cattle king. "They got into the habit of driving close bargains when they were poor, and it used to be necessary as well as a matter of principle with them to see that they weren't cheated. They seem to forget, though, that what looks all right with a hard working man on a small salary or his wife, isn't quite the correct thing with the same man or his wife when they have \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000. Now there was —'s wife and daughter. The market people used to talk about them in a way that would paralyze them if they only heard it, and all on account of their mistaken ideas of what they had a right to do. Most ladies in their position give their market orders and wait till the bills come in to see what the meat is a pound."

ON A MARKETING TOUR. "These millinery ladies used to go round the stalls some time ago on a regular marketing tour, and display the same keenness about the price of porterhouse steaks and potatoes per pound as if a few bits more or less were matters of vital importance. I used to hear the marketmen comment on them, but I knew that it wasn't pure meanness as supposed. It was just a mistaken idea that it was good American horse sense and commendable smartness to go and haggie with several batthers instead of picking out a good, honest man who sold prime meat, and telling him as a wealthy lady should graciously do to send up so much beef or mutton or whatever she wanted without inquiring about the market price of the day. Of course, the patronage of such a customer would be worth keeping, and an honest and competent butcher would take pains to see that she got the best in the market and at market rates. Of late the ladies I alluded to have ceased to visit the markets altogether, and like other rich people, order through a servant."

"You are right about rich people being both mistaken and misjudged," said a prominent bond and stock broker. "If a man is worth a hundred thousand dollars they say he's got a million at least, and if he is at all saving when he has got a million they say he is a miser and starves himself. There was —, who was a rigid economist and great money maker. They said his death was caused by trying to climb over the grave yard fence where his parents are buried, in Germany, and thus beat the gatekeeper out of a fee of five cents. That showed the public estimate of his economy. Yet I know the man had a soft spot in his heart. One time I told him about a widow lady, whose husband he used to know years before, when they were well off. The woman was about starving, and he promised to do something for her. A few days after he saw her going up Market street, near the new city hall, and taking five \$20 pieces out of his pocket he wrapped them in a piece of paper, and walking up to her said: 'Good morning, Mrs. —; you dropped this package.' The woman protested that she had lost no \$20 pieces, either wrapped up or loose. She would know if she had, she said. He insisted, however, that she had, and compelled her to take the money and use it as her own."

"You can advertise it," said he, "if you like, though I'm sure you dropped it yourself. If it turns out, though, that I'm mistaken, send the owner to me and I'll settle with him."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Figures Versus Fiction. A New York paper says that Howells, Curtis, Warner and Lawrence Hutton draw together \$25,000 a year from Harpers. Let's figure that up. W. D. Howells gets \$10,000 a year. So does G. W. Curtis. Charles Dudley Warner gets \$7,000. That is \$27,000. So poor Hutton has to work for nothing and has evidently to pay Harpers \$2,000 a year for being allowed to do so.—Detroit Free Press.

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