COMMON SENSE IN THE NURSERY

BY

MARION HARLAND

EXTRACT FROM THE ELEVENTH RULE RELATING TO TAKING

COMMON SENSE

IN THE

NURSERY

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AUTHOR OF "EVE'S DAUGHTERS," "COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD," ETC.

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1885

TROW'S
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

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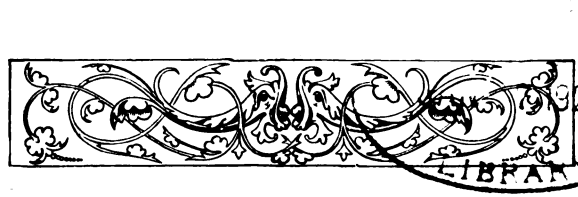

INTRODUCTORY.

A VOLUME devoted exclusively to the interests of the youngest is in harmony with the times. Theoretically, human nature has long held that as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, but the point of age at which to begin the bending of the twig has been in dispute. The direction in which the weight of opinion is gravitating is indicated in the primary department of our Sunday-schools, and in the Kindergarten, now scarcely less important than the Public school and Academy for children of a larger growth.

Most of the papers which make up the first half of *Common Sense in the Nursery* were originally prepared for the monthly magazine "BABYHOOD." They are not medical theses, but familiar talks and suggestions such as mothers will appreciate. At a glance they will be seen to be eminently

practical, as are the recipes and miscellany which follow. The purpose of this little work is to fill the place in the Nursery which the other volumes of the Common Sense series have been permitted to occupy in their appropriate departments of the household.

The author states, for the comfort of those whose quiet of mind is assured only upon authority, that so many of these chapters as are here reprinted, have passed the scrutiny of competent medical authority, and have been endorsed "APPROVED."

MARION HARLAND.

FAMILIAR TALKS WITH MOTHERS.

MRS. GAMP IN THE NURSERY.

THERE are mothers who cannot smile, except drearily, over the story of the immortal woman whose name heads this chapter. Immortal in her greed, her affectations, her glozing flatteries of those whom it was politic to conciliate, her gross neglect of the pauper patient, her arrogance and her ignorance, her horrible relish for the least agreeable features of her profession, her lying quotations and reminiscences—all these are so many drops of vitriol upon the memory of such women as, a score of years ago, accounted subordination to her as a part, and often the least tolerable condition, of the "sacred, primal curse" of their sex.

Mrs. Gamp, as we knew her then, was a matron of mature years or an acrid spinster of the same date. From the moment in which her shadow fell upon the porch-floor of the dwelling to which she

had been summoned, to the glad hour when it kissed the front steps in withdrawing, the "muchness of her personality" possessed, pervaded, and filled the premises. Children fled to silent corners at the rattle of her starched calico gown. The husband, at a ludicrous disadvantage in his own sight as in others' eyes during this malign moon, drank his coffee and carved his roast meekly opposite the mob-cap that presided over the family meal. For be it known that Mrs. Gamp would "engage" in no place where she was not allowed to sit at the first table with the host and hostess. The consequences of her refusal to "stay out the month" were too dire to be faced by the boldest aristocrat who ever wrote himself down a householder. If his wife could endure the despotism that overwhelmed her, he would be a craven were he to murmur that the fringe of the odious sovereignty brushed him roughly.

The poor wife! Bear me witness what was her need of pity, ye sisters whose joy that a man was born into the world was at that era dashed by dread of the grim potentate who threw the foundations of your world out of course! Mrs. Gamp subordinated the wills of the rest of the family. That of her patient was absorbed, soaked up, and squeezed

out into naught. Whatever her appetite craved when she had to eat for two was decreed to be the worst thing possible for one "in her condition." The ten days of milk-tea, water-gruel, and butterless toast—happily abolished now by physician and nurse—were made trebly penitential by the unwritten laws of the autocrat in charge. Draughts, from whatever quarter, were protested; the cup of cold water prayed for with tears was condemned as "present death to the mother and a colic-breeder for the infant." To long for a bath was unnatural, to talk of it heresy. Not a sun-ray was admitted to the valley of the shadow of birth. Shut within jealously-closed doors, smothered in blankets, forbidden to turn herself in bed, to converse for half-an-hour at a time with her husband, or to caress her children in the hearing of the dragon who had swallowed up her individuality, the nominal queen of the home counted the weary hours of what was daylight beyond her chamber, the heavier ones of the night while the jailer lay snoring at her side, or at best on the other side of the room. One of Mrs. Gamp's wrought-iron principles was never to lose sight of her patient while awake, nor to be out of hearing when asleep. Not a letter was to be read by the sick woman, not a book or a newspaper was

tolerated in the guarded precincts, for at least three weeks. Reading, like sunlight, was bad for the eyes "in her condition." If she lacked for amusement, there was always Mrs. Gamp ready with gossip, tattle, and fearsome stories of her manifold ghoulish experiences. Mrs. Gamp prided herself upon her conversation.

"Deluge the room with sunshine!" commanded a physician a few weeks ago—a wise, great-hearted man—standing beside a newly-made mother. "If it hurts her eyes, turn the bed so that it will not strike directly upon them. But have plenty of light. Make a fire in the chimney, ventilate the room well every day, and never let the thermometer rise above sixty-eight, keeping the temperature even all day long. Build up her strength by digestible, nutritious food; keep her cheerful by pleasant chat, books and papers. Bear in mind that she is not *ill* —only weak and tired; a subject for Nature's cure, not mine."

Set this picture over against the sketch I have drawn above, and be thankful, O young matron! that you have come into your kingdom of maternity in 1885 instead of 1858!

The mother might be dumb and patient. Baby, a born and unschooled rebel, was vociferous in pro-

test against his share of the torture decreed by monthly nurse and winked at by the licensed practitioner. Mrs. Gamp was equal to the situation here also. Proceeding upon the postulate that "all babies were born contrary," she took the new specimen in hand—and a strong hand—promptly. She dosed him as soon he was born with sweet-oil made thick with sugar; swathed the yielding abdomen and ribs in bands of linen and flannel pinned as tightly as her sinewy fingers could draw them; filled him up to the lips with milk-and-water; jolted him to settle it until he hiccoughed convulsively; then poured down catnip-tea and aniseed-cordial to cure the colic, Dewees' Mixture and Winslow's Soothing-Syrup to coax back the sleep she had driven afar. "Her babies" always yelled lustily and loudly, but it was good for their lungs. They rejected three-fourths of the food thrust upon them, but that was a sign of a healthy child. She had "no opinion of children who kept all they got." When she wanted a "real good night's rest" she took the infant to her own bed, to keep it warm and drowsy; and if the slumbers of the two were prolonged, the mother, forbidden to move or call, counted the clock-ticks with anguished senses, in the misgiving lest the then not very uncommon tragedy of an overlaid

baby might be made manifest with the coming of the day.

Mrs. Gamp not only ruled, she ramped and rioted over her serfs. A mother who had been settled for the night at nine o'clock with gruel and growls by her nurse, lay in her darkened chamber, her ears pierced by the screams of the baby in the adjoining nursery. Summoning an older child, she sent her to reconnoitre and learned that the nurse was sitting in a rocking-chair under a flaming gas-burner reading a novel, the child crying upon her lap. The mother offered through the messenger a timid suggestion: Her babies always slept well in a dark room; would not Mrs. Gamp lay this one in the cradle and turn down the light? The answer came back, crisp and biting as a ginger-snap:

"Tell her it's bad enough to be obliged to sit in the room with a squalling brat without doing it in the dark!"

Let this authentic anecdote suffice as a farewell illustration of the mother's gall-moon in the good old times.

With the abruptness of violent reaction the Trained Nurse came to the relief of the downtrodden—the relief of refined tyranny. With some honorable exceptions, the work done by her is

wholly perfunctory. The discipline of the sick-room and nursery is perfect. Of both there is but one lord, the family physician, and the Trained Nurse is his exponent. Domestic regulations are supplanted by martial law. Mother and child are set down in the professional note-book as "Nos. 104 and 105." The machinery of the twenty-four hours comprehends cleanliness, quiet, order, weights and measures of nourishment, examinations of pulse, temperature, and other conditions. She administers food and, when prescribed, medicine with the same emotions and air, and, come what may of rapture or anguish, life or death, never forgets her rôle. The mother knows herself to be in the custodian's sight a piece of jarred mechanism that must be readjusted into working order, and endures the consciousness better than the thought that her baby is but a smaller instrument just out of the factory, to be tested, proved, and carried by the expert for a given number of weeks before it is warranted to run evenly.

The expert's prices are like her professional tone —high. She throws no sentiment in gratis.

Those who had the privilege of hearing Everett's oration on "Washington" well remember the burst of applause that interrupted the sentence fol-

lowing his description of Blenheim and Marlborough's cupidity. "On the banks of the Potomac," began the silver voice, and the imaginations of the auditors anticipated the grateful contrast.

Comparing the lesser with the greater, I like to believe that the thoughts of each reader will anticipate the life-sketch that does meagre justice to the original:

I know a nurse—and my judgment of my kind is gentler for the acquaintanceship—whose presence in the sick-room is more beneficent than the sunshine she admits freely, the air she invites to enter and purify.

"Now I have sweetened your room!" she says, withdrawing the screen that has kept off draughts from the bed.

The mother laughs softly in the rosy face, her eyes shining through happy mists.

"You have been doing *that* ever since you came into it."

Official (and acknowledged) examinations are, in our nurse's judgment, startling to a nervous subject. Feminine tact comes to the aid of experience when such are needed. Her trained eye does most of the tongue's work. A glance at the face tells her more than five minutes' cross-examination would

elicit from the perfunctory attendant. She tests pulse and temperature while bathing the patient, arranging the coverings, and rubbing the tired limbs, and invents pretty little surprises for appetite and thought. The invalid and her baby rest under her brooding care with equal delight. It is a study to note her manipulation of the sensitive little being. Professional deftness is blended with involuntary caressing, gentle pats and touches and strokings that are purely womanly and altogether beautiful. Above-stairs her presence is a benison; the well-founded prejudice of the kitchen-cabinet against her order dissolves before her cheery helpfulness, the hearty "Oh! never mind *me*" that answers questions as to what arrangements shall be made for her personal accommodation. She can sleep, eat, live anywhere so long as her charges are comfortable. They fill the foreground for her until the day comes when, amid the lamentations of the household, she wipes her own eyes before kissing her happy, *good* baby "good-bye." Most of her babies *are* good, and she settles them into "regular habits" before leaving them.

"It's bad luck to cry over a baby," she brings forth from her endless store of proverbial philosophy. "Always smile when they are looking at

you. And why shouldn't you? It's a nice world they've come into, if people will but take it that way."

We offer the aphorism as a counter-statement to Mrs. Gamp's "Piljian's Projiss of a mortal wale o' grief."

BABY'S BATH—WHEN AND HOW TO GIVE IT.

THE suggestion of the topic brings the grateful reflection that the torture of the cold bath is abolished in nurseries where common sense and humanity hold sway.

When my first baby was born, twenty-seven years ago, the rage for the cold plunge-bath was at its height. Having known for myself the discomfort of such an immersion and the torture of the cold shower-bath, inflicted with conscientious regularity by one of the most tender-hearted of mothers, I resolved that my boy should never suffer either. I bathed him myself, and, under the playful pretext of nervousness in performing under the eyes of others a task to which I was not accustomed, I used to lock myself up with him in our nursery while washing and dressing him. My conscience flinches slightly to this day in the recollection of a deception practised upon an exemplary matron who one day asked me how my baby "liked the cold

dip every morning." I answered that he had "never objected to it." I had not the moral courage to avow that I washed him in tepid water.

Times have changed, and nursery-fashions with them. Let us be thankful—and progressive.

Every little child that is strong and well should be washed from head to foot at least once every day. An infant in arms is more comfortable for a good washing at morning and another at night. No bath should be given within less than two hours after a hearty meal. If Baby awakes hungry after a long sleep, and insists on having his breakfast at bath-time, postpone the latter for an hour, and feed him with just enough to take the edge off his appetite and keep him from crying while the operation is going on. A fit of screaming during the progress of the bath is unfortunate, exhausting the child and working the mother or nurse into a nervous state that tends to make her hurry over the business of washing and dressing. If the child is of a very tender age, the danger that in his writhing and shrieking he may rupture himself—if less imminent than the inexperienced guardian is apt to suppose—is yet a possible one. For his sake and mamma's he should enter the water at peace in body and in temper.

Before beginning to disrobe him, have everything ready that will be needed in bath and toilet. Lay towels, soap, clean clothes, pin-cushion, baby-basket full-furnished, convenient to your hand. Turn back your sleeves from your wrists, fastening them in position with stout elastic bands kept for the purpose. See that there are no projecting pins about your dress that may tear the tender flesh. Tie around your waist a soft flannel apron that has been washed several times. A half-worn flannel skirt, cut open at the back and hemmed down the sides, is excellent for this use. It must be wide and deep enough to enfold the child entirely. The tub should be perfectly clean and not more than half full. Baby soon learns to flourish his naked limbs in the water, to splash and beat with hands and heels to his and your delectation. The exercise is good for the growing child, and can hardly be indulged freely if the water rises so near the brim as to dash over upon the carpet.

If you have not one of the newly-invented folding-frames for setting a bath-tub upon, yet in some way spare your spine the strain and your head the pressure of blood that may be caused by stooping to the level of the low tub. You may improvise a support in a broad-seated, backless chair, a bench,

or you may take a deal table made expressly for this purpose, or an old one brought from the lumber-room with its legs sawed down to a convenient length. Set the support, with the tub on it, upon an old rug or square of oil-cloth spread to protect the carpet, and fill the tub, as has been said, half-way to the top with water before stripping the baby. Undress him rapidly, talking cheerfully and soothingly to him to allay impatience, should he delight in the prospective process—to quiet nervousness if he dreads it.

Before he is ready, be sure you have ascertained the temperature of the water. Your own sense of feeling must not be taken as an infallible test of the bath. I have seen mothers, rejecting the evidence of the semi-hardened hands, bare their arms and hold them in the water, rightly judging that flesh which is kept habitually covered is more sensitive than that which is usually exposed to the air. Baby's cuticle is far more delicate than mamma's. The safe witness is the mercury bulb and tube. When the mercury stands for thirty seconds at ninety degrees, nearly ten below *blood-heat*, you may safely submerge the child. He will not wince then from too much heat or catch his breath at the shock of a cold plunge. *Slide* him in gently, even

when the water is just right. Avoid shocking his nerves whenever you can. He ought to love his bath, and, if well managed, in time he must.

A washcloth is preferable to a sponge for cleansing a very young child. The first operation of the bath, in the writer's opinion (many mothers leave it to the end), is to wind a fold of an old linen-cambric handkerchief about the forefinger, and, after dipping it in a cup of pure tepid water, to wash out the mouth, including the tongue, gums, and roof. Wash the face, eyes, and nostrils before putting soap into the bath.

For nursery use, old castile soap outranks in real value the scented cakes warranted absolutely pure, healthful, and slightly medicinal. Buy it in quantity, saw it into pieces an inch thick, and let it ripen for months on your closet-shelves. In applying it, rub the wet cloth upon it. Beginning at baby's head, wash this tenderly but thoroughly, taking care, of course, that the ends do not drip into his eyes. Hold a dry handkerchief to his forehead with your left hand to absorb the stray streams. Do not blind him with handkerchief or washcloth, if you would have him maintain his equanimity. Wash the soap entirely out of his hair, or from his scalp if he is bald, and dry his head before leaving

it. Use the like precaution with other parts of the body. Alkalies—even old castile—prove irritating if left to dry upon the skin. Much of the distressing chafing under the joints, and where the skin lies in folds, which is pronounced mysterious by nurses, is the direct consequence of neglect of this simple rule. The specific object of the bath is to free the pores. The alkaline soap has an affinity for the fatty parts of the cutaneous secretion, attracts them to itself, and ought to be washed away together with the new oils it has gathered.

When he is quite clean, and has had a brief frolic in the waves he has churned into yeast, lift the child to your lap, having laid a soft towel (warmed in winter) on the flannel apron. The duration of the bath ought not to exceed a few minutes; good cannot, and some harm may come from soaking him for fifteen or twenty minutes. It must not be forgotten that the chief advantage of the bath over the simple washing consists in the more thorough cleansing it insures and the circumstance that all parts of the body are exposed to the same temperature. Should the child resist the motion to remove him—and the chances are that he will—do not yield, but try some form of consolation. A toy, a game of bo-peep behind the flannel folds, a

flow of chirruppy talk, accompanied by the prompt removal of the tempting tub, will usually bring him to reason.

Lose no time in enveloping the child in the warm folds of the flannel apron. Two towels ought to be used in drying him—a soft one to absorb the moisture, another somewhat coarser, but not harsh, to rub him gently with until the skin is suffused with a glow. When perfectly dry, his flesh sweet and pure with the exquisite lustre imparted by bath and friction, he is the most kissable object in nature. Nevertheless, do not delay to dress him. He is more likely to take cold now than before the exercise that has given both of you such delight, and for an hour or so thereafter should be kept indoors and shielded from draughts.

We have not spoken till now of the temperature of the room in which Baby gets his bath. In a general way, it ought to be about the same as that to which the child is accustomed in the house. Sixty-five degrees is not too low, if the child is habitually kept in that temperature, and it must be eighty if, as is far too often the case, the nursery is kept at that heat. If the weather makes it impossible to bring the room to the proper temperature, omit the immersion. Under all circumstan-

ces it is of the first importance to avoid the least draught.

There is a soft, white Turkish towelling, sold by the yard, which makes nice "wash-rags." Do not have them more than eight inches long, and above five wide for a very young child. It irritates him to have a splashing length of cloth dragged over his body, and you cannot cleanse his ears, etc., thoroughly if your hand is full of wet folds. Old linen, cut and hemmed, will answer your purpose well, but soon wears out. An excellent wash-cloth is a bit of fine, all-wool flannel, which has been washed several times, until what our grandmothers called the "*ich*" of new woollen stuffs is removed.

WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW BABY SHOULD SLEEP.

THE proverbial nine days of blind puppy-hood are not without their hint to the human mother. We shall have something to say as to the intellectual awakening when "the precocious baby" sits for his likeness in our gallery of portraits. In dealing with the infant in his physical aspects, it is safe to recommend that for nine times nine days after birth he should be allowed to keep his eyes closed as much as Nature dictates, and would compel, if she were let alone. He must be washed, dressed, and fed at proper times, of course, but the modern custom of keeping him in the simplest and plainest of night-gowns for the first month is based upon sound sense and physiological principles.

On a Southern plantation, where I passed much of my childhood, the colored "mammy" lived in a snug cabin backed by a field of corn. One of the stories with which she regaled our eager ears was

how she loved to lie awake at midnight, when every creature on the place was asleep, and hear the corn grow. How, creeping to the window, she saw the plumy tops, faintly outlined against the stars, rise higher and higher, the lance-like blades stretch themselves, as a sleepy man his arms, while soft stirrings and rustlings, such as birds make in the nest, or a baby in the cradle, were varied by an occasional crackling as the roots burrowed in the earth and the horny stalk expanded.

"For you see, my little ladies," was the moral of the pretty tale, "nothin' ken grow in the light. Corn and little chillun stan's still all day long. '*Less*"—this emphatic—"'less they takes nice long naps, with the shetters all close', and everything kep' jess as quiet as ken be."

Mammy may or may not have believed in her own theory. She assuredly grazed an important truth. Without going into technical explanation, we will admit as fact the assertion that the sleeping child does not fare so well in a brightly-lighted room as in the dark. The march of sanitary æsthetics has swept away the stock nursery-picture of the young mother plying her needle by the evening lamp, her foot on the rocker, a lullaby on her lips. If there is but one shadowy, still corner in the

house, make it practicable for cradle or crib to stand there while Baby "gets his sleep out." Some children seldom accomplish this during the entire period of infancy. Even when Baby has been put to bed for the night his nursery is play-ground and sitting-room for older children; nurse gossips with a visitor or fellow-servant while sewing on her own finery, or mamma finds the only quiet hour and place for reading by the sleeping child. Sometimes papa takes pity on her lonely estate and brings up newspaper and cigar to the same cosey corner. Under these conditions Baby's best chance of obtaining the needful depth of slumber is to avail himself of the hours improved by mammy's maize—the season when deep sleep has overtaken everybody else in the house.

It is objected by some practical minds—usually the class who believe in the "hardening process"—that it is unfair to subordinate the comfort of a whole household to the convenience of a single member, and that the youngest. Baby can be taught to sleep, they urge, as Maria Edgeworth was compelled by her father to write her books, in the living-room, the heart of family life. The clank of the sewing-machine, the jingle of the piano-forte, the babble of tongues, are naught to his sealed

senses when they have become accustomed to them. But in proportion as a baby's bodily and mental growth exceeds ours in rapidity does he require deep, undisturbed sleep. "To sleep like a healthy infant" is a phrase which loses pertinence when the diurnal siesta is a series of "cat-naps," unrefreshing because incomplete.

Few children in our land suffer for want of food. Many grow up irascible in temper, and disordered in their nervous system, because habitually deprived of their lawful quantum of absolute rest. Each premature awakening is a nervous shock.

There is more diversity in natural gifts for sleep than in natural appetites for food. Heredity speaks out here, and with no uncertain sound. Insomnia is a disease the horrors of which are only known to those who have endured them. The poor woman who walks the floor and roams from room to room, trying bed, lounge, and rug in futile attempts to find sleep that comes, an uninvited guest, to others; who dreads the hour of retiring and the sight of the pillow, surrounded for her by a swarm of fancies, only awaiting the settling of her head upon it to alight with buzz and bite, will probably see these experiences in some degree repeated in her offspring. In order to be patient and wise in the

management of infants, we must study their antecedents and shape the regimen accordingly.

To recapitulate: A baby must have all the sleep he will take, and be encouraged to take that all by the wooing influence of shade and silence. Next let the periods of rest, as he grows older, be stated and punctual. Nurses have a saying of children who have been kept awake beyond the usual time for the nap, "They are too sleepy to sleep," and that "they have got past their sleep." Both phrases express clumsily the nervous excitement that drives away the only cure for abnormal irritation. As to the methods of inducing sleep, the pen halts in perplexity. "Mothers' Manuals" are unanimous in the protest against rocking, trotting, patting, and walking a child into slumber. "Rock-a-by Baby" is adjudged by latter-day discoveries to have been an Indian lullaby, the chant of the squaw to the papoose strapped to a sapling. Swinging-cradles are said "to unsettle the balance of brain-lobes"—whatever that may mean—and to vex the diaphragm; rockers are unscrewed from the legs of cribs, and rocking-chairs banished from the nursery.

Yet, says the young mother of two children, "my babies persist in turning night into day, as their

grandmamma says *I* did. I had a cradle for the first, when a week's terrible work had proved that he would, despite our efforts, sleep fitfully by day, and scream by night. I was obliged to keep my hand on that cradle all night long. For the second I bought a standing crib; but I am no better off, since I have to pat her gently for hours to make her sleep moderately well."

Another testifies: "I have reared six healthy children, none of whom would sleep without rocking. I tried faithfully and perseveringly with all, each in his turn, to persuade them to lie still in bed and dose off after the fashion of my neighbors' *good* darlings. They cried and fought against the method for two, three, four hours, until, worn out and fearful of results to them, I yielded. Two minutes' rocking would put them to sleep, after which the motion was discontinued."

A volume of testimonials to like effect could be collated, and many volumes of the same size reprobating the use of rockers. One point is clear through the maze of conflicting statements: It is best for Baby and for mamma that he should be taught from the beginning to go to sleep like a sensible, civilized, human being, in a stationary bed. So well worth the trouble of an experiment is the

formation of this habit that every mother should make the trial.

See that he is warm, dry, and generally comfortable; tuck him in lovingly, darken the room, and insist, with all the will-power you can muster, that he shall yield himself to slumber. To borrow Solomon's advice, "Let not your soul spare for his crying," within reasonable bounds. Should he succumb once to your determination, the second struggle will be more brief, the third may never come. Be stern in denying a well child (and his mother) the indulgence of rocking him to sleep in your arms, or, worse still, of pacing the floor with him to secure the same end; though it *is* a luxury to the heart whose brooding love is but feebly imaged by the warm folding of the arms. Half a dozen repetitions of the delight will spoil him into a nuisance to the nurse and everybody else in the house.

BABY'S DAY-NAP.

THE dread of treatises and technicalities is so bound up in the heart of the average woman that I dare not insert a quotation so apt and lucid as that which is the text of this chapter without prefatory apology.

Before copying it, or beginning our "Talk," let me express regret that so few women have even a smattering of physiological knowledge. Books that describe and treat of diseases and nothing else are edged, and often poisoned, tools in the hands of the unlearned. Much study of pathological literature breeds nervous alarms and hypochondria. But it is sinful folly to be ignorant of the machinery of one's own body and the laws which govern its working.

The objection to reading what are familiarly known as "doctors' books" should not exclude valuable works on hygiene and anatomy prepared expressly for non-professional readers. Mothers, in particular, should rid themselves of the common

error of confounding the care of health with remedial measures. Many—and not always the illiterate—never think of the former apart from the latter. A vast amount of evil results from this confusion of thought.

Now for our quotation from a popular writer on physiology (lately deceased): *

"The mysterious process which physiologists call 'metamorphosis' of tissue or interstitial change is the means by which in the human system force is developed and growth and decay rendered possible. It is merely the replacing of one microscopic cell by another; and yet upon this simple process hang the issues of life and death, of thought and power. . . . From birth to adult age the cells of muscle, organ, and brain that are spent in the activities of life, such as digesting, growing, studying, playing, working, and the like, are replaced by others of better quality and larger number. At least such is the case where metamorphosis is permitted to go on normally.

"*Infants must have sleep for repair and rapid growth,* children for repair and moderate growth, middle-aged folk for repair without growth, and old people only for the minimum of repair."

All this is so simple and sensible that an intellect would have to be obtuse indeed not to comprehend its bearings.

* Dr. Edward Clark, author of Sex in Education, etc.

I knew a young girl of artistic taste and eager love of learning, whose bodily health had always been perfect, when she was taken abroad at eighteen by a veteran tourist. The novice was rushed through picture-galleries, cathedrals, historic ruins, up the Rigi and down the Rhine, a breathless whirl of sight-seeing for three months without the intermission of a day. Delirium of delight was the first consequence of the mental feast; then came nights of excited dreams, in which she was dragged through labyrinthine corridors hung with pictures and blocked up by statuary; next agonizing insomnia, haunted by visions of what she had seen by daylight; finally, brain-fever, that nearly cost her her life.

Our Baby is thrust, without appeal to his volition, into a world which, for the first five years of his life, is little else than a vast picture-gallery. We have a saying that he takes in knowledge at the pores, leaving out of sight the important consideration that this absorption is an intellectual process made up of the three stages of effort, acquisition, and reaction. He is all *sensorium*. In two years, or in three at the farthest, he masters the vernacular of the foreign land into which he has come; becomes familiar with the names and uses

of hundreds of articles; makes acquaintance with the persons and dispositions of a strange people, whom at first he understands as little as they do him; learns to walk, run, and play, and goes through every one of these processes with his whole heart, soul, and might.

From the rapid review of Baby's tasks and his style of performing them we return, enlightened into solicitude, to the phrase, "*repair and rapid growth.*" For wasted tissues and restless, teeming brain, nature offers—

> "The gentle thing
> Beloved from pole to pole"—

Sleep.

It is not only because Baby is young and tender that he gets tired and cross before his guardians have begun to warm to the work of the day. He is the busiest member of the domestic force. Comparing his strength with yours, you may reckon that you would have paced ten or twelve miles of floor, composed and delivered an oration (with due regard to foreign idioms) on current events, and examined critically two or three hundred pictures, besides being opposed in a dozen designs and methods, in the four hours that separate breakfast-

time from his mid-day nap. The need of the restorer is, you perceive, imminent. The rule for securing it is plain: Fix an hour for Baby's *siesta*, and allow nothing to interfere with it. As it approaches, take him upon your lap and prepare him for it as if night had come—as indeed it has to the little Mercury, whose day is bright and short. He may be unwilling, even recalcitrant. Take contumacy as additional evidence that sleep is imperatively demanded. Remove his clothing, including shoes and stockings, and, in cold weather, array him in a loose flannel gown; in summer, in one of linen or cotton. Neither child nor adult ought to lie down to sleep with a close band or bodice encasing lungs, stomach, or limbs. Sponge baby's hands and face with tepid water, and do not give him a heavy meal that would tax the digestive powers, but feed him moderately that the stomach may draw the blood from the brain. Lay him in crib or cradle in a darkened, quiet room, as far withdrawn as may be from all disturbance. If stillness cannot be had short of the topmost story of the house, carry him up to that. Were he ill, you would grudge no pains that promised to buy for him respite from suffering. Half the care you would in such a case account a privilege will insure

dreamless slumber that will relax the tense nerves and sooth the heated brain as with heavenly dews. Interdict all entrance to the chamber while the blessed work goes on. No other member of the family will suffer wrong in mind, body, or estate if slamming doors and sudden shouts in the vicinity of the sleeper be positively forbidden. Baby is being made over as good as new. The day is approaching, all too rapidly, when you cannot compass this end for the growing boy—the grown man.

"Cross babies never sleep well" is a nursery maxim that, like many other accepted formulas, is truest when read backward. Ideas get mixed in the tongue's slovenly jumble of cause and effect.

The question is sometimes asked, "If my child will not sleep in the day, after I have made him lie down and taken proper measures to promote slumber, what is to be done?"

Admitting, as I am loath to do, the "will not," your duty remains unaltered. To borrow a bit of slang, go through the motions faithfully. If the eyes still refuse to close, console yourself with the reflection that the child's brain enjoys at least partial rest. It is better for him to lie awake in a

dim room for an hour than not to rest at all. Furthermore, the method of regular hours, if patiently adhered to, will in the course of time induce a habit of somnolence.

Should the noonday nap be long—say two hours in duration—few children above the age of two years will require a second, the early bed-time falling in season to furnish the next period of profound repose. The yearling usually takes an afternoon sleep—a mere sip of refreshment at the end of another half-dozen miles. Establish an hour for this should you observe that when he does not have it Baby is cross and "worries." If allowed to fix his own time, he will probably resist the drowsiness until so late in the day as to interfere with his night's rest. Loosen his clothing before laying him down, removing the outer garments, shoes and stockings before slipping on the loose gown. It is a little troublesome to be obliged to dress him at his awakening, but the gain in comfort to him warrants the time and care given.

Impress on the minds of the inmates of the home that it is really important to carry out your wishes with regard to your child's daylight rest. They should be as strictly respected as the regulations governing the times and order of the family meals.

Punctuality on this head is of incalculable moment, if we pause to forecast the consequences of the failure to supply material to meet "repair and rapid growth." The longer nap of to-morrow does not atone for the loss of to-day.

BABY'S NURSE.

THE most important hired official in the household where there is a baby is, unquestionably, his nurse.

Rough or discolored linen is a grievance that never proves fatal. The spleen, bodily and mental, engendered by bad cookery, passes away with time and a change of *chef*. The evil attendant upon mismanagement in either of these departments is immediately apparent. Sophistry cannot do away with the present witness of a badly-ironed shirt, nor will the neat kitchen and pleasant address of the cook beguile her employer into enjoyment of a spoiled dinner. The mischief wrought by an incompetent nurse is beyond calculation by earthly standards of gain or loss; the wrong accomplished by the deceit, unsoundness of moral principle, or vicious temper of a woman in this position outlasts our generation. The awful sum-total is known only to the Omniscient Father, who knows and pities all.

In admitting these truths, which no parent will deny, a direct question opposes the further discussion of our subject: Ought not every mother to undertake the sole charge of her infant?

The reply is cumbered with many conditions.

If she is a widow, without other children, with no other duties in life, and in such robust health that she can, without injury to the child or herself, discharge the offices of wet-nurse, cook, nursery-maid, teacher, and mother—*yes!*

If she has a husband whose claim upon her time and thought only death can annul, children who must be watched and taught, social duties which for the sake of her family and kind she may not ignore, if her physical and intellectual well-being is a matter of vital importance to her family—*no!*

Our enemies themselves being judges, American mothers are the most devoted in the world. Our friends—and ourselves—reluctantly agree that it is not altogether the fault of the climate that our women break down prematurely in looks and strength. It seems ungracious to call that devotion short-sighted that gave Baby a doting thrall for the first years of his existence, and entailed upon the man the burden of an infirm woman who outlived

her usefulness just when the lad most needed the counsel and incentive no hireling can give.

The mother's office in the home where a full corps of servants is employed is administrative rather than executive. It is a self-evident proposition that she cannot be the controlling head when all of her time and strength is given to performing the part of the hands. When her means warrant the expense, she ought to hire a nurse for her baby. I am strongly tempted to say that if she can keep but one servant, that one should be a trustworthy woman who can lift the weight of daily cares from her shoulders in the nursery, and let the mistress make beds, sweep, bake, and brew, as a healthful change of occupation. Babies who are tended entirely by their mothers are, almost without exception, troublesome by reason of their ceaseless exactions. It is common to say of their nurse, "She has not the knack of teaching her children to look after themselves; they depend too much on her for care and amusement; she is their slave." She is never rid of responsibility. If relieved for an hour or day from actual baby-tending she is unbalanced and restless. She is sure the lamb is worrying for her, as she is for him, and passes the season of recreation in wondering what blunder will be com-

mitted by her substitute, even though it be her own mother. "Nobody understands him and his needs as I do!" she pleads. In the extravagance of her idolatry she pities the parent who can be happy when her child is out of her sight. Her whole soul is wrapped up in the cherub ("Octopus" would be fitter name).

The more reasonable mamma-nurse who serves her charge well, but not slavishly, is preternaturally strong of will if she can withstand the temptation to irregularity in the seasons of meals and sleep. He has a pretty way of pretending to be hungry when she knows he is not, or he is fretful when she is most anxious for him to be good; and the ever-ready solace lies so near the uneasy head, the brimming bosom aches under the beat and tugging of the dimpled hands. Visitors, the demands of the kitchen, laundry, housework in general, unite to postpone his mid-day nap, or she lets him play on the floor just a little longer in the evening when he is wakeful and a few more stitches are needed to complete a fascinating bit of needlework.

Furthermore, she feels in and for him all too keenly to carry calm pulses and judgment through the daily routine of "taking care" of that which is the dearer part of herself. With a faithful deputy

in charge of him, she lends but a divided mind to other concerns. When there is no second-best custodian (herself being rated as first) she has no mind at all to bestow anywhere else. The best mothers are not those in whom the maternal instinct is cultivated into abnormal excrescence. The husband who insists that the only proper guardian of his children is his wife, or who grumbles at the additional tax of a nurse's wages upon his pocket, may set down as a debt of his own making the withdrawal of wifely companionship from himself, and the lack of the pleasing arts that made his house "the jolliest place in town of an evening before Baby came."

She who would bear healthy children must be sound in body. If she would likewise rear them into sane and useful man and womanhood, she must *keep* herself vigorous.

Forgive the length of what you must not mistake for a preamble. It is relevant, and *needed!*

Baby's nurse, we will assume, is not his mother, but a woman selected because she possesses certain qualifications for the situation.

The first of these is that she is fond of children and likes to take care of them. Ninety-nine per cent. of the applicants for the place go through the

form of declaring that they are never so happy as when thus employed. Reject the exception without another question. The nurse who is indifferent to her charges, and gives them merely perfunctory attention, is not fit to be left alone with them for one hour. As to the ninety-and-nine who achieve the shibboleth of the guild, apply yet other tests. The love for children and aptitude for "getting along with them" are natural gifts, and essential to the proper discharge of nursely duties, but they are not everything, or enough to secure your confidence in applicant or incumbent.

Health, cleanliness, sobriety, are recommendations that go without saying in well-regulated families. Added to them must be some degree of dexterity in handling the child, a cheerful disposition, pleasant speech, and, chiefest of all, entire willingness to obey orders in the management of him. Choose a young, inexperienced girl of fair intelligence, who is honest in the persuasion that you are wiser than she and in the intention to follow your instructions, sooner than the elderly paragon who is "competent to take the whole charge of an infant from its birth," and smiles superior to your stipulation that this regimen shall be adhered to and that error avoided.

The precious craft so lately launched is *yours!*

Whoever may compose the crew, be you pilot and captain.

You will have to exercise infinite patience and much tact with this one of your subordinates. Her preparation for the position she attempts to fill has probably been of the most desultory and empiric order. It is unfortunate that our foundling-hospitals and day-nurseries are not also training-schools for child-nurses. Why not have these as well as cooking-schools and institutions crowded with novitiates in the art of caring for the sick?

As matters now stand, our nursery-maids are drawn from a class whose alternations of hurtful indulgence and brutal severity in the government of their own offspring are only surpassed by their ignorance of hygienic principles. Norah or Elspeth or Thekla is tender-hearted, and means to be dutiful. If she be also conscientious she will go through the routine you prescribe with mechanical fidelity. At heart she considers your rules new-fangled rubbish, and despises you with them. She was "reared," and saw many brothers and sisters brought up, on coarse and unwholesome food. In winter they were huddled like sheep—sometimes *with* swine and goats, and, as recent explorations of New York basements reveal, with geese—in

fetid rooms. In summer the doors were opened at morning and "the childher" let out. At night they were set wide while the vagrants were driven in. That more than half of them died in early infancy, and none of the adults are really healthy or long-lived, does not alter your "nurse-girl's" conviction that your snowdrop of an infant would fare as well if tended after the same fashion, as when she and he are trammelled by a "silly pack of rules."

Let your initial effort be to create in her a *conscience*. It is very unlikely that lectures on nursery dietetics, ventilation, infusoria, and fixed hours will leaven the soggy dough of her mind. It is a puttyish mass that may be impressed, but seldom interfused, by any alterative agency. Therefore impress yourself, ingeniously and with might. Possess her with the idea that you are the ruling spirit of the establishment, and that your will is absolute in the nursery. Issue clear and distinct directions, then *see*, not ask, if they are obeyed. It is practicable to do this without incurring the odium of spying. The mother's is the right to visit the nursery at all hours, to take the child in her arms whenever the mood seizes her; now and then to bathe and dress him herself or to prepare his food; to inspect

drawers and closets when she will, even during "the competent's" reign. Cook might frown ominously were hers the invaded realm; the untutored mind of the nurse-maid will probably see in these visitations but the natural "fussiness" of an over-fond parent who "hasn't enough to do to keep her out of mischief."

Her own attachment to her charge often becomes powerful, but it is usually animal fondness that springs from propinquity and a sense of proprietorship in that intrusted to her care. If this statement be questioned, let the experienced mistress bethink herself of the succession of "devoted" nurses who have in turn acted as her aids, and tell how many of them failed to make instant and entire transfer of allegiance with the next change of "place." They served you well for their term of office; their show of affection for the "little angels" was sincere while it and the need of it lasted. Be content with this, and do not exact miracles of fortune. To bring the most intelligent of them into full sympathy with your "advanced views" would involve not only the necessity of a new moral and intellectual birth, but a birth into another sphere than that to which they still and forever belong. At her very best the hired nurse is an excellent machine which you must guide.

If it is unsafe to commit the entire care of the child's physical being to a subordinate, it is actual peril to the nobler part of him to allow it to be trained exclusively or principally by her. Little by little, as he advances in age and intelligence, the real owner should withdraw him from constant association with servants. His intonations, turns of speech, his table manners and code of morals, must be learned from yourself. You are defrauded, although in a less degree than your child, when the contrary system prevails. It is profanation to vulgarize the baby-lisp by a foreign brogue or by negro dialect. That parent's soul should be moved to righteous wrath who hears from the innocent voice of his boy the slang of the stables or by-words that pass in the kitchen for wit.

In no circumstances whatsoever ought your child to be chastised by his nurse. This outrage may and does occur sometimes in nurseries where wise and affectionate espionage prevails. The suspicion of the deed ought to be the signal for strict investigation, and, should the fact be proved, summary dismissal of the offender. There are women who wink at such misdemeanors; as others, less culpable, condone dishonesty in an employee who is in most respects "invaluable." The mistress retains in her

service the nurse who beats or slaps the baby she is hired to keep in safety and honor, and by so doing sinks below the level of the ignorant creature whose own childish peccadilloes were visited by a leather strap or broomstick. The stream cannot rise higher than the fountain; but the educated woman who, in Christian charity and amiable cowardice, excuses the act on the score of "the invaluable's" hasty temper, or affects not to be cognizant of it because "it is not convenient to change just now," sins against heart, reason, her conscience—most deeply of all, against her child.

BABY AT HOME IN WINTER.

IF the danger that the monarch of the nursery may take cold in winter be an ever-frowning Scylla to his custodians, Charybdis is the probability that, in their solicitude, their charge would be over-heated. Next to bed, bath-tub, and nursery-lamp, the most important article of furniture in the room where the child sleeps and passes most of his waking hours is a thermometer. If the mercury rises to seventy-five degrees, Charybdis is imminent; if it sinks below sixty-five degrees, beware of Scylla.

The coverings of body and bed must be both light and warm. For this purpose all-wool fabrics for underwear and wraps cannot be too highly recommended. The soft, elastic knitted socks, shirts, leggings, and sacques of Shetland and Saxony wool, described by Dickens as a "complication of defences against the cold, and forming a complete suit of armor, with a headpiece and gaiters";

cradle-blanket of the same; skirts of silk-warp flannel; hall-wraps of cashmere, merino, flannel, or all-wool delaine, serve the purpose of excluding the wintry air without burdening weak infants and clogging the pores of strong ones with unabsorbed perspiration. *Nothing* can take the place of flannel worn nearest the body. The gentle friction maintains natural warmth and dislodges dead scarf-skin, and the texture allows the passage and evaporation of moisture that would become humid poison if retained.

The most conscientious nurse I ever knew lived for ten years in one family, and served three children with tireless devotion. In all matters of diet, exercise, cleanliness, and general regimen she was exemplary, but she had one incurable habit. Being herself thin of frame and blood, she labored under the haunting dread that the "blessed creatures" might catch cold. Unless prevented by the mother's authority, she bundled them up for outdoor excursions until they could hardly stir a limb; heaped Master Baby's perambulator with fluffs and furs, and bound a double Shetland veil over his nostrils and loudly-protestant mouth. It availed little that the mistress prescribed, to a feather's weight, what coverings were to be used on bed and crib.

Her nightly round of the juvenile encampment was as likely as not to reveal that nurse had added her shawl to the blankets of the little girls' couch, concealing it with pious fraud by spreading the white counterpane over all; while "her boy" was swathed in flannel petticoats and overtopped by *davets*, until every thread of his night-clothes was soaked, and the imprint of his small person on the linen sheet was as well defined as that of a Pompeian skeleton in the wet ashes that made his sarcophagus.

It is generally useless to argue against the idiosyncrasies of the unlearned. The processes—if they deserve the name—of untrained minds are past finding out, since they cannot describe, nor others define them. The mother should be intelligent, if her employees cannot be made to see reason, and diplomatic in correcting evils she cannot avert.

The inordinate love of the lower classes for sweets and fat is as notorious as their propensity to burrow in feather-beds under a mountain of rugs and "comfortables"—tumuli of living bodies, effete exhalations, saturated cotton, and unsavory wool. The peculiarity is a curious study, and a sociological one rather than a problem for the physiologist.

The child who is drawn from a den of wadded coverings, dripping with sweat, which every pore

gapes to emit, the entire system enervated by the drain, escapes taking cold only by miracle. If it is the mother's duty to see that he is kept warm, it is equally essential that she should manage not to have him sodden.

Until he is able to run alone, Baby should not be suffered to sit on the floor in cold weather, however healthy he may be. This is a hard saying, at first sight. It is such a pleasure to himself, such a relief to nurse to have him established on the carpet, a pillow behind him to save his head should he lose his balance, playthings all around him, while other work goes on. He likes to sprawl and roll, and in this way soon learns the use of his limbs. It is not good for him to be handled and cosseted continually. The safe mean between the two courses of treatment involves some work and ingenuity, but both pay in the end.

In the best-warmed room there is inevitably a current of cooled air close to the floor, in which, as Baby sits on the carpet, his feet are bathed, while his shoulders may overtop it. It is a common thing to discover, on taking him up and undressing him for the mid-day nap, that his toes are icy while his hands are warm. Mamma exclaims at the phenomenon, chafes his feet, feeds and puts him to sleep, and

when he awakes pulls him, glowing and dewy, from the blankets, gives him warm drink to encourage further perspiration, and plumps him down again into the cold-air bath. The middle of the bed or the corner of the lounge is the safer place for him. Barricade him with cushions, and if he can creep, add a *chevaux-de-frise* of chairs, leaving a clear space immediately about him wherein he can disport himself. When older give him the wider field of a small, deep mattress, covered by a folded quilt, near the middle of the room to escape the heat of the register or grate, while he is beyond the reach of window-draughts. A nursery basket-chair, made luxurious with padded sides and back, should be supplemented by a hassock for the child's feet, if you prefer this seat to the others named. With the movable ledge or table that goes with it firmly adjusted in front and spread with playthings, the little fellow will be content for hours. If he, by-and-by, drums with his heels on the foot-rest, writhes and cries impatiently, recognize the signs that his spine is tired, his limbs cramped, and liberate him. A roll on the bed, a toss in the air, a ride on mamma's foot will restore circulation and good humor. He is born a thinking animal, and, unless spoiled from the first, is amenable to reasonable treatment.

Above all things do not let yourself now, nor ever, forget that he has "no language but a cry." No well-managed baby ever yet cried from the love of lamentation.

I have alluded to window-draughts. Not only is the air that presses against the inside of the glass colder than that which lies a foot farther within the chamber, but between sashes and casings trickle pertinacious threads of outer atmosphere, defiant of sash-locks and weather-strips. Baby soon learns to enjoy the outlook from his eyrie. It is an easy and pleasant way of entertaining him, and the tokens of growing intelligence displayed in his interest in other children, in dogs and horses, are vastly "cunning." Still, keep him from the post of observation in inclement weather; and since he cannot discern the face of the sky, nor interpret the signals of weather-vanes, and is withal a creature of habit, it is well not to accustom him to a seat on your knee at the window after the summer days are over. Again, a hard saying! To the habitual passer-by, and how much more to "papa coming home," the sash is blank when it ceases to frame the laughing face, the fluttering hands clutching, with Chinese disdain of perspective, at people and things across the way; the white-robed dumpling of

a body bouncing and springing in arms that are at once confinement and embrace. There is no prettier style of window-decoration than a clean, winsome baby, no more satisfactory casement-garden than a pair or a trio of such crowding the embrasure.

Examine several times each day into the condition of Baby's feet and hands, especially the former. While they remain warm, his risks of taking cold are reduced to a minimum. If they are chill, something is wrong. The shoe-latchet may be too tight, the socks too small, or the clasping of other garments about the limbs impede the flow of the blood. If none of these causes exist, he has been in a current of unfriendly temperature. The child who sleeps with cold feet is almost certain to sicken in consequence. If he has the trick of kicking off the coverings while asleep, sew loops on the lower edge of the mattress and corresponding buttons on the blankets, or strings on both, and fasten them together when you lay him down. For children of two years old, or thereabouts, long flannel or canton-flannel drawers, coming down below the feet, may be used.

Hall-wraps of some description are indispensable at this season. A half or whole square of flannel,

bound with ribbon, finished by a feather-stitched hem, or overcast in scallops with silk or worsted, is the simplest form. Bewitching variations are achieved by embroidery and lace. Whatever the form of muffler, do not take an infant-in-arms through draughty passages and into rooms of lower temperature than his nursery without additional covering. If he is very young, cast a fold over the head, leaving room to breathe. Without "fussing" or "coddling" he may be carried through the winter a stranger to catarrh or croup. Bear in mind that, although he belongs to the family of half-hardy plants, injudicious tenderness may convert him into an exotic.

The air of the nursery should be thoroughly changed every morning by throwing the windows wide for half an hour or more. Some intelligent housewives are backward to believe that fresh air warms in half the time required to heat a stagnant, germ-laden atmosphere. If Baby can be removed at awakening into another chamber for bath and breakfast, and, while these are in progress, the nursery swept or brushed, the bedding aired, furniture dusted (*the fluff collected by broom and duster being burned*), the routine of the morning will be satisfactorily expedited. If you, the mother, are

your own house-maid, and there is no other room into which he can be taken, draw the crib to a corner, surround it by a screen, cover the sleeping occupant with mosquito-netting, and let in the air gradually, while you use carpet-sweeper and cheese-cloth duster, slightly dampened. But air the room in some way! Long before the baby's nap is over the sweet currents that have chased out foul odors will have absorbed kindly the warmth of fire or register, being a crisp and ready conductor of heat.

The last suggestion I offer on the subject of this chapter will win more tolerant hearing than if it had been put forward ten years ago. When it can be done, have an open fireplace in the room where Baby lives and moves, and would like to breathe. If I dared, I would add that a wood-fire on the hearth night and morning is an inestimable purifier and ventilator. If your means warrant the purchase of wood, use it in preference to coal for an all-day fire that may be meant only to enliven a background of furnace-heat. The ruddy gleam is a comely and most wholesome auxiliary to the viewless source of caloric. The air-tight iron stove, with its train of headaches and other ills, has had its reign of popularity. With the advance of sanitary luxuries we are tearing out "summer-fronts" and

deposing heaters. Lares and Penates that could never be beguiled to occupy niches above a row of illuminated mica peep-holes or rayless registers, shake the dust from their robes and settle benignantly again over veritable hearth-stones warmed by real embers. Baby basks with exceeding delight in the glow of the blazing sticks behind the high fender. He is, ingrain, a Gheber, and his cult is eagerly offered. You lay up for him untold stores of beautiful associations with home and yourself, idealize the prose of your own life, when you draw aside the wire defence at night-fall, undress him in the firelight, and let him curl and stretch his pink toes in the genial warmth, while he studies the fantasies of flame.

I should not use the word "prose" in this connection. The romance of the mother's existence is a blessed, a triumphant reality. Artists crave admission to her sanctum, bearing away subjects which the world worships; poets kiss the hem of her garment; she makes the pictures, the idyls, the history of her age.

BABY ABROAD IN WINTER.

I HAVE spoken of our Baby as a "half-hardy plant." This family in the vegetable world varies materially with change of climate. The English ivy drapes church and tower and garden-wall with evergreenery in our Middle States. Evergreen roses and delicate varieties of laurestinus, tenderly housed in New York and New Jersey, hold their glossy leaves all the year around in Virginia, and the Luxembourg tea-rose often blooms in the open air on Christmas Day in the same latitude.

Let us take a lesson from inanimate nature in planning to secure for our human blossom such an amount of oxygen and sunlight as may keep it in health and color until "green leaves come again." Some mothers seriously argue that the only actual safety, in a severe climate, against the ills succeeding what is accounted first as a slight cold, consists in keeping the infant indoors from the first of No-

vember until the middle of April. He is allowed the range of a house kept at a uniform temperature, is not suffered to sit at the windows or visit the kitchen, and, unless smitten by accidental draughts, or subjected to unforeseen fall of heat in the summer-like rooms, weathers (if the word be permissible in this connection) the winter fairly well. Not quite so well, perhaps, as does the living ball of compounded oil and dirt that has rolled for eight months on the floor of an Esquimaux hut, seeing no light but that of the lamp beside which his mother plies bone-needle and deer-skin thong, but, on the whole, for a product of artificial civilization, passably well.

While mothers in our Northern clime may not, like their Southern sisters, dismiss their bantlings to bask in sunlight for the greater part of the day, they should count the cost closely before turning their rooms into a conservatory-prison. As the days grow long and bland, the exotic baby must learn to inhale an atmosphere raw and sharp by contrast with that to which his lungs have become accustomed during his hibernation. It is not a figure of speech to say that he suffers at every pore. The day that seems mild to the nurse sauntering with him under a sun-warmed wall is rigorous to

his bleached flesh and sensitive lungs. Generally he pulls through it. The vigilant care that has regulated the temperature of his prison for a third of the year decrees that his trial-expeditions into the new zone shall be made on exceptionally warm days, and avoids for him morning and evening chill.

The antipode of the hot-house system is the hardening process. Of this, childless house-wives, spinsters of whit-leather theories, and a few daring eclectics among professional practitioners of hygienic arts, are the most strenuous advocates. Now and then a father of independent views subjects the most dependent creature within his reach to practical demonstration of his hobby.

I knew such a one, who compelled his only son and heir to go barefoot winter and summer, until he was twelve years old. When the boy got his trousers' legs wet wading through snow-drifts and puddles he wore them wet until bed-time. His parent's hypothesis, based upon knowledge of the regimen that made the noble Indian "all face," was that the consequences of exposure to variations of heat and cold depend upon habit. Hunters, soldiers, sailors, and the red men were the illustrations of his lectures.

That the example of a child who sleeps in a civ-

ilized bed, beneath blankets, eats hot dinners, and sits, while under a tight roof, in a warmed room may differ materially from any or all of these models of superiority to climatic changes did not enter into his calculations. The boy was afflicted with a perpetual cold in the head, but so were children who were shod more substantially than with paternal conceit. When a lad of ten years old, the influenza developed into catarrh, which lasted him until his death at forty.

Thus acts the mother who believes and holds for certain that her baby ought to go out in all weather that is not positively stormy. Fortunately for the survival of any, even the fittest, this class of mothers is never large. We do, however, occasionally meet the subjects of their heroic practice on "black-frost" days, or when the air is thick with dust swirling before March blasts, when every second woman and every fourth man who passes the melancholy perambulator turns to look and wonder, silently or aloud, "Who is so bereft of common sense as to send that child out-of-doors to-day?"

Let the busy mother lay down an imperative rule, as the autumn advances, that the child, if well, must be sent out into the open air whenever the weather is tolerably fine. The routine of domestic

occupation—*even house-cleaning*—ought to be suspended for an hour as near noon as is compatible with his siesta; the little one wrapped up warmly, but not smothered in mufflers, deposited in his carriage, and committed to the care of a trustworthy guardian. This last clause is many-sided. It must be a guardian who will not be beguiled by show-windows to draw the nursling along a damp pavement when the other side of the way is dry and sunny, nor by the love of shopping into leaving carriage and occupant on the sidewalk while she is cheapening bargains within. She will know enough to turn her face homeward when the wind veers, and bleakness supersedes serenity; will be too humane, as well as too conscientious, to make the time allotted for the promenade the occasion for visiting her own friends.

Many children have paid with their lives for the stolen indulgence of nurses' calls upon acquaintances living in crowded "flats" and basements, fetid rooms where animal and stove-heat blend into that form of mephitism sadly familiar to physicians and other benevolent visitors as "tenement-smell." The return through fresh air may have shaken it from the baby's garments by the time he is restored to his mother's arms. The invisible seeds drawn

in with his breath that may fructify into disease tell no tales that day or week.

When winter is an accepted fact, still watch for and seize upon milder noons than are the rule, preparing the child to sustain colder weather by thicker clothing and wraps. His panoply of worsted or fur should be securely adjusted before he leaves the house. Knitted woollen drawers, leggings, and overshoes, all in one garment, fastened at the waist, make everything safe as to lower extremities. Long mittens, shirred with elastic at the elbows, leave the hands free and warm. Pack him in with soft, pliable cushions, and tie, strap, or button the outermost covering so that it cannot be easily displaced. For head-gear use a wadded cap, coming down over the ears and tied under the chin.

A word as to the Shetland veil or whatever kindred appliance takes its place. Much observation of its use and abuse has inclined me to the belief that it does more harm than good. If the child submits to it without outcry, and does not work himself into a passion trying to tear it away, it is almost sure to become wet from the condensation of his breath on a cold day, or with saliva, if he be at the teething stage. Should it remain dry, the wearer is vexed by the semi-opaqueness of the

fabric, the teasing uncertainty with which passing objects are discerned through interstices in the weaving, and his eyes are irritated by the fluff dislodged by his breath and motions, while like particles find their way into the lungs. Still, since winter-airs cut with rough edges, and flinty dust raised by them is pernicious to Baby's eyes and lungs, some shield must be devised to temper the one and arrest the other. Will the mother accept and utilize the following suggestion?

Screw a number of knobs or buttons, such as are used by carriage-makers, at regular intervals around the front of the folding top of the perambulator. Adjust straps or ribbons at wider intervals along the upper edge of the carriage itself, all the way around from the junction of the top with the body on the left to the like point on the right. Attach to these a net of some thin stuff bound with ribbon or galloon, and furnished with loops or strings corresponding with the buttons and straps on the carriage, completely enclosing the open front. The veil should be drawn smoothly, but not so tightly as to strain it, forming an inclined plane from the projecting hood of the vehicle to the foot, clearing the baby's face entirely, and raised above the reach of his meddling hands. He can see all that goes

on about him, the wind is broken, and the dust checked by the simple contrivance. Every woman who has known the comfort of a light lace veil hung before eyes and mouth on a gusty day will appreciate the advantage of our screen. The mother's taste may have play in selecting the material for the tent-like covering. Mosquito-netting, blue, green, white, or buff (red would hurt the eyes), would be the cheapest and most convenient fabric. *Écru*-lace net, bound and tied with blue or cardinal-red, would be pretty and quite substantial enough. Silk illusion—of which ladies' veils are made—green, blue, or gray, would have to be joined neatly and fancifully at the selvaged edges, a single width being too narrow for our purpose, but would serve the desired end admirably, perhaps better than any other stuff in very cold weather. An infant thus guarded might be wheeled through a driving snow-storm without getting damp. Aunts and mothers may study out pleasing and novel variations of our shelter, such as home-made nets, crocheted (without figures), of silk, Shetland and Iceland wool.

THE PRECOCIOUS BABY.

ALL the offspring of some parents are precocious, down to the dozenth reduplication of the original prodigy. As a rule, such lucky fathers and mothers enjoy a monopoly of the knowledge that their children are without exception *rara aves*. Jewellers and fashionable jargon to the contrary, there cannot be a cluster, or even a pair of solitaires, nor can a unique be repeated. Parental boastfulness in the possession of a whole brood of phenomena may be amusing, and assuredly is tiresome. Further than this it does not require notice.

Walking among my flower-borders this morning, I stopped to admire a bed of zinnias. Not the plants cultivated under that name by our grandmothers—stiff of stalk, the single row of hard-hued petals as prim as if cut out of glazed paper. My beauties are many-doubled and of every imaginable tint, from snow-white to changeable carmine, from

straw-color to burning orange. Apart from the rest stood one of dwarfish height, but hale and stocky. On the top of the upright main stem was the solitary old-fashioned blossom of the collection. In color it was a dull purple-pink, and the single row of sparse petals surrounded a conical brown heart studded with yellow stamens. It was, to borrow an Irish idiom, "the very moral" of a country cousin at a ladies' lunch in the city. At the height of three inches from the ground a branch shot at a sharp angle out of the stubby parent-stalk and overtopped it. The terminal bud of this had expanded into a flower as large, and of foliations as prodigal, as a dahlia. The hue was exquisite and indescribable—rich red-cream in the centre and shading by faint, delicious degrees to the outermost rim of white, that was both pure and warm.

Each one of the country cousin's kindred has brought forth flowers after her own kind. The poor thing seemed awkwardly aware of her dissimilarity in this particular, and to stare upward in meek marvel at her ascendant, as if asking by what miracle and why the nonpareil of the parterre had sprung from *her* side.

The Precocious Baby as often as not owes his being to such an unlikely root. For all we can dis-

cover or suggest, he is a freak of Nature. Some occult law of heredity may be answerable for his extraordinary endowments, as for the startling loveliness of the queen of the zinnias. His mother's note-book, mental or written, records that at an age when other babies are phlegmatic lumps of adipose tissue he "sits up and takes notice" of all that passes in his little world. He is more apt to talk than walk early, has a capricious appetite, and gets along with less sleep than do his sisters and brothers. His eager questions nonplus mamma before he can run alone, and his amazing activity of mind so far overcomes her purpose not to "push him forward" that she does not interfere when he "picks up his letters somehow," makes a poor feint of regret that he "devours every book he can lay his hands upon" by the time he is three years old. Up to that date he was dependent upon others for the information he could not collect by the aid of his eyes and ears, and he forgets nothing thus gained. His memory teems with rhymes and recitations caught from one, or at most, two repetitions in his hearing. All print being open to him, as Mr. Wegg has it—his hungering after knowledge is a sort of divine madness. He absorbs it through every sense. It is hardly a figure

of speech to say that he *inhales* learning. Kindergarten exercises are a bagatelle, primary departments an absurdity to a pupil who does sums in fractions in his head faster than his teacher can on the slate, takes to languages as wild-fowl to water, and tucks Bryant's translation of The Iliad, or a volume of Shakespeare, under his pillow at night for light reading at sunrise while he is waiting for the sleepy heads in the house to get up. At school he bears off all the prizes, and while examinations are going on he eats little and dreams all night long of the day's tasks and triumphs.

The entire family connection is immensely proud of him and elate with prophecies of his future greatness. Each hamlet has one "coming man" of tender years. He is usually singularly attractive in appearance. If not pretty, he has an "intellectual" look. His eyes tell the story of mental gifts when other features are discreet. Mother and aunts rave over his "spirituelle" expression, and if he be thin and pale, add "ethereal" to their working capital of descriptive adjectives. His clever speeches are neighborhood *bon mots*, and irrigate the else dusty waste of "Children's Sayings" in the family newspaper. He is trotted out for the entertainment of visitors before he can use

his corporeal members in that exercise, is the show-boy of Sabbath-school concerts and Infant-school anniversaries.

My pen lags and my heart drops in writing the words. We all know and recollect the victim. The dot in white frock or velvet tunic lifted to the front of the platform—his legs are too short to ascend by the steps leading up from the level of the audience. The tiny figure is thrown into relief by banks of flowers, gas-burners hum and flare overhead, perhaps foot-lights give back the flash of his wide eyes, betray the nervous pucker of the baby mouth, the twitching baby-fingers, as he catches his breath under the shock of meeting a thousand eyes focussed upon himself. He stands there gallantly. The father, who sees him through a prism of happy mist, would faint, falter, and forget his rôle were he the orator. Everybody is still—some curious, some admiring, more compassionate, as the piping treble—strained, as a wren might emulate chanticleer—gives out the twenty, fifty, one hundred lines committed to the phenomenal memory. He does it well. The precocious three-year-old is no parrot, and game to the quivering backbone. His eyes are luminous; the wee pipe is marvellously modulated; he makes his pretty, formal bow, and

has his draught of sweet poison in the applause that succeeds.

"The beauty of it is that he understands all he says; enters with his whole soul into the spirit of the occasion," says the adulatory buzz into which the clamor subsides.

The *pity* of it! O, the pity of it, my sisters! Where is the horticulturist so dull that he does not see to it that his rose-slips are rooted before he lets them bloom, and who does not hold back young trees from bearing? Where the stock-breeder who would put a yearling colt on the race-course?

It would be demanding impossibilities to warn parents not to feel pride in a child whose mental expansion is rapid and fine. But parental vanity is in excess of affection when sensible people stimulate the already too-alert mind to acquisition, the specific purpose of which (so far as the child can see) is exhibition.

A bright Baby is infinitely more interesting, even in his home, than one who is a comparatively stolid animal. It is parent-nature and human nature to exult in the ownership of the prize. But, before resigning themselves to the indulgence of the natural emotion, it behooves his guardians to study

seriously the cause and character of the early fruitage.

Dr. Weir Mitchell, in his valuable little treatise on "Wear and Tear," says (I quote from memory):

"Take plenty of wholesome food, plenty of exercise in the open air, and plenty of sleep, and there is no limit—practically—to the work you can get out of your brain."

Remembering that this is written of grown-up brain-workers, we may yet apply the spirit of the assurance to our Baby. His ordinary expenditure of vital and nervous forces is, compared with that of the busiest adult who lives up to Dr. Mitchell's rule, as the speed of light to that of sound. At least half of his life, up to the age of seven, should be passed in sleep. Subtract from the rest the time needed for eating, and you have a remainder that is *all* working-days. He is learning, taking in, and assimilating during every hour of these. There is—practically—no limit to his self-imposed tasks. Your business is to see that his physical system is prepared to sustain the strain, his zeal not being according to knowledge. The restless little feet go until he falls exhausted in his tracks, unless you interpose with compulsory repose. The more restless mind is ever on the stretch, tug-

ging at burdens heavier than it can lift, wrestling with problems he cannot put into words—a very ant in diligence and pluck, without the prudential instinct that makes the insect give over useless effort before strength is gone.

These things being so, it is a cruel imposition for you to tempt the worker with additional enterprises, to spur the thoroughbred who always does his best and does not know when he has reached the limit of his endurance.

Teach a quick-witted, nervous infant little that is not really necessary for him to know until he is five or six years old. He will gain nothing, and you may lose all, by the forcing process. Should his life be spared, he will not be the better scholar at five and twenty for having read fluently at three. Nature will pause for recuperation at some stage of the race. Hard-wood trees are proverbially slow in growth, and that intellectual development which goes on neither faster nor more slowly than accords with physical vigor can work no harm to child or man.

Lay the foundation of bodily health broad and firmly before beginning to build the superstructure of mental endowments.

All precocious babies do not die young, although

there is enough truth in the saying, "Too bright to live," to dash with dread the mother's pride in her clever bantling. That fragile body needs especial care which is the prison of the ardent mind, and not the comfortable home in which it dwells without chafing at narrow quarters. Yet premature bloom is not invariably synonymous with incipient decay. As many infant phenomena live to a good old age in respectable commonplaceness as fill early graves. John Stuart Mill, it is said, read Greek at three years of age, his British-oak constitution withstanding the wear and tear of the abnormal intellectual development. One of the most uninteresting men I know, who never by accident or design utters aught except the stalest platitudes, revelled in Milton, Cowper, and Spenser at eight, and at ten arose by stealth on winter nights to read Horace in the original by the blaze of pitch-pine knots he had secreted under his bed, and thrust, one at a time, into the fireplace to prolong the illumination, he, meanwhile, kneeling on the hearth so near the flame as to scorch his hair.

Each of the instances cited might be multiplied indefinitely by the reader's memory. She need not tax it to invoke the vision of the long rows of short graves stretching away in mournful perspective,

wherein lie the faded "flowers" of countless families.

"Our best and brightest!" The phrase is not trite read through the tears of her who sets it below the ownerless name of the child for whom her hopes were highest, through whom came her sharpest grief.

If by resolute self-denial of maternal vanity, right judgment of values and results, and submissive co-operation with natural laws, she can keep "best" the casket that holds the "brightest" jewel, our Precocious Baby's mother will conserve her own peace of mind and protect her darling against himself.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE BABY.

"I WOULD give half my fortune to have such a portrait of my boy," said a man in my hearing the other day.

He stood before a picture hung in the sitting-room of a friend—the likeness of a child five or six years old. The painting was excellent, but its value as a work of art was small compared with that given by the circumstance that the face smiling from the canvas was a faithful presentment of one which would never again look back love into the mother's eyes while time endures.

"It was taken from a photograph," she said, softly. "He went with me to the photographer's a few days before he fell ill." She brought out from a drawer a neat volume, lettered on the side with her boy's initials and the date of his birth. He was five years old when he died, and there were ten pictures. The first was taken in the fourth month of his short life. Beneath each was recorded the day and the hour at which the likeness was

caught and fixed by the sun, with, once in a while, another note. Under one was, "*The day after he first put on short clothes;*" under a second, "*Our little man's first trousers.*" A third depicted him in sailor-jacket and breeches, the round, white throat rising from a widely-opened collar embroidered with an anchor and "H. M. S." A band crossing the chest diagonally was lettered "PINAFORE." "*Our Midshipmite, May* 13, 18—," ran the inscription.

"He wore the costume at a birthday party," said the mother. "How happy he was, and how proud we were of him! This book was a family secret while he was with us. We enjoyed making additions to it, as a botanist delights to sketch the gradual unfolding of a rare plant. Every child is a unique to the parents, you know. We said to each other that, in years to come, he, as a man—perhaps his wife and children—would prize this picture-history of his life. *Now*—we seldom show it; but *you* can understand."

The answer was slow in coming and reluctantly uttered:

"We have no picture of our son. Very young children alter so rapidly that we thought it hardly worth while to have him photographed as a baby.

Afterward it was postponed from time to time—I hardly know why. Such things get the go-by in a family where all are busy. 'Any time' is too apt in these cases to mean 'Never!'"

The gentle matron whose book was the prettiest of "family secrets" had no thought of commending it as an example for the imitation of others. Without her knowledge I take the liberty of making it known as worthy to be admired and copied.

The photograph of Baby's nascent features, the bald and, but for the rest at the back, bobbing head, the blank trail of exaggerated skirts, are interesting to few except the doting mother. To the casual visitor the exhibition of the treasure is a bore, and, when the strong necessity is bound upon him of complimenting it, a horror. Keep family-portraits of all kinds out of the drawing-room. They belong to the Innermost of your life, to the sweet, and to indifferent ears, the silent side of parent-nature.

To one who does not comprehend the difficulties of making Baby ready for the momentous business of "sitting for his picture"—the choice of a day when the weather is entirely propitious, the nice adjustment of mamma's convenience to the photographer's engagements, and numberless minor

stumbling-blocks that justify the delay of what can be attended to next week as well as to-day—it seems passing strange that a duty so simple and important should be so often and (as is sometimes proved by the sequel) so cruelly neglected.

Apart from the obvious sentimental reason with which we have been dealing, why parents cannot afford to let the days and months slip by without having their little one photographed, there is a more occult and scientific value in a pictured record of progressive child-life. The sun is an unflattering reporter. The advance in intelligence and in the healthful development which is beauty of the best kind to the eye of science, or the gradual retrogression in either or both, may escape the eye of persons who are in constant association with the subject of the subtle change. Comparison of the sun-portrait of to-day with one taken a year or eighteen months ago will reveal the change to the intelligent observer. In some instances the stealthy advance of disease has been announced to those most interested in the victim's welfare by the shock of discerning a new expression in the eye ; in noting the altered contour of the face and lines of pain or languor which have been transferred to the sensitive plate. As faithfully it betrays the slight

obliquity of vision, the habitual scowl, the truth that one shoulder is higher than the other, or that an inclination to stoop is narrowing the chest.

In the list of practical suggestions as to the method of preparing Baby for what is, but need not be, an ordeal to parent and child, we set down first:

Do not dress him elaborately. Embroidery goes for nothing in the finished picture; a broad sash is a blemish; the finest lace on sleeves, waist, and skirt becomes only a ragged edge, neither elegant nor picturesque. Children, being in a state of immature civilization, detest best clothes. By the time your cherub is inducted into his costliest robe and corresponding appurtenances he is uncomfortable and sour of humor. Slip on a plain frock, such as he wears every day, and do not be critical as to orderly draperies when you have surrendered him to the artist.

A New York artist who is justly celebrated for his skill in producing natural and exquisite photographs of babies, lets them roll on the floor, sit, or lie at ease in carriage or cradle, and objects, unless a picture of the head and bust only is desired, to strapping the poor little beings in the high seat which is to their seniors a mildly-reminiscent edition of dental "operations."

Second—*Allow yourself plenty of time on the day set aside for the expedition.* When it is possible, make an engagement for an hour when the morning nap is over and Baby has had a satisfactory meal. A hungry, tired, or sleepy infant is an impracticable subject, let the operator be never so skilful, and endowed with abundance of the tact which is almost as essential to success as knowledge of his art. Take an earlier train or street-car, or order your carriage sooner than is necessary to land you and your charge at the gallery in season to claim your "turn." Give yourself leisure for divesting Baby of out-door wraps, and him the opportunity to make himself at home in his strange quarters. If he is a bright child his nervous balance is easily shaken. The sprightliness which is the spring of his fascinations renders him susceptible to extraneous influences. With the perverse determination not to appear at his best on occasion and to order, which is bound up in the heart of even the model baby, he resents the liberty taken with his precious person, refuses to pose angelically, and conceives at sight a deadly animosity to the artist and his assistants. Cheat him into the belief that he is master of the situation and premises; that the sky-lighted attic is an extension of his nursery

bounds, the human tenants his obedient servants. When he is quite at ease and his unconscious self again, get him in front of the camera without a word of formal preparation. All this requires thought and patience, but it is worth what it costs.

Third—*Have Baby's first likeness taken by the time he can hold up his head and open his eyes purposefully.*

"As soon as he begins to smile," says our artist succinctly.

The pictured nose will be a button, the mouth imbecile, the eyes will be blank wells overhung by puffy lids; but the photograph must look like our Baby, and therefore exceed in value a portrait by Titian or Vandyke.

Have another taken six months later, and at the close of the year a third. After Baby acquires such individuality—having, so to speak, gone into features on his own account—that acquaintances recognize him in your house and keeping, while papa would know him in the street without the corroborative evidence of the nurse's companionship and the sight of the carriage bought by himself, an annual visit to the photographer is sufficient. This should be paid regularly for ten years at least.

THE BABY THAT MUST GO TO THE COUNTRY.

A DISTINGUISHED physician, who speaks with well-earned authority on the subject of children's diseases, stoutly combats the popular theory that the second summer of an infant's existence is fraught with peculiar perils. "It *is* a critical period in child-life," he acknowledges. "But so is the first summer, and every other!"

His position is supported by a body of statistics that staggers the sceptic and reduces to superstitious mutterings the baleful warning that smites the young mother's ear like a knell at the height of her exultation in the exceptional health of her first-born:

"Ah! wait until he has weathered his second summer before you count too much on rearing him."

From my much lower plane of observation I have for years collected data which go to prove that June

heats are more trying to babies than those of the hotter second and third months of what is recognized as "settled hot weather." In some of the Middle States cities and in a larger number of Southern towns the average mortality among infants in June is greater than in any other month of the year, September standing next in this bad eminence. June suns have not the clear, honest blaze of July or the steady fervor of August dog-days, but a slow sullenness all their own, except as September casts back the bodeful glow.

The summer has leaped upon us like a ravening tiger. The "long, rainy season in May," in opening the pores of the earth and flushing the mains of trunk and bough with sap, has enervated the human frame. The earliest of the "warm-water days," when the atmosphere is murky and clings to flesh and lungs like wet wool, have robbed muscles of strength and left no soundness of nerve in us. Digestion adjusts itself languidly to food common sense bids us take, the while appetite cries out against the consumption as an outrage.

Under these conditions the city baby changes visibly, and, to the apprehension of the inexperienced mother, mysteriously. The flaccidity of muscles, which let the pretty head droop and sway like

a withering flower-bell, is the outward indication of the relaxation of inward organs. His lungs labor in receiving the still, hot air. To assuage unwonted thirst he takes liquid nourishment eagerly, and the demoralized stomach rejects it unassimilated. His complexion is chalky, eyes dull and heavy, or unnaturally clear and large. These phenomena and others more alarming are attributed by mother and nurse to the ubiquitous teeth. There is never a day, from the moment the nursling begins to thrust his fist into his watering mouth—betokening, the wise matrons tells the maternal novice, that "the teeth are taking root in the bottom of the gums"—to that on which the last deciduous incisor has resigned in favor of a "permanency," when Baby's masticating apparatus is not credited with some disorder, physical or moral, of the much-enduring possessor. If to this bugbear be superadded impending dreads of "the terrible second summer," the mother's soul is racked with nameless fears and positive forebodings. She vitiates the quality of her child's natural aliment by fretting and insomnia, or, if he be a "bottle-baby," changes the milk once and again, and tries various much-advertised substitutes, in hope of hitting upon something that can be taken care of by the gastric juices.

Occasionally her experiments in the latter direction appear to be crowned with a measure of success. Regularity is restored to bodily functions, color and animation return to the countenance, and this or that celebrated Artificiality, warranted to be an immense improvement upon mother's milk, gets the credit of the cure; whereas it is the greatest-hearted, sweetest-tempered of Mothers who has come to the relief of the enfeebled infant.

Oftener Baby "runs down" perceptibly from day to day. Indigestion is succeeded by emaciation in a frightfully brief period; the bluish-white tinge that menaces fatal collapse settles about nose and mouth. The sensible physician, too frequently summoned only when domestic practice is demonstrated to be disastrous failure, speaks out strongly. Instant change of air and place is demanded. This is not a case for medicine or tentative treatment.

"But it is impossible for us to leave town before next week," said one mother when this verdict was rendered. "Furniture must be covered, servants dismissed, and"—laughing nervously—"I *must* have a travelling-dress. We never leave the city before the 1st of July."

"This child must leave town without an hour's

delay," reiterated the dictator. "To-morrow may be too late."

In three hours the infant, in an apparently dying condition, was laid on a pillow in the mother's lap as she sat in an easy-rolling phaeton; the father took the reins, and they drove out of the city by the nearest route, slowly and with careful avoidance of noisy streets and rough pavements. For the little one's short battle for life seemed over. The eyes were half-open, but the iris was invisible under the drooping lid; the extremities were cold, the features set in waxen rigidity. There was no longer room for paltering with the awful issue. Stopping half a dozen times in as many miles to pour a few drops of nourishment between the poor, pale lips, now and then leaning anear to them in agonized suspense to learn if the last sigh had indeed fluttered through, the parents reached a hill farmstead and established their charge in an airy upper chamber. In twelve hours a change for the better was evident; in three days the danger was passed.

This true story has a replication, with variations, in the experience of almost every mother to whom many children have been born. By and by she remembers the catholicon for herself

and does not await the more alarming stage of the decline.

Suffer a word or two in passing as to the position of the family practitioner when the one to whom he is required to minister is the precious youngling of the flock. An immensity of cheap twaddle is vented upon the medical profession, usually in the line of witless or cruel sobriquets, all bearing toward the truth which no one admits more frankly than medical men—to wit, that drugs, in and of themselves, cure nothing and nobody—and illustrating the falsehood that doctors physic people for the love of dosing, and because they do not know what else to do when they are sent for.

Instead of asking *your* intelligent and sympathizing doctor "what Baby ought to take," plead with him not to be wrought upon by your fears and his compassion into giving what may be termed a "maternal placebo"—*i.e.*, a preparation, ineffective for good or evil, to quiet your nerves with the impression that he is a man of prompt measures, while he is really trying to soothe you into the right frame of mind to receive his true prescription. Plead with him, instead, to advise you how to get the darling well without alterative poisons. Ninety physicians out of every hundred regular practi-

tioners will repay such confidence with frankness, and tell you how infinitely better is skilful nursing than the expensive wares sold by apothecaries, who grow rich upon the sick man's unreason and Galen's acquiescence in the same.

Yet it is proverbial that neither the restored patient nor his friends are content to pay the bill of the doctor who has been so simple or so intrepid as to declare that the case stands in no need of medicine, only of wise care, diet, rest, or perhaps, and most likely, of change of air.

Some babies must go out of town, or out of life. Without pushing the decision to the alternative, let the mother be heedful of the indications that early or late summer heats are undermining the magazine of vital strength in her infant's system. Where there are very young children in a family it is well so to order the affairs of the domestic camp that sudden marching orders can be obeyed without serious inconvenience. When the hegira of mamma and Baby cannot be accomplished without discomfort to others, count the cost (quickly) and take the risks courageously. Better annoyance to children of a larger growth, to society, friends, husband — even to the impedimenta, incubus, idol, fetich of the American housekeeper, known com-

prehensively as THE HOUSE—than peril to the existence of your choicest treasure and a store of unavailing remorse for yourself. Faith in the one panacea for fleshly ills is yearly becoming more nearly universal. For your baby it is a very miracle of healing. He has a prescriptive birthright in the benefits to be drawn from ocean-breezes or milder airs that have gathered balm from resinous forests, oxygen ("which is the life") from miles of green fields, freshness from mountain-brow and leaping stream.

Leave embroideries and laces behind you as you escape to the mountain or seaside. Have plenty of loose slips and light flannels, wide shoes and stout stockings. Throw solicitude for Baby's complexion to the winds which are to renerve his whole body; wink at grass-stains and soiled fingers. So long as the direct rays of noontide do not beat upon his head, and he is not exposed to damp draughts, do not fear to grant him an abundance of what you have brought him to the country to get —pure, sun-warmed, living, Heaven-given and Heaven-blessed AIR.

THE BABY THAT MUST STAY IN TOWN.

HOWEVER merry in seeming may be the mention of one's self as belonging to the "Can't-get-away Club," there is always a pathetic suggestion in it, even if the "member" be grown man or woman. When the unwritten register of the Club includes, it may be, six score, or six thousand, or, as in threatened Nineveh, six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, heartache and grave forebodings come with the knowledge that these things are and must needs be.

It may be that, as Dr. Holmes sets forth in "Elsie Venner," certain conditions of city life and breeding produce one of the finest types of healthy girlhood. But the rule holds firm that, as surely as plants which have thriven in the hot-house all winter sicken unless removed into the open air when summer is abroad upon the earth, young and

growing human beings are the healthier—"make better wood"—for a corresponding change of influences during the warm months.

My premise is not discouragement, but an incentive to make the best of the "must-be." A cruel necessity the tender mother considers it, but one which is altogether beyond her control, let the cause be illness, or straightened finances, or peculiar business entanglements on the part of the elders of the household, or any other of a dozen *contretemps* that make her, and consequently Baby, fixtures, while everybody else has fled as from a plague-infected region. This "everybody else," by the way, becomes a less comprehensive term than appears at first sight, when one meets at early morning and sunsetting the hosts of tenanted perambulators and toddling weanlings that beautify and enliven our city parks.

The rule of faith and practice in the town nursery which is not shut up and deserted during "solstitial summer's heat," is simple: Since Baby cannot go to the country, all of the country that is transportable must be brought to Baby.

To begin with the spaciousness which would be to him a greater charm than to you who are accustomed to gird yourself and walk whither you will—

the liberty of range and romp: Throw open to him the whole interior of the home of which he has, perhaps, up to date, known little beyond his nursery and your bed-room. Your fashionable and fortunate friends have shrouded furniture, pictures, and chandeliers in holland and tarlatan; taken down and packed away portières; rugs are rolled into corners, and beaten carpets are sewed up in sacking or covered with crash. If yours are show drawing-rooms, imitate the example thus far of these notable housekeepers. Clear decks and reef sails—that is, put by hot woollen floor-coverings that gather dust and foster the larvæ of moth and carpet-beetle. If you cannot afford to lay down cleanly and fragrant matting, leave the boards bare and keep them well swept and dusted. Curtains exclude the breeze and their folds protect insect-pests. Do away with them wherever they can be spared. If fly-doors and mosquito-bars are needed, let them be removed in the twice-renewed freshness of the day—the breathing-spell that lasts from dawn to breakfast-time, and from eight o'clock until eleven P.M. In these blessed seasons of refreshing invite all the air to enter and wander through your house that can be beguiled into wide windows. Take this time in the morning for airing beds and clothing, and

beating out flies. Nettings and blinds will, when restored to their places, imprison all that is worth having in the average "dog-day."

In the territory made void by pushing back larger articles of furniture and storing bric-à-brac in pantry and drawer, let Baby have leave to gambol while it is too hot for him to venture out-of-doors. Dress him lightly in a linen or print slip which cannot be injured by rolling and creeping on the floor. If he cannot walk, spread a comfortable on the boards or matting and surround him with his toys. The roominess, the cool shade of bowed shutters, the sense of change and lawlessness, will be a faint foretaste of future joys on orchard-turf beneath bending branches "fruited deep." I know of no better use to which two fair-sized parlors can be put, at a season when "nobody makes calls," than to be converted into a temporary nursery, at least during the day-time.

Should a big sister protest, or mamma not see her way clear to this violation of the proprieties, appropriate two upper chambers to our Baby, always choosing those in which he is not accustomed to stay. He wants change for the eye as much as diversion of mind. It would be well to give him a new sleeping-room also. Why salutary

effects should follow such shifting of quarters, when all sides of a dwelling seem to be equally pleasant and healthful, is but one of hundreds of recondite agencies connected with sanitary science that are acknowledged without being understood. Redouble, quadruple your care as to the quality of Baby's food, your watchfulness of the results of his diet, when you cannot give him country air and milk fresh from one cow. Get a lactometer and use it daily. No amount of pains and time is better bestowed than that spent in a successful attempt to secure a supply of pure, unwatered milk for a nursling. Watch continually for indications that his food distresses him or is not nourishing life and growth as it should, and be ready with corrective or wholesome variety. Guard against overfeeding while his system is relaxed by heat, and letting him eat at all when he is in a profuse perspiration and tired out after exercise. Take him on your lap, loosen and shake his clothes, sponge his face, neck, and hands with cool—not cold—water, wipe them lightly with soft linen, and fan him gently, talking cheerfully to distract his attention from present discomfort, until the temperature of the body is natural. The stomach sympathizes with nervous excitement and exhaustion.

As soon as milk is brought into the house put it into a glass or glazed earthenware vessel, set it on the ice, *and keep it there*, taking cup or bottle to the refrigerator to be filled, instead of bringing the milk into a warm room. Should it relax the bowels too much, boil it, strain it through coarse muslin to get rid of the skin formed by cooking, and when cool put it on the ice. "Made foods," such as porridge, gruel, and the like, should be kept in the refrigerator until needed.

Put Baby to sleep in another room than that he occupies by day, and let the dormitory be dark and freshly aired when he is laid to rest. One gas-light, kept burning while you undress and bathe him, will exhaust the oxygen of a small chamber for the night. Regard him as—we will say for the sake of illustration—a clover-blossom, and grant him absolute quiet, coolness, and grateful gloom. Set his crib out of the draught, or interpose a screen between him and the open window, no matter how hot the night. Almost as many colds are contracted in summer as in winter, and nine-tenths of them from standing, sitting, or worse than either, sleeping in the current flowing from one open door or window to another. It is always and everywhere dangerous. While it is hardly

safe for Baby to sleep without a gauze flannel shirt, it should not be the one he has worn all day. The night-clothes must be dry, clean, and sweet, and as light as is consistent with safety. The small body loses weight and also strength in the drain of heavy nocturnal perspiration. Like other machines of exquisitely-delicate manufacture, the balance of this is liable to be disturbed by extremes of heat and cold, and in the nice process of regulation you must be nature's dutiful assistant.

However comfortable and contented you make your charge at home, consider all your successes but substitutional to the outdoor-life which the human plant should enjoy at this season. Now, if ever, Baby's "outings" ought to be the most imperative of domestic regulations. Let the nurse's breakfast precede yours, if she cannot else get him abroad before the sun has drunk up the scanty dewfall vouchsafed to urban garden and parklet. If she cannot be spared at that hour, take her indoor tasks upon yourself rather than rob your child of what he can get in no other way.

If—as is the case with a majority of the Club—you keep but one (nominal) serving-woman, and she cannot be prevailed upon to "lave her work all standin' in the flure to tend a babby in the

mornin'," postpone the share of household toil that falls on your shoulders to a less convenient season, take an early breakfast, and, arrayed in lawn, percale, or modest gingham, brave public opinion by "tending" your darling in person. If he can totter along holding to your finger, the business is not formidable. There are usually parks or boulevards accessible in a short time by street-cars; perhaps one where the grass is not "forbidden" for six days in the week, where, seated at your ease on a bench, you may draw in renewal of strength, patience, and hope for yourself while watching the uncertain progress of the tiny feet over the sward, the delight in motion, fresh air, and freedom he shares with city sparrows and pigeons.

To wheel a perambulator is a genuine, I had almost said a crucial, test of your moral courage and innate ladyhood. If not superior to the prick of false pride, stimulate maternal devotion into heroism that shall tread it under foot.

There is a pretty little song, now out of fashion, beginning:

"Mrs. Lofty keeps her carriage;
So do I!"

that sets forth the difference between you, trundling your jewel-casket along the sidewalk, and your

purse-proud neighbor, bespattering you with mud from newly watered streets as her chariot whirls by.

Mrs. Postlethwaite, who stays in town this summer in order that dear Oscar may get his affairs in train to go abroad with her in October, takes her pug for an airing at the same hour you choose for your Prince's constitutional. A beauty of a pug, of leonine hide, hyacinthine tail, nose like a sooty pot for blackness, and a vicious scowl between two red eyes. He does not deign to salute Baby, who crows out as the "beauty" trots by. Nor does his mistress see Baby's mother, who, if she be philosophical, will smile, not sigh, at the slight. Why not, when she knows that the extremest tip of Baby's pink finger is worth more than all the pugs imported into America since the foreign folly became one of our easily excited "rages?"

Have a stated hour for Baby's return from the morning and afternoon expeditions. He must not be overheated in the one, nor chilled by the other. Mid-day nap and nightly slumbers will be more profound and healthful for both.

A SABBATH-TWILIGHT TALK WITH "MAMMA."

FROM a letter that lies before me I make an abstract:

"I take it for granted that you agree with me in believing it well to give young children no religious instruction, in the received acceptation of the expression. I teach mine to speak the truth, to be kind, just, and loving to all, and then leave everything pertaining to creed, doctrine, and the future life to be decided by themselves as they attain to riper judgment. I will not hamper volition by dogmas or bind the wings of thought by forms."

Analogy is not argument, nor illustration proof, but will my stranger correspondent forgive me for introducing both in the first paragraph of a reply to an epistle that bears in every line token of womanly feeling and unusual depth of thought?

Many years ago, chancing to pass a summer on a farm where a well was in digging, I filled a box with earth just brought up from a depth of twenty

feet, covered it with glass and set it in the sun. The experiment was suggested by a story I had read of the resurrection of seed "buried long in dust," which had underlain the turf by forty feet of clayey, silicious, and Lyell only knows what other kinds of strata. In the course of a week green sprouts pierced the yellow earth under the glass, leaves unfolded to hide its bareness. The improvised Wardian case was not lifted during their development. The moisture arising from the damp mould condensed on the lower side of the pane by day and was precipitated by night.

Yet this soil, which should have been virgin or fraught with the floral wealth of two thousand years ago, brought forth weeds; not fantastic strangers, but the vulgar pests that curse our fields to-day—lamb's quarter, mullein, sorrel, *rag-weed!* Doubts of the spontaneity of evil have seldom visited me since the disgust of that discovery.

Unhappily for the successful operation of the theory advanced by my correspondent, a child's mind is never a fallow blank for one waking minute after consciousness of thought begins. Yet more, unhappily, tares grow apace. Even when good seed are cast into good ground the pestilent vulgarians must be pulled up again and again, until the

full corn in the ear cannot be harmed by their encroachment.

The inference is not to be evaded. Just so surely as two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time, the bad will not be kept out of heart and mind except by the expulsive power of the good. The child does not "speak the truth," is not "kind, just, and loving to all" from an abstract principle of right. He obeys Mamma through love or fear. Until he begins to reason for himself, this motive-power may guide his outward behavior aright. Before he ceases to be an infant a stouter stanchion is needed in the rising fabric of character and habit. If parental influence is to supply this, the parent must be perfect in his child's eyes. The first recognition of fallibility weakens the prop.

The mother's task would be measurably lightened could she keep her charge under a moral Wardian case, which none but herself should raise by so much as a quarter inch. Lightened for the time only. My subterranean weeds withered and perished, I recollect, the very day I withdrew the cover and let in the external air. Cellared plants are luxuriant, succulent—and sickly—when brought out of the vault. The child who is not allowed to associate with others of his own age and kind, if he

escape the alternative of selfish priggishness, is a sensitive plant in a hail-storm in the subsequent introduction to the society of school-room and play-ground. Sooner or later he must learn "to rough it," to take life as he finds it, not as his mother has painted it. The training which does not beget innate strength is of as little value as mental or physical cramming which does not involve assimilation.

Every mother has thrust upon her at some point of her experience the appalling truth that babies learn to do evil more readily than to do well. The unseemly grimace, the unneat habit, the slang or profane word—are caught up with alacrity, sometimes with gusto that stagger those of us who will not believe in total depravity if we can help it. I essay no other explanation of the dark facts. My appeal for the support of the assertion that wrong comes more naturally than right to fallen human nature is to those who have most occasion to know and to lament it.

As a precious drop of cheer, we may add that there is in every baby an element of devoutness which can no more be ignored than the truth just set down in sadness. No commentator has ever fully interpreted the beautiful mystery wrapped up in the Master's declaration:

"*For I say unto you, Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.*"

The mother, talking with her little one of the Better Land, of the Father's care, and the love of Him who, as the baby-voice sings :

"died,
Heaven's gates to open wide,"

perceives, and is moved to awe in beholding, that what is faith in her is with him sight. She sees through a glass darkly; his eyes are as clear and fearless as a young seraph's. The guiding Eye, the sustaining Hand, the Happy Home, the shining ones who are sent to guard him while sleeping— are as real and comforting as the present facts of his earthly home and the love that surrounds him there.

Hearing the sound of voices in my nursery one evening, I went up softly to the door. The then baby was entreating the nurse, who had come in to seek a missing article, to open the window, put out the light, and "hurry down stairs so's the dear white angels can come in and stand by Baby's crib while she is asleep."

Waiting without and unseen until her request was granted, I saw the small lady nestle among her

pillows with a satisfied coo, her face to the window through which the stars looked at her, and fall asleep in such bliss of content that I comprehended, as never before, other words of the Divine Man:

"*Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in nowise enter therein.*"

The child who is taught elementary morality and nothing of the source of "whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—" may be a pleasant little pagan. But he is defrauded of the knowledge of his rights in the Father's love, his heirship to the kingdom. If his earthly father were in a far country toward which the baby and mother were journeying, how frequent and fond would be their talk of him and their new home, how anxious the desire of the mother that the boy should conform in all things to what his father's son should be, so that the final meeting might be in fulness of joy and not in disappointment!

This is not "dogma," but solemn analogy, that holds good in every section.

If parental vigilance cannot keep a child from knowledge of evil in his tenderest years, it is more

impotent to defend him from actual sin as he advances in life. The "must-be" of "offences" is inexorable. The mother who, with line upon line and precept upon precept, weaves into the very fibre of her babe's conscience belief of the Omniscient Friend who is wounded by his wrong-doing, provides him with armor of proof for the day of battle.

"How can I do this great wickedness and *sin against God!*" cried the Jewish boy, a captive in a heathen land, unguarded save by the piety learned at his father's knee.

This consciousness and this fear are the true and only ægis for tempted humanity, always and everywhere. From age to age, the ring of the shield when struck is the same.

A merry, romping four-year-old, who had not one trait or trick of the "goody" phenomenon, was pressed at a neighbor's tea-table to take a second slice of cake.

"Mamma told me when I came from home not to eat more than one piece," she answered, withdrawing her wistful gaze from the cake-basket.

The host laid a slice on her plate.

"It wont hurt you, dear, and we will not tell Mamma."

The great, grave eyes were full of surprise as she looked straight at him.

"GOD would know!" she said simply.

She was not confused in her ideas of sin *per se* and expediency. To disobey her mother was sin against GOD. The life to which this line and plummet are continually applied must run in harmonious parallels with the Divine Will.

The hymns, the texts, the prayers said at the mother's dictation, the sweet, inimitable old Bible stories told in Sabbath twilights, abide forever with us. It was not they that made irksome the Puritan Sabbath at which it is the fashion to rail. The "children's hour" of the rest-day should be for mother and little ones the most blessed of the week. It is, by eminence, her Opportunity.

A mother says:

"When my children were babies the care of them devolved upon me on Sunday evening while the nurse was at church. From inclination, rather than a sense of duty, I filled the hour preceding their bedtime with Bible stories, encouraged them to ask questions suggested by the recitations, and sang hymns to and with them. The thought that the exercise made the Sabbath a delight to them did not occur to me until my first-born, then just four

years old, threw his arms about my neck as I kissed him in his crib one night, with:

"'O, Mamma! how I wish all my Mondays were Sundays!'"

So few of our many, many Mondays, dear sister and reader, bear any likeness to the faintest afterglow of the Best Day of the Seven that we cannot afford to let slip the chances of setting the "Sunday evenings with Mamma" high on the mount of childish privilege. In this, the closing and most familiar of our "Talks," I have not been able to withhold a few words on this most vital subject. Words, not from author or editor, but from the woman's heart to the hearts and consciences of other mothers. The brooding love that guards cradle and crib is stayed on the threshold of the father's house. To the boys and girls grown into men and women, Childhood's Home is a light-house on the shore of the ocean over which each must sail his craft for himself.

Now—I write it reverently—"is our accepted time." We work for time, and we do well. Wisest is she who appreciates that every moulding touch, each repression of evil disposition, each strengthening of good is done for the Hereafter of which this existence is but the narrow porch.

NURSERY COOKERY.

"HOW DO YOU FEED HIM?"

ONE hundred years ago the question as to the source whence the baby drew his daily food was one rarely propounded by our foremothers. Objections to the almost universal practice of nursing one's offspring on the score of inconvenience, injury to a slender figure, confinement to the house by day, or loss of sleep at night, were retailed as traditionary scandals. Physical inability to fulfil this parental obligation was deplored as a misfortune by the mother and mentioned by her gossips in the category of diseases.

Custom, inherited weaknesses — which are too often the results of excessive labor or imprudence on the part of these very foremothers—and perhaps climatic influences, have changed this in great measure. The query, "How do you feed him?" is conventional. The answer no longer involves the child's chances of strength and life.

The fashionable nurse maintains a position of diplomatic neutrality on the subject, susceptible alike to the interesting patient's regrets that with her constitution it will be impossible for her to do justice to the dear lamb, and the conviction that it may be better for both that she should not attempt the *rôle* of wet-nurse; and, on the other hand, to the father's private proffer of a handsome bribe to be dropped into Mrs. Gamp's apron when "a full head of milk" shall be assured. Paterfamilias is a practical man with no nonsense about him, according to his own showing. His mother nursed twelve, and lived to be eighty years old. She was a woman, and so is Materfamilias. A smattering of physiological lore and a modicum of observation tell him that perseverance in a certain regimen will effect marvels in this respect; also that the day is usually won or lost by the end of baby's first moon of acknowledged existence.

Before entering upon the vital subject of nursery cookery, let us lay down the distinct declaration that, except in cases of positive disease in the mother, her child can have no nourishment comparable to that supplied by her own bosom. Assimilation of this by gastric organs, blood, brain, and nerves, is a perfectly natural process.

"Man (as we are opening our eyes to see) must eat meat to enrich his blood. He should likewise temper blood-heats with fruits and other esculents; strengthen brain-tissue and muscle with the phosphates of fish and crude cereals. A cunning distillation of all these elements is in the human mother's milk. He who created woman and knows what is in her, ordained this for the nourishment and upbuilding of the human infant."*

This axiomatic deliverance will not be questioned save by a violently prejudiced person, or an ignoramus. Equally patent is the truth that no substitute, however skilfully compounded, can be depended upon when the child who throve upon it in health falls ill. The mute eloquence of statistics of the comparative mortality of nurslings and "bottle-babies" is unanswerable, and ought to gainsay all arguments of expediency, indolence, and vanity. The mother who has never fed her child from the wholesome fount that springs hard by her heart is to be pitied, not congratulated.

Next to the nutriment supplied by the human being of the mother-sex, we rate that offered by the graminivorous cow. Better, in most cases, than all the compositions manufactured and advertised

* Eve's Daughters, p. 22.

wholesale by emulous benefactors of our race, is a simple preparation within the reach of the poorest cottager—two-thirds milk, one-third boiling water, slightly sweetened, and administered, a little more than blood-warm, to the infant. Chemically and practically, this most nearly approximates mother's milk in constituent properties and effect—given three conditions:

First. The milk must be pure, sweet, not more than twelve hours old, and unskimmed.

Second. The water must be boiling hot, and mixed in just proportion with the milk.

Third. One even teaspoonful of white sugar to a generous half-pint of the liquid makes it quite sweet enough.

With regard to the last-named stipulation, mothers and nurses seem to hold the same opinion as did Mistress Elizabeth Welch when the Father of his Country pleaded for less molasses in the second cup of coffee she poured out for him. "If it was all molasses it would be none too good for your excellency!"

That over-sweetened "cambric-tea" is thin syrup, that syrup ferments into acid at a certain temperature, that the coat of baby's stomach is almost as delicate as the membrane lining the eye-

lid—are truisms no tolerably intelligent person should need to have reiterated. That the taste for sweets common to children is more a matter of education than nature is probably as little considered as the fact that the appetite thus formed and fostered is rapidly vitiated into fierce craving. The three-year old lusts for the saccharine matter that titillates his palate into thirst as did the Hebrew desert-wanderer for flesh. Mamma's taste would revolt at the sugary mess she pours down the throat of the little one, who at an astonishingly early age learns to refuse it with wrathful yells if not up to the regulation-standard of cloyment.

The temperature of Baby's food is a point much neglected even by those who pay fancy prices for one cow's milk, and buy and use lactometers. Indeed, there is a growing tendency toward the belief that milk when raw and cold is as digestible as when partially cooked, and when pure more nutritious than if diluted with water. I have known monthly nurses who expatiated to attentive young mothers upon the convenience of using it in the crude state, representing that "the babies like it just as well when they get used to it." A cupful of any cold liquid taken into the empty stomach checks digestion for the time being. Not until the

fluid warms to the heat of the receptacle into which it has been tossed does the work of assimilation commence. Hence physiologists deprecate the practice of taking copious draughts of cold water before eating, and cry out, however vainly, that the national beverage, iced water, as an accompaniment to meals is ruining the American stomach-coats. If the walls of Baby's "musculo-membranous reservoir" were transparent, the fond mother who has been assured that milk taken directly from the refrigerator is quite as wholesome as warm would not repeat the experiment. The adviser who suggested persistency in the diet until the child is used to it, will also reassure her placidly that "all babies have colic and none ever die with it."

A nursery spirit-lamp, with tea-kettle, porcelain and tin saucepans, costs little, and ought always to be within reach of the nurse's hand at night. Five minutes will suffice to bring the contents to the proper heat. Double that time would be profitably expended in inducing the warmth and general comfortableness that send Baby back to dream-land before the bottle is emptied.

Boil fresh milk if it should disagree with Baby's stomach. This is a wise precaution in warm weather when you have no facilities for keeping it on ice.

Do not assume that Baby must be hungry when he has eaten to repletion within half an hour. Nor is it a sign that he is ravenous for food if he seizes eagerly upon breast or bottle and intermits his screams. His six-year-old sister would suck sugar-candy to comfort her for the torture of stomach-ache or a crushed finger.

Do not let Baby's bottle be his bed-fellow all night, that, Mrs. Gamp-like, he "may put his lips to it when he feels dispoged." Even in cold weather the milk will ferment before morning. Sour milk is the most unnatural of artificial foods.

Pearline, dissolved in hot water, cleanses the inside of nursing-bottles well, if shaken up and down vigorously. Bicarbonate of soda is also useful in removing sour deposits from bottom and sides. After such rinsings the bottle must be washed *thoroughly* with pure hot water, then with cold.

Never lose sight of the truth that milk is the only *natural* food of all young mammals.

Withhold all artificial foods from the baby until he is six months old, or until the "drooling," or watering of the mouth, shows that he begins to secrete saliva. Up to this time the milk-diet is the only safe one.

ARTIFICIAL FOODS.

THE ingredients should be few and simple of any form of artificial food prepared for a child under twelve months of age. The natural and the common-sense impulse is to give to nourishment prepared under the mother's eye, as it is needed, the preference over the patented parcels of doubtful antiquity and unknown components bought from druggists or others.

A friend, whose six-months-old child stood in need of hand-feeding, once brought me what she denominated, in her maternal indignation, "a murderous mess" she had cooked with her own hands in a porcelain-lined kettle. It looked like biscuit-paste, was gray, streaked with yellow, and smelled like rancid butter, or, to speak more plainly, soap-grease. When, in the interests of the rising generation, I forced myself to taste it, I was certain of the presence of saleratus or some cognate alkali,

and of sugar and salt, but rancidity held the balance of power. A neighbor had reared three babies upon this preparation and recommended it highly. My hostess had bought the certified package from a respectable druggist, had taken it directly to the kitchen, and opened and cooked it according to printed directions within an hour after the purchase was made.

Like accidents have befallen canned "Infants' Food" of divers brands and tempting titles. I have in mind one warranted to be superior to mother's milk, of which a hungry baby ate six times a day before my compassionate eyes. It was brownish, viscous, heterogeneous, and horrible. The complacent mother knew nothing of its composition except that it was lauded by an acquaintance, and "*so* convenient, requiring only to be mixed with water to be ready for use." Baby liked it, for it was inordinately sweet, containing brown sugar or treacle.

The most flagrant trifling with infantile digestion that ever came directly under my observation was in a farm-house in a rich grazing country. In a first-floor chamber, where the breath of kine and the fragrance of the warm milk they gave night and morning in foaming pailfuls arose to the open win-

dows, lay a puny baby fighting for his life with marasmus. The tearful mother had had no natural supply for him since he was three months old. Up to that time he was healthy and plump. Since her milk had failed—poor flat-chested, tallow-faced country girl!—Baby had failed too. He weighed less now at four months old than when he was born.

"Mother says I'll never raise him!" sobbed the young matron. "Yet we've done everything we could to save him."

While speaking she was coaxing the almost unconscious creature to take a spoonful of something so equivocal in complexion and consistency that I asked what it was.

"*Soda cracker, pounded fine and wet with cold water,*" was the reply. "We have fed him on it altogether since I lost my 'nurse.' Cows' milk is so apt to disagree with teething babies, mother says, and this is so simple it couldn't hurt a fly. Sometimes, when he is very weak, I put a little brandy in it."

The story is literally true.

A stout heart may well quail at the thought of giving any recipe for the preparation of other nursery food than the simple substitute for human milk described in our last chapter. When the cereals

that give body to seemingly innocent mixtures, and the sugar that sweetens them, are adulterated for the market, one hesitates to say what is in the cup of pap held to the eager little mouth. While not denying that some of the ready-made foods may be safely used when positively known to be fresh, I may venture to offer a recipe used for a term of years, and with excellent effect, in my own nursery, and to my knowledge in many others where strong, healthy babies were reared. It is especially useful as food for children whose increase of growth and strength has outrun the mother's ability to provide fully for their needs, and who require more substantial nourishment than "cambric," otherwise "white tea."

FARINA PORRIDGE.

Half-a-pint of boiling water.

Half-a-pint of fresh milk.

One large tablespoonful of Hecker's farina, wet up with a little cold water.

Two teaspoonfuls of white sugar.

A pinch of salt.

Pour the hot water, slightly salted, into a farina or custard-kettle; be sure that it boils before stirring-in the wet farina. Boil and stir a quarter of an hour, by which time the mixture should be well

thickened and smooth. Add the milk, still stirring, and cook fifteen minutes more. Take from the fire and sweeten. Give it to the child a little more than blood-warm.

Make as much in the morning as will last all day and be sufficient, when fresh milk is added, to form a supply for a possible midnight meal. Keep it in a cool place, and prepare it for use by the addition of a little hot (not boiled) milk, beaten in. Pour it into the bottle as you would milk, or give from a pap-cup. When the farina is warmed over for a "bottle-baby," thin the cooked porridge with warm milk to the consistency of gruel that can easily pass through the tube and nipple of the bottle. See for yourself that the farina is perfectly free from must or sourness.

Children under half-a-year of age should be fed from a bottle, say the best authorities, suction being the natural process of acquiring nourishment, augmenting the flow of saliva and thus facilitating digestion.

The "best authorities" are men at once wise and humble enough to follow nature's methods most closely. In the friendly hope that each mother who reads these papers is blessed with such a one in her medical adviser, I add a final word of caution.

Give your baby nothing beyond his natural aliment without consultation with this judicious counsellor.

Be careful not to over-salt infants' food. Disregard of this rule forms the taste for high seasoning, and disrelish of whatever is to the vitiated palate insipid, whereas it is simply wholesome. Porridge over-sweetened and over-salted likewise creates thirst, and thirst fretfulness.

WHEN TO FEED HIM.

SO much of a child's general comfort, if not of its health, depends upon the regularity with which food is administered, that any recommendation of a regimen for the nursery would be incomplete which did not include instruction on this head. Having elsewhere given my views and laid down guiding rules on the subject, I may be excused for making here a longer extract from a work already printed * than I should consider justifiable if I could state the case more distinctly now than when the following was written:

"Another cardinal principle in feeding an infant is regularity as to time and quantity. Begin by giving the breast or bottle every hour and a half, and gradually widen the intervals between meals, until at three months of age this settles into a fixed period of three hours. Before this rule has been established for a fortnight you will observe that the

* Eve's Daughters, p. 37.

delicate mechanism of appetite and digestion has accepted the regulation of intelligent power, and adjusted itself most amiably to the arrangement. The advantages of the system are almost as signal to mother as to child. She can absent herself from the nursery and house for a quarter of the working day with great comfort of mind and body. Baby will not grow hungry while she is away, nor will the milk-ducts fill painfully before the nursing season is at hand. The little one will play contentedly in the parent's sight without teasing her for food in the many ways that try the temper and nerves of both, and when out of her presence the happy child forgets that it has a mother. The weak obstinacy of women who make their boast of the soft hearts that will not let them deny the darlings anything would be less reprehensible if it acted hurtfully only upon themselves. . . ."

The seasons of Baby's meals should be household habits by the time he is allowed to partake of cooked food. Do not blunt the zest which he ought to bring to the consumption of regular rations by intervening nibbles and lunches. He will learn to expect and depend upon these, and be discontented when they are withheld. The practice of appeasing him when restless, from whatever cause, by thrusting a cracker, a slice of bread, or, worse yet, a "hunk" of gingerbread or a "cooky" into his hand, is discountenanced by wise mothers. He besmears his face and clothes, drops crumbs on

the carpet, and makes a continual want for himself. When the hour comes for feeding him give him his quantum of proper food, properly prepared. Let him eat it leisurely, and as soon as he is old enough to sit at a table serve his meal neatly in plate, cup, or saucer, set on a clean cloth, his own spoon, china, and finger-napkin laid in order. These are not trifles. More Americans would breakfast, dine, and sup in healthful decorum, and fewer "feed," if they were trained from infancy to consider a meal as a ceremonial observance; and the need of popular essays on "Table Manners" would be less urgent.

To secure health it is often necessary to vary Baby's bill-of-fare. A preparation which agrees perfectly with one child upsets the digestion of another. Should an article of diet, approved by foremothers and contemporary gossips, persist in non-assimilation when introduced to our Baby's digestive organs, we need not be disheartened. There is a choice even among the simples to which we should confine ourselves, nor is the range of these simples so narrow as would appear at a casual survey of the list.

Again, certain kinds of nourishment that agree with the system in winter do not agree with it when

summer relaxes the frame or when illness heats the blood. The intelligent parent will study the properties and tendencies of what are classed among suitable edibles for the upbuilding of her child in vigor and growth, and adapt these each to its season and circumstances.

In illustration of what has been stated I give herewith recipes for two preparations which may be taken in cold weather, without risk, by a healthy weanling a year old and upward.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.

Get the best Irish oatmeal, giving the preference to that which is somewhat finely ground.

One-half cup of oatmeal soaked over night in a cup of cold water.

One pint of warm, not hot, water.

One-third teaspoonful of salt.

Stir the soaked meal into the warm water, set over the fire in a farina-kettle, and stir from time to time, until it is boiling hot. Then beat up from the bottom with a wooden spoon to a lumpless batter, repeating this every five minutes for at least three-quarters of an hour. You cannot cook it too much if you keep plenty of boiling water in the outer ves-

sel. Scorched porridge is nauseous—unspeakably! Stir in the salt faithfully at the last, and should the mixture thicken to unexpected stiffness thin with boiling water. Turn into a bowl, dip out enough for a meal, and serve in mug or saucer, beating in while hot enough milk to bring it to the consistency of gruel; sweeten slightly, and let baby have it.

Keep the reserve in a cool place, and add, when it is to be used, sufficient hot—never boiled milk—to reduce it to the proper consistency.

HOMINY AND MILK.

One-half cup of fine hominy, soaked five or six hours in one cup of milk.

One pint of warm water.

One-third teaspoonful of salt.

Cook as you would oatmeal, stirring often for one hour after it reaches the boiling-point. Thin with milk, sweeten slightly, and give while warm. Keep what is not immediately needed on ice, mixing with hot milk when used.

It should be added that this preparation is slightly laxative in its effects. It may be used instead of drugs when a gentle aperient is needed.

Babies' food should be cooked in tin, glazed

earthenware, or porcelain vessels, never in copper or brass, on which verdigris (a deadly poison) will form in an hour's time, given the agencies of acid, heat, and atmospheric air. If tin saucepans are used, see that they are perfectly clean, and scalded just before the milk goes in. The seamless saucepans are best, also the seamless pans for holding milk. Porcelain-lined kettles should every day be carefully examined for cracks. Some are not safe when thus injured, the substance used to join the china to the outer metal casing containing poisonous ingredients. Earthenware, properly glazed, is subject to no such objection, but milk, porridge, etc., should be turned into another vessel as soon as it comes from the fire, and that in which it was cooked set to soak in warm water. When it is clean, rinse with cold.

A rounded tablespoonful of dry wheat flour, of corn-starch, or ground rice is equal to an ounce in weight. It is well to bear this in mind in the preparation of farinaceous food for the nursery.

ARROWROOT.

"THE gravy alone is enough to add twenty years to one's age, I do assure you," said Mrs. Todgers. "The anxiety of that one item keeps the mind continually on the stretch."

The absurd speech comes more aptly to the mind than any dignified combination of words in jotting down the title of this chapter.

"Arrowroot—a nutritive starch, obtained from the root of the *Maranta arundinacea*, and from the roots and grains of other plants; used as medicinal food."

Thus the Nestor of American lexicographers.

The battle-ground is that one word "nutritive." Says a popular treatise on infants' food: "Thousands of children have been starved to death on arrowroot, and thousands more will follow them to the grave, slain in the same manner. It is starch, and worse than starch, the latter substance possessing more nutritive qualities than arrowroot."

An eminent living physician, after forty years' practice, writes to me: "If you can get pure Bermuda arrowroot, you will find it one of the lightest, yet most nutritious articles of food known in dietetics. I have kept patients, adults as well as children, alive upon it and nothing else for days, until they rallied into convalescence. My stomach could retain nothing but arrowroot for three weeks while I lay ill with typhus fever. I have no hesitation in recommending it for nursery use."

While giving both sides of the question, as maintained by those who should know of what they are speaking, I may be permitted the relation of my personal experience in this matter. The preparations of arrowroot given herewith have been used in my family for twenty-five years. In that time I listened to so many discussions for and against it as food for infants and invalids that for a long time my mind, like Mrs. Todgers', was kept continually on the stretch. Judging, then, from what one mother and housekeeper has seen and learned from actual experiment, I modestly record my belief in arrowroot as a "nutritive starch." While giving the preference to farina as a regular diet for strong and well children, I yet have seen babies as lusty and healthy reared upon arrowroot milk-porridge.

Arrowroot jelly and blanc-mange have held an honorable place in the taste and confidence of parents and little ones. As nursery-desserts for children of two years old and upward they are excellent.

To this frank and familiar preamble I annex the following recipes.

ARROWROOT MILK-PORRIDGE.

One large cup of fresh milk, new if you can get it.

One cup of boiling water.

One full teaspoonful of arrowroot, wet to a paste with cold water.

Two teaspoonfuls of white sugar.

A pinch of salt.

Put the sugar into the milk, the salt into the boiling water, which should be poured into a farina-kettle. Add the wet arrowroot, and boil, stirring constantly until it is clear; put in the milk, and cook ten minutes, stirring often.

Give while warm, adding hot milk should it be thicker than gruel.

ARROWROOT JELLY.

Half-a-pint of boiling water.

One *scant* tablespoonful of Bermuda arrowroot wet with cold water.

Two teaspoonfuls of white sugar.

A pinch of salt.

Make as you do the porridge, omitting the milk, and cooking ten minutes in all. Turn into a mould wet with cold water to form. To be eaten when cold, with cream and powdered sugar.

ARROWROOT BLANC-MANGE.

One large cup of boiling milk.

One even tablespoonful of arrowroot rubbed to a paste with cold water.

Two teaspoonfuls of white sugar.

A pinch of salt.

Flavor with rose-water.

Proceed as in the foregoing recipes, boiling and stirring eight minutes. Turn into a wet mould, and when firm serve with cream and powdered sugar.

Do not let a young baby drink ice-water or eat ices. To quench his thirst give a teaspoonful at a time of cool, not cold, water. Copious draughts even of this would chill his stomach below the temperature at which digestion is a normal process.

THE PORRIDGE FAMILY.

FOR an exhaustive treatment of the porridge family many chapters, filling far more space than that allotted to this department, would be required. The management of the ingredients entering into the various preparations known under this name is substantially the same with all. The milk must be fresh, the water clean and boiling, and never cooked in iron or copper; the cereal which gives name and character to the mixture should be good of its kind, not sour, musty, or stale; each sort of porridge should contain a *little* salt, and the whole be carefully boiled in a vessel set within another holding boiling water.

This last rule is absolute. The most vigilant watch and faithful stirring are sometimes ineffectual to prevent the dreaded "catch" of boiling milk on the bottom of the saucepan—a "catch" that means scorch, and an instant change in the substance acted upon.

CORN-STARCH PORRIDGE.

One even tablespoonful of corn-starch, wet up with a little cold water.

One cup of fresh milk.

One cup of boiling water.

A pinch of salt.

Add milk and salt to the boiling water; put in the paste, and stir ten minutes over the fire. Sweeten very slightly, and give to the child when rather more than blood-warm.

The matron of one of the most successful day-nurseries in New York feeds the hundreds of infants left with her every year with this porridge, and reports that it more rarely disagrees with them than any other kind of nourishment. But it is made from the best ingredients and cooked under her own eye.

RICE-FLOUR PORRIDGE.

This is made in the same manner and with the same proportions, but ought to be cooked longer—say fourteen or fifteen minutes. It is very nourishing, and may be often used with excellent effect for children who have a tendency to looseness of the bowels.

INDIAN-MEAL PORRIDGE.

Two teaspoonfuls of Indian meal and one of wheat flour, wet to a paste with cold water.

One cup of boiling water.

One cup of fresh milk.

A liberal pinch of salt.

Set the boiling water over the fire, salt, and stir in the wet paste. Cook twenty minutes, stirring at intervals; add the milk, and let it simmer ten minutes longer, stirring up well from the bottom four or five times. Strain through a colander to free from lumps, sweeten slightly, and give while warm. This is slightly laxative.

GROUND-RICE PORRIDGE.

One cup of boiling milk.

One full tablespoonful of ground rice.

Four tablespoonfuls of cold water.

A pinch of salt.

Wet the flour into paste with cold water, salt very lightly, and stir into the boiling milk. Cook in a farina-kettle for fifteen minutes, stirring all the while. Sweeten slightly. This furnishes an excellent change of diet when farina or corn-starch proves too laxative.

FROTHED PORRIDGE.

Two cups of boiling milk.

Two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot, corn-starch, or "new process" flour.

Four tablespoonfuls of cold water.

White of an egg, beaten stiff.

Wet the arrowroot or flour with cold water, stir into the milk, and cook for half an hour in a farina-kettle after the water in the outer vessel begins to boil hard. Stir often. Take from the fire, stir in lightly and swiftly the whipped white of egg, sweeten slightly, and serve as soon as it is cool enough to be eaten with comfort.

Do not neglect the precaution of dropping into boiling milk, in warm weather, a tiny bit of soda not larger than a green pea.

WHEATEN GRITS, OR CRACKED WHEAT.

Three heaping tablespoonfuls of cracked wheat (Hecker's if you can get it).

Three cups of water.

Half a cup of milk.

A bit of soda the size of a pea, stirred into the milk.

Half an even teaspoonful of salt.

Cover the grits with one cup of cold water, and let them swell for four hours. Pour two cups of water, just warm, into the inner farina-kettle, add the grits, and set in boiling water. Stir up often from the bottom to prevent lumping, and cook for one hour after the contents of the inner vessel reach the boil. Beat hard to a smooth batter without removing the kettle from the fire, add the milk, and boil twenty minutes longer, stirring well. This will make an abundant breakfast for two hearty children. Serve in saucers; sprinkle with sugar and cover with fresh milk or cream.

A diet of cracked wheat will sometimes break up a stubborn habit of constipation. It is always slightly, and when the child is well, healthfully, cathartic, *if* thoroughly cooked. It may be prudent to substitute it for oatmeal as the first course of summer-breakfasts, the conventional oatmeal-porridge having a tendency to heat the blood.

MUSH AND MILK.

This may be placed in the category of laxative food, and will be found to be far better than drugs as a regulator of the bowels when gentle and gradual influences are needed.

Four tablespoonfuls of Indian meal wet to a paste with cold water.

Three cups of boiling water.

Half a teaspoonful of salt.

Stir the paste into the water and cook steadily, stirring often, for an hour and a half. Should it stiffen too much add more boiling water. The mush ought to be of the consistency of porridge. Serve with sugar and fresh milk.

In feeding children with these semi-liquid preparations, beware of the too common practice of covering them so thickly with sugar as to create acidity of the stomach. This is converting good into evil.

PANADA.

Three Boston crackers (fresh and sweet), split.

A saltspoonful of salt.

Enough *boiling* water to cover the crackers.

One tablespoonful of white sugar.

Cover the bottom of a bowl with the split crackers sprinkled with salt and sugar; put in more crackers, season in the same way, and so on until all are in. Cover at least an inch deep with water poured directly from the boiling kettle. You cannot be too particular on this point. Set this vessel in

another of hot water, draw to one side of the range, put on a close lid, that none of the steam may escape, and leave thus for half an hour or more. Give to the child while warm, and as soon as it can be eaten after it is taken out of the warm water. If allowed to stand long it becomes clammy.

Panada prepared exactly as directed in this recipe is really palatable and digestible, and most children eat it relishfully. Each half cracker will keep its shape, yet be as tender as jelly, and almost translucent.

MILK-TOAST.

When properly made, milk-toast is a most satisfactory supper for babies over two years old. Pare away the crust from slices of stale, light, sweet bread, and with a cake-cutter or sharp-edged tumbler cut each of these into a round, cooky-shaped piece.

(They taste better to Baby—and to bigger children—in this form than in the rectangular slice. I know one baby, twenty years of age, who, when appetite flags, begs for "*round* cream-toast, such as mamma used to make for us when we were wee bits of things.")

Spread the rounds on a platter; set them on the oven a few minutes until they begin to roughen all over. Then toast them quickly over a clear fire, and scrape off every burnt crumb to bring the surface to a uniform shade of yellow-brown. Dip each piece, as it is taken from the toaster, for a hasty second, into boiling water (salted), butter lightly, and pile them in a bowl. Cover out of sight with scalding milk, also salted, fit on a close top to the bowl, and set in a pan of boiling water in a pretty brisk oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. The process will yield a dish so unlike the insipid stuff accepted and eaten under the name of "dip," or "milk," or "soft toast," as to justify to beholders and eater the expenditure of thought and pains required for its production. Babies soon discriminate between "messes" and dainty, delicate food, none the less delicious because the ingredients are simple and inexpensive.

If you can, instead of the scalding milk, use half-cream, half-milk, the taste is still more nutritious and palatable.

TO KEEP MILK SWEET.

Too much emphasis cannot be given to the injunction to keep milk sweet in hot weather. The

infant's natural nourishment needs almost as much care in summer as does the consumer of it. The best method of keeping it unchanged, and, therefore, wholesome, is to set it in a *clean*, cold refrigerator as soon as it comes into the house. When it is needed, take the pitcher or cup into which it is to be poured to the refrigerator, not the milk-pan into the kitchen. Nurses generally neglect this precaution. The pan is often left in the heated outer air for five, ten, fifteen minutes, thus causing the milk to "turn." In the country, where ice is not readily obtainable, a really good cellar, a spring-house, or a dairy through which runs a living stream of water, is the next best thing to a refrigerator. If none of these are at hand, pour the milk intended for the baby into a clean stone jug, cork it securely, tie oiled silk over the stopper, and suspend the vessel in the well.

PREPARATIONS FOR DELICATE CHILDREN.

AS a fitting accompaniment to the chapter on "The Baby that must go to the Country," it is well to set down a few recipes for the preparation of food that may stay the failing strength of the little one debilitated by heat, or suffering from the disorders incident to the summer season. Mothers err most innocently in trying to tempt the child's appetite with dainties which are wholesome enough for the stronger stomachs of his elders, but almost as deleterious as pounded glass to his.

These recipes have been tried and found to be trustworthy. But, while the food cooked in obedience to the directions here furnished is simple and digestible, it must be remembered that no change should be made in the diet of a delicate or ailing child without the consent of the physician.

RICE JELLY.

One-half cup of raw rice.
Three cups of cold water.
One cup of fresh, sweet milk.
One-quarter teaspoonful of salt.
Bit of soda, not larger than a pea, dropped into the milk.

Wash the rice, and then soak it for four hours in just enough water to cover it. Add, without draining, to the cold water; bring to the boil in a farina-kettle, and cook until the rice is broken all to pieces and the water reduced to half the original quantity. Add the milk and simmer, covered, for half an hour. Strain through coarse cheese-cloth, pressing and twisting *hard*. Sweeten slightly, and feed to the child when it has cooled sufficiently.

SAGO JELLY

Is made the same way.

BARLEY-WATER.

Three tablespoonfuls of pearl barley.
Three cupfuls of boiling water.
Just enough salt to take off the "flat" taste.

Pick over and wash the barley carefully. Cover with cold water and soak four hours. Put the boil-

ing water into a farina-kettle, stir in the barley without draining, and cook, covered, for an hour and a half. Strain through coarse muslin, salt and sweeten slightly, and give when it is cool enough to be drunk with comfort.

TOAST-WATER.

Two thick, crustless slices of stale, light bread.
Two cups of boiling water.

Toast the bread to a crisp brown, but do not let it get charred. Lay in a bowl, cover with boiling water, fit on a close top, and steep until cold. Strain through muslin without squeezing, and give, a teaspoonful at a time, when the child's fevered system demands water. It is more palatable if sweetened slightly. For children two years old and upward you may add a bit of ice to the toast-water, or keep it on the ice.

DRIED FLOUR PORRIDGE.

Two cups of flour.
Three quarts of cold water.

Tie up the dry flour securely in a stout, clean bag of muslin or linen; put it into the water and

let it boil, after the water begins to bubble, for at least four hours. Open and remove the cloth, turn out the ball of flour on a flat dish, and dry all day in the hot sun, or four hours in an open (moderate) oven. Or, if it is made in the evening, leave it in a cooling oven until morning. It should not be at all browned by the heat.

To make the porridge, grate a tablespoonful from the ball, wet into a paste with cold water, mix up with a cupful of boiling milk, salt very lightly, boil five minutes, and it is ready for use. Keep in a cool, dry place.

An excellent preparation in cases of "summer complaint," or weak bowels from any cause.

BEEF-TEA.

One pound of lean beef, chopped fine.
One quart of cold water.

Put the beef into a saucepan, pour the water over it, cover, and set at one side of the range where it will not reach the simmering-point in less than an hour. Cook thus very slowly for five or six hours, lifting the cover several times to break the meat apart should it clot together in cooking. Set aside in a cool place until it is perfectly cold; remove

every particle of fat from the surface; strain through stout, coarse muslin, pressing hard to extract the nourishment. Throw away the exhausted rags of boiled flesh. About a pint of liquid should be left after the boiling and straining are accomplished. Set this over the fire in a clean saucepan; when scalding hot—not boiling—stir in the white and shell of an egg, and bring quickly to a sharp boil, stirring often to prevent the coagulated egg from sticking to the sides or bottom of the vessel. Cook thus for three minutes, and strain through a colander lined with a thick cloth, but do not squeeze or rub the clotted egg. Salt lightly to taste.

You will have a large coffee-cup of amber-colored bouillon, in which is the strength of a pound of meat. It may be eaten either cold or warm. This is a good recipe, and cannot but give satisfaction *if followed exactly.*

BARLEY-MILK.

Three tablespoonfuls of pearl barley.
One cup of boiling water.
One cup of fresh milk.
A pinch of salt.

Pick the barley over carefully and soak it for two hours in just enough cold water to cover it. Add,

without draining, to the salted boiling water, and cook, covered, an hour and a half. Strain through coarse muslin, pressing it hard; heat quickly to a boil; stir into the milk and sweeten slightly.

Barley-milk is easily digested and nutritious.

GOAT'S MILK.

This will often agree with children when cow's milk seriously deranges the stomach. It is most wholesome, and to most tastes, most palatable when drunk directly after milking and while still warm. In some cities and many country towns this may be obtained without difficulty. In France and Switzerland a "milk-cure" is found in nearly every village, and is liberally patronized by travelling Americans, who never think of suggesting the establishment of like resorts in their own land.

When given to infants who are not yet weaned, goat's milk should be diluted with one-fourth as much boiling water as there is milk.

PEPTONIZED MILK

Is not recommended as "bottle-food," but as a drink for delicate children who require a milk-diet, but cannot digest raw milk.

Have put up by a druggist a dozen papers, each containing six grains of pancreatic powder (*Extractum Pancreatis*) and twenty grains of bicarbonate of soda.

To prepare the milk, put one of these powders into a quart-bottle (with a wide mouth); pour upon it half a cupful (a gill) of blood-warm water; shake until the powder is dissolved, then add two cups of fresh—if possible, new—milk. Cork the bottle loosely and set in warm water. The temperature should not much exceed 100° F., about as hot as can be comfortably borne by the back of the hand. If the temperature goes much higher the pancreatizing is arrested. Throw a cloth over all, and leave it for one hour, after which keep it on ice.

The milk, when peptonized, will be creamy in color and taste, and have a slightly peculiar flavor, not unlike goat's milk. Those who drink it soon become fond of it.

This is not a physician's prescription, but the recipe of a house-mother who has tried it acceptably in her own family.

LIME-WATER IN MILK.

It frequently happens in warm weather that the mother sees indications of sour stomach in her in-

fant, showing that the milk becomes acid almost as soon as it is swallowed. A simple and usually effectual corrective is to add a teaspoonful of lime-water to each bottleful of milk-and-water given at his tri-daily meals. Physicians sometimes advise this when an eruption resembling prickly heat appears on the infant's face and hands, betokening disordered digestion.

NURSERY DESSERTS.

JUDICIOUS mothers no longer let very young children eat pies and rich puddings, yet do not ignore the craving for sweets which is, to a certain extent, natural in the human system. Some of the desserts for which recipes are here given will be found wholesome and good if prepared for the family dinner.

SAGO PUDDING.

Half a cup of pearl sago, soaked four or five hours in one cup of cold water.

Three cups of fresh milk.

A good pinch of salt.

A bit of soda not larger than an English pea. (This will prevent the milk from curdling while boiling. The precaution should never be omitted in warm weather.)

Heat the milk in a farina-kettle until *almost* scalding. Drop in the salt and soda, stir two or three times to dissolve them, then add the sago

slowly, stirring each spoonful thoroughly. Cook fifteen minutes after all goes in, stirring almost constantly, and beating up the mixture from the bottom to avoid clogging or lumping.

Turn out, and eat while warm, with sugar and cream. This is also good when allowed to get cold in a mould previously wet with cold water. Turn out when firm, and eat with powdered sugar and cream, adding, if you like, a little rose-water to flavor the cream.

RICE PUDDING.

Three tablespoonfuls of raw rice, soaked three hours in cold water.

Two cups of milk.

As much salt as will lie on a half-dime.

One beaten egg.

A bit of soda the size of a green pea. (Be careful not to put in too much.)

Drain the rice in a colander lined with a piece of coarse cloth, and put it in a farina-kettle with enough cold water to cover it. Salt, cover closely, and steam until soft, shaking up the inner kettle now and then, but never putting a spoon into it. When rice is cooked in this way each grain will keep its shape and be separate from the rest. Try

one to see if it is quite tender before taking the vessel from the fire. Should the water not be entirely absorbed, drain off what is left, shake up the rice that it may lie loosely and lightly, and pour in the milk. This should be ready in another saucepan, warm but not scalding, the soda dissolved in it. Return to the fire, simmer fifteen minutes, boil up well once, turn into a bowl, and beat in the frothed egg at once. Eat with cream and sugar.

If this be made the entire meal of a young child, serve in a bowl, sweeten slightly, and add milk to thin it to the consistency of gruel.

BROWN PUDDING.

One even cup of Graham flour, wet to a soft paste with cold water.

One pint of fresh milk.

A quarter-teaspoonful of salt.

A bit of soda not larger than a pea.

Warm the milk until a film begins to form on the top; stir in salt and soda, then the flour paste. Continue to stir until the mixture is thick and smooth. Cook twenty-five minutes, stirring faithfully and beating *up* hard. Pour into a bowl or an uncovered, deep dish.

Eat with sugar and cream. This is an excellent breakfast or dessert for children from two to five years of age.

GRAHAM BREWIS.

One cup of milk.
Half a cup of stale Graham bread, crumbled *very* fine.

Heat the milk to boiling; remove from the fire, beat in the crumbs quickly and thoroughly, as you would whip up cake-batter, and serve as soon as it can be eaten with comfort. Sift sugar on each saucerful, and pour cream or milk over all.

A MENU FOR BIGGER BABIES.

RICE SOUP.

Three tablespoonfuls of raw rice, soaked three hours in just enough water to cover it.

One cupful of clear beef-tea or bouillon, diluted with a cupful of boiling water.

One-half cupful of milk (sweet and fresh).

Salt to taste.

Heat the bouillon to boiling; drain the rice and stir it in; cover and cook gently until the rice is soft and broken to pieces. Turn the soup into a colander, rub the rice through it, and return to the fire. Add the milk, which should have been heated to scalding in another vessel; salt; bring quickly to the boil, beating briskly with a split spoon for a minute when it begins to bubble; pour out and serve.

POACHED EGGS ON CREAM TOAST.

As many eggs as there are children to eat them.

The same number of rounds of crustless toast, lightly buttered.

A cupful of hot milk, salted.

Boiling water.

Heat the water to boiling in a deep frying-pan, salt it slightly, and set on one side of the range where it will not boil, yet will hold the heat. Break each egg in a saucer, and slip dexterously into the water. When the white is "set," take up with a perforated ladle and lay it on its round of toast, already prepared in this way: As fast as the rounds are toasted and buttered dip them into the boiling (salted) milk and arrange them on a hot platter. When the eggs are all in place salt them slightly and serve.

If you desire a more savory dish, pour a tablespoonful of broth or bouillon on each piece of toast after dipping it in the milk.

BAKED POTATOES.

Select large, fair potatoes of uniform size, wash, wipe, and lay them in a good oven. They will be done in about an hour, and should be served at

once. Test them by pressing the largest hard between your fingers. If it gives easily it is ready to be eaten.

As the potatoes are too hot for little fingers, let mother or nurse prepare them by removing the skins, scraping out the inside, and rubbing soft and fine before seasoning with salt and butter. No lumps should be left in the mealy mass.

An unripe, or underdone, or watery potato is one of the least digestible of edibles, as the same vegetable, fully grown and properly cooked, is one of the best.

APPLE-SAUCE.

Pare and slice ripe apples—Baldwins, Greenings, or other tart or tender varieties—and pack them into a porcelain-lined or tin saucepan ; cover barely with cold water to prevent scorching, and cook gently until they are very soft. Turn into a bowl and mash with a wooden spoon, press with the same through a colander, and sweeten to taste while warm.

If the sugar is cooked into the apples they become a preserve and lose their flavor. "Conserves" of all kinds are unfit for young children's

stomachs. Apple-sauce, such as is described here, is wholesome, pleasant to the taste, and slightly laxative to the bowels. It should be eaten with bread and butter.

CUSTARD-PUDDING.

Two cups of fresh milk.
Two eggs.
Two tablespoonfuls of sugar.
A pinch of salt.

Beat the eggs light, add the sugar, and whip them up together until smooth and creamy. Stir in the milk (salted very slightly), pour into a bake-dish, and set this in a dripping-pan full of boiling water until the *middle* of the custard is "set." Take directly from the oven. Eat cold.

FRUITS.

COMMON-SENSE would say that the caution to withhold acid fruits from a nursing-infant is absurdly gratuitous. Observation proves the reverse. The unweaned babies of parents who ought to know better are treated to tastes and "munches" of berries, apples, peaches, oranges, bananas, until the little things learn to cry for them as for the candy and sugar that have created a useless craving. Up to the age of two years a healthy child needs little variety in his daily bill of fare, and this small need is provided for by combinations of farinaceous food prepared, or eaten with milk. When he begins to eat eggs and meat, fruits aid digestion, cool and sweeten the blood. The disorders that arise from the moderate use of them are generally due to unwise choice of kind and quality. Foreign products,

gathered unripe, withered, stale in taste and tough of fibre, or as is often the case with bananas, plantains and mangoes, partially decayed, should never be given to Baby. Raisins are still more objectionable.

The first requisite with native fruits is that they should be ripe; the second, freshness and soundness. Dr. Hall, of the *Journal of Health*, used to say that it was not possible for a well person to eat enough freshly-gathered, fully ripe fruit to hurt him. Taking the statement with an abundant pinch of qualifying salt, we find it true that the fruits of the earth have a direct mission to man, the value of which is imperfectly appreciated even by sanitarians. One is tempted to travesty the Missionary Hymn in seeing with what "lavish kindness" the tropics bring forth cooling acids—refrigerant, antiseptic, and tonic—to temper the heated blood and restrain excess of biliary secretions. In our own land summer comes laden with esculents which are a catholicon for the ills provoked by heat. If, with more than heathen blindness, we bow down tridaily before the flesh-pot, let us show Christian mercy to our children, and not rear them in bestial idolatry.

Pre-eminent among fruits, for wholesomeness and

nutritious properties, also for cheapness and abundance, are

APPLES.

The tart varieties outrank the sweet in value. The flesh is more tender, the juices promote digestion, and are gently laxative. For the babies' eating they must be mellow and unspecked. Decayed spots are unwholesome in themselves, and affect the quality of the rest of the apple in which they appear. Pare the fruit, remove the core and seeds, and give it to the child before it begins to darken by exposure to the air. For a hardy fruit, the apple is surprisingly susceptible to atmospheric influences when it has been flayed, changing color and depreciating in flavor in a few minutes, and in half-an-hour becoming tough and flabby. Throw away what is not eaten at once, instead of laying it aside for "another time." For dessert he can have nothing more toothsome and beneficial. An apple eaten after breakfast or supper will correct constipation. A barrel of Baldwins, Greenings, or Pippins in the cellar, often picked over and freely used, is better than all the contents of the family medicine-chest as a kindly alterative and general regulator of the system.

BAKED APPLES (TART).

Sub-acid winter apples are nutritious baked whole. Cook rather slowly, that they may be roasted to the heart without scorching. When soft throughout, lay in a deep dish, sprinkle with sugar and set away, closely covered, until perfectly cold. To prepare one for eating, remove the skin, scraping the inside with a spoon, that the best part of the apple be not lost; in like manner rid the core of flesh before throwing it away. Cut the crust from a slice of stale bread—Graham bread is best—spread with the apple-pulp, and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Half-a-dozen such slices would be a more nourishing dinner for a day-laborer than the hunk of salt pork and fat-soaked beans or cabbage consumed by him at high noon in all seasons. A couple, and a mug of milk, are an excellent lunch for a hungry, growing child.

Call it "apple pie," and he will relish it the more.

STEAMED SWEET APPLES.

As we have remarked, raw sweet apples, the luscious "Pound Sweet" not excepted—are less wholesome than tart. A simple test will show this in some degree. After eating heartily of them,

wipe the tongue and inside of the lips with a clean napkin and it will bring away a deposit in color like iron-mould, in character crudely, and mildly corrosive. Many people who eat freely and with excellent results of tart apples, suffer severely from indigestion after eating a single sweet. I have seen healthy children "cramped" fearfully in consequence of a like indulgence. The aforesaid mild corrosive is likewise astringent.

Sweet apples are mellowed and rendered innocuous by cooking, and in this form merit a place on the children's table.

Core Campfields, or Pound Sweets, or sweet harvest apples, without paring them, and pack in a baking-pan. Cover (barely) with cold water, invert another pan over them to keep in the steam, and cook tender in a moderate oven. Keep covered until cold.

Eat, removing the skin, with sugar and cream, or with bread and butter without sugar.

PEACHES

Are best when ripe, sound, and uncooked. Pare and remove the stones. The notion that the furry skin of the peach helps digestion is as unfounded

as that the pits of cherries serve the same purpose.

Where there is a disposition to bowel complaint, peaches sometimes act as a corrective, while apples increase the disorder.

PEARS.

Pears, especially the coarse-grained varieties, are among the least desirable of the larger fruits for the nursery dietary. If acid, they are drastic; if sweet, indigestible, and sometimes exceedingly astringent. Cooking does not make them wholesome, the sand-like grains remaining unaltered by the process. Whatever may be the digestive capabilities of bigger children, Baby is best without pears.

BERRIES.

Black raspberries and blackberries are such potent astringents that the utility of the extracts and decoctions of both is recognized in domestic medical practice. When perfectly ripe and fresh they will not harm a healthy three-year-old. They ought, however, to be eaten without sugar and cream, as should strawberries. The smothering with cream

is of doubtful expediency when the dish is served for adults. For young children it is positively hurtful.

Red raspberries are less hurtful than black. Huckleberries and cherries are laxatives. None of the small fruits are fit for babies to eat when bought in city markets. They are almost invariably more than a day old, have been handled first by pickers, then by packers, and are more or less bruised in transportation. A bruise on fruit is incipient decomposition.

GRAPES.

Do not let Baby eat them in his own way, nor at all when you are not by. The skins are indigestible, and in the opinion of able writers on dietetics the seeds work more serious harm. A safe general rule in these matters is that no substance that defies the action of the gastric juices, but is passed from stomach to bowels unchanged, is fit or suitable for food.

MEATS.

SAID an Irish cook to me during Lent: "It's harrd wurruk this kapin' up a body's hearrt for daily labor on nothin' but fish an' eggs. I've ate six eggs for me breakfast not an hour ago, an' I'm fair kilt wid starrvation this minnit. Somehow, the *mate corner ain't full!*"

By the time our babies have become acclimated in the New World, behind which lies the Great Sea of Forgetfulness, we, who account ourselves wiser than Bridget, set about establishing within them the "meat corner." The five-year-old native frets for flesh—roast, boiled, stewed, and fried; for gravy on potatoes, on rice, on bread—on whatever vehicle will contain the greasy broth. He has a lordly contempt for "messes that have no taste in them." "Taste" standing for the flavor and reek of cooked flesh.

Nothing is further from my purpose than to de-

liver a philippic against food that combines savoriness with strength-giving elements. While we work and talk and move in the frosty airs that range the temperate zone for half the year, we must supply fuel for inward combustion. When our Baby begins to play stoker on his own engine, he demands what will keep up the fires. It is a mistake to withhold it, almost as grave an error to give him all he craves, a graver blunder not to select the material best adapted for the work to be done.

Unless ordered by a physician, it is seldom advisable to accustom a baby to a meat diet until he is from sixteen to eighteen months old. Up to this time he gets enough fatty matter from his milk, enough phosphates from cereals, to keep him in health and strength. Whatever animal food may be granted to him from this date forward should be judiciously chosen, properly cooked, and *minced fine* before he eats it. The italicised words are the key to the door of deliverance from evils many and dire. Before Baby is suffered to eat meat, teach him to *chew* well and slowly. When mastication becomes a popular exercise with us, national dyspepsia will go out. To make the initial steps easy, cut up Baby's portion of steak, chop, or chicken into tiny bits like a coarse powder, give

him a little at a time, and no more until the former morsel is ground thoroughly by the sharp, small teeth.

BEEF.

This chief of animal foods deserves the order of knighthood bestowed upon it by merry King Charles. For Baby, set aside a slice of rare roast, or a bit of tenderloin from an underdone steak. No gravy, unless you moisten the minced slice with a spoonful of clear, red essence from the roast.

MUTTON AND LAMB.

The former is the more nutritious. Boiled or roast, it makes a good dinner for the nursery, accompanied by rice and potatoes. A good chop, *broiled*, freed from skin and fat, will stimulate lagging appetite. Nor deny him the bone as a private treat, having seen that no loose or jagged bits are attached to it, which might choke him.

VEAL

Is less digestible and less nutritive than the meats just named by so many degrees, that the experi-

ment of putting it into young stomachs is hazardous.

PORK

Should not be so much as named in Baby's dietary. Fresh and salt, boiled, roast, and fried, it contains less material for brain-food, less for muscles and tissues, and more heating oil than any other flesh in common use by civilized peoples.

POULTRY.

When tender, and boiled, broiled or roasted, poultry is a favorite and unobjectionable nursery dish. Reject the skin and such fibrous parts as the drum-sticks, in cutting it up for infants.

FRIED MEATS

Of all kinds are unwholesome, even after the "meat corner" is safely established.

CLOTHING.

OUTFITS.

BABY'S FIRST CLOTHES.

THE simplest outfit requisite would be :

Six linen shirts.

Six night-gowns of fine cotton.

Six cambric or Nainsook slips.

Two pretty dresses.

Six cotton or cambric skirts.

Four barrie-coats—*i.e.*, flannel skirts open all the way down and the sides hemmed. They are sometimes called "pinning-blankets," and are worn day and night for the first month, afterward at night only.

Four flannel skirts of better quality.

Four flannel shirts.

Six flannel bands.

Thirty-six napkins of *linen* diaper.

Twenty-four smaller, of *old* linen.

Two flannel wrappers for morning wear when the weather is cool.

A square of flannel, bound with ribbon or scalloped with silk, to throw about the child in carrying it from one room to another.

The first shirts are of linen lawn, but shirts of soft all-wool, or silk-warp flannel, or *very* soft-knitted ones are worn under the linen. Some skins do not like wool. The majority do. It may be that occasionally the knitted shirt causes distress, but on this point opinions vary. It is probable, for several reasons, that soft flannel is a better material for inner shirts than knitted or crocheted wool.

The edges of the band should not be hemmed, but bound with soft silk galloon; or, if hemmed, it should be put on wrong side out, that the ridge may not hurt the soft flesh.

If Baby cries and writhes after a hearty meal, look at once at the band to see whether or not it has become painfully tight with the enlargement of the abdomen.

It is not prudent to leave off the band for six months after birth, but judicious nurses no longer strap the poor infant up in it so tightly as to impede respiration, in the belief that such compression is necessary to keep the abdomen in shape.

A linen lapel stitched on the lower edge may be pinned to the napkin to prevent slipping-up.

The night-dress should consist of a knitted worsted shirt, band, a pinning blanket, and a night-gown. Over this last a flannel wrapper should be worn in winter, the long sleeves coming down over the hands. All the garments should be very loose.

SHORT CLOTHES.

As soon as Baby begins to "find his legs," shorten his skirts, if the weather is mild, and allow him to use them freely. The plunging and sprawling that "kicks out" enwrapping flannels and cambrics is nature's own method of strengthening him for enacting a bipedal part, and precedes creeping as legitimately as creeping goes before walking.

His first short dresses should *just* clear his toes, that his trial-steps may not be made dangerous by entanglement in his skirts. Put on shoes and long stockings, the latter buttoned to an elastic band fastened to the waist that supports his skirts.

The garments should be the same (with the exception of drawers, stockings, and shoes) as those worn by the child before putting on short skirts.

The drawers must be attached to an under-waist and come down a little below the knee. Put on easy-fitting shoes buttoned up to the ankles. By all means retain the flannel band.

Silk is cold wear for winter, and, when damp with perspiration in summer, clings disagreeably to the skin, besides becoming almost as impervious as oiled silk to air and moisture, and thus hindering the action of the pores. Fine, silk-warp flannel is better wear for all seasons, certainly for warm weather. Lighten his upper garments, should he suffer from heat in summer, and exchange the damp for dry flannel.

MOTHER'S HALF-MINUTES.

MEDICINE-BOTTLES.

IT is not enough that medicine-bottles be labelled conspicuously "POISON" when they are brought into the dwelling. They should never be left where children can reach them from the floor or by climbing on a chair. If the number of fatal accidents that have occurred from carelessness in this regard were published, the chronicle would bring about needed changes as to the location of the medicine-chest and the habit of setting a bottle down in the most convenient place—to the person using it.

PURE AIR.

Pure air should be admitted from the top of the windows as well as from the bottom, if we would have the ventilation of our living-rooms thorough.

What enters the lungs as oxygen leaves them as carbonic acid. The one is Life, the other Death. The simple statement proves the need of a constant supply of fresh air in chambers where breathing-creatures would live.

BABY'S BED.

Babies should sleep on mattresses and be covered with light, soft, all-wool blankets instead of silk-lined duvets or cotton-wadded comfortables. Sheets, blankets, and mattresses should be aired when possible, sunned, and well shaken every morning.

WHIMS OF APPETITE.

It is not well to force a child to eat what he honestly loathes. The opposite mistake is to pamper his whims until you can hardly find enough to keep him from starvation on a table bountifully supplied with proper dishes.

NAPKINS.

Napkins which have been taken from the nursery wet should not be used again before they are

washed. Many skin diseases have their origin in neglect of this precaution. The soap should also be thoroughly rinsed out of the cloths in the washing, otherwise they are almost sure to cause distressing chafing.

Napkins must *not* be dried in the nursery, if you would keep the infant healthy. Nor should soiled clothes be kept in the nursery closets, or worse still, in a basket under the bed in a sleeping-room. Do not tolerate unpleasant smells in the nursery. Dirt is seldom, if ever, odorless. Ferret out smells as you would vermin.

ON RAINY DAYS.

Let it not be forgotten that on rainy days, even in summer, babies need to be housed; also on foggy mornings and evenings. If the storm lasts all day, it is well to undress the little one in a room where there is a fire. The "blaze of two sticks" comes in pleasantly here. The child's night-clothing and sheets should be hung before it until thoroughly dry. The caution in this respect will often avert the danger of summer colds.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.

With painful frequency we hear of cruel "practical jokes" perpetrated upon little children. Again and again comes to us the old story of a child frightened into convulsions by a playfellow who "only wanted to have a little fun." One would think that incidents like this had been enacted and told with ghastly iteration often enough, from generation to generation, to warn off the most incorrigible fun-lovers and fools from the perilous ground. The progress of the witless plot is generally the same, up to a certain point. There is neither originality nor variety in the favorite mode of execution. It sounds trite in the telling. A figure wrapped in the conventional sheet, lurking in a dark corner; a spring upon the unsuspecting victim, selected because he is the most timorous or delicate of the family or school; dismay, shrieks of anguish blent with goblin laughter—then a difference in the ending. Sometimes no apparent harm is done, unless that one child is made more timid, another more cruel. Again, the nervous system is unbalanced so far that a swoon, convulsions, ensue. Once in a while the innocent subject of the practical joke pays for his tormentor's

prank with his reason or his life. In a less flagrant manner incalculable mischief is done in many nurseries by tales of ghosts, bogies, the black man who comes down the chimney to catch children who will not go to sleep quietly, etc. That mother is culpable who, when she finds her child unduly timid, does not watch narrowly for indications that the nervous organism of her offspring has been tampered with, and who, should her suspicions be confirmed, does not follow the clew to its source and banish the criminal from her household.

AFRAID OF THE NURSE.

It is a sure sign that something is wrong, and very far wrong, when a child shows dread of a nurse —refusing to go to her, crying at sight of her, or remaining cross in her care after she ceases to be a stranger. Such indications may always be accepted as a proof of one of two things: Either the woman is unkind to the little one when out of the mother's sight, or she is deficient in ability to care for and amuse him. In either case she is unfit for her office. A child who is habitually unhappy cannot grow up strong and healthy.

To delegate the painful duty of chastisement to an undisciplined servant is a most unwise proceeding. The closet imprisonment is fully as bad as corporal punishment. Children have lost their wits from terror when shut up in a dark room. Your nurse is willing to take the risk, but the consequences really fall upon you and your babies.

A CHILD WHO CRIES BY THE HOUR WITHOUT CAUSE.

Try moral remedial measures. For example, make him comprehend that such and such pleasures are contingent upon self-control. Mark crying-days with a black cross in his calendar as those on which his indulgence in this luxury lost him a coveted good. Treat the habit as a disease. Undress him and put him to bed; withhold dainties, playfellows, and amusements, impressing upon his mind that his crying is the cause of the regimen. This trick of crying is easily acquired, and the habit may become very obstinate. An ingenious mother cured her five-year-old of fits so passionate as to threaten convulsions by throwing a handful of cold water into her face when she began to scream. The child, whose infirmity had been pronounced incorrigible, would suspend operations with ludic-

rous suddenness when her mother moved toward the washstand. It may be, as often happens, that pre-natal influences have given your little one's disposition a warp in this direction. Still, he should be broken of it. You would not hesitate to use surgical appliances to straighten a wry foot.

THE NEWEST BABY.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the minds of little children that the advent of the latest-born is a common blessing to the household. The mother who bemoans herself, in the hearing of the elder brother or sister, over the increase of her cares, or the father who remarks that this indulgence or that luxury cannot be afforded, now that there is another mouth to feed, is sowing thistles and tares in fertile soil. The tenth child has as good a right to be born as the first, and if he is less welcome by reason of straitened means, the last persons to suspect this should be his predecessors in the nursery. Still more reprehensible is the time-(dis)honored figment that his coming can rob the others of their share of paternal affection. Such talk is worse than foolish. It is as wicked as it is false.

THE VERY FAT BABY.

It is no sign that a baby is healthy when he is very fat and "eats like a pig." "Chunky" children, overladen with adipose tissue, are more apt to be quiet than those who are reasonably plump, because the whole system is lethargic. Such babies should not be fed too often or too heavily, ought to be kept in the open air as much as possible, and as soon as they can run alone be encouraged to take gentle but frequent exercise.

GREEN IN THE NURSERY.

Avoid green in choosing ribbons for Baby's sashes, caps, and dress-trimmings. The prettiest shades of this color are made up with ingredients which are distinctly arsenical. Watch him as closely as you may, the child is apt to get the end of the sash or cap-string in his mouth, in which case the stain on lips, tongue, and frock is the least hurtful consequence. Babies have been thrown into paroxysms of vomiting by chewing green ribbon, and more than one case of skin-poisoning has been caused by wearing hats or hoods tied under the chin with strings of the same, the perspiration facilitating absorption of the poisonous dye.

In the knowledge of these facts physicians object to green wall-papers in nurseries and in sleeping-rooms.

TEETHING-RINGS.

In choosing rings on which Baby's teeth are to be cut, give the preference to rubber above ivory. It yields slightly to the pressure of the gums, while the friction allays the itching (which is the specific use of the ring) without hurting or hardening them. Nor will it bruise the flesh should the child strike himself in the face or fall upon it.

SCURF ON THE SCALP.

If there is scurf to be removed from Baby's scalp rub the head gently at night with sweet-oil, saltless butter, or, best of all, vaseline. Leave it on until morning, then wash as directed in "Baby's Bath."

THE NURSE'S GOWN.

The gown of the nurse should be made of what is called "wash-goods"—*i.e.*, calico or other cotton or linen materials, and changed when it is soiled.

The large white apron which is now a part of her regulation attire sometimes conceals skirt-fronts stiff with dirt. Woollen gowns are open to other objections besides that they are worn until they are threadbare or disgracefully soiled; evil odors and infectious germs cling to them more persistently than to lighter fabrics. The big, snowy apron does not prevent the transmission of these, although it keeps the child's clothes clean.

SOOTHING SYRUP.

Soothing-syrups should never be administered except in obedience to a medical prescription—and not always then, unless you are sure the practitioner has given the case proper consideration.

BABY'S NATURAL HEAT.

The failure to keep up the temperature of new-born infants is a frequent cause of death. What little natural heat they have must be husbanded jealously. Where the vital force is very low hot flannels and rubber bags filled with warm water help to maintain life until nature can make her first "stand."

HOLDING BABY.

Fond mothers and doting aunties ought to resist the temptation to hold the baby from hour to hour, waking or sleeping. In winter he is warmer, in summer cooler, if left to roll on the bed or a folded comfortable laid in a shallow box. When he is carried in the arms care must be observed not to hold him always on the same side. The practice of clumsy nurses of saddling one hip—usually the right—with the luckless infant is hurtful. The mother should see to it that the child is shifted from one arm to another, not only to equalize the development of the upper part of the body, but to prevent a stoppage of circulation in the lower extremities.

STREET-CORNERS.

Impress on the mind of the nurse, older sister, or whatever guardian may take Baby for his airing, never to halt for rest or gossip on a street-corner. There is a draught there on the hottest day. Wheel the perambulator into the shade in summer, in cold weather on the sunny lee-side of a wall, before stopping.

TRAVELLING-BASKET.

Mothers who are travelling or sojourning at hotels will do well to add to the furniture of the travelling-basket one of the hot-water bottles sold for keeping infants' food warm and for taking the chill from napkins, night-gowns, and other articles of clothing. Baskets containing these are offered for sale, together with vessels for holding porridge or milk, that may be fitted into sockets attached to the bottles. Provided with these and the nursery-lamp, the mother can make her child comfortable in the seven-by-nine closet which is the substitute in seaside or mountain resort, for the spacious home nursery.

BABY-POWDER.

Powder on the general surface—which can be easily dried completely with a towel—is not needful, but rather objectionable, as clogging the pores while it remains there. But many places, folds of skin, etc., cannot be, or at least are not, properly dried ; and the use of the powder in such places is a less evil than leaving moisture, which is likely to irritate where the surfaces are opposite, especially in children of irritable skin. Confined perspiration in-

creases the moisture, and in this case the powder is probably really useful.

Baby-powder, sold in perfumed packages by druggists, is not always to be depended upon. It is safer to make it yourself by pounding or rolling starch very fine, sifting it through coarse muslin or tarletan, then mixing with it a little powdered orris-root. The "baby-powder" of commerce is sometimes adulterated with sulphate of lime, and occasionally even with more violent poisons.

"BABY WILL NOT SAY HIS PRAYERS."

Within this, the latter half of the nineteenth century, a man whipped his baby son to death for similar disobedience. You know better than to connect any religious duty or service in the retentive memory of a child with scenes of violence. The serious aspect of this question is not that the boy will not say his prayers, but that he persistently disobeys *you*. The omission of the formula which will be one of the sweetest of early associations to him in years to come, means now simply that he has taken a whim to resist your will in one particular. The first step is to drill him in uniform obedience. Do not desecrate solemn words by forcing them into

his mouth. When he has learned to obey you invariably, talk to him, lovingly and patiently, of the nature and meaning of what you wish him to say. It is absurd to torment your wits for one moment with the notion that his stubbornness in this particular has any significance beyond what has been stated. Such fears are the outcome of superstition, not common-sense piety.

"HE WILL PLAY WITH FIRE."

A child who persists in meddling with matches, stove, or lamp, should be punished with such seeming harshness that he will not forget the injunction "to let the fire alone." The old saying that "a burnt child dreads the fire" holds good with respect to other trespasses. Then matches ought to be kept absolutely beyond his reach, and, where the circumstances admit of constant watchfulness, he ought never to be left alone in a room where he can have access to a stove or a gas-flame. A poor seamstress who was obliged to leave her children alone in her room several days of each week cured each in turn of all disposition to play with fire by holding one of the little fingers on the stove until the burn was unbearable. The remedy was a cruel

necessity from her point of view. Disobedience, wilful and obstinate, should be met promptly and justly. Contrive to make the dread of the certain consequence of his transgression of your law outweigh the fascination of the bright flames, present severity in the circumstances is true kindness.

WHEN TO BEGIN WITH FARINACEOUS FOOD.

It cannot be too often repeated that *no* farinaceous food should be added to the child's natural aliment (mother's milk, or equal parts of unskimmed milk and boiling water, slightly sweetened), before the salivary glands begin to act. Until the teeth "start" in the gums, Baby's mouth is dry. The mother should accept this as a sign that no liberties are to be taken with his digestion.

ROMPING WITH BABY.

Serious consequences sometimes ensue upon the romp which the child enjoys even more than does the father, older brother, or friend of the family, who swings the little one back and forth at the full length of its arms, or tosses it over his head while grasping it by the hands, varying the entertainment

by catching it by the ankles and suspending it for an instant head downward. It is a received idea with some fathers that boys cannot be trained too early in gymnastic exercises, the rougher the better, so long as the child does not complain of being hurt. Spirited boys of two years have been known to endure, without flinching, this sort of "training" until the limbs were twisted out of joint.

PLENTY OF LIGHT AND AIR.

Give Baby plenty of light and sun-warmed air. He will bloom and flourish in it as do roses and peaches. It is worse than putting a candle under a bushel to shut him up in the gloomy rooms affected by his elders in summer weather. The shade of growing boughs is more wholesome for him than that of bowed shutters.

LIFT THE CARRIAGE OVER ROUGH PLACES.

Lift a baby's carriage gently over curb-stones at street-crossings, and on country roads choose smooth ways. The nurse who drags the vehicle containing a miserable infant down the steps of porch or area is so inhuman or so ignorant that she

merits instant dismissal. Serious disorders of brain or spine may result from the act.

PAINTED TOYS.

Painted toys, whether of rubber or wood, should not be given to a child until he has learned that everything he handles need not go into his mouth. Candies are poisonous for a baby, even if not colored.

"TREATING BABY."

The habit of treating Baby to a lump of sugar, or a teaspoonful of pure granulated sugar from the bowl on the coffee-tray when he is brought to the table, may not be injurious, but it is useless, and creates one more want to be gratified. The simpler his tastes the happier he will be.

BUMPS AND BRUISES.

Treat a bump on the head or a bruise on any part of the body with *warm water*, as hot as can be borne with comfort, and not, as used to be the custom, with cold. Hold a sponge to the bump on

the forehead, squeezed slightly, that the dripping may not irritate the patient, and, as it cools, dip it again in the warm water.

FORCING THE MIND.

A healthy child's mind should lie fallow, so far as alphabet and books are concerned, until five years old. Delicate and nervous children may be thus *neglected* until the age of six or seven years, without danger of duncehood.

NURSERY VENTILATION.

The simplest, cheapest, and most effectual disinfectant known to science is fresh, *living* air. Admit it freely to all parts of the house, especially to the nursery. If the room has a close or sour smell, send Baby into another chamber and ventilate his premises thoroughly.

BASSINETTE-PERAMBULATOR.

For children under six months of age what is known as the "bassinette-perambulator"—*i.e.*, one in which the baby can lie comfortably at full length

instead of being strapped into a sitting posture—is safest and best. Babies, being dumb, suffer unknown torments in being kept out for hours with no adequate support for the weak, curving spine, nurses complaining, on returning the exhausted creatures to the mothers' arms, that they are "unaccountably cross and wearisome to-day."

ALCOHOL HURTFUL.

Alcohol in every form and combination ought to be stricken from the list of the nursing-mother's or wet-nurse's "must-haves." If it do not beget in the child a fondness for stimulants which will lead to trouble in after-life, the immediate effects of the potion are too apt to be apparent in drowsiness or nervous excitement, testifying to disturbance in the healthful balance of the system. Like results, in a milder degree, follow the intemperate use of tea and coffee. Strength, in these circumstances, should be kept up by nourishment, not by "bracing" beverages.

THE SUMMER DAY-NAP.

In warm weather contrive that Baby's long day-nap be taken in the hottest hours of the day, and,

when convenient, on a bed instead of a crib, that the fresh air may pass freely to the sleeper. Cradles or cribs with solid sides are hot and unwholesome.

SEA-WATER BATH.

In using sea-water for Baby's bath have it brought up in pails to the nursery, poured into the bath-tub, and set in the sun, or left to stand all night, to take off the chill before the child is plunged into it. There is absolute cruelty in the submersion of the tender body in the surf, even when adults pronounce the water "delightful."

RAW MILK.

Raw, rich milk, unmixed with water, may fatten a baby rapidly for a short time, but is almost sure to produce biliary derangement or cutaneous eruption after a while. The "casein" of cow's milk is largely in excess of the proportion of the same in mother's milk, and less soluble. Even when diluted with hot water, it is sometimes necessary to add an alkali (lime-water, for example) to promote the solution of the casein.

CARE OF BABY'S FIRST TEETH.

Begin to keep Baby's teeth clean from the time they appear, and never remit the care of them for a day. A healthy child should not suffer from the aching of his deciduous teeth. The decomposition of food left between them causes decay. There is a neat little implement called a tooth-syringe, which keeps clean the spaces on the inside as well as the outside of the teeth. There is no reason why the first set should not be perfectly sound when they are shed.

FLATTERING BABY.

While it is undoubtedly true that every mother's baby is the prettiest and brightest in the world, the adoring parent should repress praise of his personal gifts in his hearing. At an amazingly tender age he enters into the full meaning of these, and she finds herself the proprietor of a vain little monkey whose posturings and airs make her ashamed of him, if not of his mamma.

A HINT FOR CHRISTMAS.

UNTIL the youngest girl-baby is called "Miss" by grown-up acquaintances, and the baby-boy discards knickerbockers for long trousers, the Christmas-tree should annually take root, bloom, and bear fruit, like the Levite's rod, in one short night. Our German friends, of whatever age and station, set it up year by year, the visible sign of concord and home-loves, hung as thick with memories of the "Vaterland" as is the shamrock for the Irish exile.

The conventional tree, bought in the market-place, is ready mounted on a wooden block or board, strung with gilt balls, crescents, and stars of varying speciousness, and a dozen wax-candles stuck stiffly on the ends of the boughs. Baby, bedizened in his finest robe, because it is Christmas, blinks sleepily, then excitedly, at sight of it all ablaze, and forgets the gifts heaped upon him in

hankering for glitter he may not touch. By next day the forbidden shrub has vanished. "The sight of it only makes him cross."

May I suggest a better way of marking the festival which is pre-eminently "children's day"?

The first-remembered Christmas-tree should be almost as much to the child as his first vote signifies to the man. Gently prepare the soil of the two-year-old's mind for the occasion by simple talk of Santa Claus and stocking-hanging. To this end let the incomparable nursery-lyric, "The Night Before Christmas," by daily repetition, bring nearer and nearer "the prancing and pawing of each little hoof" and the wizard-driver to the childish imagination. On Christmas-eve, when tiny socks and longer-legged stockinglets hang—an always pathetic row—about the parlor mantel, make solemn recital in concert of the wonderful tale. If there is a "summer-front" take it out for that night; if a grate, promise that the fire shall go down in good season for the "jolly old elf's" descent. Babies being dismissed to dancing visions of sugar-plums, bring the tree from its hiding-place. It should be from four to six feet high, freshly cut. If you can get holly, content yourself with nothing else. It is strong and bright, and holds its leaves

in a furnace-warmed house longer than any other evergreen. The next best thing is Norway spruce or fir, and, among native trees, the hemlock. A large flower-pot is the most convenient and comely pedestal. Hold the tree upright, the lower end fast in the round hole in the bottom of the pot, while an assistant wedges a few stones about the trunk, then fills the vessel with dry sand or earth. Cover the surface with moss, real or artificial. The stem should be straight, the limbs "stocky," and not too close together. Establish it in the middle of the parlor floor.

Decorate it with red, pink, white, yellow—never blue or green—streamers. Ribbon is prettiest, of course, but neatly-cut pennons of cambric, six, eight, or ten inches long, less than an inch wide, and deeply forked at the end, make a fair substitute. Stitch each to a leaf or twig; have plenty of them, and manage the colors tastefully. Hang bountiful store of "lady-apples" by black sewing-silk tied to the stems; intersperse these with such light presents as can be suspended among the boughs, tip each twig with a small United States flag, and on the top place an angel, keeping watch over all. Larger gifts may be arranged about the root of the tree and around the pot. Marbles,

white grapes, lady-apples, an orange, and such uncolored confectionery as you allow the children to taste now and then, with a worsted or rubber ball on top, will fill the stocking. For the smallest member provide linen picture-books, building-blocks, one of the new old-fashioned rag-babies, to be had at any toy-store, a rubber dog, cat, or doll, soft balls to roll and toss. The list of toys with which he can play without hindering you or hurting himself is long and tempting.

Let the exhibition be deferred until the little ones have been calmed and refreshed by sleep, bath and breakfast. The orderly progress of the meal over, papa and baby may lead the procession into the mysterious precincts. Admit the sunlight freely upon the home-decked tree, and the absence of candles will not be lamented. They are usually a nuisance from their habit of toppling as they burn, setting fire to streamers or other light substances, and shedding scalding spermaceti tears over clothing and carpet. Serve the "fruit" hanging from the limbs and strewed around the tree to one person at a time, beginning with the youngest. Settle baby in a corner cleared for his accommodation, where nobody will tread on his fingers or trip over his feet, and set his acquisitions

in array for his delectation. If these have been judiciously selected he will need no tending or amusing while the rest examine their treasures. If you have, instead, seen fit to endow him with costly automatic machines that require to be wound up every five minutes, and then run away from him; with dolls that must not be kissed; with cows that bellow to have milk poured into a spinal trap-door; jacks-in-the-box that will not down at his pushing; birds that fly, and fish that swim in real water, you may as well complete the business of spoiling him by appointing an attendant, whose slavish devotion may purchase comparative comfort for the rest of the family. Expensive toys for a child are always a mistake; for babies they are a cruel blunder.

Never let the beautiful rod that has budded at mid-winter become the instrument of punishment to the froward or the public reward of exemplary behavior. Beneath its shadow let equal rights abide. It is not within the possibilities of baby-nature to deserve such anguish as an empty stocking can bring to the tender little soul. Santa Claus must not degenerate into a captious eavesdropper, who haunts nursery keyholes for a month before Christmas to make up his lists of good and bad

children. Like the Providence he typifies, he brings gifts, not because his beneficiaries are worthy, but because every pulse of his big, generous heart is love.

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