

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

## NERVOUS WOMEN AND HEAD-ACHES.

BY LAURY MACHENRY, M.D.

The headache to which an anæmic, nervous woman is subject, arises from entirely different causes from that of her fleshy, full-blooded sister. It comes from functional disarrangement, to be sure, but where in the one case the machinery is clogged up and retarded by an accumulation of extraneous matter, in the other the functional inactivity is simply because of insufficient force, power or strength to keep up the necessary work.

The remedy is difficult because it depends so much upon the will and determination of the woman herself, but it is easy and sure when we can bring the patient to an understanding of her case.

Briefly: Take things easier.

Do not fret. Do what you can, and do not worry about the work left undone.

Control your temper and your tongue.

Avoid worrying, and fault-finding.

Sleep more than you do. Take your sleep the first part of the night.

Of course you will say: "Where is the use in retiring early when I just lie there awake." Simply another matter of habit, and one easily overcome.

In the matter of eating and nourishment, do not stint yourself in any way. Eat what you like, whatever agrees with you, but eat slowly, masticate your food thoroughly, and depend entirely upon nature to furnish all the fluid that is necessary for mastication.

As for medicine, in all probability you need a tonic; tincture of iron, five drops in a wineglassful of water three times each day, for three days; then omit it for three days. It is a bad plan to take any preparation of iron steadily.

Always alternate, say, three days of medicine with three days of no medicine. Your system may not take kindly to iron; once in a while we meet with a person who cannot take it in any form. You can readily tell, however, by a dull pain which comes just over the eyes. The pain comes when one continues the use of iron too long, or takes it in too large doses, and readily disappears on reducing the dose, or perhaps stopping its use entirely. An infusion tea, of wild cherry bark in water, is an old-fashioned, but valuable and safe tonic. Make it strong, until it is bitter and "puckery." Take a wineglassful twice a day.

You may consider the treatment I am advising as too radical—too thorough. You may think that there ought to be a quick way to a cure for a simple headache, but do not deceive yourself. There are means of speedy relief, but the cure I want you to make is thorough, complete and lasting, and, like all things well done, requires patience.

Do you know what that narrow chest of yours indicates? It means that you are only half living. It means that you are not well balanced. Your brain and nerve machinery are working away at full speed, probably with abnormal activity, and you are breathing with half your lung power.

Every morning on rising bathe the throat, chest, shoulders and arms. Commence with tepid water and each morning use it a little cooler until in a month you can use cold water on the coldest morning in winter. Put a teaspoonful of alcohol or cologne in the water, and after the bathing rub yourself with a coarse towel until you are nearly out of breath with the exercise.

Now to sum up: The radical, permanent cure for sick headache in weak, nervous women must combine the following:

A general toning up of the system.

Regularity of habits.

Plenty of sleep at the right time.

A powerful exercise of the will to keep up a cheerful, quiet, easy frame of mind.

There is another headache which comes from unusual exhaustion, and is terribly acute. It is the headache of the brain worker.

It can always be stopped, however, by a good night's sleep.

Then, too, we have the traveller's headache; even this may be avoided.

First, do not work yourself up into a nervous frenzy of hurry by trying to do a thousand and one things, and then rush to catch a train.

Do not worry all the way to the station about things you have left undone.

Do not go too long without eating; when your regular lunch time or dinner time or tea time comes, eat something, if it be only a cracker.

An excellent plan is take a few raisins in your pocket and eat them when you feel tired or relaxed? Raisins are peculiar, and while I would not advise you to eat many on ordinary occasions—they are indigestible—still they will give an empty stomach plenty of work, and their stimulant effect upon a tired, exhausted person is quick, effective and pronounced.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

## THE NEED OF SLEEP.

Children dislike to go to bed early, and when we put ourselves in their places and view the matter from their standpoint, we find that there is every reason why they should. In summer the long twilight is just begun. The dew freshness and coolness after the heat of the day make active exercise delightful and games possible which could not be thought of at noon. Who wants to be torn from these pleasures and put between the sheets in a warm room with the windows shaded? In winter the evening is the cosiest time in the twenty-four hours. Tea, or dinner, is over, the lamps are bright, the fire shines, the elders have put away the cares of today and those of to-morrow are still in the distance. The sitting-room seems much more desirable to the children than the quiet bedroom, where there is nothing to do but to go to sleep. Seen through their eyes "Early to bed" is a command more honored in the breach than in the observance.

The mother who does not like to see her child's wishes crossed says: "Is it really necessary that they should go to bed so early, poor little things. I remember how I used to hate to go to bed. Why cannot they sit up a little while longer?" and yields.

No mother, certainly none of the mothers who gather in the "Mothers' Corner," would wilfully deprive her children of food. She knows that they must have material, and plenty of it, from which to develop bone and muscle, nerves and blood. She would shrink with horror from the thought of starving her children: If she cuts short their allowance of sleep she is doing them almost as great an injury, although the effects are not as immediately visible.

The body is a delicate machine. All its parts are adjusted with the greatest nicety, and a derangement of one affects the whole. We cannot stop this complicated mechanism for repairs, because we do not know the secret that would set it going again. The repairs must be made while it is in motion. What happens in sleep? The machine goes slowly; the pressure is lowered, as it were. The heart beats less rapidly; the blood circulates less quickly; in a measure the nerves rest. They are no longer called upon to carry the thousand messages that occupy them so wisely by day and from the brain. The muscles are relaxed, there is no tension in any part; each is gaining vigor in the only way it can, by rest. Taking all this for granted—for no one denies it—how does it affect the question of children going to bed early?

Young people require more sleep than adults, and they need it until they have attained their full growth. Their tissues, not being fully matured, cannot bear so great a strain as those of their elders. They must be longer in a state of relaxation and have more time to recuperate. This can only be attained by more sleep, and to get this they must be in bed early. There is an old superstition that the sleep before midnight is more refreshing than that had nearer morning. This may have arisen from the fact that persons who go to bed at a reasonable time are not so exhausted as those who sit up until the small hours, and so feel more refreshed when they awake. When persons are over-tired sleep does not do them so much good, because a moderate amount does not give them time to rest sufficiently.

Children, until they are twelve or thirteen years old, should have at least ten hours sleep, eleven is better; until eighteen or nineteen, nine hours is none too much. In this country our children inherit nervous temperaments. No hygienic measure

soothes, quiets and strengthens the nerves like plenty of sleep. Children should never be wakened in the morning. Yet the demands of household convenience and the claims of school make it necessary that they should be out of bed at a certain hour, usually not later than seven. To make this possible, and give them their fair share of sleep so that they will be ready to awake of their own accord, they must be in bed between eight and ten, according to their ages. If bedtime is made pleasant to them, as mother-love can make it, with a story, a little talk over the events of the day, with loving words and ministrations, the hardship of banishment to bed will be robbed of most of its bitterness.—*Elizabeth Robinson Scovil.*

## GRANDPARENTS.

Judged from the stand-point of the average child, there is nobody so delightful as the average grandparent. Grandfathers are the jolliest of playfellows, the most charming of companions. Fathers are apt to be absorbed in business, with little time to devote to the amusement of their boys and girls, but grandfathers are no longer in the midst of the conflict: they can potter about, help in making kites and building boats, tell stories by the hour together; they can sympathize with "a fellow" in his daily trials and triumphs. A grandfather is very much nearer a boy of five or ten years old than the boy's father is apt to be. He looks through older yet more childlike eyes, and appreciates the boy's difficulties and temptations more readily and more truly than the younger man does. It almost seems at times as if a man must be a grandfather before he entirely enters into the fulness of fatherhood.

As for grandmothers, no family is complete that lacks one. A grandmother over the way, in the next street, in the next town, is a blessing, but a grandmother resident in the family is a gift for which to thank God fervently. Who else so tender, so sweet, so dear? To her quiet room young and old bring their perplexities, to the patient wisdom and the ready common-sense which explain whatever was baffling, and devise a way into freedom from care. Grandmother's chair is moved into the sunniest corner of the kitchen when grave household enterprises are afoot. It is her receipt by which the wedding-cake is compounded for the bride, and the mince-meat prepared for the winter's supply.

Grandmother always has court-plaster and witch-hazel and arnica and toothache drops in the little cabinet in her room. She can spread poultices and bind up wounds, and her sweet words and smiles go as far toward healing bruises as her material remedies do.

Grandparents are accused by their sons and daughters, with a fair show of reason, of being decidedly more lenient toward juvenile offenders, less sternly disposed toward discipline, than they were to their children in an earlier day. They would spoil the grandchildren if allowed, declare the fathers and mothers, serenely confident in their own discretion, and quite sure they are right in their sternly repressive methods.

Never mind. The wheel of time in its ceaseless revolution is bringing on the day when the man who now laughingly reproves his parents for their fancied weakness will himself stand in awed pleasure gazing into the round eyes of the second generation, and feeling himself the founder of a line. Then it will be his turn to emulate the grandparent, as the grandparent has been from the beginning.—*From Harper's Bazar.*

## THOUGHTS ON ECONOMY.

Domestic economy can become domestic meanness without a very hard struggle. The barrier between meritorious saving and scrimping is so slight that many a thrifty housewife really does not know the difference. This very praiseworthy quality, if not carried to extremes, will result in a well-conducted household, where there is no waste or unnecessary expenditure to replace articles destroyed through carelessness. Such a home is typical of thrift, and is symbolical of true economy.

But—and alas, that there should be so many that "but" applies to—look at the home where the parlor is kept stiff and prim for company. Every stick of furniture in it is much too elegant for the rest

of the household belongings. The plush draperies are covered with linen lest dust should accumulate, the brocettes and brasses are similarly shrouded, and only on state occasions are the members of the family permitted to wander through "the best room."

When this rare privilege is granted, is not the worried owner of all this finery almost distracted for fear something will happen to her treasures? She has bought beyond her means and hopes by over-zealous care to make these trappings of woe, for such they are to her, wear long enough to atone for the reckless outlay. Is there any economy in such proceedings? She does not get five cents' worth of comfort out of them, and has mental worry in such great doses that hundreds of dollars will not be able to pay for the treatment needed to get herself back once more to a healthy mental basis.

Then there is the skimping of the table that some wives think a species of true economy. The husband allows them so much to "run the house," and when he is away they live on bread and coffee, or tea and cake, and think the money thus saved will compensate for the injury done to their digestion. It is to be regretted that there are men who humor their wives by eating any left-over mess at night because they have lunched heartily down town and do not mind so very much if she doesn't, never dreaming that this may be her first real meal, and as such a very poor apology, yet so long as the figures in her bank book loom up higher and higher she does not mind that her own figure grows thinner and thinner.

Ah, little saving housewives, learn the lesson at the beginning rather than at the end. There is no economy in doing without a servant in order to put away the money for a new gown. You will be too tired to wear it. There is no economy in shutting up the best part of your house and keeping your dear ones in gloomy rooms because the others must be kept in readiness for company. What more honored guest could you entertain than husband and children? Do not skimp the body to fatten the bank book. Doctor's bills run up more quickly than those of butcher or baker. Remember this, and be a wise little woman, practising true domestic economy in real saving, but not by bringing discomfort to yourself and your dear ones by a foolish system of pinching and contriving that will wear you out body and soul.—*Jenness Miller Monthly.*

## FOR INKY FINGERS.

A little girl I know has made a wonderful discovery, which she thinks all other little school boys and girls should know too.

"It's so useful, mamma," she says. "Every boy and girl gets ink on their fingers, you know."

"Surely they do, and on their clothes as well," said her mother.

"I can't get the spots out of my clothes, but I'm sorry when they get there," responded the little girl. "I try very hard not to. But I can get the ink spots off my fingers. See!"

She dipped her fingers into water, and while they were wet she took a match out of the match safe, and rubbed the sulphur end well over every ink spot. One after another she rubbed, and one after another the spots disappeared, leaving a row of white fingers where had been a row of inky black ones.

"There!" said the little girl, after she had finished. "Isn't that good? I read that in a housekeeping paper, and I never knew they were any good before. I clean my fingers that way every morning now. It's just splendid!"

So some other school girls and boys might try Alice's cure for inky fingers.—*Harper's Young People.*

## SELECTED RECIPES.

GLASS ICING.—Take one cup of light brown sugar and two spoonfuls of water, a very small spoonful of butter and a few drops of lemon extract. Boil eight minutes, and pour over the cake while hot, spreading it evenly.

COMPOTE OF APPLES.—Pare and core twelve tart apples, leaving them whole. Fill up the cavities with currant and quince jelly, add two teaspoonfuls of sugar, two of water and the grated rind of a lemon. Cover close and cook slowly until the apples are tender enough to be pierced with a fork, but are not broken; remove them carefully to a glass dish, boil the syrup to a jelly and pour over them. Serve cold.