

THE HOUSEHOLD.

LYING TO CHILDREN.

If we were called upon to mention some universal fault among American parents we should say it was lying to children. By a lie we mean saying an untrue thing for the purpose of deceiving or for the purpose of making a child do, or stop doing something, parents say that which they know is false for the purpose of influencing children's actions. In their own minds they justify themselves by saying there is no harm in that; it is only a white lie, etc.

It is a queer thing that most children are born into this world with the idea that their parents will tell the truth. They take what is told them as so much gospel, yet it commonly happens that the first time they are deceived it is by the father or mother. The shock to the moral nature is commonly attributed to "inherited tendencies to evil." The method of inheritance is not that usually classed under that head, however.

Lying to children is of most widely diversified character; it varies from the simple statement, "I'll whip you, if you don't stop that," to an elaborate and intentional story in regard to the result of some action. We do not refer to those cases where a parent changes his mind for the good of the child. The threat "If you don't be good I'll call a policeman" gets all its force from the fact that the child partly believes the lie. Speak to a parent about the wrong of such a thing and you will be informed, "The child knows I am only in fun." That may be true, but it is also true that the child is beginning to understand that his mother lied to him about something and her word is not to be depended upon. Promises to buy candy, to do wonderful things, to take little ones out for a ride, and the whole list of vague yet attractive delusions with which children are persuaded, can only be called by one name. Their effect on the child is seen in later years and the lessons in lying given by mothers and fathers are daily used in business.

Christian parents, more than others, should feel the importance of letting their conversation with their children be "yea, yea, and nay, nay." In plain English, tell the truth or say nothing. Never tell the child anything which you know at the time to be false. Do not deceive yourself. "Perhaps sometime we may go and visit auntie." You think, "yes; next year or the year after." But all the same you are lying to your child for you are making him think that perhaps it may be to-day or to-morrow. If he could read your thoughts and know that the visit was imaginary, perhaps ages away, as time flies for children, he would laugh at you. This knowledge on your part makes the thing a pure and simple lie. This type of lie is the one to which Christian parents are most given. They make a half-truth to satisfy their own conscience and at the same time wholly deceive their own offspring. Verily they have a reward which is of the bitterest kind, and the iron enters their own souls years later.

When a child asks questions that you can not answer, or do not wish to answer, instead of telling falsehoods it is best to give real reasons. Not infrequently we have seen the most inquisitive children perfectly satisfied when we had to say to them, "You are not wise enough yet to understand the answer to such a question; when you are you shall be told the whole truth about it."

When the questioning comes from the mere spirit of curiosity and a desire to have some one talk, there is a very easy escape. Ask the child a question which will make him think; ask why it wants to know, and it will soon be more than satisfied.

In most cases the remedy for lying is to tell the truth. What a revolution in family government this would make. Many a parent would feel completely shorn of power if compelled to tell nothing but truth or else keep silence. Let mothers with young children examine their words for one day and see how many of them would be classed as lies if an impartial judge had them before him.

Deceiving children brings too frequently, the habit of telling "white lies" to husbands and wives. Foolish lies, which tend to produce a mutual distrust. The habit of lying spreads easily when once established; it is not eradicated without great moral effort.

The value of truthfulness in the family is worth all the effort it costs to obtain it, even

though there were no moral reasons for it. To be able to look a child in the face when it tells a strange story in self-defence, and say in your heart, "I believe every word," is alone a reward which is beyond measure.

When two children, equally earnest, make out decidedly different versions of an accident or quarrel, to be able to say confidently, "I believe my child because he always tells me the truth," is a joy which can only come to a mother about whom the child can say in return, "She never lied to me."—*Child Culture.*

HEDGEHOG AND VIPER.

The hedgehog of Southern Europe is an inveterate enemy of the vipers which abound in the forests there. A forest guard, not long ago, had an opportunity to watch an interesting combat between one of the hedgehogs and a viper. Seeing a particularly large snake asleep in the sun, the guard was approaching to kill it, when he saw a hedgehog creeping up upon the reptile over the soft moss.

As soon as the hedgehog had got within reach of the viper, it seized the reptile's tail with its teeth, and, quicker than thought, rolled itself up into a ball. By the time the viper had awakened, it found nothing but a ball of sharp quills to fight against. It struck viciously at the mass, but without touching the hedgehog's skin.

Then the snake dragged its body to its full length, without escape; it writhed and turned, and then thrust itself again and again upon its enemy. At the end of five minutes the snake was pierced and bleeding in several places. It fell exhausted to the ground, and after several throes and renewed attempts at resistance, it fell dead.

When it was satisfied that the viper was quite dead, the hedgehog quietly unrolled itself, and would undoubtedly have made a meal upon the snake if the guard had not approached. The hedgehog, seeing him, rolled itself up into a ball again, and remained thus until he had disappeared through the woods.

The animal had not killed the snake, but had compelled it to kill itself upon its sharp quills.

DRINKS AND FOOD FOR INVALIDS.

For the last three months I have been in a sick room, learning patience from the most patient of mothers, and delicate cookery to please her capricious appetite. The case was a very dangerous one of dysentery.

Tea, coffee, chocolate and cocoa became very distasteful to my mother at the beginning of her illness. Sweet milk she could never drink with any comfort, and buttermilk no one thought of trying.

A drink that pleased her was apple water. Take a tart, juicy apple, and roast in the old-fashioned way before the fire. When thoroughly done, cut up in moderate sized pieces, skin, core and all, and if a medium sized apple, put in a cup and add half a pint of cold water. When cold the extract will be strong enough.

Mother's fancy for slightly acid drinks at last suggested buttermilk, and draining off the whey which always rises to the top, we brought her a cup full, thick and cold, and found, much to our surprise, that she relished it hugely.

Leimonade she could never drink with any comfort, although she was very fond of it, but one day she fancied she would like the juice from some canned pine-apple, and though we gave it at first with fear and trembling, it did not hurt her at all, and was good to slake thirst.

Rice water was another favorite of hers. Boil the rice in the usual way until all done soft, then add a cupful of boiling water and stir for a few minutes. When it has boiled again, set off the fire to cool and settle, and when wanted for use, pour off the thick, starch-looking water on top, and add a pinch of salt.

A good drink may also be made by splitting a handful of raisins, put in a cup, pour over them boiling water and let them stand for an hour.

Our physician recommended soft-boiled eggs, and we cooked them in this way: Fill a coffee cup with boiling water, and let it stand until the cup is thoroughly heated, pour out this water, and fill again with boiling water, break into it a fresh hen's egg, cover, and let it stand a moment, lift the yolk of the egg upon a spoon, letting the white fall from it into the water, repeat this once or twice, till the white takes on a milky appearance, then drain off the water in the

cup, beat up the egg and add pepper and salt.

During the night when she would grow hungry, mother was fond of custard, and we made it so: One and one-half cups of sweet milk, two eggs well beaten, and just enough sugar to make it slightly sweet. Stir altogether and set upon the stove, stirring until it boils. Of course, it is eaten cold. KATE ELLICOTT.

A HEALTH TALK IN THE NURSERY

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Health and temperance, which in its broadest sense is the law of health, needs to be taught from the cradle.

When my little four-year-old boy discovered the veins in my hands, I was obliged to lay down my pen, and give a plausible answer before his childish curiosity would be satisfied. On being told they were little rivers carrying blood, an exploration of his own chubby hands followed, with the delightful discovery that he, too, had those "little rivers." Of course a volley of questions were fired at me with quick succession, the first of which was: "What is blood made of?" "What we eat." "What do the little rivers carry what I eat to my hands for?" "To make them grow."

"Does everything we eat make our hands grow?" In that way he soon learned that some kinds of food furnish better building material for his bodily house than other kinds, and afterwards when inclined to eat something that was not suited to his child's stomach, I had no difficulty in inducing him to deny himself, when reminded of the work of the "little rivers." He does not want tea and coffee, because in our talks he has learned that they hurry the nerve builders; but is a staunch friend of milk and brown bread, and takes great interest in his food, and by this means is learning to have power over his appetite, and exercise self-control.

On discovering a picture of a man drinking beer, his first question was: "Does beer make my house grow?" On being told that the alcohol of the beer drank up the water in the "little rivers," and injured them, he voluntarily pledged himself against intoxicants, because he is inspired with an ambition to possess a fine bodily tenement. His delight is unbounded, if, when taking a bath, he discovers in some part of his body a vein heretofore unknown to him. I consider that here is a foundation for a desire to make his body a splendid creature, with every nerve steady, and every muscle trained to do his bidding. His imagination makes the wonderful little builders very real, and he will not intentionally retard their progress. He is willing to retire early because his house is being built more rapidly while sleeping, and the very best work is done the first half of the night. We have even gone a step higher in our little talk, and learned to reverence the Creator of such a wonderful building, and that it is a sin to abuse a house so costly and beautiful, because it is God's workmanship. And all this came about without "cramming" his mind. The questions naturally came, at intervals, even after I had forgotten our previous talk, and it was better to give the little philosopher a reasonable, satisfying answer. He is a child of only ordinary intellect, so I believe every fact and law of physical life can be taught the child very early, and physiology become a fairy tale to the imaginative child, and they are all such. Every W.C.T.U. woman, for this reason, if no other, should at once enlist in the department of hygiene. You owe it not only to yourselves and community, but most surely to your children, whose first years are spent entirely with you, and at a time, too, when lasting impressions are made; the early impressions enter into the solid masonry upon which manhood is built. Some one has likened the knowledge acquired in maturity to paint and whitewash.—*Union Signal.*

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

The Boston Journal says: "A dollar's worth of whitewash now will save lots of discomfort and bad smells, if not actual sickness and doctor's bills a few weeks later. Take one day down cellar to throw out and carry away all dirt, rotten wood, decaying vegetables and other accumulations that have gathered there; brush down cobwebs, and with a bucket of lime give the walls and ceiling a good coating of whitewash. No matter if you don't understand the business;

no matter if you have not got a whitewash brush; take an old broom that the good wife has worn out and spread it on thick and strong. It will sweeten up the air in the cellar, the parlor and the bed chambers (if your cellar is like the ordinary farmhouse cellars), and it may save your family from the afflictions of fevers, diphtheria and doctors. While the lime is about you might as well give the inside of the henhouse a coat of it. It will be a good thing for the fowl, if you do.

For disinfecting purposes and to keep out vermin, add to every pail of whitewash two pounds of copperas, dissolved in hot water.

A SPICE-BOX filled with small tins is the best thing in which to keep spices, but one may be devoted to a mixture which is in just the right proportion for flavoring spice-cake, cookies, or bread puddings. Three heaping tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one heaping one each of clove and mace, and one even one of allspice. Sift together and keep covered.

RECIPES.

BAKED SWEET POTATOES.—Peel sweet potatoes; cut in large slices, put into a baking dish, with plenty of butter, a little water and a lump of sugar; bake till soft, serve in the dish in which they are cooked.

CORN BREAD.—To one quart of sour milk add one teaspoonful of soda, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of lard or butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, a handful of wheat flour, and enough sifted corn-meal to make a good batter; bake in dripping-pan.

GRAHAM WAFER-BISCUIT.—One pint of Graham flour, one quart of boiling milk, one teaspoonful of salt. Salt the flour and mix with the milk into as soft a dough as you can handle, roll half an inch thick, cut into round cakes, lay in buttered pans and bake in the hottest oven you can get.

POTATO BALLS.—Four large mealy potatoes cooked and cold; mash with two ounces of fresh butter, one half teaspoonful of salt, a sprinkle of cayenne, a tablespoon of milk or cream, and the beaten yolk of one egg; rub together five minutes; shape into balls the size of a walnut; cover with well beaten egg and sifted bread-crumbs; fry in butter, lard or bacon fat.

LUNCHEON FOR INVALIDS.—A nice way to prepare a very light lunch for invalids (and to be taken with a cup of weak tea), is to toast three milk crackers, then pour boiling water over them, draining it off immediately, spread jam or marmalade over them, and pile them up; set them into the oven while you make the tea, and take both to the sick man, and it will prove appetizing and refreshing, if unexpected.

DOUGHNUTS.—Take one cup of sweet milk, put in a pan on the stove to warm, add to it half a cup of butter and one cup of sugar, heat the milk just enough to melt the butter, then add one egg well beaten and one and a half cups of sponge, such as you use for bread, stir this very lightly (not well, though), set in a warm place to rise; when well puffed up mix down quite stiff and set to rise again, when very light turn carefully out, handle as little as possible. Cut in pieces and drop in the lard when hot enough—a small potato peeled and put in the boiling fat will keep them from cooking too brown. This is a reliable recipe if the directions are closely followed. Use any flavoring desired.

PUZZLES.

RIDDLE.

I am lovely in color, though harsh in my song,  
But I mimic the music about me;  
To judges of every degree I belong,  
And no jury's complete without me;

I am seen in America at my best,  
Though my home is in far-off Japan;  
But, I'll candidly tell you, I'm always in jest,  
So beware, as my words you scan.

PUZZLE.

The end of every living thing,  
The centre of the earth,  
The leader of a mighty band,  
And twins who dwell in Russian land,  
Though not of Russian birth,  
These make a carpet soft and neat;  
Some think it good enough to eat.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are weevils like carpets? They are sometimes ingrain.  
What will make a pin industrious? S will make a pin spin.  
What number is that to which if you add something the sum will be nothing? N added to one makes none.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

ACROSTIC.—Initials, Reuben.  
Finals, Simon.  
Rehobites, Eli, Urim, Bernice, Echo, Naaman.

BIBLICAL WORD SQUARE.—

I d d o  
D e a r  
D a t e  
O r e b

MISSING MOUNTAINS.—Hartz, Ural.