

MEDICAL ADVICE FROM NYE.

(From the Sunday World.)

A CAUSTIC CRITICISM OF VALENTINE'S BOOK OF "DON'TS."

Bill suggests a few "Don'ts" which are based on Human Experience—Why poor people are generally ill—The dinner spiced with jokes—A magnificent opening for the Humorist.



R. Ferd. C. Valentine has just published a small, olive-green volume entitled "600 Medical Don'ts." It is couched in perfectly plain language, so that it may be readily understood by any plain, self-made man with a \$150 cyclopedia and dictionary of medical terms in his pocket.

In a list of articles pronounced as difficult to digest I find buttered toast, salt meat, rice, sago, stale bread and tapioca. Among those articles easy of digestion Dr. Valentine names grapes, grouse and partridges. So that poor people who wish to be well and strong and avoid indigestion should

avoid buttered toast, salt meat, rice and stale bread and subsist mainly upon grapes, grouse and partridges.

This is really the first time that a New York physician has had the moral courage to come out and show people how to keep well and avoid doctors' bills. There can be no doubt that people in the lower walks of life are too prone to load themselves down with toast and tapioca, when a light lunch of grouse with a few pounds of hothouse grapes or a brace of partridges and a dozen nightingales' tongues, with a little turtle-soup and Neapolitan ice cream, are all they need.

Poor people often wonder why their doctors' bills are so great while the wealthy are rarely ill. This is due to the fact that poor people are

too prone to eat salt pork and bread on an empty stomach and then neglect exercise. A workingman who has been assisting in digging the large subway tells me that he attributes his poor health to those causes, and says that if he had confined himself to grapes and grouse for the past ten years and then taken a canter 'cross country every forenoon on the hot trail of a light-running and domestic fox, instead of eating so much fried pork and bread, and then working instead of taking regular exercise in a Victoria, he might have been alive to-day.

There are many other suggestions in this little book worthy of a place in every household, such as the Don't No. 534, which reads; "Don't endeavor to remove substances from the nose with pins, hairpins, etc." A person who will put kernels of corn, unanswered letters or carpet tacks up his nose should call a physician and not undertake to remove them himself, as he might tear a hole in the roof of his mouth.

Quite a number of these Don'ts wind up with the suggestion: "Don't do anything in such a case till a physician arrives." In order to avoid delay, Dr. Valentine puts his street and number in the book, and thus it is so arranged that a person who dies in New York since the publication of this little volume really has no one to blame but himself.

"Don't chew anything that you do not intend to swallow," says Dr. Valentine. This, however, does not bar a "chappie" who is cutting his front teeth on a large, intellectual cane.

Don't Nos. 63 and 71 refer to names of diseases showing how the name "plague of 543," has been simplified, so that we know it now by the brief title of cerebro-spinal meningitis. This book also deprecates the custom of calling stomach-ache "gastro-enteralgia," and it is right. People who are afraid to call stomach-ache by its proper name are liable to steal away to the hay-mow on Sunday and revel in the beautiful word-painting of Emile Zola.

Don't No. 87 tells us not to call a physician otherwise than "Doctor." This, too, is right. Nothing sounds more rude in addressing a doctor, especially a doctor of divinity, than "Doc."

Dr. Valentine thinks that a true record of all cases should be kept in the family, like those in the hospitals, but very few of us have the time or command of language to keep an accurate diary of our personal croup and other cases so that the future

historian will yearn to publish it. In case of a fatal termination, too, it would worry a parent and embarrass him to keep a reliable record of

pulse, temperature and respiration towards the last. It would take a cool, methodical parent to do this by the death-bed of a child who had never injured him in any way.

"Don't indulge in idleness," says No. 104. Invalids are proverbially idlers. People who are sick abed are too apt to neglect rowing, cock-fighting and pugilism in order that they may indulge themselves in the false and damning desire for sloth.

Don't bathe immediately after a hearty meal in rivers infested by crocodiles. This is an extract from a book of my own.



SLEEPING IN THE CELLAR.

Don't sleep in your cellar with nothing but a few vegetables over you, unless your wife's relations towards you have been strained, through no fault of yours. Do not sleep there even to mollify and placate your wife. Unless you are absolutely helpless, arise and assert yourself. I once knew of a woman, however, who led her husband a dog's life. She got him down into the root cellar one day on some pretense or other, taking advantage of him at a time when he was bewildered by the fumes of rum, administered by his own hand. She then, in the intense darkness, tripped him up as he was sauntering rapidly across the cellar, and, there, where his stifled cries could never be heard by the outer world, she unbuckled his wooden leg, threw it into the furnace, and with a weird laugh which made the goose flesh arise and protrude through his overcoat she fled. He remained in that condition for four days, when, with nothing in him but good resolutions and raw turnips, he came forth, and, in his poor, weak way, signed the pledge, and promised to live as a one-legged man should. This should teach us never to allow rum or our wives to get absolute control of our whole being.

Don't sleep during the summer months with your feet out at window. It closes the pores of the feet too suddenly, especially if the sash comes down on them in the night.



Don't sleep in an Elevated Railway car with your head on the shoulder of a lady on whom you have not called, especially if you are very fat and partially drunk. Even if you have lived in New York for years and feel that you own the town and that too many people are coming here without getting a permit from you, it is a bad practice to lean on the shoulder of a lady who is not acquainted with you while you sleep off your drunk, for she might have to leave the car suddenly when she gets to her station and thus thoughtlessly perhaps break your neck.

(Some of the above Don'ts are suggested to my mind as I go along.)

No. 178 is the most sensible Do Not in the book referred to. I give it verbatim: "Don't forget that your heart has a certain number of

beats to make in your life, to urge it to excessive work by alcohol or excitement is to abbreviate your existence."

"Don't insist upon a patient's taking food which is repugnant to him, unless you are the proprietor of a second-class hotel," ought to be in this book. Also the following:

Don't eat ice-cream that has stood in a tin pail all the forenoon while the pastor has been addressing the children in the grove, even though by so doing you may help on a good cause. Give the value of the ice-cream in money to the cause and feed your share of the cream to some one who is better prepared to die than you are.

Don't allow your servants to put meat and vegetables into the same compartment of the refrigerator; that is if you have sufficient political pull so that you are not afraid to talk to your servants as social equals, and surely there ought to be no reason why here in America an employer should feel abashed in the presence of his employee.

Don't drown your children just to gratify the morbid whims and caprices of the man who owns your flat or because he is opposed to children, believing that the American should maintain the strength and purity of his race mentally and physically by importing his literature and his descendants.

Don't try to blow the breech-pin out of an old gun unless you have a very strong breath and more brains than you require for ordinary business purposes.

Don't try to wrench loose the tail of an infuriated lion because you see it hanging out of his cage. They are putting the tails on lions this year more secure than ever, and he has the right to wear it outside his cage also, if it is more becoming that way.



CHAPPIC.