

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

CURE FOR COUGH.—A Baltimore physician, connected with an institution containing many children, says: There is nothing more irritating to a cough than to cough. For some time I had been so fully assured of this that I recently determined, if possible, for one minute at least, to lessen the number of coughs heard in a certain ward in the hospital of the institution. By the promise of rewards and punishments I succeeded in inducing them simply to hold their breath when tempted to cough, and in a little while I was myself surprised to see how some of the children recovered entirely from their disease.

The evil consequences of eating to repletion, or of luxurious living, far exceed belief, or even the calculation of the physician; for they metamorphose themselves so artfully, and mask themselves so successfully behind unsuspecting forms and phenomena, that they are constantly undermining the constitution, deceiving patients and misleading practitioners.

IRREGULARITIES OF THE TEETH, denominated constitutional, prevail to a greater extent among the idiotic, deaf and dumb, and blind, than among an equal number of strong and healthy persons. Not only is the brain matter deficient in the feeble-minded, but many cases are seen which demonstrate that the osseous system is also generally defective.

BAD DIET AND NOT OVERWORK.—Mrs. Mary Blake, in *The Golden Rule*, writes as follows respecting the diet of school children: It is a very common and mischievous notion that unless an article of food doubles up a child with colic, or throws him into a fever, within twenty-four hours, it does him no harm. We often see whole families of children who are thin, sallow and nervous. They lose many days of school because they cannot "keep up," and the parents complain bitterly of "our high pressure system." They are bilious, or have headache, or "summer complaint," or they cannot sleep, or they have no appetite. In short, they are sick half the time, or half sick all the time. But suggest to the mother of this family that perhaps her food is not suitable, and she will indignantly answer, "Oh, no! they never eat anything that hurts them." The blame is laid on malaria, or on overstudy,

or nervousness, or delicate constitution, or anything but the real reason. The trouble actually is that the stomach is doing its hard work on *brain*. Brain and body call for strong, rich blood to build up their rapidly growing tissues, and to replace what exercise and study burn up. But what does the stomach get to make it of?—Greasy meats, with all the life-giving qualities cooked out of them; hot bread, and compounds like it; all kinds of fried abominations, whose original excellence is destroyed by being steeped in boiling lard; rich cake and pies, sweets and candy. All these tax digestion to its utmost, and give little nutriment in return. Poor Jennie starts off to school after a restless night in a room with every window closed for fear of "the night air," with nothing for breakfast but a cup of strong coffee "to keep up her strength," and a hot roll. "She never has any appetite mornings." She comes home to dinner faint and hungry, to find roast pork and mince pie, or fried ham and heavy apple dumplings, which her poor, eager stomach takes and tumbles over and over all the afternoon, while her brain labors heavily with the afternoon lessons. A supper with something which tempts, but does not nourish, the tired stomach, finishes the day.

DISEASE CONTRACTED BY KISSING.—Miss Mary Hooper, an experienced professional nurse, of Toledo, Ohio, writes to *Annals of Hygiene* as follows: I see that Dr. Corwin asks to be informed of any case of disease being "contracted or transmitted by kissing." I can speak of two positively, which came under my notice. One was in England, in this wise: In my home there was an old lady staying with us: my aunt who was her companion and god-child, was very fond of her. Mrs. Arewater (the old lady) was taken with inflammation of the lungs and bronchitis, which proved fatal; one day before her death, my aunt stooped over her and kissed her on the lips: I remember my mother saying at the time, C. you should not do that, and aunt laughed. Mrs. A. died the next day. Aunt was taken with severe bronchitis two days after. She felt the attack coming on the day after, and although she had never suffered from bronchitis before, from that time to her death, eight years afterwards, she had frequent attacks of it. The second was in the Hobart Hospital, where I was superintendent. There was a young man brought in with diphtheria; his mother, who lived two hundred and fifty miles away, was telegraphed for. I had told the nurses not