

Health in the Home

HOUSEHOLD SANITATION.

By Mary E. Allen-Davidson, M. D.
FOOD CONTAMINATION—PERSONAL CLEANLINESS.

Food may be contaminated in several ways, as, by fermentation or decay of meats, vegetables, fruits, milk, butter; by lack of care in storing, as when flour, meal, etc., becomes damp, mouldy, wormy, or mixed with foreign matter, e.g., dust. By want of inspection, and also of cleanliness in preparation, children and adults too often eat food that is so contaminated as to be positively dangerous. Take note of this: never allow your children to eat fruit that you have not inspected. Explain fully and enlist their co-operation, so that they will not be tempted to eat forbidden fruit. Give them plenty of fruit that you have cleansed. Take time to pick out the choicest, ripest and freshest fruit for the children's eating, and then you need not fear diarrhoea from this source.

Never eat tainted meat. Fermentation in meat develops animal poisons called ptomaines. This is especially true of canned goods. Since Upton Sinclair's revelations in "The Jungle," one feels like a cannibal every time he thinks of eating canned meats. Even with the most liberal allowances for reform since then, canned meats should be tabooed, at least for children. Let grown-ups make a cemetery of their stomachs if they will. Buy fresh meat and prepare it yourself. Be wary of Hamburg steak. Too many fag-ends go to its composition. Cook all meats thoroughly, to guard against tapeworm and to kill any other disease germs, as tubercle bacilli. It would be much safer in summer not to use meat at all. It is not fit to eat, as it taints so quickly, and the temptation to "doctor" it with vinegar, spices, etc., so as not to "waste" it, is hard to resist. In such a state it is still more harmful. Don't be tempted. There is more waste in doctor's bills, lost time, and sometimes a dead human, than in a lump of dead cow or sheep or hog. You may have eaten tainted meat and escaped with perhaps an unnoticed general uneasiness of body or a sharp attack of diarrhoea. You may so escape ninety-nine times, but one time in a hundred is enough to get a fatal dose of ptomaine poison.

Milk is easily contaminated by lack of care in handling and storing. It is responsible for much disease in children, such as stomach derangements, with their accompanying train of mouth, throat, skin troubles, and even graver complications, as convulsions and diarrhoea, dysentery, etc. I have seen mothers fish flies out of the milk before giving to the children. In homes where children are to be the largest users of milk, special care should be taken in its selection and care. The cow supplying the milk should be young, healthy and fresh every year, the milk from a farrow being undesirable. They should be given the milk of that one cow, not mixed milk, nor changed from the milk of one cow to that of another. The cow should be tested for tuberculosis, for Koch to the contrary notwithstanding, an Old Country commission of expert bacteriologists and physicians have put on record their conviction that tuberculosis can be transmitted from cattle to humans, through milk and infected meat. Cows should be kept in clean, well-ventilated stables, should be well watered and carefully fed, giving a proper supply of salt. Don't feed kitchen slops—that is, dish water—to a cow. It vitiates her taste and makes her less nice in the selection of her food, and is undesirable for other reasons. Great care should be used in milking. Wipe or wash off the udder, to remove dust and soil. Always milk with dry hands. Do not set the pail directly under the cow, so that you can prevent dust or other particles from falling into the milk. Strain the milk at once

through a wire strainer and several thicknesses of butter-cloth. This finely divides and aerates the milk, besides removing any solid particles, some of which will dissolve if not removed at once. All milk for children's use should be sterilized by heating to 150 degrees after all animal heat has passed off. After straining, wash out pails and strain cloths in warm, soapy water. When all milk is removed, scald thoroughly with boiling water. Do not use a cloth to dry out milking utensils after scalding, as the cloth may not be absolutely "fit," but turn down and leave in the sunlight for a time. The hot pails will soon dry off.

If children have contracted diarrhoea, stop all milk absolutely for a day or two, nourish with white of egg beaten up with water and a little lemon juice, with barley water or with weak meat juice or broth. When starting on milk again, sterilize as above and peptonize for a few days.

If you have the slightest suspicion

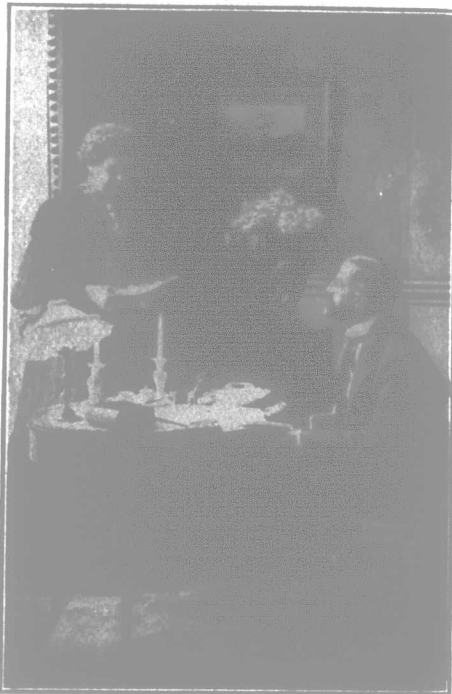
should be often and thoroughly inspected, and the law should compel safe storage of foodstuffs. I have bought rice that was stained from mice and that had a perceptible odor of mice upon it.

A word or two about candy. Don't buy your candy. You don't know the uncleanly handling it has received. Make your own candy. The taste for sweets should be indulged, but never before meals or between meals. Give after meals, and not too much. Children will soon cease to crave an oversupply. Always wash teeth and mouth with clear water and prevent fermentation, and so injury to the teeth, after eating candy.

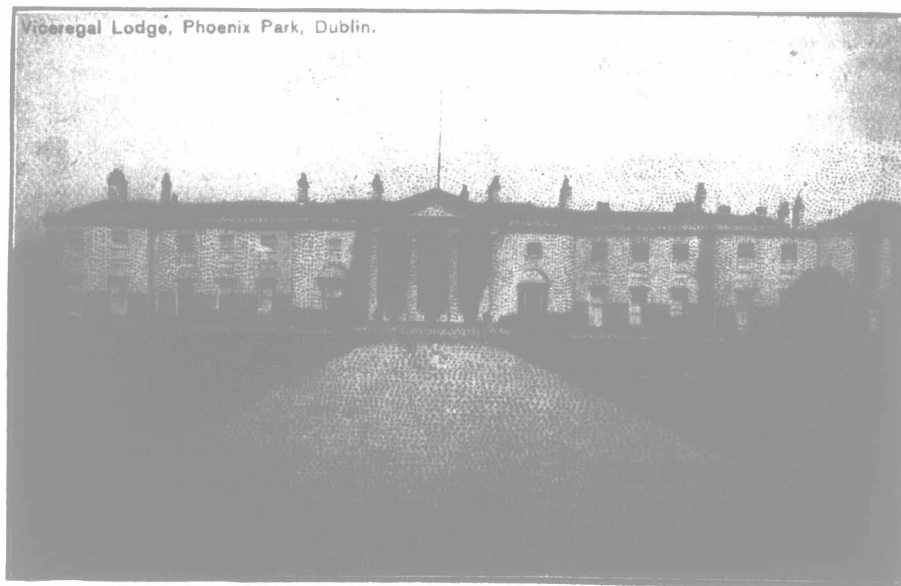
(To be continued.)

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

At the date at which I write, it seems as if England's Colonial guests were to be killed by kindness. They are being fêted, and petted, and made very big lions of indeed, and if only their digestions can stand all this banqueting, they may certainly count themselves as amongst "the fittest" who can survive anything. Whether they will get what presumably they really came for, is quite another story. Judging by the faint echoes from the great Conference, which alone reach the ears of the outside world, they probably will not, or at best only the half loaf, which, after all, is generally considered to be better than no bread at all. The outcome of this official pow-wow will, long ere this letter reaches our readers, be made known by telegraphic despatches and newspaper comments. Meanwhile, here it is very supporting, amongst many other disabilities, to be able to speak of oneself as Colonial, and as Canadian especially, for that word is almost one to conjure with, even the very smallest unit from our big Dominion being considered worth listening to when the topic of Canada, its vast domain and its wonderful possibilities is under discussion. Everyone has a friend or relative somewhere in British North America, and many are keen



Lord and Lady Aberdeen.



Vice-regal Lodge, Phoenix Park, Dublin.

of the water, which should be clear, without visible impurity and without taste or odor, boil the water. Do this anyway as a routine procedure if there is any diarrhoea or typhoid in your vicinity, but above all keep out flies.

Boiled water is insipid and flat. Aerate by pouring from a height through a fine strainer from one vessel to another. This will restore it somewhat. The boiling drives off the air and carbonic-acid gas, hence the flatness. Add a little lemon or pineapple juice to make more palatable. Both these juices in weak mixtures are said to kill the typhoid bacillus, as also the germ that causes diarrhoea.

Keep flour, meal, rice, sugar, in a dry place, thoroughly protected from dampness, mice and worms. The storage rooms of provision men

to go there themselves. It is good to see Canada's claims almost daily recognized, as, for instance, in the following paragraph in yesterday's Chronicle: "Many suppose that the telephone is a United States or Yankee invention. Not so. Mr. Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, was a Scotsman, who emigrated to Canada and settled in Brantford, Ontario. There he began his experiments, with a view to carrying the human voice for long distances over wires. After he had succeeded in evolving the telephone he crossed the border to the United States, but the telephone was born in Canada."

On the occasion of the wedding of the Hon. Dudley Gordon, second son of the Earl of Aberdeen, your correspondent, by His Excellency's kind introduction of her as "a Canadian," was enabled, with her friend, to steal

a march upon a large and much more fashionably-dressed crowd who were patiently awaiting the opening of the church doors of St. George's, Hanover Square, where from time immemorial the weddings of so many of England's aristocracy have taken place. On presenting Lord Aberdeen's card at the vestry door, opening upon a quiet side street, the sexton politely asked, "Are you the lady from Canada? I have reserved your seats in a front row in the gallery, but, first of all, would you not like to see the register?" Turning over but one page, he showed us the lately-written signatures of His Majesty and of other royal personages. It was a very pretty wedding, but what pleased me most was, not so much the exquisite dresses of the bridal group, as the sight of the faces of the bridegroom, his brothers and their sister, Lady Marjorie Sinclair, none so very much changed as not to be speedily identified as the bonnie lads and lassie of the one-time Vice-regal family at Ottawa.

And one more link to Canada—a very old-time link, indeed (but one not easily forgotten, though in this case the face was changed beyond all recognition), came to me, also, through the magic opening of that vestry door and that good front seat in the gallery. This link stretched back to a good half century ago, when, over and over again, in old Red River days, I had heard in merry tones of boyish frolic, the voice, now mellowed by advancing years, of the Rev. David Anderson, the present rector of St. George's, and a son of the first Bishop of Rupert's Land.

The kindness of Lord and Lady Aberdeen to the Canadian-at-large did not stop at the portals of St. George's. A hearty invitation to the Vice-regal Lodge, Dublin, followed it, with every detail of the journey arranged for her comfort and convenience, and any lady who travels in England knows what it means to have a corner seat by the window in the train, and a little cabin in the steamer reserved for her special use, for even the short three hours' passage from Holyhead to Dublin. Add to this a very hearty welcome at the journey's end, with the words, "It is like old days in Canada to see you once more," and you will not wonder that, though the skies were somewhat unkind and too prone to tears for an unbroken enjoyment of all the good things provided, and for the drives in beautiful Phoenix Park, within which the Vice-regal Lodge is picturesquely situated, there must always be a halo of sunshine around the memory of that delightful visit to Dublin.

A Canadian paper, of 16th April, in allusion to the coming marriage of the Hon. Dudley Gordon, says: "Events in the lives of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen are always of interest to Canadians," therefore a quotation from an Irish correspondent, who writes brightly of the imposing ceremonies of the opening of the great Irish Exhibition, may not be out of place. Fears had been entertained lest Her Excellency might not be sufficiently recovered from her late and tedious illness to take her very important share in the functions attending an event to which His Majesty, in his telegram of greeting from Paris, alluded as demonstrating the "International progress made by Ireland." Happily, these fears were groundless, as the promised quotation will show:

LADY ABERDEEN'S RECEPTION.

"Here we took our stand, and heard the bands play and saw the troops arrive—thousands of troops, dozens of officers. They lined the carriage-way, a winding pageant from the outer to the inner buildings. With delightful punctuality, the Vice-regal party arrived, amid the usual musical greeting and the hearty cheers of all assembled, at about ten minutes to noon. Their Excellencies drove down the soldier-girl passage, surrounded by the usual picturesque body-guard, and amid all the customary pomp and circumstances of State ceremon-