

THE HOUSEHOLD.

OVER-PRESSURE OUT OF SCHOOLS.

It is a common cry, now-a-days, that children are being crowded and cramped and worried and spurred on in the common and high schools until they are becoming nervous, irritable, and sickly, often dropping into premature graves. Such was the mournful wail which came to my ears as I took up my abode, a few years since, in a beautiful town in Massachusetts. How dreadful! I replied; and I wondered as, from time to time, I met the intelligent, warm-hearted superintendent, and teachers how it could be possible for them to carry on their cruel system of slow torture and death. It was a problem which interested me, and I resolved to work it out if possible.

This was my proposition: Given nervous, pale, over-worked, languid children; patient, loving, cultivated instructors, how were the latter responsible for the former? I accepted the popular supposition that they were responsible, and began the difficult task of discovering the sad process. I visited each school, and was ushered into bright, cheery, well-ventilated rooms, furnished with easy seats, and various helps in teaching, as books of reference, globes, and maps. Then I carefully studied the teachers; earnest and enthusiastic they certainly were; in their enthusiasm and earnestness did they overestimate the mental abilities of the children, and thus assign too long lessons? That must be it, and I felt that I had the key to the problem almost within my grasp. But no; the lessons given were short and well explained. I confessed myself mystified, and still more so by observing that over two-thirds of the pupils were strong, rosy, and healthy. They were happy, too, and didn't look at all as though they were enduring martyrdom. But why should the rest of that "noble six hundred" look pale, listless, and unhappy, or flushed, excited, and despairing? I was more puzzled than I had ever been before in my life. Day by day I thought it all over; again and again I haunted the school-room, finding the teachers uniformly wise and kind in their administration, and still the wonder grew.

Pretty soon, elements unheard of began to enter into my problem; surprise parties, dancing schools, social dances from house to house, balls, sociables, sleigh-rides, late suppers, and novel reading were some of them. One or more of them included children from nine years upward; and one, two and three nights in a week was this drain of physical forces brought to bear upon the susceptible constitution of the children and youth. I began to open my eyes. Said a boy of twelve years to me: "Last Monday night I went to a surprise party; to-night I am at a sociable; and Friday evening I am going to another party. I think that is pretty well for one week." I told him I thought it was pretty bad; and, I might add, that I was not sorry when a heavy snow storm prevented the Friday evening party.

A school-girl of the same age recently exclaimed to me,—"I should be ashamed to tell how late I got up in the morning." "Why don't you rise earlier?" "Oh, I'm so sleepy!" Last night I finished a splendid story, which took until twelve, and I didn't get home from the party the night before until eleven." She further more informed me that she rarely went to bed before ten, and I informed her that if I controlled her bedtime she would go at nine, or earlier, every night, as every child at her age should. Yesterday the following brief dialogue between two boys took place in front of our house, in reference to a party held the night before: "Halloo! did you have a good time last night?" "O, staver! A No. 1! didn't get home till three o'clock!" I will simply add that the average age of those who "didn't get home till three o'clock" is probably about fifteen years.

Said one of the above-named murderous teachers to me recently: "I shall be thankful when the dances are over! There is nothing else thought of the day before, and nothing else talked of the day after each one of them." What I teach the pupils, and what they read—for they do not study—from their books goes through their minds like water through a sieve." Yet, more likely than not, that teacher was under condemnation, both of pupils and parents, for overworking her school. Now when such dis-

tipations as I have named are allowed children and youth, is it any wonder they grow sickly—that they get up in the morning cross and dyspeptic, and go to school spiritless and thick-headed? In that condition, lessons appear hard and teachers unjust; so does the sun appear to revolve about the earth, but this fallacy is no more fallacious than the other.

When all this unnatural, unhealthy excitement and strain is added to the legitimate school-work, think twice before you blame those long-suffering, much-abused public benefactors, known as teachers and superintendents, for poorly educated or broken-down children. I cannot say concerning city school children, but I know from personal observation that the children—modern phraseology would term them young gentlemen and ladies—of our towns and villages are injuring themselves, mentally and physically, in just these ways I've mentioned. And my solution of the problem is, that the evil lies at the door of the parents and guardians rather than else where. I know our school system is not perfect, and, in view of the heterogeneous material to be dealt with, it is a difficult matter to make it perfect. It might be improved, and without doubt, will be; meanwhile, make the best of present circumstances. See to it that your children are snug and warm in bed at eight and nine o'clock at night. Give them good nutritious food to eat, a little work to do, and plenty of exercise in the open air; then if they find school duties too hard, diminish the number of their studies, and be patient and hopeful until the longed-for millennium shall come.—*Journal of Education.*

POISONING THE CHILDREN.

People are eating themselves to death, and weary house-wives are falling martyrs to the popular greed for an endless variety of dainties. Little children are fed with rich food until their appetites become perfectly demoralized and they turn in disdain from the plain, wholesome diet which they need in order to become noble and strong men and women, and they grow up dainty, capricious, listless, weak, complaining, invalids. We are fast becoming a nation of dyspeptics.

Mothers I move for a reform. Spare your children, if you spoil a sumptuous dinner. You love your children, and you want to please them; but their welfare demands that you curb their inclinations at times. You would not let them eat poisoned candy if you knew it was poison, even if they cried for it. An excess of unwholesome food may be quite as injurious in time. Children had better cry a little now than suffer much by and by. They may be pleased with a surfeit of good things, but the effect will make them cross as tigers. A little restriction is not so hard for them to bear, as physical pain, and it will prove a blessing in the end. An over-indulged child is very apt to be extremely fractious and "fussy." I have seen a three-year-old child perfectly savage after eating several cookies and two large pieces of mince pie, given her to stop her teasing, but the more she eat, the more she snarled.

I heard a feeble mother say with a sigh, "Oh dear! I must cook again. Two days ago I baked a pan full of cookies and fried another pan full of doughnuts, made eight pies, and several loaves of bread, and now there is nothing cooked in the house."

I wanted to put a lock on her pantry, and have charge of the key, until her children's appetites were disciplined into some degree of consistency. They will not eat this and that at the table, but they can munch doughnuts, cookies, or pie, every hour in the day, and their poor worn mother wonders why her children are sick so often. She thinks the darlings must have what they want to eat, and she is not stingy enough to starve her family. So she is killing herself to provide food for them to eat themselves sick, and then she must be robbed of her rest to wait upon them. Wanted, a reform! I hear farmers say that cattle and horses should not have too much feed. They need a certain amount, and if fed beyond that they will not only waste their fodder, but will grow poor. So will children sometimes eat too much for their good. They like sweet, and will eat cake because it is sweet, when they are not hungry, and if indulged, will spoil their digestive organs. Give them regular meals, and let them get hungry enough to relish good, plain, whole-

some food. They will be healthier, stronger, happier and pleasanter; and be a comfort to their parents instead of being troublesome torments.

"There was a nation, Spartans named,
For their great men and glory famed."

But the grand, robust, heroic Spartans were not brought up on plum pudding, mince pie, and pound cake. No, indeed! Much rich food is not healthy for anybody. If we cannot eat plain food when it is well cooked, we had better not eat until we are hungry. The highest art in cookery is knowing how to make common victuals good.—*The Household.*

WHEAT CAME OF IGNORANCE.—I wish to give my experience to the readers of the *Herald of Health* as a proof that ignorance of health matters is not bliss, at least it has not been so in my own case. I live in a healthy region of country, where women generally are strong and enduring, and was myself as healthy a girl as ever was; but at the age of fifteen my grandmother, sisters and several girl friends laughed at me for being altogether too stout. They said I must diet myself—take a great deal of vinegar, some Epsom salts and other things, and, above all, wear a tight-fitting corset night and day. I was fool enough to follow their advice, for I wanted to be as lady-like as possible. At first I got on very well, but after a few months I began to grow weak, and now I am over twenty years old and as pale and delicate as an old woman. My stomach is irritable and full of acid, and often vomit up my food before it is half digested. I have taken medicine until I am tired of it and discouraged, and don't know what to do. I give my case as a warning to others, and I also ask advice of any one who has had a similar experience.—*Caroline in Herald of Health.*

CLEANLINESS OF SINKS.—One of the most prolific causes of defilement and offensive odors in kitchen sinks and their outlets is the presence of decaying grease. This comes from the emptyings of kettles in which meat has been cooked in the dish water, and in the soap. The grease lodges in every crevice and catches at every obstruction. A remedy may be found in the use of the common alkalies instead of soap, aqua ammonia in washing clothes, and borax in washing lawns and laces, and washing soda in cleaning dishes. These alkalies prevent a solid soap from forming in the sink and its pipes and neutralize all effects of decomposing fat.—*Scientific American.*

A CATERPILLAR MAT.—Take woollen cloth, cut crosswise into strips about an inch wide, gather through the centre on a stout linen thread and draw up snugly, then sew them on a piece of carpeting or sacking the size of the mat you wish to make, beginning in the centre and sewing round and round. Have the first two or three times or more of bright-colored rags, hit or miss; then two or three times of black or brown, and so on. It will use up very small pieces, and looks nicely for bedrooms, etc. Be sure and cut the strips crosswise, or they will ravel badly.

APPLE "TURNS."—The child is defrauded of its rights who does not know the taste of a "turnover," baked purposely for small consumers. Roll out a round of crust about the size of a dessert plate, pull it into oval shape. Put two tablespoonfuls of rich apple sauce, or else apples in the finest slices that you can cut, sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, quite into the centre of the crust, turn it over and pinch the edges closely together. Wet the crust with a little sweet milk and bake brown in the oven.

CREAM TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak three tablespoonfuls of tapioca in warm water two hours, then stir it into one quart of boiling milk, let it boil fifteen minutes; beat together the yolks of four eggs and one cup of sugar, stir them into the pudding and flavor with lemon or vanilla extract; pour all into a baking dish. Beat the whites of the eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar to a stiff froth, put this over the pudding, and bake five minutes.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of scalding water; stir in flour to make stiff enough to bake in pans.

PUZZLES.

LORD MACAULAY'S ENIGMA.

Cut off my head, and singular I am,
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear.
Cut off both head and tail, and strange to say,
Although there's nothing left, there's something there.
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea.
What is my tail cut off? A rushing river,
Within whose liquid depths I sportive play—
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute for ever.

CHARADES.

1. I have no eyes, and yet my nose is long.
I have no mouth, and yet my breath is strong.

2. My friend and I from home did part
Of whom I had some way the start,
So on we ran ten miles or more,
And I same distance as before;
Now tell me how that this could be,
As I ran twice as fast as he?

ENIGMATIC AUTHORS.

- To cause to waver, and a lance,
Names an English poet whose writing entrance.
- A tool used by farmers, and a gum
Was a Greek poet highly esteemed by some.
- The shaft of a column, and not well
Was a Latin poet few can excel.
- An English river, and an enemy in war
Was a novelist whose works are much sought for.
- An exclamation of teamsters and a briar
Was a writer of fiction whom many admire.

A GEOGRAPHICAL JUMBLE.

A thrifty lady in a dress of (town in New South Wales), and carrying (one of the Sunda Islands) fan, went out to buy a new set of (an empire in Asia). She had a desire to shine in (islands in the Pacific), and sent for her (mountain in Oregon), (a city in Idaho), (a city in Georgia), and (a city in Illinois) to aid in the selection. Having bought some delicate cups and saucers from (a beautiful city in France), she bought plates from (a city in Prussia), and carved platters from the (mountains in Switzerland), she proceeded to order a supper. She bought (grain from Minnesota), (fruit from Spain and Italy), (fish from the Mediterranean), and many other things. Lighting her saloon, she found the (town in North of Scotland) of the candles troublesome. She called her servant (mountain in Scotland), and ordered him to bring her oil from (the sea on the east of Siberia). Her carpets were a (city in Belgium), her perfumes came from (a city on the Rhine), her curtains from (a town on the Trent), her coal from (a town on the Tyne), and her knives and forks from (two busy manufacturing towns of England).

MAGIC SQUARE.

Place the following figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, in three columns, in such a position that by adding them upwards, or across or diagonally, they will make 15.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

PHONETIC CHARADE.—Politician (Polly, Titan.)
CONUNDRUMS.—Elder-tree. Adrift. Mouse Stone.

NUMERICAL ENIGMAS: I. It never rains but it pours. II. Evil be to him who evil thinks.
CHARADE.—Both any.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from J. D. Mills.

TO REMOVE MILDEW OR STAINS FROM WHITE CLOTH.—One tablespoonful of chloride of lime in half a pail of water, let it stand half an hour, then dip the cloth in, wet thoroughly, and spread in the sun. Repeat this until entirely out, then wash thoroughly and rinse, and the lime will not injure the cloth. To leave the cloth over night without washing, the lime will rot it. Yellowed or unbleached clothes may be bleached in the same way.

SALT liberally sprinkled over a carpet before sweeping will absorb the dust and dirt and bring out the colors as fresh as new.