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I'S GROWIN' TO BE A MAN.

QUEER QUESTIONS QUAINTLY ANSWERED;

OR,

CREATIVE MYSTERIES MADE PLAIN TO CHILDREN.

BY

RETA GRAY.

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DEDICATED

TO

Mothers,

HOPING IT MAY ASSIST THEM IN
TEACHING THEIR LITTLE ONES OF THOSE SACRED
"ORIGINS"
THE KNOWLEDGE OF WHICH
BEING OF MORE IMPORTANCE TO THEM
THAN WE CAN VALUE.

PREFACE.

THERE may be some who will feel a little startled at the thought of talking freely with children concerning those things which there is generally an effort made to hide from them. To such, as well as to others, I can only say that there is a danger of confounding purity of mind with ignorance. But they are not the same; they have nothing in common; the one is the offspring of light and truth, the other is the offspring of darkness.

There is certain knowledge, certain truths concerning life, which every child must learn, must gather from some source or other. This knowledge should be gained in the sanctuary of home, in sweet, confidential talks between parent and child. But, sad to say, those very things concerning which, above all others, the child should receive the carefulest, tenderest training it usually learns nothing at all of in the home.

The object of this little work is to brush aside some of the mysterious clouds and let the light shine into the childish mind; to tell in simple words some of the great truths of creative science. I have ever

tried to impress upon the young mind that the body is a sacred temple, that every part, every organ of it, was planned by the Creator, and should be revered.

Our boys and girls of to-day are to be the men and women of tomorrow. How important, then, the teaching of those first few years in the home, that there may ever be a truer living in the future. We have not thought too much of the moral, but we have thought too little of the physical. In perfection they go hand in hand. We seem to have forgotten that God is interested in our body; that it is as truly His work as the soul is; that there is nothing affects it that does not affect its Creator. The body is the dwelling-place of the eternal Spirit on earth, and from our earliest childhood we should be taught this, that we may not in any way make our bodies less perfect than it is in our power to have them. Disease is the most unlovely thing in the world, whether it be of body or of mind. Health is inspiring; health is beautiful, and from our childhood we should aspire to possess it.

If the little talks which follow are the means of lessening in some degree the pain and suffering which touches us on every hand, and of inspiring our boys and girls with a longing to be perfect in body as well as in soul, the author will feel that she has been bounteously rewarded.

THE AUTHOR.

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"Come, let us live with our children!"
Earnestly, holily live,
Learning ourselves the sweet lessons
That to the children we give.
Fresh from the kingdom of heaven
Into this earth-life they come,
Not to abide—we must guide them
Back to the heavenly home.

"Come, let us live with our children!"
Leading them tenderly on
Into the fields that God's love-light
Ever shines brightly upon.
Then when our feet grow too weary
For the safe guidance of youth,
We shall be led, like the children,
To Him who is goodness and truth.

—SELECTED.

QUEER QUESTIONS QUAINTLY ANSWERED.

CHAPTER I.

A GOOD-BYE.

"SEE, sweetheart, see, grandma is coming." And my little three-year-old darling laughed and clapped her hands as the dear silver-haired woman of eighty walked slowly toward us.

She was my father's mother, and the only mother I had ever known. She sat down on the step before us, her face more serene even than usual. She looked at me, then at my baby, and then around on the beautiful sunset scene. The leaves were just bursting anew on the trees and the flowers shooting up their heads. The sky was clear, the birds were twittering, and I, with my baby in my arms and my mother at my knee, was so happy that I felt as if this were almost heaven itself.

She turned to me again in a moment, and said:

"Reta, you were a happy little girl, and you are now a happy woman; and I hope that in your happiness you will not forget how much you owe to that sweet little daughter whom God has given you."

I clasped my laughing, dancing baby closer to me, and kissed her fervently two or three times.

"My baby will be all right," I replied, "for the same dear, wise mother who guided me will help me guide my little one. Won't she, sweetheart?"

My baby laughed and threw her arms around grandma's neck, crying:

"Yes, grandma teach baby everysing."

The dear mother's face became very solemn, and taking my hands in hers she looked into my face with such intense earnestness that I almost faltered beneath it.

"Reta," she said, "grandma cannot always live, and you will have that baby to teach yourself. Will you remember how I have taught you? Will you remember how much a mother owes to her child? That little mind is soon going to begin to question, and who will answer those questions? If that young intellect blossoms and ripens under the Heavenly Father's hand, *it is going to know.*

"You understand me, Reta. There are things never taught in the school room, seldom taught in books, but about which young minds are curious; and it is the mother's place to satisfy this curiosity. Will you remember, my daughter, that you never learned in the playground, or on the street from vulgar tongues those things which should come pure and simple from the mother's lips? Will you remember, too, my child, that as you neared womanhood you were not left in ignorance of your being; that you did not endure years of suffering because of my neglect? Will you

remember that I always had your confidence, and that whenever you wished to know any of those secrets which children try to gather from older ones, you came straight to me with it, and I told you in a way that did not leave a stain upon your pure young mind?

"It is a high and precious privilege to raise children, to send them forth into the world healthy, happy men and women, with minds free from sullying thoughts, the seeds of which have been dropped by vulgar tongues in early childhood, because a mother thought she couldn't tell them those things which the child is *bound* to learn from some source or other."

My eyes were filled with tears. I put my arms around her neck and pressed my face to hers.

"My dear, dear mother," I said, "I know how good, how faithful you have been to me. May God give me grace and wisdom to be as good to my own!"

"He will, Reta, He will!" And brushing back the curls from my face she looked at me with a serene, heavenly expression which never faded from my memory. "And when grandma is gone, Reta, you will remember her teaching even better than you do now."

She left us on the steps and went into the house, and when an hour later we found her in her room her spirit had gone to be with God.

I shall draw a curtain over that last, sad scene. I felt that my heart was broken, and that I could never raise my child without her help. But when the silent form had gone forever her teaching still remained. Our lives had been so lived within each other that no hour passed which did not bring back some word of hers.

CHAPTER II.

A BIRD'S NEST.

IT was spring again; a year had passed since grandma had been taken. I was doing up my room work one morning while my baby stood at the open window looking up at the great maple tree before her. She could just touch some of the branches; and almost within her reach was a dear little birdie's nest.

"Mamma, see," she said, her face eagerly lighting, "isn't there a little, new birdie in the nest?"

I went to the window, and, sure enough, there was the tiny, new-born, featherless creature.

"Did God put the little birdie in the nest?" she said as she turned her lovely, questioning, blue eyes on my face.

I sat down on a stool beside her, and for a moment made no reply. How well I remembered my own first lesson on that subject! My first thought had been to say, "Yes, darling, God put the little birdie in the nest. Isn't He good to give us such dear little birdies?" But I knew that would not satisfy the mother who had taught me.

"Where do you think God would get the birdie to put in the nest?" I asked.

The blue eyes looked puzzled for a moment, then she said brightly:

"Away up in the sky, somewhere."

"And what do you think that poor little birdie would do away up in the sky somewhere alone?

"New birdie in the nest."

It hasn't any feathers, and it is so tiny and weak that it cannot move out of the nest."

"Couldn't God take care of it, mamma?" she said sweetly.

"Yes, God could take care of it like that if He cared to; but God doesn't do His work in that way.

God made the little birdies to fly about in the sky, and to sing for us here. And every new little birdie that comes, comes in a nest just as this little birdie has. God does take care of it, but He does so by putting it into the heart of the mamma and papa bird to feed it and watch over it and keep it warm till it grows big enough to fly for itself."

I paused for a moment, and smiled to see my baby's still puzzled face.

"But mamma," she said, "you didn't tell me yet where the mamma and papa bird got their little baby bird. Did God come down some night and put it in the nest, and tell them to be good birdies and take care of the little new birdie?"

"No, sweetheart, no," I replied as I kissed the fair, puzzled brow, "not just that way. Long, long years ago when God first made the world He made birdies something in that way, but He does not have to do that now, for He so made the birdies that from them new birdies are born every year.

"In the spring when the sun gets warm and the leaves come out on the trees, and the flowers begin to blossom, some papa bird sings to some mamma bird, and they go off together and gather some little straws and bits of leaves, and build a nest. A mamma and papa bird built this nest right here in the tree before us. Then the mamma bird laid some tiny little eggs and sat on them to keep them warm, just like auntie's old speckled hen does every spring. By and by the eggs hatched, and the little birdies were in the nest instead of the tiny eggs.

"And often while the mamma bird sits on the eggs to keep them warm the papa bird gathers worms and flies, and brings them to her to eat. And now he will help her feed the baby birds for a while, till she can leave them to hunt food for them. Every day they get a little bit stronger, the feathers will come out on them, and by and by they will fly about in the sky and sing for us in the trees."

"And will they be mamma birds and papa birds sometime, too?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, sweetheart, next year they will pair off with some other birdies, and build nests and raise their little ones."

"And don't the papa bird ever lay any eggs and sit on them?" She turned her head to one side and looked as if she didn't think it was altogether fair.

I smiled. "No, baby, God just made the mamma bird so she could lay eggs, and put a love in her heart to sit on them till the little birdies are hatched. He put a love in the papa bird's heart, too, to look after the mamma bird while she did it. Isn't it all right, Gladys?"

She threw her arms around my neck as she said:

"Yes, mamma, it is all right. God made it that way, and I know God wouldn't do it that way if it wasn't all right. I love the little birdies, and I love the flowers, and everything God has made, and I love you most of all."

Then she raised her head and looked into my face—

"Say, mamma, did you ever see a birdie's egg?"

"Yes, dear, and mamma has a little nest with two

tiny eggs in it in her trunk, and she will show you"

I got out the nest with its two little speckled eggs, and showed her. She laughed and clapped her hands while she cried:

"Oh, mamma, mamma, where did you get it? Such teenty, weenty eggs, and they make such teenty, weenty birdies—not great big chickie's like eggs do."

I smiled as I thought of the day I had got it long years before.

"Baby," I said, "mamma has had this ever since she was a little girl, not many years older than you are. Papa was a little boy then, too, and he wasn't always a very good little boy. One Sunday, when his mamma sent him to Sunday-school, he ran away to the woods with some other naughty boys. They climbed the trees and took down some birdies' nests and brought them home."

"And the poor papa and mamma birdies' babies would be gone, wouldn't they?" And the tears stood in the sweet blue eyes.

"Yes, Gladys, their babies were gone. The naughty boys dropped the baby birds on the ground, and left them there to die, while they brought home the nest with the two little eggs not yet hatched."

"How could you bear to keep it, mamma?" And she gently touched with her baby finger the tiny egg.

I smiled again as I thought of the tear-stained face of her father as he came to see me that afternoon so long ago.

"Your papa went home that day, Gladys, and his mamma punished him for being so wicked as to rob

"He gave it to me as a pledge."

the poor bird of her baby birdies. She told him how very wrong it was, and he felt so bad that he asked her if he might come over and tell me about it. We lived side by side, and always played together. She let him come, and with tears in his eyes he told me how naughty he had been, and asked me to forgive him. Then he gave me the nest with its two little eggs to keep forever, as a pledge that he would not be so cruel again."

"So my papa was naughty once!" she said, as a half pleased, half surprised look swept over her face.

"Yes, darling—naughty once."

With a smile in her eyes, she danced out of the room, and I could fancy her saying to herself, "when I'm naughty again I'll tell papa he was naughty once."

CHAPTER III.

DO THE FLOWERS LOVE?

"HOW my baby loves flowers!" I said, leaning over her as she stood in the garden watching the flowers.

She had been standing there gazing at them with a very thoughtful face for several minutes before I joined her. A little humming-bird, and a few honey-bees were sipping the sweet from flower to flower.

"Mamma," she said, "I've just been watching the flowers and wondering whether they loved each other. There are so many of them, and they are so pretty that it seems to me they must know something about each other."

Just at that moment the little humming-bird darted away from the flower before her face and up into the sky. She gave a merry little laugh as her eyes followed it; then she turned to me quickly as a new thought came into her mind.

"Are there mamma flowers and papa flowers, just like there are mamma birds and papa birds? Or is it only little things that talk and sing who have papas and mammas?"

"Gladys," I replied, "the dear Father in heaven has made this world beautifully and wonderfully,

and in a sense even the flowers have a papa and mamma.

"You remember last night when papa was reading to you of all the living creatures going into the ark, how God had Noah put them all in by pairs, the male and the female, that is, the papa and the mamma; not one bird or one beast went in without his mate. When God first made the world, after He had made the sun and moon and the lovely bright stars; the trees, the grass, the birds and the flowers; the lakes, the rivers, the mountains, and all the beautiful things which make us so happy, then He made a man, Adam, the first man you know who ever lived in this world. But Adam was all alone: he did not have a mate, and God saw that he was lonely. So God made a wife for Adam one day when he was asleep. When Adam awoke he found he had a companion, and he loved her. And they became the papa and mamma of a lot of little girls and boys. And just so it has been ever since; this world is made up of pairs, and pairs, and pairs."

At that moment a honey-bee lighted on the flower just in front of Gladys. It sipped the sweet, and then buzzed away.

"See, see, mamma!" she cried as it buzzed around, "its little feet are all covered with the yellow dust of the flower."

"That is just what I wanted you to notice, my dear," I replied, as she eagerly watched it. "The bees and the insects carry on their feet that bit of dust from one part of the flower to another; the

wind, too, does its share in carrying it. If it were not for that we would soon have no flowers, for the seeds would be no good, and we could grow no more plants. Even in the flowers there is the papa and the mamma part."

"This, my dear," I said as I plucked a blossom from the tree beside me, "is the papa part of the plant, and this," I said, pointing to the pistil in the centre, "is the mamma part of the plant. Unless this pollen dust is carried by some means or other to the pistil, there will be no seed when the blossom dies, nor will the fruit ripen on the trees.

"Every apple, every peach, every pear, every tiny berry on the bushes, was once a tiny pistil, like this little slender green part which you see in the middle of the blossom, and one day a soft spring breeze, or some dear honey-bee in search of sweets, carried this pollen dust over to this pistil. By this means the pistil received power to grow into a seed or ripen into fruit. Day by day that pistil grew until in the fall papa and mamma and Gladys walked down into the garden and picked off a lovely rosy peach which had one day been only a slender green pistil like this one here in this peach blossom.

"Do you understand, Gladys? Everything that grows has been given life in some such way as this. Even the flowers and the trees and the fruits have a mamma and a papa. The pollen dust is the papa, the pistil is the mamma."

My baby was very thoughtful for a moment. Then a look of mingled pleasure and adoration swept over her face.

"Oh! mamma," she said, "everybody loves God, don't they, for making such a lovely world, and all so wonderful, too? Nobody but God could do it, and nobody here can find out how He did it either; can they, mamma?"

"No, Gladys," I replied, as I looked into that spiritual, upturned face. "We may study all our life to try to find out something of the way in which the trees and the plants and the flowers grow and continue to live year after year. But after we have spent our life in that interesting study we can only exclaim, 'His ways are past finding out.' As we stand in silent admiration and wonder, and view His works, we cannot but worship Him who has done all this."

She gathered up the flowers in her tiny hands, while she looked at them lovingly.

"Dear, sweet flowers! God made you, and I love you, every one of you. You are God's own flowers," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

A BABY KITTY.

MY little daughter was now six years old. I had tried earnestly, day by day, to teach her just as my mother would have had me do, and just as I felt it was my duty to do with a young life that it might not grow up with false beliefs and ideas of things. She had learned much that is generally kept from children of her age; yet I knew that I must keep right on unveiling the wondrous work of God's creation, if I would forestall all those tainting stories which are too often whispered from one school child to another.

She was going to enter school in September, so I had left just the two months' vacation in which I would have my little one wholly to myself. I had been her constant companion from babyhood; not that she had no little friends, but they had been of my choosing, and little ones who were not allowed to mix commonly with all children. So I knew that my darling's mind was still as pure as the dewdrop. But, when two months more were gone she would be to a certain extent beyond my control. I could then no longer listen to every word which would drop into her ears; but I felt that in the six years of close friendship with my daughter, I had so fully gained

her love and trust that she would continue to come to me with everything, and I would still be enabled to guide her aright, to untangle any strange and fascinating untruths which might be cast into her way.

I was thinking this early one morning as I stood at the breakfast room window. Our canary was singing joyously in its cage beside me, and our family cat was lying lazily at my feet. Soon I heard a chair set softly down behind me, and in a moment two little hands were clasped over my eyes.

"Gladys Gray!" I answered promptly.

She uncovered my eyes and showered my face with kisses.

"Mamma's own little sweetheart!" I said, as I sat down and took her on my lap. She was still in her dainty night-robe, and her golden curls fell loosely about her face. Who wouldn't be a mother? I thought as I looked at her.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, "you don't know what a lovely dream I had last night. I dreamed grandma came back, and we were on a little boat on the river. I told grandma that I was going to school after holidays. But she looked just as sorry; she took my hands in hers, put them up to her lips, and I felt a tear fall on them. Then she turned to you and said something, but I couldn't hear what she said. But you said, 'Yes, grandma, I will.'

"Then we went away down the river and gathered flowers. We came back and had supper, and papa was so glad grandma had returned.

"Wasn't that nice, mamma?"

"Yes, Gladys, very nice," I replied. But I remembered only one part of the story—my promise to grandma.

At that moment the cat awoke, and sauntered over beside us. It began purring and rubbing its head against Gladys' feet. Gladys wasn't always as gentle as a little angel, and just now she gave a shout, leaned forward quickly, and caught the cat in her arms. Then she began vigorously tumbling it about, while the cat mewed, and struggled to get free.

"Put the kitten down dear, won't you?" I said; "you are hurting it."

"No, I'm not," she replied with a merry laugh. "The old kitty is lazy; it will do her good to get punched." And she gave the cat a little "punch" with her fist.

"Gladys, dear, stop!" I said firmly.

She looked at me with a half pained expression. "I didn't hurt it, mamma. I often played with her harder than that, and you didn't say a word."

"My dear," I said, as I set the cat on the floor, "there are reasons for your not being rough with pussy just now."

"Was I very naughty, mamma?" she said, with a little quiver in her voice.

"No, dear, you weren't naughty at all. I had not told you yet that you should be very gentle with pussy, so, of course, you didn't know. But mamma is going to tell you now.

"You know, Gladys, that our big pussy was once a tiny baby kitty; that everything that grows in this

world was once only a baby. The great big oak tree at the foot of the garden was once a tiny baby tree, just a slip that Gladys could have broken with her little hands. Every tree, every bush and flower, every cat or horse or dog or cow—everything was once only a baby, and had to grow big. We have never yet had a baby kitty here, but we are going to have one before very long. They are such sweet helpless little things that I know you will love them."

Her young face was all aglow. "Is God going to send us some nice little kitties, mamma, just like Ethel James had?"

"Yes, Gladys, God is going to send us the kitties, but He isn't going to bring them right down from heaven for us any more than He does the birdies. The kitties must have a mamma, as well as the birdies, or how could they live? They would have no one to take care of them and feed them."

"And is our big pussy going to be a mamma?"

"Yes, Gladys."

"And where is she going to get her little kitties, mamma?"

"My dear," I replied, "God, who has planned everything so wisely, has lovingly thought of those tiny creatures. He has prepared a home, a sort of cradle, where they might live and grow till they were big and strong enough to live in the world.

"That tiny little cradle He has formed inside the pussy's body, and the baby kitties, which were at first only a speck, have grown day by day till now they are pretty nearly strong enough to live in the world.

Perhaps there will be three or four kitties, we cannot tell till they are born. So we must be very careful with pussy or we will hurt those baby kitties. And if we hurt them it hurts pussy, too. If we were very rough with her it might kill the kitties. So I want you to be very gentle and kind with pussy.

"God has made that little cradle-home so perfectly that when the kitties are strong and big enough to live in the world it opens, and the little baby kitties are born. They will be very small and tender, and you will have to be very gentle with them for two or three weeks."

"Where will pussy put her little kitties, mamma? What if she would carry them away off and hide them so I couldn't find them?"

"She will not do that, dear. Pussy likes to stay in the house too well, and be near you. Pussy usually finds a little nest for herself in the hay or straw, and leaves her kitties there for a few days. Then she brings them up to the kitchen, and coaxes us with her gentle purr to let her leave them there."

Gladys' face brightened. "Oh, mamma, I have just thought of something! Mayn't I take a nice little box, like my doll house, and line it all nice and soft, and put it in the kitchen in the corner for pussy to keep her kitties in till they get big enough to run around alone."

"Good!" I replied. "You could do nothing that would please me better; and I know pussy would love to be treated so."

Gladys went right to work, and the whole day was

spent in cushioning the floor of the little box, tacking up strips of old silk and velvet around the sides, and papering the outside of the box. I never saw the child work with such interest before. Every now and then I could hear her give a little sigh as she hammered away at the tacks, or stood back to inspect her work. At last she had it all finished! Just then pussy came up to her, and slowly rubbed her head back and forth on Gladys' dress. Gladys sat down on the floor and took the cat on her lap.

"Now, pussy," she said seriously, while she gently stroked her sleepy head, "mamma told me all about it, how God is going to let you have some kitties all your own. And you will love them and be good to them 'cause God has made your heart all full of love. I'm going to be good to your baby kitties, too, when they come. I don't want them to get all rained on or cold, or get their little eyes sticked out with the straw in the barn, or I don't want the chickens to pick them, so I made this little house for them. It is all soft and nice in the bottom, and you can lie there with them just lovely."

Then she placed the cat in the box, saying:

"Don't you see, old pussy, how nice it is? And mamma said I could leave the box right here in the corner. So you needn't run away to sleep at all, and you must put your kitties right here when they come."

She threw a little, old, silk shawl over the cat, and then came running to me to tell me what she had done.

For the next week Gladys watched anxiously for the kitties to appear. When she kissed me "good-

night," she would ask me if I thought the kitties would be here in the morning. And the first word in the morning was, "Did the kitties come, mamma?"

On Saturday night three kitties were born. I found the dear little pets in their house on Sunday morning. When Gladys awoke I was standing by her crib, smiling down at her. She opened her eyes wide, then cried quickly:

"Oh, mamma, mamma, they came! I can see it smiling out of your eyes."

"Yes, sweetheart, they came," I replied, as she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me rapturously.

"And did papa see them?" she went on excitedly. "And is the old pussy awful glad: and did she kiss them just as she kisses me?"

Unable to restrain herself longer she sprang from my arms, and bounded lightly down the stairs.

When I found her she was sitting on the floor, the big pussy under her arm, and the three baby kitties in her lap. Her face was radiant with smiles, and she was saying:

"You are the sweetest little kitties that ever lived. I have waited for you for such a great long while, too, for mamma told me you were coming. Aren't you glad, you dear little things, that you are here? Pussy loves you so much, too, 'cause you are her own little babies. And I am going to give you each a pretty name, and we'll play together every day. See what a nice little house I made for you. If mamma hadn't told me about you I wouldn't have had this

all ready, and maybe some old thing in the barn would have eaten you up. Don't you love my mamma, kitties?"

"They said, 'yes,' mamma," she cried, laughingly, as she ran back up-stairs to get dressed.

CHAPTER V.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

ONE afternoon, during the summer, a little girl called, and wanted Gladys to come to her birthday party. She was a few years older than Gladys, and nearly all the girls invited were older, too. At first I was about to refuse, but she begged of me so earnestly to let her come and have some fun with the rest of the girls, that I hardly knew what to do. I still dreaded having Gladys thrown into a promiscuous crowd of girls, for I knew only too well the dangers such crowds involved. Not that I ever dreamed that all little girls were naughty; but I knew it was hard to find a single crowd in which there would not be at least one who, from false training, or unfavorable surroundings, had had her mind stored with wrong thoughts. I knew, too, that those curious young minds were usually just as eager to listen as the other was eager to tell. But, after thinking over it for a few minutes, I said:

"I have never yet allowed Gladys to go out to any gathering without me, but this time I am going to leave it with her to decide. If she wishes to go she may."

The great blue eyes spoke volumes. She took my hand in hers and laid her cheek against it as she said pleadingly:

"You won't be sorry if I go, mamma, will you? I will be just as good, as good."

"You may go, darling," I answered, kissing her.

The day of the party came. How eager and expectant she was! She was going to a real party. She looked like a fairy, indeed, as she started off in her snowy dress, her cheeks almost as pink as her sash, and her curls falling about her smiling face. She waved her dear little hand to me as she went down the street, and I closed the door wondering how it would turn out.

That night as I was about to lay her in her little bed, she clasped her arms around my neck, saying:

"Wait a minute, mamma, I want to have a little talk with you."

We sat down together. She looked very serious, and, I thought, a little sad.

"Mamma," she continued, "I told you most all about the party, what lovely presents she got, what games we played, and all about the grand supper she gave us; but there was one thing I didn't tell you."

Her eyelids drooped for a moment; then she looked up at me half shyly as she went on:

"There was one girl there, I guess she must be a nice girl, for they all seemed to like her best; when they saw her coming they all ran to meet her, and most of them wanted to stay by her all the time. She was older than the rest of us, and they told me when she came in that she knew a whole lot of things none of the rest of us knew. They said she would tell us some great stories if we coaxed her."

"What did you think of her, darling?" I said.

She placed her soft little hands on my cheeks: "I didn't like her a bit, mamma. I believe she is naughty, even if all the girls did like her so well. She said a lot of naughty words; and when she was telling us stories she talked in a whisper, and acted as if she was afraid some one would hear her. The girls all got up in Hazel's play-room and sat on the floor around her. I can't remember all she said, but I know she told some things which cannot be true. I know, too, that it was not nice for her to tell it. She said her father had a farm away out in the country, and it had a wonderful woods in it. She said that here and there all over the woods there were great caves, which had been there for thousands of years, and that they were full of little colts. Whenever a man wanted a little colt he sent to her father for it, and her father took it to him; and he got money for it, so that he was getting very rich.

"I asked her how the little colts got in the caves; and she said there were ponds in the centre of the caves, and the colts hatched in the water, and came to the top. They climbed up on the bank to get dry, and then her father caught them.

"When she said that the girls all looked as if they thought it was wonderful, and asked her if many people knew about it. She said 'no,' that her father never told anybody, and that she wouldn't have known it only she heard him talking about it one day with her brother. She said he would be very angry if he knew she had heard it, so they must never breathe it to a living soul."

"What did you say to that, Gladys?" I asked.

She blushed. "You won't be cross at me, mamma, will you? But I was so angry at her I said: 'You are a nasty, bad girl! I don't believe that story at all. I'm going to ask mamma just as soon as I get home if that is the way little colts grow!'

"Then the girls all laughed at me and said I was silly, and that it would be very mean of me to tell when she had said we must not. But the big girl frowned at me and looked as if she would like to slap me, as she said:

"'You crazy kid, your mother doesn't know anything more about where colts come from than you do. How can anybody know when only my father has the woods?'

"I got up and stamped my foot at her. 'I don't believe the colts ever came out of your woods,' I cried, 'and I'm going to ask mamma to night, for she knows, and she will tell me.' Then I ran down stairs and wouldn't listen to her any longer. But I heard her say as I went:

"'I don't see why people send babies to parties. Fancy asking her mother! As if her mother would tell her! I used to ask my mother lots of things, where colts and kittens and babies and everything came from, but she never told me. She would pretend she didn't hear me, or tell me to run off and not bother her. I learned what I know by listening and watching and reading. But I'll not tell her another thing if she *never* learns. So there!'

"Then I heard the others say, 'never mind, she is gone now. Tell us some more.'

"When we were coming home one of the girls said to me, 'Ha, ha, Gladys, you missed it! She told us a whole lot of things after you left—things I bet you will never find out for a good long time.'

"'Are you going to ask your mamma if it is all true?'" I said.

"Then they all laughed at me and asked me how old I was; and if I thought they didn't know any more than I did. They said mothers never talked about such things to their children, and that they would not for anything tell her what they had heard."

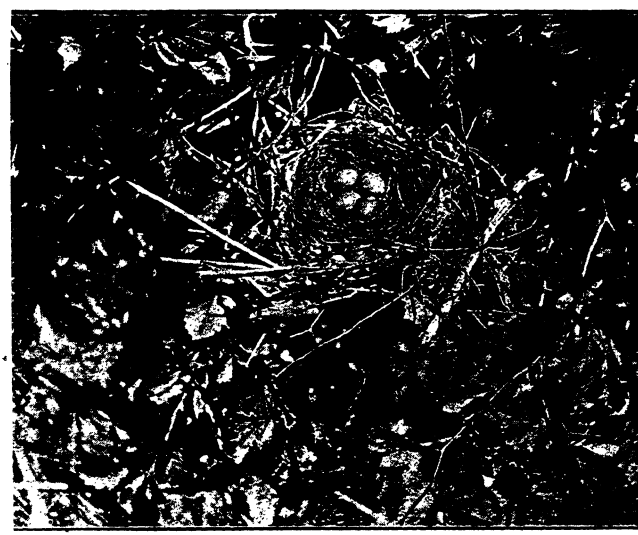
As I looked into my little daughter's confiding face my eyes filled with tears. How sad to think of a mother whose daughter could not trust her. How sad to think of a dear young girl, that tenderest of all God's creatures, growing up without a mother's guidance. I felt at that moment that it would break my heart if this little daughter of mine would not unburden to me her every trouble.

"Dearest," I said, "mamma will make that matter all clear to you. You felt sure from what you already knew of God's great plan of creation that a little colt never came into the world in that way. There are creatures bred in the water, but not horses."

She smiled brightly. "Yes, I know, little fishes get hatched in the water, don't they?"

"Yes, dear, and when mamma cleaned the fish today you remember what a lot of little eggs we found in them. You did not forget, did you, that I said the fish laid those eggs and they were hatched into little fishes, which grew big in the water.

"Certain of the creatures which God has made are given their young by the hatching of the eggs which they have laid. Among these are fish, all kinds of birds and fowl; the flies which bother mamma so much in the summer time, and all kinds of insects.



Then there is the other part of God's creatures in whose bodies He has formed a sort of cradle home, where their young ones live for awhile till they grow large enough to live here. Then that home opens and they are born into the world, as the little kitties were. The larger animals all have their little ones in that way."

Gladys clapped her hands together. "And that is the way little colts come, isn't it, mamma? I knew that naughty girl told a story; she doesn't know anything about it, does she?"

"Not very much, dear. But do you know why she doesn't know?"

The smile faded from her face. "Because nobody tells her, I suppose. All those little girls said they wouldn't for anything ask their mammas where those little colts came from. And if they didn't find out the truth from their mammas where could they get it? I guess nobody else would tell them.

"At first I thought I wouldn't tell you till morning; but when you knelt down and asked God to keep us true to each other; that I might never keep anything back from you, but that I would always remember you were not only my mother but the best friend I would ever have in this world; and you prayed that my mind might not have in it any wrong or false thoughts, or anything which Jesus could not bless; then I felt that I couldn't rest till I had told you all about to-day's talk at the party."

I drew the little face nearer to mine, and my tears fell on her cheek.

"Mamma," she said softly, "perhaps some mammas have so many little boys and girls that they don't get time to get acquainted with them, and have nice long talks like we do."

"Perhaps so, darling," I replied. I tucked her in her little bed, and left the room wondering how much truth there might be in her last words.

I stood by the window thinking it over for a few minutes, then I said slowly:

"I would manage somehow. I would put fewer frills on the little dresses. I would iron fewer white skirts. My floor might not be so spotless; the pantry shelves might not be so well filled, *but I would be the confidante of my children.*"

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW BABY.

ONE week more and school would begin. But there was one problem yet which must be explained before I could let my little one mingle in the school ground with other children. It was a question which had not yet seemed to cross her mind, but I knew that it soon must, as it always does children of her age, and often younger. It was that puzzling question which has been asked somewhere, by someone, day after day since the world began, namely, "Where did the baby come from?"

I had never yet taken her to see a new-born babe; but her auntie now had a little one about a week old, and I took her with me to see it.

As we entered the gate, I said, "Gladys, auntie has a little baby boy which you have never seen before."

That was all that was said about it. I left her in the sitting-room with the nurse who sat by the cradle where the baby lay sleeping, and I went to see her auntie. In a few minutes her little cousin came dancing into the room. They at once began discussing the new baby brother; and as the nurse was called into the bed-room to my sister-in-law, the children were left alone. From where I sat I could see them plainly.

"It is the nicest baby that ever was in the world," said cousin Lillie, as she turned down the blanket a little that Gladys might get a better view of it.

"How do you know it is?" asked Gladys teasingly.

"How do I know?" returned Lillie quite indignantly. "Why! do you suppose we would get a baby that wasn't the nicest there is? Papa bought it; he told me he did. And he said when he buys anything he always gets the best."

Gladys took the little hand in hers, and tenderly touched the tiny fingers. She had never seen anything like it before. Her face was a study of wonder and admiration.

"It is most as little as my doll," she said softly. Then she leaned her face closer and closer over it till her lips touched its forehead.

"I wish we had one at our place, too," she continued. "I would love it, oh, so much!"

After a moment's thoughtful silence her face brightened, and she quickly said:

"Where did your papa get it? Maybe we can get one, too."

"From the doctor," replied Lillie promptly. "He came here one morning early, before I was up, and papa said he had a valise full of them. Papa bought the best one he had, so if you do get one it won't be as nice as this one."

A little doubtful look swept over Gladys' face when Lillie said the doctor had 'a valise full of them." But in the next moment it passed away; for why should she doubt either her uncle's or her cousin's word?

Gladys laid her hand lovingly on the baby's forehead again.

"How long have you had it, Lillie?"

"Oh, about a week. The doctor brought it to us one Sunday morning."

I knew from my little daughter's face that she was trying to solve a problem in her own mind. Finally she said very seriously:

"Where did the doctor get it, Lillie?"

This was too much for Lillie. She shook her head, then laughed lightly.

"Oh, I don't know. I never thought to ask papa. Maybe the doctor never told him.

Just then the nurse returned to the room, and Lillie sprang the question on her at once.

"Say, nurse, where did the doctor get our baby? Papa said he bought it from the doctor, but Gladys wants to know how the doctor got it."

The nurse laughed. "You are two silly, inquisitive children. What difference does it make to you where the baby came from?"

"Well, I guess it makes a lot of difference," said Lillie sharply. "Gladys wants to get one, too."

"Let her ask the doctor then. He always keeps lots of them," replied the nurse.

Gladys touched the tiny little fingers on the blanket again, more tenderly than ever. Then, looking squarely into the nurse's face, said quietly:

"Don't you know where he gets them?"

"Why, of course, I know," she answered lightly. "The doctor keeps a great, big garden full of cabbages,

and the babies grow under the cabbage leaves. When anybody wants one he sells it to them."

I could see the angry tears in Gladys' eyes. "Do you think," she replied, "that God would let dear, sweet, little babies like this live out on the cold ground under hard old cabbage leaves, where the rain could pour on them, and the dogs bite them, or the cats scratch them, or the cows eat them up?"

She turned to the baby again; her face grew softer; and on a sudden impulse she kissed it so quickly, and so passionately, that it awoke with a scream.

We stayed but a few minutes longer, and all the way home Gladys never spoke a word. When we got inside again she sat down in her little rocker, buried her face in her hands, and began to cry.

"What is the matter, dearest?" I said, as I sat down on the floor in front of her.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" she replied, "I won't ever be able to believe anybody in the world but you and papa. Everybody tells me stories. I know they told me stories this afternoon."

Then she raised her head, shook back the curls from her face, while her eyes flashed.

"You never got me out from under an old cabbage leaf, did you mamma?"

I took her little hands in mine. I realized now how really hard it was to tell this little daughter of mine how God had given her to me. Although I had tried to train her so carefully concerning the reproduction of plant and animal life, in her childish innocence she had not before seemed to question her own existence. I

had tried to lead gently up to this point that it might seem natural and easy for her to understand; but even now it seemed rather difficult for me.

"Gladys," I said, "when God has provided so lovingly for the care, before their birth, of His creatures to whom He has given no eternal spirit, will He not much more lovingly provide for those whom He has made in His own image?"

The great blue eyes seemed to drink in my meaning, for they were tender and full of response; but she said simply:

"Yes, mamma."

It was half a question, half a request, and I knew she wanted a full explanation.

"Gladys," I said softly, and she drew a little nearer to me, "God has given to woman the sweet privilege of becoming a mother. The mother-love is strong in her heart long before she becomes one. You have shown that love yourself, my dear, in your fondness for your dolly. I have seen you often hold it in your arms and sing to it, and whisper sweet words to it, as if it knew. It was only that mother-love which God has planted in a woman's heart. That love grows with years, until, when she no longer holds a motionless dolly in her arms, but a sweet, dimpled, living babe, her love has reached its highest pitch: that love which can never die, no matter what that child does, for it is a part of her being. For nine long months before the world knew or cared anything about it, the mother thought of that tiny being which was being nourished in her own body, in that little cradle-

home which the Heavenly Father had provided for it. Day by day she thought of it, and her love grew for it. And when at last it is born into the world the mother takes it into her arms, and it is evermore placed among her priceless treasures."

My little daughter's face seemed to me as beautiful as an angel's. She had been drinking in every word, the love-light deepening in her eyes and her expression ever changing. Now her face was aglow with a mingled expression of exaltation and joy, wonder and reverence.

"You loved me, mamma, a long, long while before I came into this world, and you knew that I was coming. Oh, mamma!"

She clasped her little hands together and looked into my face.

"Yes, darling," I replied. My eyes were swimming with tears and my voice trembled.

"And did papa know it, too; did papa love me then?" she asked without changing her attitude.

"Yes; he knew it; he loved you, too."

"And every papa and mamma know before their baby comes that God is going to give it to them?"

"Yes, dear."

"So auntie and uncle didn't buy their baby at all; and people never buy them from doctors." A shadow crossed her face. "Why then, mamma, did uncle tell that awful story to Lillie? When God has made a woman so wonderfully that a sweet little angel baby can live and grow in her body till it is big enough for this world; and when God loves them so well as

to let them have little children, how can they bear to say they found them in the garden or in the woods?"

"I don't know, Gladys, how they can do it. Mamma loves both her baby and her God too well to tell what isn't true about His great, good plan of creation."

Gladys sat thinking for a few minutes, then said:

"Did it make auntie sick when her baby was born?"

I looked for a moment into the innocent blue eyes, and wondered if it was because one question leads on to another till one is at a loss how to answer them, that many mothers get out of the difficulty by being silent about them all.

"Yes, Gladys," I replied, "your auntie is sick because her baby was born. All over this earth, every mother who has ever lived has suffered pain when a young life was given to the world. But no matter how great her pain is, she forgets it soon in her joy over her dear little one."

Gladys' face was full of sympathy.

"And you suffered, mamma, when I came to you?"

"Yes, darling, but not so much as many mothers do, for I was strong and healthy, and took plenty of out-door exercise, and dressed in the most loose and comfortable clothing so that your young life might not be hindered in its growth, and thus when you were born I did not suffer as I otherwise might have. Yet I suffered more then than in all the rest of my life together."

I never saw my baby's face look so old before.

She clasped her hands over her knees and said, slowly:

"So every mamma, then, all over the world, has suffered much for her little girls and boys when they were born, and afterwards she keeps right on working for them and watching over them. Oh, what a whole heartful of love God must give to every mamma!"

"More than we can measure," I replied.

"I don't believe," she went on, thoughtfully, "that little boys and girls very often stop to think how much their mammas love them, or how much they have done for them. If only they knew, if only their mamma told them, they would love her better and be kinder to her."

Then she slipped her childish arms around my neck and said, sweetly:

"Mamma, I shall try never to be naughty any more, nor ever unkind to you again. I loved you before, and I knew you loved me, but I did not know that you had given me my life that I was a part of your very self. I cannot tell you how much I love you!"

WHERE DID THE BABY COME FROM?

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get the eyes so blue?
Out of the sky, as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pretty ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come to be just you?
God thought of me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

"Where did she [illegible]?"

CHAPTER VII.

A HEALTHY CHILD.

IT was a glorious summer day. A little group of mothers sat under the shade of a great tree near the shore. A few rods from us a group of happy children were playing in the sand.

"Well, I cannot understand it, Mrs. Gray, I cannot; what ever keeps my little girl so delicate while yours is so strong? If I had a great family of children I might think it was because I hadn't time to care for her. But I have only the same as you. Now, I am sure no mother ever took more care of a child than I take of mine. I do everything anyone ever suggests, and she is never without medicine; and I am sure I am always faithful to give it just as the doctor prescribes; but in spite of everything I can do she remains weak and delicate."

At that moment the child appeared on the scene.

"Why, child!" exclaimed her mother, "look at your white dress that I nearly killed myself ironing yesterday. Now, do sit down here by me and be still for a little while. You won't be fit to go home if you play around much longer.."

The child sat still for a few minutes, and then said: "Oh mamma, do let me take off my shoes. All the rest of the girls are wading in the water."

"Take off your shoes! Why, my dear child, do you want to be sick?"

Then turning to us she said, "I can never let her go bare-footed. She would have a cold in half an hour. Lay your head down here on mamma's lap and have a little nap," she continued, addressing the child.

"I don't want to have a nap," exclaimed the child peevishly. "I want to take my shoes off and play in the water."

"Well, you cannot, my dear, so you may as well keep quiet."

She did so for a few minutes, then said, more fretfully than before:

"Mamma, I'm hungry. Can't I have a piece?"

"Oh, yes. Do run off and don't bother me. The basket is there under the tree; but don't get pie and cake all over your dress, and dont go on the beach, for the water spoils your shoes."

The child ran off, got a large piece of rich chocolate cake, and sat down to eat it.

My soul was filled with indignation. Had Mrs. Devon been my dearest friend, and it had been at the risk of losing her friendship forever, I think I should have spoken just as plainly as I did.

"Mrs. Devon," I said, "you are sinning against that child. You wonder why my little girl is healthy and yours delicate; shall I tell you why? I verily believe that you have made your child what she is through vainly striving to make her healthy. I am going to give you just a little sketch of the treatment Gladys has received, and then see if you wonder that I have such a perfectly healthy child.

"She was born the first of February. My first thought was for her clothing. It was light, soft, and *perfectly* loose. The soft flannel band was discarded entirely at the end of the second week. If tight bands injure grown people, how much more must they torture poor little infants. Her dresses were all made 'Mother Hubbard,' and only about twelve inches below her feet. I put on her first a soft, long-sleeved woolen shirt. Next over this a long-sleeved flannel skirt, made to hang from the neck like a slip, for the delicate vital organs of the little body must not be bound up with bands; then a flannel skirt made as the other, only without sleeves. Over these was put her loose dress. No cruel 'pinning blanket' was ever piled around her tiny feet, so that she could not toss her little legs without tiring herself out; but instead, long cashmere stockings were put on her from the first. These were pinned to the diapers, and the little feet were free to kick. The diapers, too, were always pinned as loosely as possible.

"That was my little daughter's winter clothing When it became warm in the spring, I removed the flannel skirt with the sleeves, leaving on the shirt and skirt without sleeves. When it became intensely warm, the shirt was taken off, leaving on only the flannel slip with sleeves. Now, this is the proper and approved method of dressing an infant, and if they were all thus dressed, there would be fewer crying, sickly babies.

"My next thought was for her food. Many children have their stomachs ruined before they are weaned.

Every time they cry they are fed. It is such an easy, lazy way of silencing them. They are fed at any time, and in many cases, anything; and as an inevitable consequence they are troubled with indigestion and diarrhea. It seems bad enough for an adult to suffer from indigestion as a consequence of his gluttony, but does it not seem criminal that an infant shall thus be made to suffer? The first two months of her life, I fed her every two hours during the day, and two or three times during the night, but never oftener. At three months I began feeding her every three hours instead of two. After five months I never fed her during the night. She would sleep the whole night through without waking. It is from over-feeding, instead of want of it that makes so many children nervous and wakeful at nights. She always slept alone—sleeping with others often makes children uncomfortable and restless. Then, too, I was always careful to give her a little cold water every day. Vomiting and constipation are often caused from want of a little cold water daily. If a baby is fed on cow's milk, the milk should be diluted with about one third sweetened water.

"For two years I never allowed her to come to the table at all, or use such food as grown persons do. Her chief diet was milk, wheat-bread and milk, germ wheat and oatmeal; now and then a soft boiled egg, but the chief part was purely milk. And thus was laid the foundation for a strong, healthy stomach.

"Why, do you know that the French government has passed a law forbidding any one, parents or

others, to give solid food of any kind to a child under one year of age, unless by special prescription of a physician? The charge would be 'guilty of attempt kill.' It is the frequent complaint of physicians that ignorant or careless parents kill their infants by giving them solid food. That reminds me, too, of what I saw in the *American Journal of Health*, that a mother whose year-old baby died, exclaimed: 'I don't know why she died. She was perfectly well this morning. Why, she ate three fried eggs!'

"Bathing is another important factor. Carelessness with regard to bathing is often the cause of serious trouble. For the first two days of Glady's life she was not bathed in water, but thoroughly oiled with pure olive oil which was applied with a piece of very soft flannel, and then rubbed dry with a fresh piece. For the first week she was not entirely stripped and washed, as that is too exhausting for a new-born babe. After the first week she was bathed every day, but not until she was three weeks old was she put into the water. I then put her in the wash-bowl, and supported her with one hand, while I washed her with the other. I was always careful to use the best castile soap.

"Very often a child will cry when there seems to be no apparent cause. I think it is caused usually from a restless, nervous feeling. I very often found that gently rubbing Gladys' back from top to bottom, in a circular movement, would quiet her when nothing else would. I never rocked her, and when she cried at night I would change her position, and give her a

rubbing, sometimes only the back, sometimes both front and back. She would usually drop to sleep during the operation. She never had one drop of any kind of soothing syrup, nor had she a day's colic; but I was most careful about my own diet, that she might not be distressed by it.

"The first of June I shortened her. She wore soft cashmere stockings without shoes all that summer. The next summer as soon as it became really warm, I took off both shoes and stockings; and she has gone barefooted every summer since. I suppose now that she is six, she is almost too old to longer enjoy such healthful freedom, but she shall go without her shoes until she asks me to have them on. The direct contact with the earth conveys the much needed electricity to the body, and I am not obliged to be rubbing her with electrified liniments. If there is one thing I am anxious about it is the feet of my baby. She isn't a Chinese child, but the daughter of a Christian mother, and I don't want her to go limping through life as if she were the former. I have seen so many girls and women go hobbling and limping along from corns and bunions, and swollen feet that it makes me shudder to think that my loved one would ever have to suffer so. I have tried to teach her that a beautiful foot is a broad, strong foot which can carry without effort or pain a strong, healthy body.

"Since she has grown larger her stomach has never become tired or worn out by constant piecing. If she is hungry between meals she is given milk to drink. She has always eaten a great deal of fruit, but not

between meals. Fruit is our *first* course at table never our last. She has never yet tasted meat. Mr. Gray and I do not eat it at all, and when she grows up she may act her pleasure about using it, but I think it is wrong to *teach* a child to eat flesh food. They very often have to be taught to eat it. I have seen mothers coax their children to just take a few bites and see how good it was. We always have some kind of nuts or nut preparation for dinner in place of meat.

"We have never had a doctor in the house since she was born, although she has had her childish sick spells the same as others. I believe that all disease is caused by breaking some law, and that if we have been living pretty nearly right previously, nature will adjust the difficulty if she is patiently given a little time. But if you want your children to be sickly I can give you an unfailing prescription: Load their delicate stomachs with medicine, fill their young systems with the poison of drugs, and they will be sickly, just as sickly as anyone could wish.

"The only serious illness Gladys ever had was diphtheria. I would not advise every mother not to call a physician for such a dreadful disease; but I had had it twice myself, and knew its nature and cure so well that I felt safer with her by myself. But had she not known how to gargle I dont know what I should have done. A child cannot be taught to gargle too young; and it is something which no mother should fail to teach her every child, for many a little life might thus be saved. Gladys could gargle when she was only two years old.

CHUMS IN COMBAT.

"She has had two or three bad colds, but not on the lungs. A chest protector from early fall till late in the spring, and rubbing her lungs once or twice a week, during the winter, with pure olive oil have prevented that trouble. Her colds have been in the head, and as soon as each was broken I crushed cubeb berries and had her smoke them for several days in a new clay pipe, letting the smoke out the nostrils. This will often cure catarrh, and will, I believe, if always used after a cold, entirely prevent that foul disease.

"I have taught her, too, that a girl is just as good as a boy. She has been allowed the privilege of every out-door sport that a boy could possibly enjoy. If we had more athletic women, we would have fewer unhappy homes. Gladys has so far almost lived out of doors. She plays horse, skips the rope, climbs trees, builds play-houses, helps make garden—she may do anything, and with my whole-hearted permission, that any healthy, pure-minded child cares to do.

"One day a few weeks ago she had climbed up to the top of that great tree in our garden. An old gentleman came up through that way from the river. He spied Gladys, but, at first, did not see me. He looked horrified.

"'Why, why, girlie! don't you want to be a little lady? No little lady ever climbs trees.'"

"'Then I don't want to be a little lady,' she answered, with a merry laugh. 'Mamma is the kind of lady I like, and she can climb trees almost as well as I can; can't you, mamma?'"

"He now caught sight of me, and looked very embarrassed.

"'Beg your pardon, ma'am," he said, hurriedly.

"'Not at all,' I replied, with a smile. 'Beg the pardon of girlhood, that you think so hardly of it as to wish to deprive it of so much healthful pleasure. To be a lady isn't to be a doll or a fashion sheet. It is to be a pure-souled, warm-hearted, broad-minded, *sound-bodied* woman. The foundation of this last and very important requisite is laid in childhood. That my daughter may have it in the fullest degree is my great desire. To see the roses fade from her cheek, the sparkle from her eye, and the elasticity from her step, would make me sad beyond measure. Anyone who tries to teach a girl that she must be demure and quiet, sitting in the corner, with spotless apron and folded hands, while fashionable ladies call, tries to do her an injury, I think.

"'Yet I believe my little girl does more housework than most little girls. I believe in "all-round" education for both boys and girls. I want my daughter to not only know how to bake and sweep, and dust and sew, but I want her to know how to harness a horse, or drive a nail, as well as a boy. And I should want my boy to know how to make his own bed, and hang up his own clothes, the same as if he were a girl. They will both be the better for it. Let the little brother help the sister to wash her dishes, and she in turn help him carry in his wood. They will make kinder wives and husbands if they know something of the difficulties of the other sex.

"'I don't believe in making any difference in sex while children are small. It creates a barrier between them which hardens the heart of the boy and makes silly the girl. Let her play ball with him; and let him build doll-houses with her. The tender memories of those sweet, pure hours of play spent with her will save him from many a wrong in later years; and her hours of play in boyish sports will develop in her courage enough not to scream at a mouse or fly in fright from a toad.'"

"The gentleman bowed gravely and passed on without replying. I half wished he had been able to endure a little longer, for I wanted to tell him that far more girls were ruined by being constantly talked to about the boys, and teased concerning their sweethearts; by having their minds filled from babyhood with the one thought that they were made to be petted, and loved, and kissed, and admired by the boys, than there were ruined by having their beings filled with free, fresh air from heaven, and their systems made anew with oxygen while engaged in out-door, or what are commonly called boys' sports!"

The ladies were still kindly listening, so I continued:

"There is just one more point of which I must speak; for although the evil is not quite so great or common as it used to be, it is still a great one. It is that of early marriage. Girls must be taught as soon as they enter their teens the evils of early marrying.

"No girl should dream of marrying under twenty-three. When I think of the scores of young girls,

mere children, who are married, and have laid upon them all the responsibilities of a home, all the duties of a wife and mother, it makes my heart ache. If only people would pause in their thoughtlessness, and see that young girls are broken down in health, and all the joyousness rudely torn from their lives by

FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

marrying so young, how much better it would be. Very often women, who, at thirty, should be young and bright and robust, are faded, sickly women, unable to get any sweetness out of life.

"Physcians tell us that no girl reaches perfect physical development under twenty-five years of age. How then can 'children' all the way from sixteen to

twenty marry and hope to be well? Many of them give to the world a number of sickly, puny children who either die while babies, or grow up to swell the number of suffering beings who have barely vitality enough to sustain life, who haven't physical strength enough to resist temptation, to be strong morally, and hence the throng of criminals is added to more and more. We cannot separate the physical and the moral, and as we cannot, I believe it is a sin for a young girl to marry. Let her have somewhere near the first twenty-five years of her life in which to become strong in body and mind, and refined and noble in spirit, so that when she does become a wife, a mother, she may be able to fill that sacred place as God would have her fill it."

I paused. There were tears in Mrs. Devon's eyes. She extended her hand, and pressed mine in hers without saying a word.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISITOR.

ANOTHER year had rolled by—a year full of childish joys and disappointments and new ambitions for Gladys. She had learned fast at school, and in every way her mind has opened and grown, but she still seemed only my baby.

As that first year of school was about to close, an unexpected letter came from an old and dear friend of my girlhood, stating that she was about to leave for England on urgent business. She disliked taking her little girl with her, and asked if I would undertake the care of the child while she was gone.

The child was nine—just two years older than Gladys, and for a moment I thought, "No, I cannot take her. I do not know how she has been trained, or what she may be like." But my second thought was that it might do my little daughter good to have another child in the house with her for a month or so. And whatever my feelings in the matter might have been, I should have felt it my duty to take her, anyway. It was, therefore, decided that Esther Lewis should come to us for the summer vacation.

Gladys looked forward to her arrival with great pleasure. To have a "really girl" in the house with her every day seemed the climax of enjoyment.

Not long afterward our little friend arrived. She was tall for her age, rather slight, very pretty, and very nervous. Gladys looked at her for a moment, then seemed to step involuntarily nearer me. The flashing black eyes, and the raven curls seemed in some way to repel her. I took their hands and joined them in mine.

"Esther, Gladys," I said, "you are to be the best of friends. You are to be sisters for the summer."

They looked at each other for a moment; then, with a nervous impulsive movement, Esther leaned forward and gave Gladys a rousing kiss on the lips, saying:

"I like you. We shall be friends."

Gladys smiled and looked at me half questioningly. Then she put her little hands up to Esther's face, as she did so often with me, and said:

"Won't you be cross with me at all? There is a a girl in our school with black, black eyes, and she is just awful cross."

Esther gave a short, nervous laugh, and drew back from Gladys' touch.

"I'm not horrid, even if I am black," she returned.

"I shall love you then," Gladys replied with a bright smile.

Just before supper Gladys came out to the kitchen where I was. She sat down and clasped her hands around her knees, as was her wont when troubled about anything.

"Mamma," she said, "what are you going to give Esther to drink?"

I smiled. "Why dear?"

The troubled expression deepened on Gladys' face. "Because she drinks tea; she told me so."

Gladys had never yet seen tea or coffee on our table. All our friends who were intimate enough to dine with us held the same opinion that we did with regard to those stimulants. But here, to Gladys, was a knotty problem. Esther was her guest, the daughter of her mother's old and dear friend—and Esther liked tea, and coffee, too, and she liked them strong, and she liked them every meal.

"What do you think we ought to do about it, my dear?"

She shook her head slowly. "Mamma, I do not know what to do. You cannot think how she loves tea. I never knew anyone could care for it so much."

"It didn't take my daughter long to discover that, did it?" I answered, laughing.

"Oh, I didn't ask her, mamma. But there was a little paper on my dressing-table about tea and coffee, and when I was showing her my room she picked it up and read a few lines. Her eyes snapped, and she said impatiently:

"'Why do people write such silly things? I couldn't live without tea, and I don't believe anybody could. Why, if I didn't have tea I couldn't work, I couldn't study; I would get so nervous and cross mamma couldn't live with me. She lets me have it between meals for medicine. Do burn that horrid old paper up, Gladys.'

"And do you believe it, mamma, she threw it under the bed, saying:

"'That is the place you belong?'"

Nothwithstanding my daughter's shocked and troubled expression I laughed outright.

"Oh, mamma," she said reproachfully, "doesn't it seem awful to you? What shall we do?"

"Shall we make her some tea?"

Gladys drew back startled. "Would we dare do that?"

"Why not?"

"Mamma," she said almost desperately, "are you laughing at me; or don't you think Esther meant all she said? She meant it, every word, and I am almost afraid not to give her tea, for her eyes flashed so dreadfully. But—mamma—we—*cannot.*"

The words came slowly, sadly, and with determination, although there were tears in her eyes.

"Shall we ask papa about it?" I suggested.

"There is no need of asking papa about it if what you have taught me is true," she answered calmly. "There is poison in tea and coffee; they make people nervous and cross; and they give people a longing for stronger stimulants. You have always taught me that it was wrong to use them. Could we then put on our table for anyone to use what we know injures, and what we believe is wrong to take?"

"Of course we could not, sweetheart. I just wanted to hear what you thought of it. I feel very sorry for poor little Esther. I presume she has drank it from babyhood, and her system has become so saturated with the dreadful poison that it will be

very hard, indeed, for her to give it up. But people have given up their tobacco and their whiskey, and cannot a little girl give up her tea?"

"Yes, she can, mamma; but I am afraid she will be dreadfully cross. It scares me when she flashes her great black eyes at me."

I kissed the sweet little worried face.

"We shall do what we can, my dear. Go back to Esther now, and mamma will manage it somehow."

The evening was very warm, and we had lemonade for supper. I noticed Esther looked anxiously to the head of the table several times, but no excuse was offered for not having her dearly loved drink. We all tried in every way to entertain her and make her feel at home, but the whole evening she seemed restless and excited. Gladys always went to bed at eight o'clock, and I asked her if she would like to retire then, too.

"Go to bed, now!" and she looked at me half surprised, half indignant. "Why, I never go to bed till ten or eleven." She paused a moment, then continued: "But I would just as leave go to bed as stay up, if you aren't going to have any coffee and cake or anything."

"We never have coffee and cake before going to bed," I replied quietly; "but if you are hungry you may have a lunch."

She walked to the window, tapped her fingers on the glass for a few minutes, then turned her flashing eyes quickly upon me.

"Would mamma be on the vessel yet?"

"Esther, my dear," I said, "you must not think of getting lonesome yet. Your mamma sails in the morning, and it will be two or three months before she returns."

I placed some graham wafers and lemonade on the table, saying:

"We shall have a little lunch, dear; I am afraid you didn't enjoy your supper."

She did not reply, but partook of the refreshments offered. When I kissed her good-night there was such a hungry, longing look in her eyes that my heart ached for her. Poor, indulged, abused child! How little her fond parents dreamed that their only darling was a tea and coffee fiend—a drunkard in a sense, and completely under the control of her drink.

With a heavy heart and a troubled mind I returned to the library, and taking a sheet of paper I wrote what my heart seemed compelling me to say:

"Fathers, mothers," I said, "I come to you with a plea for our boys and girls. Why have we forgotten our boys and girls so long? Why have we sinned so against them? Why have we trusted to temperance societies and Bands of Hope to keep down the enemy which is being reinforced from the home? All over this country we are taking our children to hear temperance talks—talks against the use of alcohol; yet how unconscious many of us seem to be that there is anything else which might intoxicate our children. To me it seems that we are only plucking off the blossoms of a deadly plant, hoping thus to

destroy its power, yet leaving the plant firmly rooted in the soil.

"Can any of us doubt that the *sin* of intemperance lies not alone in the use of *alcohol*, but in the satisfying of a desire for artificial stimulation?

"How little does the careless mother think, as she sets down beside her boy that cup of tea or coffee that it is she who is giving him his first lessons in intemperance, that she is feeding his system on a poison, and creating an unhealthy appetite for stimulants which may later on seek satisfaction in the cigar or the tippler's glass—perhaps it will reach that awful extreme which we call intoxication. But, as Dr. Kellogg has said, 'What is intoxication but a condition of poisoning—a condition in which the sensibilities are paralyzed, and the mind in a greater or less degree delirious? It makes no difference what has caused this condition, whether it be tea, coffee, tobacco, opium, or alcohol, for each one of these *can* and *does* intoxicate, and one who uses them is intoxicated *just in proportion to the dose.*'

"Shall we then reprove our children for fretfulness and nervousness, when they have been born with that poison in their system which makes them so; and when we feed it to them, too, with a spoon till they are able to hold the subtle cup in their own hand?"

I laid down my pen and listened. I fancied I could hear a slight noise in the room above me where Esther slept. I went upstairs and gently opened her door. She was tossing her head about on the pillow, and muttering in a feverish half audible manner. I

gently stroked her forehead; it seemed to soothe her and soon she slept quietly.

When I went down again I found my husband reading what I had just written.

"My dear," he said, "you feel more strongly about this matter than I thought you did."

"I feel more strongly about it than I thought I did myself," I replied. "When one has brought before her such a startling example as we have had to-day, of a child whose nervous system has been all but destroyed by what are usually termed harmless drinks, yes, *temperance* drinks, it is enough to arouse all the antagonism in one's nature. That child is as truly a drunkard as old Bill Jones. She cannot live without her tea; he cannot live without his whiskey. Both are stimulants, both are poisons, and both are injuring them morally and physically. Bill Jones got his love for stimulants at his mother's table. She was the greatest tea-fiend I ever knew."

I paused, and rested my head on the table. My husband smiled half sadly.

"How many people do you think will believe as you do?"

"I do not know; but there will be some, thank God! There was a time when people thought they could hardly entertain without wines or liquors, but now such a thing is frowned upon. And some sweet day, when people shall have become wiser and better than they are now, they will not offer their guests tea and coffee."

"I hope you may live to see that time," he said.

"I won't do that," I replied, "but someone will!"

CHAPTER IX.

A CONFESSION.

Four months sped away. To-morrow Esther's mother was coming to take her away with her.

The twilight was deepening, but we did not light the lamp. The girls sat on the floor before the fire-place, and I lay on the couch on the opposite side of the room. They seemed to have forgotten all about my presence as they talked on in low confidential tones. Glady's head rested on Esther's shoulder, and their hands were clasped. The two had learned to love each other as I had never dreamed they could.

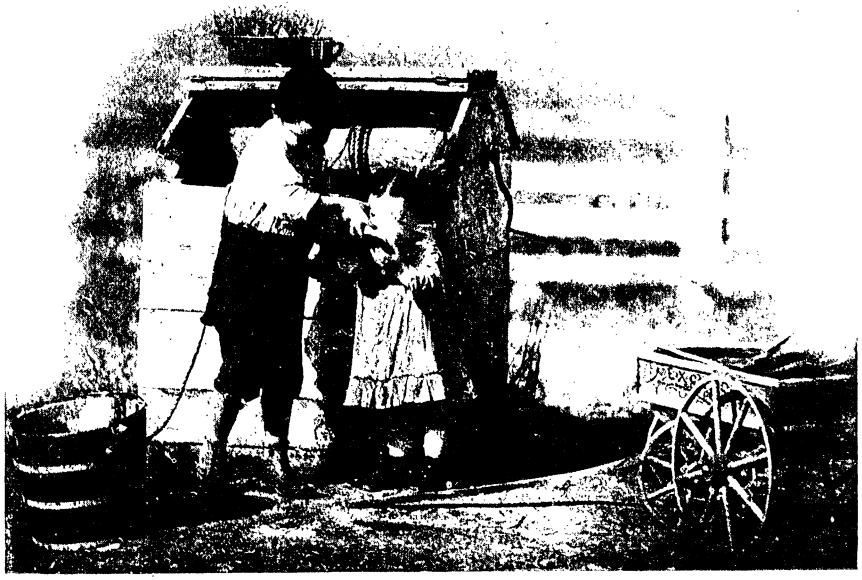
"I am homesick to see mamma," Esther was saying, "yet I feel so badly at leaving here. It seems to me that I am not the same girl at all who came here four months ago."

"You don't love tea quite so well, for instance," Gladys said, with a teasing laugh. From where I lay I could see the girls' faces plainly in the fire-light. A smile flitted over Esther's face as she replied:

"No, not *quite* so well. Do you know, Gladys, it is hard for me to realize that I ever did love tea so well? Yet I did. The fourth night I was here I never closed my eyes. I could not sleep. I felt as if I were dying of thirst. I slipped quietly down stairs and into the pantry. I looked into every box and can

there. If only I could have found some tea I should have eaten the dry leaves; I think it would have satisfied me. But I couldn't find one shrivelled little leaf. I drank some vinegar, but that only made my stomach hurt. I determined that as soon as I was dressed in the morning I would go to the hotel for a cup of tea. Then I would buy some, and carry it in my pocket to eat. But you never left my side a moment that morning—I could not get away from you. I was so rude and unkind with you that whole day that I wonder your mother did not send me off somewhere. But instead, she was so good, so kind with me that now I could cry when I think of it. She gave me everything to eat and drink that was nourishing and tempting; everything in the world one could need or wish; everything but the only thing I wanted—tea!

"Some days I felt as if I were a criminal or drunkard whom she was trying to reform, and it made me angry. Then, again, it seemed as if she were my good angel, indeed, and I was sorry for my meanness. But for the first three weeks I was here, Gladys, every hour was torture. Then that great, awful craving began to disappear. I would sometimes forget about it for several hours at a time. I began to drink my cocoa or chocolate, milk or lemonade without caring quite so much. Then one day I asked for a cup of hot water, the same as the others drank. You remember the day, don't you? I can see your face yet as I asked for it. That look would have been reward enough, even though the water had



GIVING HIS HORSE A DRINK.

choked me. But it did not choke me, and I don't believe one of you drinks a cup of hot water with more relish now than I do.

"But that is not all. I cannot tell you how differently I feel. I was so nervous that I could not endure anything. I would cry over the slightest annoyance. Then I would laugh till the tears streamed down my cheeks, over little things which would only make others smile. My head ached, and my back ached nearly all the time, and my stomach never stopped hurting. But my one great cure for every ill feeling was tea! tea!"

She paused for a moment, and gazed into the fire. Then she said, in a lower tone; "I am so glad, so glad, that mother brought me here."

Gladys made no reply, but she brushed a tear from her eye and clasped Esther's hand more closely.

"I don't know how it is," Esther continued, "that mother and father never saw, never realized that I was being slowly poisoned. I have been wondering lately how long I could have lived and continued drinking as I did. I was a drunkard—yes, a perfect drunkard!

"I used to hear my aunts and cousins sometimes tell mamma what a cross, irritable, hateful child I was; but I am not hateful and cross now, am I?" she said with a smile.

"No, indeed! You are the dearest girl I know," Gladys answered enthusiastically.

"But you did not think that at first."

"No; I was half afraid of you at first, for everything we said seemed to hurt or annoy you."

"I was pretty nearly that bad at home, not quite, of course, for I had my tea; but mamma always excused me to every one, and said I was not well. Poor, dear mamma! I could not begin to tell you all she has put up with from me. She tried to satisfy my every wish, but I got worse and worse. She will be so glad to find me well, and, for me, sweet-tempered."

She smiled, but in an instant the smile faded and a sort of sadness crept over her face.

"But," she continued, "I don't know how I shall manage it when I get home again, for papa is as fond of tea and coffee as I was. If they continue to use it on the table I wonder if—I'll—be able—*to hold out.*"

She leaned her head over on her hand and gazed into the fire.

Poor little thing! How many, many helpless ones in this world are suffering from the faults of others! How little do parents pause to think that they are controlling for good or evil, for sickness or health, for happiness or misery the lives of their little ones!

About a month after Esther had gone home, Gladys received a long letter from her, in which she said:

"We have had quite a revolution here. The struggle was bitter while it lasted, but it did not last long. I cannot tell you how thankful I am for the victory.

"Before we left you, your dear mother told mamma what a trial I had undergone, so she was all prepared, but papa was not. When mamma poured out my cup of hot water, papa began to laugh; he thought it was a joke.

"'Don't be so cruel with the child right on her home-coming,' he said. 'Well, I will share up with you, if mamma has got so saving while she was away.'

"Then he set that awful cup of tea right down by my plate. I looked at it, and suddenly there came over me such an almost uncontrollable desire for that black, bitter stuff that I seized the cup in my hand. I believe that if I had gotten one taste of it I should have had a greater struggle than before to give it up. But mamma sprang towards me and grasped for the cup as it had nearly reached my lips. The tea was spilled and the cup fell in fragments to the floor.

"I then realized what I had done, or almost done, and I threw my arms around mamma's neck and began to cry. Papa thought I was angry, as of old, for having had one of my wishes crossed. I don't know just what he thought about mamma; but he looked at her so strangely that I believe he thought she was losing her mind. His voice trembled and he seemed half frightened as he spoke to her.

"'My dear,' he said, 'do not cross the child right at her home-coming. I never saw you treat her so before. What is the matter?"

"Mamma laughed through her tears, and so did I. I could not help it.

"'It is all right, papa,' I said. 'I didn't want to drink the tea, and mamma knew it. I am so glad she didn't let me have it; but I am sorry, so sorry, that your lovely cup is broken.'

"It was papa's turn to laugh now. 'I hope you won't ask me to think of cups while I am witnessing

a hand-to-hand fight between my wife and only child.'"

"Mamma put her hand on his shoulder and said a few words to him that I didn't hear, but papa asked no more questions. I don't know how it is, but mamma can always manage papa so easily.

"Then we sat down and finished our supper. Papa drank his tea, but I drank hot water; so did mamma.

"That night before I went to bed I told mamma myself what a dreadful struggle I had had, although I knew she had heard it before. Poor mamma! she could not keep from crying. I felt so badly for I knew she blamed herself for my ever having acquired the habit.

"The next morning I was sitting on the sofa when papa entered the breakfast-room. He sat down beside me, and put his arm tightly around me, and looked into my eyes as if he would like to read my very soul. Then he said, sadly, but oh, how lovingly:

"'Little daughter, you and I are going to stop drinking together.'

"I knew then that mamma had told him all about it, and that he, too, had blamed himself for my love for that drink, and for the greater part of my ill-health.

"I have waited a whole month before telling you this that I might see if we were likely to falter in our purpose. But tea and coffee have never been mentioned by us, nor kept in the house. Mamma burnt up what we had on hand when papa and I took what she calls our 'Twentieth Century Temperance Pledge.' I don't think we shall ever break it."

CHAPTER X.

CHILDREN WHO VISIT.

ONE day, during her eighth year, Gladys came home from school with one of her little companions, who begged me to allow Gladys to go home and stay all night with her.

"No, my little friend, I cannot let her go to stay all night with you." I answered with a smile, yet so firmly that she knew it was useless to persist.

Gladys looked a little disappointed, and not knowing my reason for refusing, said:

"Well, mamma, mayn't I have her stay all night with me, then? I know her mother will let her."

I looked into the two earnest little faces, but gravely shook my head.

"No, children, I cannot consent to even that. Not for quite a number of years yet shall I allow Gladys to stay all night with, or have stay with her any little friend."

That evening Gladys climbed up in the rocker beside me, and said:

"Why wouldn't you let me go home with Ada, mamma? She is just the nicest little girl; everybody likes her, and she often has little girls stay all night with her."

"I know it, my dear, and that is one great reason

why I could not allow my little girl to stay all night with her. Very often children learn things which they would never have thought of, or dreamed of doing, if they had not gone visiting some other girl whose mind had already been tainted by wrong thoughts.

"You have already found out, Gladys, that all little girls are not perfectly pure in thought and word. And this night visiting gives a girl the best chance possible for telling all the wrong she knows. Many a child has been told things, by those a little older than herself, which have been the means of almost ruining her life."

"But, mamma, Ada wouldn't tell me anything naughty. She is just as nice, as nice!"

"I hope she wouldn't, my dear; yet mamma must keep on the safe side. When you are grown up there will be plenty of time to visit your friends. Ada seems like a very good little girl, yet she has so many visitors whom I know nothing about that I cannot be sure she would teach my little girl no wrong.

"All little girls are not naughty, of course. But the difficulty is to tell who are all they ought to be, and who are not. I have seen young girls who seemed very quiet and modest, yet, when they would get alone with other children, they would tell them naughty stories, and many other things that were very wrong.

"I knew a little girl once who visited, for a few days, a little friend of hers. While there she told her little friend to do something which was very, very

wicked. Sometime after she went home the child whom she visited began to get pale and thin. She could not eat her meals, and her flesh seemed dry and hot, as if she had a fever all the time. She became so forgetful that they were obliged to take her out of school. They hoped that the rest would do her good, but she did not get stronger. All she seemed to wish was to wander off alone, and be by herself all the time. She became thinner and weaker; her finger-nails became colorless, and her eyes sunken and dull. Her parents became very alarmed about her condition. As the home doctors did not seem to be helping her they took her away to a specialist. He soon told them what was the matter, and they were very much shocked to find their little daughter had ever done anything so naughty.

"I have told you a number of times, Gladys, to be very careful never to touch, in any way, the private parts of your body, only, of course, as you are obliged to do so. I have always been very careful, too, that they should be bathed every night before you retire. Keeping yourself perfectly clean has become so much a habit with you that you never think of doing otherwise, and you would be very surprised if I were to tell you that some children do not even have a bath once a week, and those parts are never washed except when they do have a bath, if it be only once in two or three weeks. Hence they often become chafed and feverish-like, and this makes the child feel like rubbing them. But those organs are very delicate, and, if handled at all more than necessary they become

irritated and diseased. And the oftener they are touched the more diseased they become, till at last the whole body is affected.

"The little girl I was speaking of had been told by her friend that handling those parts would make her feel better. And as she had never been told that she must never touch them, but keep herself perfectly clean by bathing them every night, she did as the girl told her, till at last she became so sick that she almost died."

"Oh, mamma! what did the doctor do? Did he cure the poor little girl?" said Gladys with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, my dear, the little girl was cured after a time; but it was almost a year before she was perfectly well. Those delicate organs had become so weak and diseased that it seemed as if she could not keep her hands away from them, even though she would try very hard, for she knew, now, that she would die or become insane if she did not quit it. They had her take a bath every morning, and bathe the private parts again at night. They would not let her be alone for scarcely a minute during the day; and her mamma slept with her, and held her hands till she went to sleep at night. The moment she awoke in the morning she was obliged to get up and have her bath.

"They had her take a great deal of exercise in the open air, and were very careful about what she ate. You have never eaten all kinds of pickles, spices and salads, and drank tea and coffee, but she had. These the doctor said she must stop using entirely, or she

could not get well, for they kept her system in a feverish condition, which made her disease much worse. She ate plenty of fruit, drank quantities of milk, ate no meat whatever, but lived largely on brown bread, oatmeal, graham crakers, wheat meal, peas, beans, and other vegetables, together with nuts which supplied the place of meat."

"And you think, mamma," said Gladys very gravely, "that all the little girl suffered might not have been at all, if only that other girl had not stayed all night with her?"

"Yes, my dear, I do, for it is usually at night, when the light is out that naughty little girls tell such things. Of course, it is not always so, but most people are half-ashamed to talk of impure things with God's great, pure sunlight around them. When all is dark they feel less afraid."

Gladys sat very thoughtful for a little while, then said:

"But, mamma, if every little girl knew that she must keep herself very clean, and never touch herself except when she had to; and had been told what a dreadful sickness comes from not doing so, then it wouldn't hurt for little girls to visit each other, would it? For they would all know how wrong it was, and wouldn't think of doing so."

"Yes, my little one is right," I replied; "and I wish every mother would guard her little daughter by telling her these facts. But it will be a long, long time before every little girl is thus protected; and in the meantime I must keep my birdie safe at home under my wing."

CHAPTER XI.

FROM GIRLHOOD TO WOMANHOOD.

I WAS lying on the lounge one evening when Gladys came in from school. She was always quick to notice if I seemed a little less well than usual, and now she put her face lovingly down beside mine, saying:

"What is the matter, mamma; are you sick?"

I smiled. "No, not sick, exactly: but I feel like resting."

Then for a moment I looked thoughtfully into the sweet young face. She seemed only my baby still. Could I say to her what seemed on my heart to say? Could I burden her young life with any new and, to a degree, unpleasant knowledge? Yet, ought I not to? And wisdom answered "yes."

"Gladys," I said, "for ten happy years you and I have been together day by day, I have tried to lead you on gently and naturally from one bit of knowledge to another. I have tried to make clear to you some of the mysteries of this great good world which God has made. But there are hidden things yet to be revealed to you."

She clasped my hand a little more tightly, but said nothing. After a moment I continued:

"Every man and woman should be learning from

childhood the laws which govern their physical being, so that they may know how to keep themselves well and strong, and free from disease. But there is a certain part of a woman's physical nature which she not only *ought to*, but *must* understand, or she will suffer—suffer as only women can; suffer beyond the power of words to express; suffer not only for one day, or one week, or one month, but often for a whole lifetime. I am going to tell you something about that part of her nature."

The little fingers trembled in mine, and she gave a sad little sigh.

"I half dread to hear it, mamma," she said.

"Sweetheart," I replied, "mamma half dreads telling you, too, but don't you believe she loves you too well to tell you anything which would give you a moment's worry if it were not necessary to tell you?"

"I know she does," she answered, smiling.

"Yes, she does, indeed. You know, Gladys, that when a child is born into the world, it has all the organs of the body pretty much the same as a grown person, only they are small and weak. They have the power to act according to their strength, the same as if they were fully grown. The lungs purify the blood with oxygen; the heart pumps the blood to all parts of the body; the stomach churns the food; the bowels absorb what is needed to build up the blood, and then carry off the rest; the liver and kidneys do their work in helping carry off the waste materials of the body, and so on. But there are certain other parts which do not do the work of a

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fully grown organ. All they do is simply grow for a number of years. They are the organs which give birth to new lives.

"Usually when a girl is somewhere between twelve and fourteen, those organs become sufficiently developed to do each month a certain work which nature has given them to do. But some girls are not so old as twelve. I have known some who were eleven, and a few who were only ten. Then, again, quite a number are between sixteen and eighteen before those organs mature. But after she has passed eleven years, no mother can tell what day her little daughter may step from childhood into womanhood; hence every girl who has reached that age should be told of that change which must soon take place in her life; for her whole life's happiness may depend upon her having or not having that knowledge. Yet, nearly all mothers dread telling their little daughters about it. Some dread it so much that they never tell them, but allow them to find it out the best way they can. I have known mothers, too, who would day after day watch their loved ones with anxiety, and would constantly reproach themselves that they could not gain courage to speak to them of that change which they knew must soon come into their little one's life."

Gladys' lip trembled, and the color left her cheeks.

"Oh! mamma," she said, "is it so very, very dreadful?"

"Forgive me, my dear," I replied quickly, "I did not mean to frighten you in that way. No, Gladys,

it is not dreadful at all, if only you will think of it in the right way. But it is so often told a child in such an abrupt way, or is left with a hidden, mysterious meaning somewhere in it that the child is horrified. And the mother who cannot bear to see her little one hurt refrains from telling her.

"But it need not frighten any girl. It is simply this. Nature has so arranged that when those organs have once developed, they shall each month pour out, through the passages which leads to them, a small quantity of blood. If a woman is well, the flow of blood comes and goes without any pain or any discomfort. The only difference it makes is that she is a little weaker, and hence needs more rest at that time."

Gladys' face was very serious, and her eyelids drooped.

"Does it make you feel badly, darling?"

For a few moments she did not answer. Then she calmly raised her eyes to mine.

"No, mamma, I do not feel badly," she replied quietly. "But it seems to me that if I should pause to think of all the times which it must happen throughout all those years to come, I could not bear it. I think perhaps it is that which makes some little girls feel so badly. But I am not going to think of all those times at once. I shall just take them one by one as they come. If mamma has borne it all these years and been so sweet and good, surely her little daughter can."

"There is another reason, Gladys, why you should bear it patiently, other than that mamma has done so."

The loveliest smile swept over her face. "I know it, mamma. The good Father has made me so, and I should be glad. He would not have done so unless it had been wisest and best. Everything He has created is perfect, and I would not dare feel rebellious, even though I might fancy this was going to be a sort of burden to my life."

Was she too old for her years? Were there many children who would reason thus? But the next moment she answered my questioning by saying:

"Mamma, if you had not taught me all these years as you have; if you had not made clear to me something of the mysteries of God's great plan of creation; if I had known nothing about my physical nature, and some rude girl had told me this, I know it would have seemed awful to me. I don't wonder, mamma, that young girls often cry, and declare they don't want to live when they learn from the street what you have told me so lovingly. I believe it would have broken my heart."

The young head sank down beside mine, and I felt a tear drop on my cheek.

"Mamma," she said, after a bit, "what if a little girl had never learned from her mamma or from anybody else what you have told me, and some day that flow should begin, what would she do? Wouldn't it frighten her?"

The child had touched that question of such vital importance. And there flashed through my mind a thought of the many lives which had been almost wrecked; the many, many girls who, for year after

year had suffered every agony, because someone had not told them, and in their first fear at the unexpected flow had done something rash. My voice trembled as I answered her.

"It seems dreadful to you, Gladys, to think that one would leave a child wholly unprepared for that event, which must come to every girl. But you are thinking only of the shock it would give her, of her terror at its appearance. If that were all, my daughter, we might forgive the injury, for it would be slight. But when we consider the important fact that a girl's whole future health or ill-health is largely depending on the care she takes of herself at that time, how different a matter it becomes.

"I have known many girls who, at the first appearance of the flow, have been almost terrified. And instead of going straight to their mother, a foolish fear has possessed them lest she should discover it. Driven on by this feeling, they have taken off their stained clothing and washed it—sometimes in a stream of water, sometimes even in winter in freezing water from the well, and then put on again those wet, cold clothes. Oh, it makes me shudder when I think of it! That poor child has brought upon herself a train of sorrow from which it may take years to be delivered.

"At the monthly period, when those important organs are doing their work, the pores are all open, and they will contract a cold almost more easily than we can imagine. Just to sit on the ground, or get

the feet damp, or to have the hands in cold water may give one cold, and thus cause serious trouble. But to think of applying directly to those parts a wet, cold garment! Only a miracle could save her from suffering. In some cases where such a rash thing has been done the flow never returns, and if it does not, the girl becomes sick. She grows paler and weaker, and by and by dies. Those organs must do their work, as God has planned they should, or she cannot live.

"Then, again, the flow may return, and at the proper time; but, after the heavy cold which she has taken, she will have pain. You know that if you catch a cold in your head, or on your lungs, they are sore and swollen, and inflamed, and hurt you. So it is with those other organs; if the cold has been caught there just so soon as they begin to pour out the blood as they should, its passing through those swollen blood vessels causes the most awful pain. Sometimes it will be years before they will be entirely cured, and the pain cease. Of course she will not have that pain all the time, but only when those organs are doing their work every fourth week."

The child's eyes were flashing. "Every fourth week!" she exclaimed. "Oh! mamma, to think of the poor little thing suffering awful pain every fourth week just because she was not told what she couldn't possibly find out for herself. How could a mother be so cruel? Does she hate her little girls?"

"No, darling, not that," I said as I pressed her

trembling little hand in mine. "Every mother loves her little girl, but somehow or other she dreads telling her. I have dreaded it myself; I scarcely know why."

She gave a long, sad sigh, then said:

"What a strange world it is, mamma!"

"It is strange, Gladys, strange that so many are not willing to do their part to make the load lighter for others. But if you and I each do our part in 'our small corner,' 'tis all we can do; and all, too, that the dear Father asks of any of His children."

CHAPTER XII.

A HASTY WORD.

A FEW weeks afterward I came in from shopping to find Gladys walking excitedly up and down the hall. I had no sooner closed the door than she threw herself into my arms and burst into tears. I tried to soothe and quiet her, but it was several minutes before she could gain control of herself sufficiently to talk to me.

"My dear child," I said at last with some alarm, "I cannot endure to hear you cry in this way. Do tell me what is wrong. I have never before seen my little girl give way so to her feelings."

She stopped weeping so violently, and through her sobs said: "And never before did I have anything hurt me so much. Oh! mamma, I wish you owned every little girl in the world."

I laughed at the thought of my large family, and Gladys, too, smiled through her tears.

"It would be a great, big houseful, I know, mamma, but some people are so cruel with their little girls."

"What new wrong have you found out to-day?" I asked.

"I found something dreadful," she answered quickly. And instead of tears the fire now flashed in her eye. "I went down the river for a walk. I had gone only

a short way when, sitting on that great stone at the bend, I saw little Alice Wheeler. Her shoes were sitting beside her; her feet were in the water. Her face was buried in her hands, and she was crying and moaning as if her heart would break. I began whistling softly so she would hear me coming, but she did not stir. Then I laid my hand on her shoulder, and said gently:

"'What is the matter, Alice? Won't you let me do something for you?'

"She burst out crying harder than ever, and said I couldn't do anything for her—that she was going to die. I begged of her to leave the water and come up to the house with me, for I was sure we could do something for her.

"Then she looked up at me, and, mamma, she looked so frightened that it made me tremble.

"'No, no, I cannot leave here!' she cried. 'I would die for sure if I took my feet out of the water. But, perhaps, if I stay here a long, long while I will get better.'

"'How long have you been here?' I said, now getting frightened myself; for all of a sudden the thought had come to me that maybe poor Alice had menstruated, and that the unexpected discharge had terrified her.

"'Alice,' I said, 'no matter what is wrong with you it cannot make you better to sit with your feet in that cold water. It will surely make you worse.'

"I could stand it no longer, for she did not offer to move. So I pulled her feet out of the water, and

began rubbing them with her apron. She struggled and cried afresh, but I held her tight.

"'Gladys,' she sobbed, 'you are very cruel. You don't know what is wrong, or anything about it. Nothing like this ever happened to you, nor to hardly anyone else in the world.'

"'How do you know?' I asked, still trying to hold on to the rebellious feet.

"'I know, because Jane told me so,' she answered half angrily, half sorrowfully.

"'She told you a story; I know she did, the nasty thing!' I cried; for I could not be still any longer.

"Alice quit struggling; she dropped her hands in her lap, and looked into my face so wistfully, so eagerly that I felt like crying myself.

"'Do you suppose, no, it could not be—but—Gladys, might it be, do you think that, perhaps, it wasn't true?' she said, trying to be calm.

"'I think it was not true—a word of it!' I replied. 'But if you will tell me all about it, I can say for sure. I believe I know just what is the matter with you.'

"She took a swift glance around, as if she feared even the waves might be listening. Then she said in a hushed tone:

"'To-day at noon I found that my underclothes were all stained with blood. It frightened me, for I had never seen anything like it before. I couldn't imagine what ever was the matter with me. Mamma is away, so I went to the kitchen to the girl, and told her about it. She raised her hands and opened her mouth as if she were horrified. 'What is it; what is the matter with me?' I asked eagerly.

"'You are going to die!' she exclaimed.

"'Die!' I gasped.

"'Yes, die!' she repeated, 'I have heard of girls getting like that before, but they always die.' Then she turned and went on with her ironing.

"'For a little while I trembled so that I could not speak. Soon I began to cry, and begged of her to tell me everything she knew about this dreadful thing which had happened to me. I cried and cried for her to do something to stop it, or tell me, if she knew, what to do. She was ironing my white dress with all those frills on it, and I guess she got angry at my tormenting her so much. At last she turned around and looked at me, oh! so black, and yelled:'

"'Yes, soak your feet in cold water. That will stop it quick enough—take this old dress along with you, too.'

"'I didn't say another word, but slipped quietly out of the house, and came down here where no one would watch me. And oh! I must keep them there for a long while yet. If I don't, this blood will keep on flowing, and I shall soon die. I don't want to die, Gladys, this world is so lovely.'

"She choked back a sob as she uttered the last sentence, and turned resolutely to put her feet in the water again.

"'Jane ought to die herself!' I cried so angrily, and grasped her feet so quickly that I guess I frightened her almost as badly as Jane did.

"'Don't get angry,' I continued; 'but Alice, you have no idea what you have done. What has hap-

pened to you to-day happens to every girl while she is still quite young. Mamma told me all about it just a week or so ago. But you must not stay here another minute. Mamma says that many girls are made very sick by catching the slightest cold at such a time. You must come up to the house with me, and I will do what I can for you.'

"She came up to the house with me, but, mamma, she was shaking and trembling, and her face was as white as death. I bathed her feet in hot water, and gave her a cup of ginger tea. She was just about persuaded to go to bed when that wicked girl came bounding in.

"I guess she was pretty badly scared herself. It seems in her interest in that frilled dress she forgot all about what she had said to Alice. Finally, she remembered it, and began calling all over the house for her. Then she ran down to the river and caught a sight of her going up with me. She followed her as soon as she could, and insisted on her going back with her.

"'She isn't able to go home,' I said. 'Just see how white she is, and she is trembling so.'

"The girl got angry at me then, and declared she had to go. She wasn't going to leave her there to be sick and have it the talk of the whole town. Besides, she said that her mistress would make an awful row if she came home to find Alice sick in somebody's else house. So Alice went with her."

The tears again welled up in Gladys' eyes. "Mamma," she said, "won't you go over at once and

talk to that wicked girl, and see if you can do anything for poor Alice. She looked so badly when she left that I am afraid she will die."

I went. The poor child was in bed; but the nervous excitement, the fear, and the cold, had made her very sick indeed. She had fainted three times since she got home, and was now almost too weak to speak.

The doctor was called, and for three months did all he could for her. Some days she was stronger and was able to go out; most of the time she lay on the couch. She gradually grew weaker, and when three months of suffering had passed, they laid the tired little body away in the graveyard, while the sweet spirit went to the home where there is no cruelty.

We had just returned from the funeral. I stood by the open window overlooking the garden, now laden with its perfume of roses.

"Another young life sacrificed to foolish fear and false modesty," I said, thinking aloud. "When, when will mothers learn to value aright the noble work which God has given them to do? When will we learn to place before everything else the welfare of those dear little beings to whom we have given life? When will girls cease to suffer because a mother has not done her duty?"

Gladys stood near me although I had not noticed her as I spoke. She laid her little hand gently on mine.

"Mamma, why don't you write a little story, and tell girls all those things they ought to know? If there are some mothers who cannot tell their daugh-

ters those things, you could do it. Girls could read it for themselves, and, oh mamma, just think how much suffering would be saved! If only you had told little Alice she might be playing here with me to-day. She did so love to live, too."

For a few moments I did not answer. Then I looked down into the sweet eyes of my little daughter and replied:

"My Gladys, I believe I will try it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BOYS WHO SMOKE.

WE were sitting by the window, Gladys and I, waiting for papa to return. It was a dismal evening; a cold, misty rain was falling, and dead leaves were strewn everywhere. Presently two boys emerged from the cellar of a vacant house nearly opposite. Both had cigarettes in their mouths. I shuddered involuntarily, and Gladys stepped a little nearer to me.

"Does it make you feel badly, mamma?"

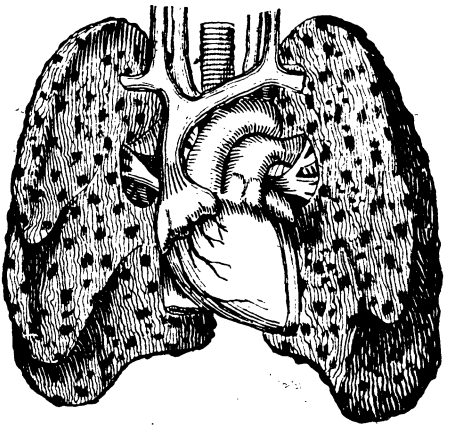
"Yes, very," I replied, with emotion. "Gladys dear, if those were my boys I believe it would break my heart to see them act so. They play truant day after day; they hide in that cellar whenever they get a chance; and they smoke cigarettes constantly. It is the cigarettes that are doing the evil. Oh, that we might do something to save our boys!"

Gladys watched the boys till they turned a corner and were lost from view. Then she turned to me with such a wistful look in her eyes, saying:

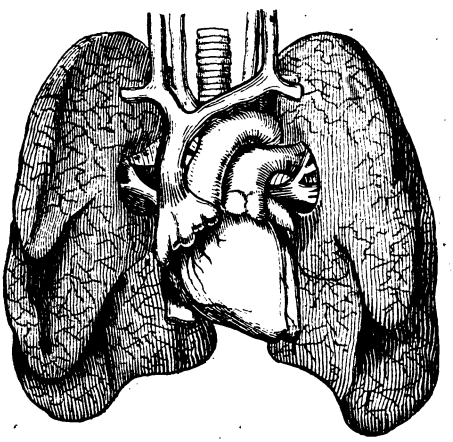
"Can't something be done, mamma? There are so many good people in the world, that surely, if they all did what they could, they might save the little boys from such bad habits."

"Something can be done; something *is* being done, my dear. But until all Christians are awakened to the awful perniciousness of this habit, our boys cannot be saved. It is shocking to see how lightly many really good people think of this vicious habit. In fact, this vice has so nearly been taken in among the virtues, that even a minister will write a story and have his hero a smoker. He will hold up this hero as a model of virtue, an ideal for young men; then he will take him to his room, have him draw a chair up before the fire and *light his cigar*. While at the same time, all over this fair earth boys are being ruined, soul and body, *by the cigar;* are being diseased in body, made weak in mind, and vicious in morals; are filling our reformatories with truants and thieves, and giving us useless and bad citizens.

"I received, only to-day, a letter from an old friend of mine who is teaching in Chicago. She has always claimed that tobacco worked more ruin in the world than whiskey, because it was so much more widely used. She has been carefully observing, for some time, the effect of the cigarette habit on the school-boys in Chicago. She found that eighty of the boys in the school where she teaches smoke from two to twenty cigarettes a day. The result of the habit is startling. Only six of that eighty are able to do good work in their classes. Nearly all of them confess that they suffer from headache, drowsiness, or dizziness most of the time. In many cases their hands tremble so that they cannot write. A number of them are unable to walk steadily, or run for any distance. These victims



The lungs and heart of a boy who died from the effects of cigarette smoking, showing the nicotine sediment in lungs and shrunken condition of the heart.



The lungs and heart in health.

are unable to memorize anything correctly, nor can they rouse themselves to meet the examination test. Except in three cases the pupils hardest to discipline are smokers. The truants and thieves in the school are, in nearly all cases, cigarette users."

The tears stood in Gladys' eyes.

"What *can* be done to help them, mamma?"

"There is only one thing that I can see. Our women must be the rescue force. The men of our country are so largely under the control of the poisonous, soul-deadening weed, that we can hope but little from them as a class. From the women must come our help, not only the mothers, but the daughters. Every girl, no matter how young or weak, must plant herself firmly against it.

"I was reading, just the other day, that Dr. Trall says many a little baby has been killed outright by the tobacco smoke with which a father has filled the room. Many doctors say, too, that a great deal of the ill-health with which our women constantly suffer is owing to the tobacco smoke which they breathe day by day. The smoking members of the household fill their pipes, have their smoke, then themselves go out into the fresh air, leaving the mother and little ones to breathe for hours those poisonous fumes. In summer it is not quite so bad, for the doors are open; but in winter, when they are largely kept closed, the poison must necessarily injure the inmates of the house.

"One time a little three-year-old baby used an old wooden pipe to blow soap bubbles with. The pipe

had first been well washed out, but he took sick, and in three days died. The doctor said he had been poisoned from the nicotine he had sucked in while blowing the bubbles. Moistened tobacco leaves placed over the stomach has suddenly caused death. There are many, many things which my little girl will learn about tobacco when she grows older, but she will never learn one good thing of it. And the better she becomes herself the more she will dislike it.

"There is one thing which she can do to help put down the evil, and this one thing every girl has the chance to do. It is not to have as associates *at all* boys who use tobacco. I hope my daughter will start out in life with the firm resolution that she will be choice of her company. If girls were half as particular about their boy companions as boys are about their girl companions, we would soon have a much better class of society. If there were a young girl in this town who smoked cigarettes along the street, who used bad language, and went into the hotel and took a glass occasionally, there isn't a respectable boy around here who would own her as his friend. And yet, sweet, good girls often think nothing at all of having as companions boys who smoke constantly, even smoke in their presence. Boys who have so far lost their self-respect as to smoke, use profane language, and 'tipple' quite a little, often count among their companions the best girls of the place. Is it right, little daughter?"

"No, mamma, it is not right," she answered, while

her cheeks flushed. "I am ashamed to think girls will do such things. I hope I never shall."

"There is one thing, my dear, which we cannot get around. Boys like girls, and girls like boys. But I think that in order to please the boys girls often sacrifice a principle. Now, we ought to remember that woman was not created merely to please man. God thought very differently from that about it. He said, "I will make her to be a help-mate for him." And when she gives up her power to help him in order to please him, she is falling short of the noble purpose for which she was created, and is doing the world a great wrong. Girls are naturally more refined than boys, and hence it is more easy for them to resist temptation. But she must not buy a boy's friendship by stepping down one inch from the high and holy platform on which God has placed her. He must become worthy of her, rise to her standard, if he wishes her friendship or esteem."

Gladys looked very serious for a few minutes, then said slowly, as if weighing every word:

"So you think, mamma, if *all* girls would be firm for the right, would stand by the principles which to them are most natural and most congenial; if they would solemnly refuse to have as associates any young men who were not strictly moral, that the boys as a class would give up their vices and live as men ought to."

"I do, Gladys, I do most solemnly believe it. Our little boys would then be taught in the home that

they must not contract bad habits, or they would be cast out of society. The fathers then would be moral men, and the little boys would not so often have bad examples before them. If only our girls would be firm on this subject they could soon revolutionize society. Woman stands at society's door and lets enter whom she will. How sad that she lets in such depraved, immoral men! Men would not allow themselves to be shut out from woman's society. If she required that he come up to her standard in order to enter, he would comply with the demand."

"Are women, then, to blame for all the sin of the world?" she said, half sadly. "Is nothing required of a man? Must woman do all the lifting up? May a man continue to do wrong till some woman makes it necessary for him to do right?"

I smiled a little. They were the very same questions which I myself had asked over and over again, when I was younger. It had seemed all wrong, all unjust then. Why should man, who claimed to be the strong one, the head, the glory of woman, blame her if he went astray? But I looked at it differently now, for I had learned that God had given her more strength in some things than He had given man; she was stronger to resist temptation, and that she must not become weak in that one point or the world begins to retrograde.

"It does, my dear, seem a great deal to ask of one sex," I replied. "And when it is from that one, too, which is commonly called the weaker. But we can-

not dispute the fact that she has the power to not only keep herself but to keep others from falling, if only she has the will to do so. When the dear Father has given her this power, ought she not to glory in using it, rather than in thinking of it as injustice?"

"I find so many things all the time, mamma, which seem so strange to me, I half wish I didn't have to think of them," she said, with a little sigh.

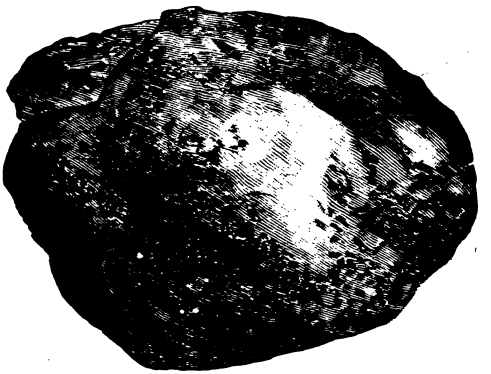
"But my little daughter cannot escape them," I returned. "She must bear her share of the world's burden, and that great, awful burden is sin."

She turned to the window again. The mist was deepening, and the wind still blew. The boys we had been watching a little while before returned, and stopped almost in front of the window to divide a package of cigarette tobacco. Gladys watched them silently till they passed on. Then she looked at me with an expression of deep pity.

"Mamma, can't we do something for the little boys here? Couldn't we have some kind of an anti-cigarette society, and get as many boys as possible to join it. We could have girls and boys both belong: the girls' pledge be to have no boy companion who used tobacco; and the boys' pledge, not to touch it in any form."

"Yes, we can do that, Gladys. There are such societies in some places, but there has never been any here. I shall be glad to do all I can to help such a society; and I know your father will, from time to time, perform experiments to show them what a deadly poison

there is in tobacco. Dr. Brodie, Queen Victoria's physician, found that a little nicotine applied to the tongue of a mouse, squirrel, or dog, has instantly produced death. A frog placed in a receiver containing a drop of nicotine in a little water, will die in a few hours. The oil floating on the surface of water, when a stream of tobacco smoke has passed through it, if



A section of the diseased lung of a cigarette smoker, highly magnified.

applied to a cat's tongue, shortly causes death. If one drop of nicotine is applied to a cat's tongue it will instantly writhe in convulsions and die. And yet men will use this poison, destroying themselves physically, mentally, and morally.

"Your father, I know, will gladly perform some such experiments for the boys and girls of the town, and we may yet do a little for the young people here."

At that moment her father entered, and she bounded to him to tell him of our new intention.

At the end of two months we had forty members, eighteen of whom were boys. The society continued to grow till the greater part of the young people of the town belonged. This much was done in one little spot. Who with a desire to do something for the Master will try it in another?

THE DESTRUCTIVE EFFECTS OF CIGARETTE SMOKING.

Cigarettes have been analyzed, and most physicians and chemists were surprised to find how much opium is put into them. A tobacconist himself says that "the extent to which drugs are used in cigarettes is appalling." "Havana flavoring" for this same purpose is sold everywhere by the thousand barrels. This flavoring is made from the tonka bean which contains a deadly poison. The wrappers, warranted to be rice paper, are sometimes made of common paper, and sometimes of the filthy scrapings of ragpickers bleached white with arsenic. What a thing for human lungs.

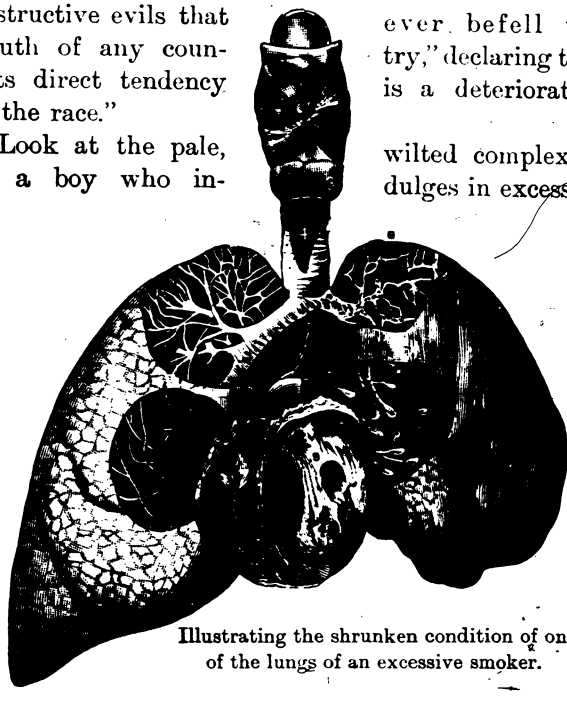
The habit burns up good health, good resolutions, good manners, good memories, good faculties, and often honesty and truthfulness as well.

Cases of epilepsy, insanity, and death are frequently reported as the result of smoking cigarettes, while such physicians as Dr. Lewis Sayre, Dr. Hammond, and Sir Morell Mackenzie of England, name heart trouble, blindness, cancer, and other diseases as occasioned by it.

Leading physicians of America unanimously con-

demn cigarette smoking as "one of the vilest and most destructive evils that ever befell the youth of any country," declaring that "its direct tendency is a deterioration of the race."

Look at the pale, wilted complexion of a boy who indulges in excessive



Illustrating the shrunken condition of one of the lungs of an excessive smoker.

cigarette smoking. It takes no physician to diagnose his case, and death will surely mark for his own every boy and young man who will follow up the habit. It is no longer a matter of guess. It is a scientific fact which the microscope in every case verifies.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NAMELESS CHILD.

GLADYS came thoughtfully up the walk. She tossed her books on the table and started in search of me. I was in my room sewing. She sat down on the stool at my feet, clasped her hands in my lap, and looked up at me with perplexed, questioning eyes.

"Mamma," she said, "I know you never teach me anything but the truth, yet something was said at school to-day that I can hardly help believing, and it is entirely different from what you have taught me. There is something hidden, somewhere, that I don't understand."

I took the puzzled little face between my hands and kissed it fondly.

"Tell us what it is, sweetheart, and we'll try to get it all cleared up," I said.

"Well, at recess this afternoon, we girls were standing in the hall talking. While we stood there Mary Davis went past wheeling a baby-buggy. A little titter passed through the crowd; some of the little girls gave a little shrug, and one of them said:

"'It's a sweet, bright baby just the same.' Then she turned to Charlotte Stockton, saying: 'Have you seen it, Charlotte?'

"Charlotte shook her head, and said rather sadly:

"'No, I haven't seen it, and I don't know that I want to. I feel sorry for Mary, but I feel more sorry for it. Poor little thing! It hasn't any father, and it hasn't any name, yet it has to go through life just the same as others. I fear it won't find the world so sweet a place as some of us do.'"

"I didn't ask her what she meant, mamma, but, somehow, I felt that she had told the truth. Yet you have taught me that every living creature has a father and a mother."

I threw aside my sewing. I felt that I couldn't give one wee speck of attention to anything else, if I were to work out for my little one this puzzle which she had brought me. I looked at her thoughtfully for a few minutes. Why should I or any mother hesitate in explaining any part of the Creator's work which we know all ought to and must learn before they are very old? Is it a fear that too young children will abuse the knowledge? I think this is partly the reason; but every mother must know, once and for all, that her child is no longer too young to know when once the question has formed itself in its mind. And know, too, that the child will not abuse any knowledge which comes sparkling and pure from the fountain of home-love; fear rather the knowledge which it drinks from the gutter. When once a child feels a thirst for a certain bit of information, be assured that it will not rest till that thirst has been satisfied from some source or other.

"Gladys," I said, "you have, hitherto, thought of

the papa only as a protector—one to care for the mamma and her little ones. I have allowed you to do so, for there was no reason for doing otherwise. I don't believe in forcing knowledge upon children. It is something like eating when you're not hungry—it causes indigestion. When a reasonable time has elapsed since the last meal, one wants more; and we grow by what we feed upon. When one truth has been thoroughly digested the child craves for more; but too much at once would only have made it sick. And a sick mind is worse than a sick stomach.

"The truth that everybody has a mamma and a papa was so early implanted in your mind, and has so grown up with you, that perhaps you have never paused to ask yourself: '*Why* must everything have both a papa and a mamma?' It is the mamma who cares for the little one before it is born. Has the papa, then, anything to do with its life more than caring for the mamma? Is that little one a part of the papa's being as well as of the mamma's? If not, then the girls may be correct, and Mary's baby may not have any father. But if he, too, must give that little one of his life, then mamma's statement was correct, that all have both a father and a mother."

"Yes, mamma," she said, as she so often did when she had followed me thus far, but didn't wish me to pause short of the whole truth.

"Pause to think, Gladys, of what you already know of plant life. Here, for instance, we have a peach-tree in bloom. This tree has blossomed but for one purpose: *that it may bear fruit.* We take one of

those rosy blossoms and examine it. We find, too, that every part of that pretty flower serves toward that one purpose. Here are the stamens crowned with pollen dust. That dust is the seed, or germ, for new life—new peaches. Here is the pistil, and inside it is another seed or germ for new life—new peaches. But that pollen dust blows away and becomes useless, and that pistil withers up and dies; and no peach ripens unless that pollen-dust reaches the pistil. The breeze or the busy bee may do that work, and those two widely different life-germs, when once brought together unite to form new life—a new peach. Then this dainty circle of leaves protects for a little while that baby peach, and when its work of protection is done it dies. That pistil which would have died too, unless the pollen dust had fallen upon it, now continues to grow till it is one day a delicious, juicy peach.

"You see, sweetheart, that peach had both a papa and a mamma. And it could never have been a peach at all had it not been for both its papa and its mamma, for the life-germ of either was dead without the other. Take these pretty flowers here beside us. They don't ripen into fruit for man to eat; their fruit is the seed which grows in the pistil. And that seed received its life by the same process that the peach received its life. And God has carried that plan throughout the whole work of creation. It doesn't matter whether it be flowers, or birds, or little insects, or kitties, or dogs, or horses, or people; it is all the same. In the papa of each kind has been formed what are called 'male organs,' and in the mamma what are called

'female organs.' And within those organs are the germs for new life, each according to its own kind, and the one is dead without the other. They must be united in whatever way God has planned for them before a new life can be given.

"Now, you know, the insects, and the birds, and some other animals lay eggs, and their little ones are hatched from the eggs. But before those eggs are laid, they must first receive the life-germ from the papa, or they will be lifeless. You know auntie always keeps among her little flock of hens a great, lovely rooster. He is the papa of all the little chickies she has hatched in the spring. If she didn't keep the papa rooster among her hens, the hens would lay eggs just the same, but no little chickies could ever be hatched from them, because the two opposite life-germs had not been united in them, and they could not grow into life. For everything that grows there must be seed planted somewhere. God has selected that place in every case, and we have nothing to say about it, only to carry out his plan. Suppose in the spring you decide to have a little garden. Papa gets the plot spaded for you, and you rake it and mark out the rows, and then sow the seed. You never have a thought that you could grow vegetables without first planting seed. There is no chance-work about God's plan. There must be a cause for every effect. And he has chosen that all life, whether animal or vegetable, shall spring from some certain kind of seed.

"We pass on from the flowers, the insects, and the birds, and we come to different forms of life. We

find creatures, as the kitty, which you long ago learned about, whom God has so formed as to take care of their little ones in their own body for a while. But that baby kitty could never have been born at all had not the papa kitty first imparted to the mamma kitty that opposite life-germ, in the way which the Heavenly Father had arranged for it to do. And as in the case of the kitty so in the case of all animals who give life to their little ones in that way.

"Then, my dear, we pass on from these to the highest type of life—the human family. You know, little one, that an act is important just in proportion to the importance or unimportance of the result to follow. You sweep off the steps in the morning for mamma. It is a trifling act, because no great result is depending upon it. There is a board loose in our sidewalk, and papa says, 'I must nail that down at once.' It is important, too, that he should do so, for someone may trip and be injured. A mad dog is loose in the town. It is a matter of great moment that someone shoot that dog without delay or precious lives may be destroyed. The value of every act can be measured only by the result which follows.

"Let us, then, apply this truth to the plan of reproduction. The flowers blossom a while and die, and we have no thought for them after death. The sweet little birds warble their songs for a few years, then death gives a pause to their existence. But we do not mourn over them, for we feel no anxiety for their future life. Man alone has God made in his own image, and to him alone has He given the power to

call into existence a life which shall live forever. The flowers have been left as free as the breeze to bring forth new flowers. The birds have the whole of earth and sky in which to carry out their own sweet will, dictated only by a God-given instinct. All the lower animals, too, are largely free to bring forth new lives at pleasure. But with regard to the union of man and woman God himself has written laws, laws which none can disobey without bringing sorrow to themselves, and sorrow to those who love them.

"Think for a minute, Gladys. Here is a babe that has just been born. It has an immortal soul. It can never, never die. Whether it be good, or whether it be bad; whether it grow up to love God and obey His laws, or whether it live in defiance of His love; whether its future be spent in heavenly happiness, or separated from all that is beautiful or good; whatever the case may be, it must live on forever. Can you think, little daughter, of an act more solemn than the one which was the means of giving that little one life? Do you wonder that God has said, none but those who truly love each other, and who have solemnly promised in the marriage vows to be true to each other till death part them, shall have the right to bring immortal lives into the world?

"Parents owe so much to a child, more perhaps than they ever dream of. They owe it a *home*, not merely a place to come up in; a home crowned and beautified by both a father's and a mother's love. They owe it the most careful training and the tender-

est guidance. They owe it the very best in life which their united love and efforts can give it. They owe it, too, the best physical inheritance which it is possible for them to bestow upon it; and they are in a high degree responsible not only for its well-being in this life, but also for its future happiness or unhappiness. How then shall two who are not married dream of bringing into the world one for whom there is not even a welcome waiting, nor a father's love, nor a father's name?

"Doesn't it make you adore God more and more as you discover new wonders and new beauties in His creative plan. How one can calmly think of it all and have one impure thought with regard to the reproduction of life in any of its many forms, is a mystery to me. The plan which among the flowers is so sweet, so simple, yet so marvellous, becomes more and more marvellous as we ascend into the higher forms of life, till, with deep, still awe in our souls, we realize that man, with God, becomes a creator, the life-giver of an eternal being."

Gladys had listened attentively, her elbows on her knees, her hands clasped under her chin, and an ever-changing expression on her bright, young face. As I finished speaking she sighed as one does who returns to himself after being lost in thought.

"It is all so beautiful, so perfect, mamma!" she said. "I think it will take me all my life to begin to realize, even a little, such a wonderful plan."

Then her face became sad as she continued, "I now see why the girls scorned poor Mary. In every

country where God's word is read the people know what moral laws He has made, and what sins He has forbidden them to commit. Every person in this town knows that Mary has disobeyed one of His good, wise laws, and when they see her it always seems to come to their mind."

"Yes, Gladys, that is it. And there is no wrong that a woman can do about which the world acts so harshly as that. It seems to never forgive, or never forget. It may forgive the father of that little wronged child, although his sin is just as great as hers, but it seldom forgives the mother."

She looked thoughtfully out of the window for a few minutes, then said, slowly:

"I know the sin is great, mamma, but is it so great that it should never be forgiven? Isn't the world very unjust in remembering it against her forever?"

As she spoke an old woman passed the house. There was a deep scar down the side of her face, which had been left from a burn in her childhood. Gladys turned to me like a flash.

"I see it, mamma; I understand. That poor marred face has explained it to me. Sin is like a dreadful burn—it hurts very much at the time, and then it leaves us not so beautiful as we were before. And the worse the sin the longer it will take the sore spot to heal, and the deeper will be the scar. We can scarcely see Mrs. Able without remembering that she once had a burn, for the scar is there to tell us about it."

"Yes, dear, that is pretty nearly correct," I replied;

MY PET.

"yet your first idea about the world's injustice is correct, too. Our minds are so constituted that a whole life-time of incidents will remain clearly written on them. We may look back over the years of our life and see month after month, week after week, little trifling things we thought and said and did. We can't forget them; they are indelibly pictured on our memory; and any important incident, anything which has greatly pleased or shocked or grieved us stands out more clearly than all the rest. But to merely remember a fact, to remember that a person made a great mistake, and to remember it *against* that person are very different things. When people take a wrong step, no matter how great, and they come to realize that it was not right, become sorry for it, and turn entirely from it, God forgives them, and says He will 'remember it against them no more forever.' He washes that blot off their souls, and they are just as free from it as you or I. And although the mere fact that the error was made cannot pass entirely from our mind, yet to remember it to their disadvantage, to place it in the balance against them, is just as wrong as to blame one for that misdeed who never did it all. For that wrong is not theirs now; God says He has put it from them 'as far as the east is from the west.'

"Can you then think of anything more unjust or cruel than to treat with scorn or contempt, or even pity, one who is now living a right life. When my little girl grows older she will learn many things about the world which she doesn't now know and doesn't need to know. And one sad thing she will learn is that

women are far more severe with women who have erred ever so little, than with men who have done great wrongs. But if she herself will take only the privilege which Jesus has given us in condemning an erring one, which is, 'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her,' I know she will not be unjust in her judgment of others. No one can ever be certain that he himself would not have fallen had he had the same temptation. Not every one can cross over a slippery plank and not fall into the stream.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD.

I HAD been reading, but as the light faded I laid down my book, leaned back in my camp-chair and clasped my hands over my eyes. I was just thinking what a strange world it was, anyway, so much of love and beauty sweeping along toward the great unkown future almost hand in hand with so much of hatred and ugliness. Someone stepped lightly up on the veranda beside me, and said softly:

"Auntie, I want to have a little talk with you."

I knew who it was. This little fellow, though no relative of mine, had always called me "auntie." He had no mother, no father; only a selfish, sordid, silent uncle lived at the place he called home. He seemed embarrassed, and there was a slight flush on his cheek as he sat down beside me.

"I am no longer a child, auntie," he said, after a few minutes' silence. "I am fourteen now; it is not very old, yet I know that I am becoming a man. I feel it in every fibre of my being. And to-day some ideas were brought to my mind that had never entered it before. They seemed to stagger me at first. It seemed as if life with great hidden forces yet undreamed of, and crimes before unheard of, mingled with its simple joys and sorrows, whirled past me, an

endless show in a moment of time. It made me dizzy. It made me sick. I rushed from the house, and throwing myself down in the hay-mow, I wept as I have never done before. How my heart longed for someone to confide in! You are the only parent I have ever had, auntie, so, as strange as it might seem to some, I have come to you to learn the truth about these strange new things I have heard. All that I already know of life you have taught me. Our many little talks before have made it easy for me to come to you now."

"I am so glad you have come, Hugh," I said, as I looked into the manly young face. "I have always longed for a boy of my own, and God has chosen to to answer that desire by giving me a chance to help another's boy. What was it you heard to-day? What is this sad, new view of life you got?"

Again he seemed a little embarrassed.

"I scarcely know how to tell you, auntie. I scarcely know where to begin, or how to ask what I want to know.

"To-day several young men on bicycles stopped at uncle's. They threw themselves down to rest under the trees in front of the house. Uncle was outside with them. I was in the house, but I could not help hearing all that was said. I might have gone off and not listened, of course, but I seemed spell-bound. I'm not going to tell you all they said—I couldn't if I wanted to. I don't understand all they said, and I shall never try to; but oh, auntie! I learned enough to know that all the world is not so sweet and pure

as this little spot where you and Gladys live; and that all the men in it aren't like Uncle Gray."

He paused a moment. Then his eyes seemed ablaze as he said in a low, intense voice:

"Oh, auntie, auntie! can it, *can* it be that there are such vile, vile things done in this world as those men laughed and talked carelessly about? Can it be possible that this wonderful body of ours could be made so base and foul?"

I laid my hand on his; it was cold and trembling.

"Hugh," I said, "this revelation which you have had is one which must come sooner or later to every boy. And if he be pure-minded it will shock and hurt him just as it has done you.

> 'Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen.'

If only you will continue to hate it as you do now, for you all will be well. Sometimes we can shield our girls from such knowledge as has been thrown upon you to-day. It is possible for a woman to live and die, and see only the pure and good in life. But as surely as a boy lives and moves in the world he is going to learn of its evil; if not from books, from his fellow-men. And that boy is grand and noble indeed, who, amidst all the impurity of the world, keeps himself pure.

"I have tried to teach you since you were a very little boy something of the mystery of life, how it is wrapped even in one small flower with its stamens, pistils and ovaries. I have tried to lead you on from

the apparent and simple that the deeper things might not seem so strange."

"I know you have," he answered quickly, "but I never before seemed to see it or understand it as I do just now. I long ago learned from your lips that 'everything' had a mamma and papa; that the whole world was made up of pairs, and pairs, and pairs—the male and the female everywhere; but it never seemed to occur to me till to-day that I might be one of those pairs; that in my body, as a sacred trust, had been placed a power that in after years might be the means of giving life to beings which shall live throughout the great eternity. And yet it is true, isn't it, auntie?"

I could only answer reverently. "Yes," for his face glowed with a holy emotion, and he was looking out into the great, boundless blue above us, as if only there he could find a response to this solemnity which had entered his soul.

After a while he turned to me again. The light had faded from his face, and it had become sad.

"Hugh," I said, "I know what you are thinking of now. You have remembered some of those things you heard this afternoon. I, too, wonder, with you, how one could in the still hour look up into heaven's eternal blue, and know that God and eternity were before him, and not loathe sin and long for righteousness, that he might spend that eternity with God and not without Him. There is something so soul-inspiring in feeling that we belong to God, that we are a part of Him, and that, if only we will obey His laws,

we shall some day have a glorified body, and be fit to dwell forever in worlds more glorious than those we can imagine when we gaze into the starlit sky. 'God has given us a life which is to last forever, and the little time we spend on earth is as nothing to the ages we are to spend in the world beyond; so our earthly life is a very important part of our existence, for it is here that the foundation is laid for either happiness or misery in the future. It is here that we decide our destiny, and our efforts to know and obey God's laws in our bodies as well as in our souls will not only bring blessings to us in this life, but never-ending happiness throughout eternity.'

"We seem to so often forget that our bodies belong to God as well as our souls. He made us in His own image, and the body is the temple in which He placed the spirit formed with His own breath. And we cannot defile this temple for the Spirit in any way without sinning. If in any way we make this body less pure, or less perfect than the Creator intended, we have done wrong, we have broken some holy law. God has formed every part of our body for a certain purpose, with a certain work to do; and just so long as it is doing that work as He intended, is working in harmony with the divine will, it will be perfect and happy. But so soon as it begins working contrary to His law it begins to suffer.

"You have to-day realized more clearly than you ever did before that you have organs which make you *specially a boy*. They are God-given; they are holy; they are yours in sacred trust till you become a man. And God has made laws concerning those

sexual organs which cannot, *dare not* be disobeyed without the most awful penalty being paid. The first great law concerning them is that they must not be handled *at all*, they must not be touched except to keep them clean. If they are the whole body suffers. The handling of them draws too much blood to them, which causes a diseased condition. There are many nerves connecting those organs with the spine and thus with the brain. When they are handled those nerves become excited and tired out, so that the back aches and the brain becomes dull and heavy, the memory poor, and the whole body weak. Sometimes the boy becomes insane, or commits suicide, or does some other fearful deed. Sometimes he becomes paralyzed, or dies of consumption or heart disease.

"Oh, Hugh! must not the sin be terrible indeed, that brings such punishment? When I think of the numberless ones throughout our land who have formed that bad habit, I wonder how God can look upon the world at all. But then I remember that He who knows all things, knows that many, many have fallen because they didn't know the danger. No one had warned them, no one had told them that they must not do such things. How I wish my voice might reach every one of them as I say: 'Boys, girls, give it up! There is hope for you if only you will never touch yourselves again. Better far to cut off your hands than to continue such a practice. Do you want to grow up happy, healthy and strong?—then obey God's laws.'

"The other law concerning those organs is that they must not be used except as He intended. And,

my boy, God never intended those organs to be used at all till a man is *fully grown*, and need I add, a married man. You have had to-day a startling revelation that this law is not always obeyed."

The boy's cheeks flushed, and he said with deep feeling:

"Oh, auntie, I am ashamed to think I was ever born a man!"

I placed my hand on his shoulder, and looked into his clear, honest eyes.

"Hugh, my boy, never, never be ashamed of that. 'A perfect man is the noblest work of God.' Jesus was a man. Socrates and Plato and Luther and Bunyan and Judson and Franklin and Gladstone and Emerson and Drummond were men. Thank God that you are a man and may work among men, and may raise a voice against the vice you find there. Keep yourself pure and undefiled, and the greatest usefulness, the greatest blessings and happiness will be yours.

"Boys have many temptations. You will learn that when you are a little older—you have had one lesson to-day. The world contains many just such men whose mouths are full of foul stories, and who will even teach innocent boys that fearful practice of self-abuse. News stands and cheap magazines are filled with sensational stories which awaken in young minds all kinds of wrong thoughts. Indecent pictures are scattered and pasted here and there for young eyes to gaze upon. Oh, my boy, there is only one sure way of escape! Turn a deaf ear and a blind eye to all such things. Keep your mind pure, for it

is in the mind first that all evil seed is sown. It is the mind alone which controls the body for good or bad habits. One cannot listen to indecent talk, look upon indecent pictures, and read indecent stories, and not have the mind filled with indecent thoughts. And when the mind is thus filled it thinks continually of the sexual organs, and one *must not think of them.* They must be left alone. God will take care of them. If they are thought of continually it excites them, and gives a desire to either handle them, or use them as God has said 'Thou shalt not.'

"While a young boy make it a rule not to associate with any who talk or act indecently, and do not break the rule throughout your life. Think good thoughts, read good books, choose good companions, learn to love God and reverence His works. Shun tobacco and whiskey more than you would Satan if he appeared to you with horns and hoofs. Leave the theatre, the billiard table, and the dancing hall to those who do not know that they are made in the image and likeness of God. Keep busy; you know the old adage, 'Idleness is the devil's workshop,' and surely nothing is truer. Let no one delude you by saying that purity of life is not possible. You can be all that a noble man ought to be, if with God's help you will to be such. Keep the mind pure, and the body will obey."

Hugh leaned over and kissed me, as he had done from babyhood, and said:

"Oh, auntie, if only, only every boy had someone to talk to him—to teach him the right from the wrong!"

CHAPTER XVI.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

FOUR more years slipped away. "My baby," as I still often fondly called her, had grown as tall as myself. And as I looked back over those fourteen years with her I could not but wonder at their perfect happiness. How many homes I knew in which ill-health, or death, or misfortune of some kind, had marred their brightness.

Now, for the first time, a shadow seemed to be creeping upon us. Gladys grew less strong and lively every day. She was not yet what people called positively sick, but her cheek was losing its color, and her eye its brightness, while her step became less buoyant. I had watched her carefully, anxiously for several weeks, perplexed to know what was best. Four years before I had explained to her the functions of the special female organs, but they had never yet fulfilled that function. Had she remained well and strong I should not have worried, for many girls are fifteen or sixteen before they menstruate. But Gladys was growing pale, and it made my heart ache, for I knew it would interfere with her plans of study.

She was within one year of High School graduation, and a university course was her ambition. She

had done brilliant work at school, and I was justly proud of her. I foresaw a break in her course now, yet I put off speaking to her about it day after day in the hope that she would begin to feel better. One afternoon she came in from school, threw her books on the table, and dropped wearily into her father's great arm-chair.

I sat down on a stool at her feet, and took her hands in mine. She turned her head from me, but I could see that her eyes were moist.

"What is it, Gladys?" I said. "You won't hide anything from me, will you?"

"I don't know what it is," and the long, slim fingers twitched nervously in mine. "I am not myself, mamma. I missed in class to-day—the first imperfect lesson I have had for months." And a tear coursed slowly down her cheek.

I looked into the pale, tired face, and knew that I must do my duty, no matter how hard. Yet how could I do it? How could I tell her she must give up school for a time? In other words, that she must leave the class with whom she had studied for three years. She must see them graduate without her; some of them enter upon university courses, and she be left behind in the race.

"I know what is the matter, my dear," I said; "you are not well; you haven't been for some time."

She raised herself up quickly in her chair. "Don't say that, mamma, don't, for I must be well! I *must* be, or how can I study? And I *must* study, or how can I remain at the head of the class? *That gold medal is mine.*"

The colorless cheeks were now flushed, and the tired eyes were bright.

"And that gold medal is dearer to you than anything else in the world," I said slowly, emphatically.

WAITING FOR A RIDE.

"Do not reproach me like that, mamma," she replied nervously. "Surely I have worked hard for it for three years; can I give it up at the beginning of this last year?"

"Not without a great struggle, and a great victory."

"Victory! Don't talk of such a victory, mamma. A *victory* to *lose* what I most long to have?"

"A victory over yourself, my dear, in surrendering when you know it is wise."

"I cannot surrender. I *cannot!*" She clasped her hands tightly together and gazed past me into space, with a look of determination which I had never seen before.

"Gladys," I said, solemnly, "all your life until now you have been healthy and strong. You are now fourteen, but for some reason you have not yet menstruated, as most girls do. The reason, I firmly believe, is that you have studied too hard. The vitality which should have gone to those particular organs has been called elsewhere. If, in your present state of ill-health, you continued to study as you have in the past, I should expect to bury my daughter, or see her become a half invalid—a weak, delicate, nervous woman, unable to fill the place in life which God has given her; in a word, a *useless* woman. My dear little girl, either of those things would break my heart. Either of them, too, would be harder for you than to give up that medal—to give up school now."

When I uttered the last little phrase she gave a start. She had been thinking only of working less hard, for a time, not of dropping out of line entirely.

"You don't mean—mamma—oh! you don't mean!" She hid her face in her hands, and her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs.

When she became a little quieter, I said:

"I have never yet forced you, my dear, and I am not going to force you now; it will not be necessary.

You realize something of the importance of health. You do not value it quite so highly as I, because you have not lived so long and do not yet know its full importance. A person without health is like a second-hand machine, not able to properly do its work, always getting out of order, and continually giving out in the most inconvenient and unexpected places.

"A person is only a machine propelled by soul-power instead of steam or hand-power. And, as I have so often told you, a woman is a most intricate and marvellous machine. Let any part of the body go wrong and we do not feel well. But let there be anything the matter with those most delicate and vital organs in a woman's body, those organs which are now giving you this trouble, and she at once becomes pale, weak, nervous and cross; her head aches, and her back aches, and she wonders what is the matter. Those organs are so situated in the body, and so connected through the nervous system with every part of it, that they cannot be affected in any way without also affecting every part.

"And my poor little girl, whom I had so hoped would escape any of these troubles, has come in for her share of it. I fear that over-study has been the mischief-maker. Most girls cannot endure without harm as much study as a boy, for their body has this extra work to perform, and that so frequently, thus calling for a great deal of extra vitality. Many, many of our girls in competing with boys stand side by side with them in the class, but their physical nature pays the penalty. I sometimes wish that our boys and girls might be educated in separate schools;

for what a boy takes four years to do a girl should take five. Not that she is less strong mentally, or that she has less power of endurance physically, but that her body has more work to do. Usually, while her poor body is endeavoring to do its extra work she is studying just as hard as on any other day, instead of taking *absolute* mental and physical rest as she ought to. The natural and inevitable consequence follows —she becomes sick, that is she doesn't feel well; she goes to the doctor; she takes iron; she goes right on violating nature's laws—*and she stays sick.*"

Gladys had sat with a dreamy, far-away look in her eyes, but I knew she had heard every word I said. When I had finished her eyes met mine very calmly, and very camly, too, she said:

"So, because I am a woman, my course is to be broken into. I am to step out of the class I love; I am to give up the envied and honored position which I have held for three years; I am to give to a boy, simply because he is a boy, *that gold medal!*"

The calmness died from her eyes; she threw back the curls from her forehead, and exclaimed with a sort of agony:

"Oh! I wish I were a man!"

"Are you sure you do, my dear?" I said half sorrowfully. Then I kissed her, and quietly left her to fight it out, as I knew it must be fought, alone.

The next day was Saturday, and instead of going to the study after breakfast she went down to the river for a walk. She had eaten scarcely any breakfast, and was dreamy and quiet. She returned just in time for dinner, but she seemed tired and ate little.

After dinner she put her arm around me, and laid her head on my shoulder, saying:

"You won't mind, mamma, if I leave you again this afternoon. The house seems to stifle me."

"Of course not, my darling," I replied. I could hardly keep back the tears. I wanted to help her so much, but I knew I could not.

At tea-time she was just as quiet as ever, and soon afterward went to bed. Sunday morning came; with a blushing face Gladys asked to be excused from church.

"I feel as if I couldn't sit through the service," she said pleadingly.

In the evening the same plea was offered. I longed to stay at home with her, but I knew I had her entire confidence, and that I could not help her in the present struggle or she would have let me know.

It was a calm, lovely autumn evening. When I returned from church I found her sitting in the garden with the many-tinted leaves strewn about her. I sat down beside her; she looked up at me with a bright smile—the struggle was over! I clasped her little hand in mine; my heart was too full for words. For several minutes we sat in silence, then she said:

"Mamma, I want you to forgive me for this rebellion, which only to-night I have been able to quell. I wonder now that so many harsh and bitter feelings could have sprung up in my heart."

Her color deepened as she continued. "I want you to forgive me, too, mamma, for saying I wished I were a man. Just think! All my life I have had

the example and the teaching of the best woman in the world. I have realized, too, the nobility of a woman's life. I have felt so often that no one holds so firmly the destiny of the world as a mother does. I have believed, too, with all my heart, that the Heavenly Father makes no mistakes, that his wise and perfect plan is for the good of his children; yet for two days I have fought against it as if I had never known aught of good or right. I have surrendered, mamma; God has forgiven me; I know you will."

She took my face between her hands, as she had done so often years before, and kissed me again and again.

"You are my own dear baby, still," I said, "and there is nothing in this world you could do, no matter how much it grieved me, that I could not forgive."

But I was not fully satisfied with what she had told me.

"Gladys," I said, "you have surrendered from a moral and spiritual standpoint, but have you seen the importance of this step from a purely physical standpoint? I do not want you to miss that side of the question either, my dear."

She smiled. "That is just like you, mamma. You must have a thorough sweep or you will not be satisfied. Yes; I have not failed to look at it from that point of view. That has impressed me as much as anything; for we can hardly separate the spiritual and the physical while we are in this world, they are too dependent on each other. The ancient Greeks were right—we want a sound mind *in a sound body.*

I think it must be very hard to be really good; to be in any sense perfect morally, with a diseased body. Health of body is surely the foundation of health of of mind. I am so glad, mamma, that you have always taught me how important it is to be well and strong. I want to be useful; I want to make the most, and the best of my life. How could I hope to do that if I were weak and delicate?

"This afternoon I have been thinking it all over; looking forward, in a sense, over my future life. How little of it will be spent in the school-room: how much of it in the actual warfare of life. How little will it matter if a year or two more are taken now for study; but how much will it matter, if through over-study now, every day of my future life is made less useful, less vigorous. The thought of suffering for years and years for a bit of foolish pride now has made me willing to leave the school-room, and my books, resign my place to another, and let my body have fresh air, exercise, and rest. I have been studying too hard; for several months I have felt that my strength was giving way."

Despite her noble decision and clear reasoning her eyes were filled with tears, and she dropped her head on my shoulder to hide them. Poor, dear child! How willingly I would have, but I could not prevent the step which must be taken.

"Gladys," I said, softly, "there isn't a happier mother in this great, wide world than I, to think I have so good, so wise a daughter."

"If I am either, mamma, it is only because you have taught me to be such," she replied.

The next day she brought her books all home from school. She put them in a drawer in the study desk, and turned the key on them.

"I cannot bear to see them around," she said, trying to smile.

Then through the rest of that fall, through the winter, and the following spring and summer, she gave herself up to rest and open air exercise. Some weeks she would feel stronger, and others so weak that she could hardly get around at all. I watched her day after day as only a mother can watch a beloved child; how often with misgiving and sadness, but never once did she lose hope.

"I know I shall soon be strong and well," she would say in her happy, sunny way. "I am obeying the laws of Nature, and Nature is kind if only we will have a little patience and consideration."

Then one day early in the fall she came to me, her face aglow and her eyes dancing with delight. For an instant I wondered what good news she had for me. Then I clasped her hands saying only,

"Gladys!"

"Yes, mamma," she said, joyously, "you have guessed it. I shall be all right now. I have menstruated! And I haven't a pain, nor an ache, nor one bad feeling."

We dropped down on the sofa together and cried like children.

After a bit, smiling through her tears she said:

"A whole year now I have been home. But after Christmas, mamma, I shall be strong enough to go back to school!"

CHAPTER XVII.

SUICIDE.

IT was recess at school. The girls were in the dressing-room. One of them had just finished reading an item in a newspaper as Gladys entered the room. Mingled expressions of amusement, surprise, horror, and pity went up from among them.

"What can it be?" said Gladys, laughing. "What single anecdote has called forth such a variety of feeling?"

"It is dreadful!" said one.

"Funny, you mean," put in another.

"Funny!" returned the first speaker; "you call it funny for a man to be killed?"

"Yes, when he is killed by a tight corset."

"I think it is outrageous!" exclaimed another. "Doesn't anyone know a man can't stand a corset? Poor fellow! He was fine, too; I heard him last fall. It's a funny thing if they cannot get along without making seventeenth century dudes out of modern men. A man's body isn't like a woman's anyway. A corset wouldn't hurt her unless it cut her square in two."

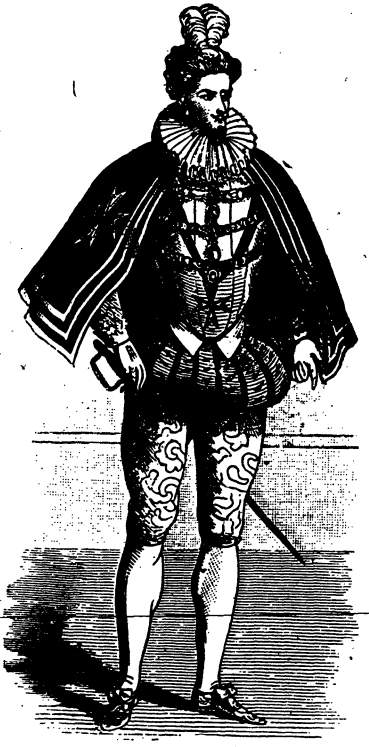
"I think I understand," said Gladys, smiling. "A man, an actor, a *star* perhaps, has died from the effects of a tightly-laced corset. How very tragic!"

"And you think it funny, too?" asked the first speaker, indignantly.

"No, it is a most solemn lesson, *but it served him right.*"

"So that is the way you take it," returned the other sarcastically. "You who are too kind-hearted to step on a worm, can take as half a joke this great man's death. Don't you know he was murdered?"

"No," replied Gladys very calmly," he was not. *He committed suicide.* There may have been people murdered by corsets, but never a man. I pity from my heart the murdered ones, but I am not so sure about the suicides."



THE DUDE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"Just like you, Gladys Gray; excuse a woman for anything, but woe betide a man if he makes a mistake! A woman dies from tight-lacing. you say she was murdered; a man dies from tight-lacing, you say he

committed suicide. I would like to know where you find the difference."

"It is easy enough to find, if only you will look for a moment," returned Gladys, thoughtfully. "Woman is the slave, the victim of a fashion which proves to be the most galling bondage, man is not. You know fashion is the enemy of nearly every country of the world, whether civilized or uncivilized. But it is the women, not the men, who usually suffer. In China fashion says that a woman must have a little, deformed foot, so have it she does, no matter how much suffering it may cause. I presume there is not one in this room who has not pitied a hundred times the poor little Chinese lady who is, nevertheless, better off physically than the Canadian or American woman, for fashion has said they must have little deformed waists. It is sad, but fashion has said it, so when the poor child reaches eleven or twelve years, a steel bandage, made after the model fashion said it must be, is placed around her. It hurts of course, for she has known for a number of happy years what freedom and grace and ease of movement were. But by wearing it at first on Sundays and holidays she becomes used to the pressure. She might long for her freedom a year or so more, but it is useless to wish it, for unless her figure is taken while it is still yielding and flexible, it could not be made to conform to fashion's model, with its tiny waist and its square hips and shoulders. Soon the tissues begin to waste away and lose their strength and elasticity, and by and by she doesn't mind the corset. She says she can squeeze herself all

she likes and it doesn't hurt. In fact, she feels badly if she takes her corset off. She has an idea women need a support; at any rate, she knows *she* does. She continues to wear it till, when she becomes a woman, she is the most wonderfully deformed creature on this great, good earth. But she is too weak and sickly to know that it is either good or great. She cannot get beyond herself and her medicine bottle."

Some of the girls smiled, others laughed lightly, and one said:

"But, Gladys, there is no use talking like that. What *would* a woman look like if she didn't wear a corset?"

"All women don't wear them."

"Oh, I know that, and it is all very well for little slender people. But what kind of figures would most women have if they didn't wear corsets?"

"Something like that," returned Gladys, pointing towards Bodenhausen's *Hope*, which hung on the wall before them.

"Every one of you admire that picture," continued Gladys. "That is as God, as nature, and as art make a woman. There is none of that stiff, hard, ungraceful fashion-plate form about it. You know 'the highest art is to conceal art,' hence no artist dares to make a woman other than nature has done. No artist, in fact, could admire anything that wasn't natural. All that isn't natural is deformed. Half of the girls in this room are deformed."

It was rather a bold stroke, but she said it fearlessly as she looked around upon them.

"Oh! I don't wear my corsets tight!" exclaimed half a dozen at once. "I could never stand it. Why, you could put your right arm down inside my corsets."

Gladys smiled. "Of course we could. I never yet met a girl who laced—but they all know of someone else who does."

"Come now, Gladys, you are too severe," said one of the girls approaching her. You can see for yourself that my corsets are not tight. I could draw them up ever so much more."

"If they were so tight that you couldn't do that, I fear you would meet with the same fate as the poor actor," replied Gladys laughing. "But this much is true, you cannot wear a corset loose enough not to hurt you. If it is tight enough to stay hooked at all, it is tight enough to injure, for corsets are made out of all proportion. Nature has said there shall be six inches difference between the bust and the waist; but fashion says there must be ten. So accordingly the corset is made."

"Well, you don't get me to take my corsets off, anyway," put in another of the girls. "Why, when I take them off I am no shape at all. If I went without them for a little while I would be the worst figure in the world."

"No shape at all," repeated Gladys slowly. "I presume you mean your waist might be as large as that of the woman in the picture before us. Yet isn't she lovely and graceful, despite the fact that she has no shape at all—only, of course, the one nature gave her. And 'the worst figure in the world,' I suppose,

HOPE.

is a figure which has wholly outgrown its deformity."

The girl laughed with the others in spite of herself. "What you say sounds all very nice," she replied; "yet you know as well as I do that a woman *does* look better with a corset on."

"No, I don't know anything of the kind. A woman with a small waist never did look pretty to me. I cannot remember when I didn't feel sorry for women who wore corsets. I can remember when I was a very little girl watching small-waisted ladies go along the street, and thinking how stiff and tortured they looked. Then I would look at mamma, and compare her waist with those of the women in the art galleries, and think how lovely mamma was, just like a picture."

"I think perhaps I can sympathize with corset-wearers and corset-lovers, better than Gladys can," said a large, stout girl, stepping forward. Gladys never wore a corset; I did. She never admired a corset form; I once did with all my heart. Gladys was never injured by a corset; I was, and so is every girl here who wears one.

"Mamma put corsets on me when I was only eleven years old. I was a big, stout child, and she said if she left them off me any longer I would soon have no shape at all. I didn't object to it, for all the women and girls I saw in the fashion-plates had long, slender waists, and I supposed that was the figure I ought to have. Nature had evidently made some mistake in my case, which I must, of course, try to correct.

"At first the corset was a torture to me. I would wear it only to church and Sunday School. There was many a sermon of which I never heard a word; and many a Sunday School lesson which I longed to have close that I might get home and take off that fearful, stiff, tormenting thing. But by-and-bye I began to get used to it. It didn't hurt me so badly, and I fancied I was getting to be a little better figure. I didn't then think that I was becoming deformed.

"One evening, about three years ago, I came home from church with such a distressed feeling in my stomach. When I undid my corset I gave a great sigh of relief; and just at that moment the thought came to me, 'Is it right for me to thus bind up my body? A Christian girl in an enlightened Christian country to act like a heathen, not satisfied with the form made by her Creator!'

"I looked at my corsets for a few minutes, then threw them across the room, saying: 'I wish I didn't look so horrid without them, then I wouldn't wear them! I buttoned my clothes up without them, and stood before the glass. I did look horrid, for my bands were too small without my corset, and they made the flesh roll all around the waist.

"'I never could look like that,' I said, viewing myself. 'I would be ashamed to go on the street.'

"I undid them again. How loose and comfortable I felt! I took down an old skirt with a loose band, and put on a dressing-jacket, then went to mamma's room.

"'Mamma,' I said, 'I have a notion to quit wearing corsets.'

"'Quit wearing corsets!' she gasped.

"'Yes,' I said, 'I don't believe it is right to wear them. My body doesn't have half a chance to do its work as God intended it should. Men don't squeeze themselves all out of shape, and I can see no reason why women should. I believe if I would take the horrid things off I wouldn't have half so much headache.'

"'But, my child,' said mamma in an almost terrified tone, 'just think how you would look! You are so stout that I couldn't bear to see you on the street. Everyone would make remarks about you.'

"'What would they say?'

"'Oh, they would laugh at you.'

"'Why?'

"'For being so big and slovenly, of course,' said mamma, getting cross.

"'I'm big, I know, but I needn't be slouchy,' I replied. 'Gladys Gray isn't slouchy, I'm sure, and she never wore a corset in her life.'

"'But Gladys Gray isn't you,' said mamma impatiently. 'She is small, you are large. You would be a perfect sight! You don't wear your corset tight, anyway, and so long as you don't it can't injure you.'

"'I was just reading the other day, mamma,' I returned, 'that women don't know when their clothing is tight, and when it is loose. I had never thought of it before, but I believe it is a fact. The constant pressure on the tissues of the trunk causes

them to so waste away that they lose in a large degree their feeling, and what seems loose to a woman would be so tight for a man as to be utterly unbearable. I couldn't myself have at all endured clothing as tight as I wear it now when I first began wearing corsets. I believe my very bones are losing their strength, or why would my back ache so when I leave my corsets off for a little while. Men don't have to prop their bodies up to keep their back from aching, and I believe it is a sin for a woman to do it.'

"I paused for a moment. I looked straight at mamma, then I said resolutely:

"'I am going to do it. That corset goes off, and I shall wear a health waist. I believe I'll get rid of these old headaches then, for my stomach won't be squeezed out of shape, and my food will have a chance to digest.'

"I did as I said I would, and the corset never went on again. But, girls, if any of you suffer as I did when I threw aside my corset, I feel sorry for you. My back and sides ached and ached till I thought I could never endure it. But day after day the tissues and muscles of the trunk regained their strength and elasticity, and now I never have a sign of backache or headache. I wear my clothing all loose, and suspended from the shoulders. I know I am perfectly neat, yet I have not a small waist—I don't want it. I have learned since that nothing can be pretty that is deformed. A small waist is stiff and ungraceful, too."

"Good!" exclaimed Gladys, extending her hand.

"I think we shall have to organize an 'Anti-Corset Club,' and see how many girls are ready to stand for health and comfort."

At that moment the bell rang, and the girls dispersed. I had gone up to the school with the purpose of seeing Gladys at recess, but had heard the girls' discussion, and had not entered. I left the building with a happy heart to know that there were at least two within its walls who felt so strongly about that great crying evil, the corset. As I walked away the words of Dr. Stockham came to my mind:

"I am a temperance woman. No one can realize more than I the devastation and ruin alcohol in its many tempting forms has brought to the human family. Still I solemnly believe that in weakness and deterioration of health the corset has more to answer for than intoxicating drinks." And I wondered if she were not right.

The History, Mystery, and Injuries of the Corset.

The origin of the corset is lost in remote antiquity. The figures of the early Egyptian women show clearly an artificial shape of the waist produced by some style of corset. A similar style of dress must also have prevailed among the ancient Jewish maidens, for Isaiah, in calling upon the women to put away their personal adornments, says: "Instead of a girdle there shall be a rent, and instead of a stomacher (corset) a girdle of sackcloth."

Homer also tells us of the cestus or girdle of Venus,

which was borrowed by the haughty Juno with a view to increasing her personal attractions, that Jupiter might be a more tractable and orderly husband.

Coming down to the later times, we find the corset

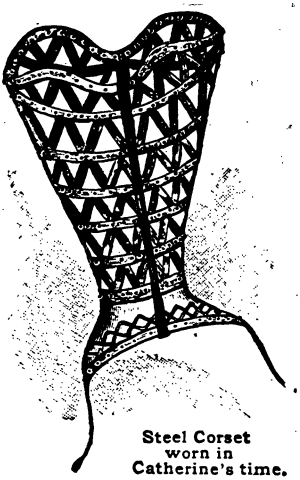
THE CORSET IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

was used in France and England as early as the twelfth century.

The most extensive and extreme use of the corset occurred in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Catherine de Medici of France and Queen Elizabeth of England. With Catherine de Medici a thirteen-

inch waist measurement was considered the standard of fashion, while a thick waist was an abomination. No lady could consider her figure of proper shape unless she could span her waist with her two hands. To produce this result a strong, rigid corset was worn

EGYPTIAN CORSET.



Steel Corset worn in Catherine's time.

night and day until the waist was laced down to the required size. Then over this corset was placed the steel apparatus shown in the illustration on this page. This corset-cover reached from the hip to the throat, and produced a rigid figure over which the dress would fit with perfect smoothness.

During the sixteenth century corsets were largely made from a species of leather known as "bend," which was not unlike that used for shoe soles, and measured nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness. One of the most popular corsets of the time was the corset and stomacher shown in the accompanying illustration.

About the time of the French Revolution a reaction set in against tight lacing, and for a time there was a return to the early classical Greek costume. This style of dress prevailed, with various modifications, until about 1810, when corsets and tight lacing again returned with threefold fury. Buchan, a prominent writer of this period, says that it was by no means uncommon to see "a mother lay her daughter down upon the carpet, and, placing her foot upon her back, break half a dozen laces in tightening her stays."

Distortion and feebleness are not beauty. A proper proportion should exist between the size of the waist and the breath of the shoulders and hips; and if the waist is diminished below this proportion, it suggests disproportion and invalidism rather than grace and beauty.

Tight-Lacing.

It destroys natural beauty and creates an unpleasant and irritable temper. A tight-laced chest and a good disposition cannot go together. The human form has been molded by nature, the best shape is undoubtedly that which she has given it. To endeavor to render it more elegant by artificial

means is to change it; to make it much smaller below and much larger above is to destroy its beauty; to keep it cased up in a kind of domestic cuirass is not only to deform it, but to expose the internal parts to serious injury. Under such compression as is commonly practised by ladies, the development of the bones, which are still tender, does not take place conformably to the intention of nature, because nutrition is necessarily stopped, and they consequently become twisted and deformed.

Those who wear these appliances of tight-lacing often complain that they cannot sit upright without them—are sometimes, indeed, compelled to wear them during all the twenty-four hours; a fact which proves to what extent such articles weaken the muscles of the trunk. The injury does not fall merely on the internal structure of the body, but also on its beauty, and on the temper and feelings with which that beauty is associated. Beauty is in reality but another name for expression of countenance, which is the index of sound health, intelligence, good feelings and peace of mind. All are aware that uneasy feelings existing habitually in the breast speedily exhibit their signature on the countenance, and that bitter thoughts or a bad temper spoil the human expression of its comeliness and grace.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

I AM lonely to-night, girls, for Gladys has gone away to school. So I want all of you who know her to gather with me around the fireplace, and before we make a light we shall have a little talk together.

I love girls, every girl I ever knew, and I cannot remember a time when I didn't have a longing to do something for them. When I taught school I used to frequently declare that I would so love teaching if only my pupils were all girls. When I took a Sunday School class it was always girls I chose, and thus it has always been. Girls have attracted, have interested me more than anything else. And I know I feel more anxious about them than about any other earthly thing.

"Why," does someone ask? Well, I can tell you. Because they have the most important positions to fill in the world, and everything seems to be so depending upon and revolving around them.

Everyone agrees that the home is the life of the nation, and, as someone has said, "The mother *is* the home. If the furniture is old we take thought to renew it; if the father is away he is inquired after; but if the *mother* is gone the *home* is gone. It is like a train of cars without an engine."

Can we then take too much thought for our girls? If only we can have more nearly perfect mothers, and more nearly perfect sisters, will we not inevitably have more nearly perfect fathers and brothers, which means for us a more nearly perfect world?

I believe anything which begins to approach perfection is in some sense beautiful. Then of course our girls must be beautiful. Every girl wants to be beautiful. It is a part of her nature to love everything that is beautiful. But there are so many, oh, so many mistaken ideas of what beauty is. Now, to be beautiful is not necessarily to be handsome. Many girls who have perfect and handsome features are very far from beautiful. Then there are others whose features are very plain yet we love to look at them. Why? Because they appear lovely to us; they are in some sense beautiful or we would take no pleasure in gazing at them.

Beauty—real beauty, depends upon three things. They are good health, good temper, and good manners.

I place good health first, for it is the most important. Few there are indeed who can maintain a good temper with poor health. Good manners come last, for they are the natural outcome of good health, and good temper. You cannot imagine one with perfect health and a sweet disposition being rude or illmannered. They might not know all the latest rules of etiquette, but they would at least be courteous.

I am going to tell you first how to procure and how to retain good health. And I want every one of you dear girls, not only to listen to what I say but

to begin at once to practise it. If only you will do so every one of you may become beautiful.

If we hope to gain the beauty which comes from perfect health we must be kind to our bodies. No physical frame can be perfect and healthy with the treatment which most of them receive.

The first important and necessary step is to clothe the body properly. This means a great deal.

1. The clothing must be so loosely adjusted to the body as to give perfect freedom of every part.

2. It must keep all parts of the body equally warm. Very often the feet, legs, upper part of the chest and arms are cold, while the trunk of the body is uncomfortably warm.

3. It must be so adjusted to the body as to be carried with the least possible effort.

If the clothing answers these conditions the body will be properly clothed and very much of the discomfort which women endure will be avoided.

Most of you here this evening have never had a corset on, but some of you have, and I cannot tell you how sorry I am. I was talking the other day to a slender little girl who said she was only twelve years old.

"Then," I said, "you have never worn a corset."

She looked so surprised, and almost offended as she replied:

"Oh, my, yes, I have worn them for two years. I could not go without them."

"You poor, dear child!" I exclaimed, "they must have injured you very much, indeed, if even now you feel that you cannot go without them."

You girls have all heard the corset talked against, but I am going to tell you just how it effects the body, and see if you think it a fit thing to wear.

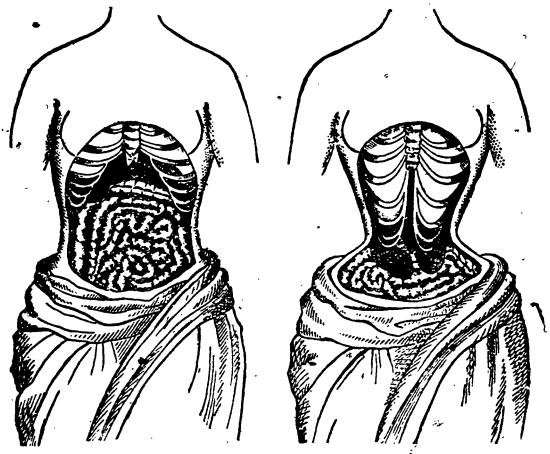
"The shoemaker has made us a nation of mincers and hobblers; the corset-maker has cut off millions of cubic feet of pure air from lungs that beg in vain for it; and the milliner has covered or uncovered scores of pretty heads with various sorts of 'top knots' and harlequin nightmares that have made us look like lunatics on parade."—*Koradine Letters.*

In the first place it is a hard, heavy pressure placed over the delicate tissues of your body. This constant

pressure day by day weakens and deadens them, the same as a constant pressure upon any part of the body destroys its power. Then there are two of those cruel, unyielding steels placed down the front over the diaphragm, one of the most important muscles in breathing, over the stomach which is thus crowded out of shape and position, whether it is empty or has just been loaded with a fresh supply of food to churn up for the body, it is all the same, it has only that certain little space to work in, and thus it is often unable to do its work properly, and as a result there is indigestion and sick headache. But instead of taking off the cruel pressure and giving the poor struggling little organ a chance, it is further abused by having poured into it some vile drug. It groans and groans, but it is powerless to do more.

Around the lower part of the lungs goes the relentless bandage, so that they are never filled with air to their depths, and thus the blood does not become purified by meeting with the oxygen in the air. And the faithful little heart, which never rests one moment from our birth till our death, is constantly having backed up into it loads of impure blood. This not only weakens the heart, but in this poisonous state it is pumped out into the body again. Now, blood cannot properly feed and build up the body unless it has first been filled with oxygen. So you see every part of the body suffers from this constriction of the lungs. Sometimes the blood becomes so filled with poison that it causes congestion of the brain, or even insanity. Around the liver it goes, sometimes dragging

it down below the ribs, causing fearful pains and aches and often fearful complexions, too. Around and over the bowels it goes pressing and crowding not only them, but the delicate female organs inside, till many a girl and woman feels so dragged down



THE NATURAL WAIST. THE EFFECTS OF LACING.

and miserable that she can hardly get around at all—yet she clings to her corset.

The ribs, too, receive their share of the suffering. The first few ribs are fastened to the sternum or breast-bone, and are firm and hard. But the lower ribs are connected with the sternum by means of long yielding cartilages. These soft cartilages expand with every breath. You will see this if you place your hands at your sides, when the corset is off, and breathe. It is this constant movement which keeps

this part of the ribs soft and yielding. But when the corset is drawn in any way tightly around the body this movement is impossible. If the corset is thus worn tightly for a long number of years the soft cartilages become hard and unyielding like the rest of the ribs. When that happens one can never breathe properly again.

I want you to take the trouble, too, to observe that little girls and little boys breathe just the same, the diaphram moving, and the flexible ribs expanding with every breath, while there is no struggle to expand the hard upper part of the chest. Then notice how a girl or woman breathes who has on a tight corset. There is a constant struggle from the top of the chest, and every now and then there is a short, jerky breath, a half sigh. It is caused by the frantic struggle made by the choking lung to force a little air to its depths.

My dear girls, isn't it dreadful that women will so abuse the lovely, perfect body which God has given them?

Not only do women wear tight corsets, but also tight shoes and tight dresses. Doesn't it seem silly of us to give all the comfortable garments to the men and for ourselves wear nothing that does not in some way distress us? Sometimes a physician prescribes walking for some lady patient who suffers from headache and nerve troubles. She accordingly prepares for her walk. A tight heavy corset is covered with an equally tight and uncomfortable dress, a high, tight collar, a long, heavy skirt, tight gloves, and a

pair of tight, thin-soled shoes completes her outfit of torture. She walks a bit, perhaps she makes a call or two, then she comes home nervous and fagged out, and with a raging headache. Her feet ache, and her back aches, and she throws herself on the bed and decides she isn't strong enough to do any walking. The doctor will have to give her some more powerful medicine.

Now, girls, I have told you what *not* to wear. I shall now tell you what *to* wear.

In the first place, a health waist must take the place of a corset. But let it be a health waist. There are many kinds of so-called health waists which are little better than a corset, about the only difference being that there is a strap over the shoulder. A health waist is one which allows the natural action of all the internal organs. A waist with a steel down the front under the buttons, and a lace up the back, so one can 'tighten them up a bit,' if she chooses, *is not a health waist*—it is a delusion. A health waist must be merely buttoned down the front. This leaves the diaphram, the stomach, and the bowels free from pressure. It must be closed in the back, *not laced*. There must be elastic down each side to give more perfect freedom to every movement of the ribs in breathing. There must be a shoulder-strap, and it is best to have a short piece of elastic in the centre of the strap, as it leaves the shoulder freer. There must be two buttons front and back, at the waist line, and every underskirt and dress skirt must be buttoned on them. This takes all the weight from the waist and the

delicate female organs below, thus saving girls from untold suffering. When shirt-waists are worn, button-holes must be made in them at the waist-line, so that the outside skirt can also be buttoned on to the health waist. One other thing very important to remember is that *all bands must be loose.* If they are drawn one-quarter inch smaller than your actual size they will make you uncomfortable, and will also have a tendency to make the flesh roll at the waist.

Take thought for your underclothing, too. In winter it should be either woolen or fleece-lined cotton. Don't try to 'toughen' yourself to summer underwear. The shirt sleeves must be long, and the drawers must reach to the ankle. A great many children wear drawers reaching only to the knees, and in consequence suffer much with leg-ache. Next put on a warm woolen stocking reaching above the knee, and on the foot *a loose shoe* with a *good heavy sole.*

You don't wear tight shoes, of course, but just let me ask you a question: Is your foot straight and smooth and soft and even, just like a baby's; or are the toes humped up, with corns on the poor sore joints? If it is soft and even, as it ought to be, very well; but if not, may I simply suggest, why not? Won't you, my dear girls, forever put aside the heathenish idea that a woman ought to have a little foot? A woman's foot should be just as nature has made it whether that be large or small. Buy a shoe with a sole as wide as your foot, and you will be surprised to see how much comfort you get out of it. A shoe should never need any breaking in. If it does,

it is by far too tight. Some girls seem afraid that unless they get shoes very tight at first they will afterward be shapeless and untidy, but it is a mistake. If shoes are loose at first there is not that strain upon them as when tight, and they will retain their first shape till nearly worn out. Button boots should always be loose enough around the ankle to button with the fingers, and laced shoes correspondingly loose.

There is one important point in winter dress which every girl should give heed to. A very large majority of people are very susceptible to coughs and colds, and chest and throat affections. I feel confident that a great deal more than half of our throat and chest troubles might be avoided if at the first cold weather in the fall a flannel chest protector, front and back, were put on. If it cannot be worn next to one, put it just outside the shirt. It should be cut something of a V-shape, and made seven or eight inches long. Make it to fit around the neck and button over one shoulder. This protects that upper part of the chest which usually has such a thin covering over it.

CHAPTER XIX.

A PRETTY COMPLEXION.

NO one has ever yet heard of a girl who did not want a pretty complexion and bright eyes. Shall I tell you the secret, girls, by which they are obtained? Don't think, of course, that all girls may have equally pretty complexions, or the same complexion. But all may free their faces from liver-spots and pimples and black-heads and wrinkles. All may have a healthy, fresh complexion, whether they be dark or fair.

I take for granted, of course, that you have followed my directions about the clothing, for few, indeed, can can hope to have a pretty complexion unless dressed properly.

Our next care must be for our diet. We must have proper food if we would be free from doctors and drugs.

Why do we eat? Is it simply because food is pleasing to the taste? Many people act as if that were the case. Yet we all really know differently. The body is a marvellous machine, which is constantly undergoing waste and repair. With every breath we draw, every word, every movement, however slight, the body has undergone a certain amount of wasting or wearing out. In order to meet this constant drain

the system is continually repairing. Where does it get its material for this work? From the food we eat. The only object in eating is to give the body material with which to build up again the parts which are continually being worn out, torn down and cast away. How very important, then, that we should give our bodies the very best food possible, in order that they may become strong and healthy and beautiful.

By best foods we do not mean the rich dainties, the hot peppers, spices, and pickles which we have taught our stomachs to long for. By *best* foods we mean those which are not irritating to the tender lining of the stomach, which are the most nourishing, and which develop in the stomach the fewest germs.

Irritating foods cannot be spoken too strongly against. The congestion and fever produced by them often creates great thirst, and men and boys will thus be led to drink who might otherwise never have touched alcoholic stimulants. And even if it does not lead to drunkenness it keeps the stomach in such a feverish state that an artificial appetite is created, and persons long for more food than the system really requires, and there is a liking for spicy, pungent food, and drinks, which, in a healthy condition of the stomach would be very distasteful. Give up forever your mustard, pepper, pepper-sauce, cloves, curry-powder and pickles. Nearly all pickles are hard, uncooked, unripe, indigestible articles, which are only a burden of grief to the poor stomach.

If you doubt that such things are irritating apply

a mustard plaster to some part of your body, or place pepper, curry-powder, or cloves over a raw surface, and see how irritating it is. Then think of putting them upon the tender, delicate lining of the stomach, and decide whether or not you can have perfect digestion and a clear skin.

Now, my dear girls, don't say you like such things, you *crave* them in fact; and you cannot see why you would want them so much if they were not good for you. Remember that your appetite for them did not always exist. It was created. Little children never like peppers and spices; they have to learn to like them. They see others use them, and thus little by little they learn to like them, the same as a boy learns to love his tobacco, even though it did make him very sick at first. The more you desire such foods the more need is there of your giving them up, for it proves what a very feverish condition your stomach is in. It requires moral courage to give them up, the same kind of moral courage it requires to give up alcoholic drinks, when once the appetite has been acquired. Do you pity or censure the drunkard who vainly tries to reform? Are you no stronger than he? Intemperance is not merely drinking alcohol, but it is indulging in anything which makes me less strong and perfect, either physically or spiritually. Throw aside your fiery sauces and pickles, my dear, and you will be repaid a hundred-fold. Use very little meat and pastry; eat freely of fruits, all kinds of grains, nuts, and vegetables, and you will be better physically and morally.

A great many girls, and nearly all women, do not get exercise enough in the open air. A great deal of the nervousness and headache from which so many suffer might be entirely cured by plenty of fresh air. Exercise is necessary to perfect health. It is heaven's command. Housework brings into play every muscle of the body, and would be most excellent exercise if only the rooms in which it is done were not so often filled with foul air, laden with tobacco fumes, and odors from former dinners, and if it were not attended with numberless little irritating circumstances which increase headache and nervousness. But plenty of rest and sleep, and undisturbing, cheerful walks in the life-giving open-air, will adjust many difficulties. Any girl ought to be able to walk five miles without feeling tired, or, at least, from which a fifteen minutes rest will thoroughly refresh her. Don't you believe it, girls? I am a great deal older than any of you and I can easily walk ten miles.

Perhaps there is nothing helps more towards a clear complexion than frequent bathing. The skin is one of the great blood-purifiers, and in order for it to do its work properly it must be kept perfectly clean. A daily bath is best, but, by all means, take one at least twice a week. Just before retiring seems a very convenient time. Use warm water as it cleanses the skin much better than cold water does.

And now, girls, there is one very important point which I wish to impress upon you. It is with regard to caring for yourselves at the monthly period. Some of you remember what I have already said

about it. A girl's whole health and beauty, and to a great extent her happiness, are depending upon that function. If, from childhood, you have been thoroughly hygienic with regard to dress, diet, exercise and bathing, the monthly flow will doubtless be regular, natural, and painless. But if you have been careless about your health you may suffer dreadfully at each period; or you may have, during the month, a thick, whitish discharge, commonly called "whites." Many girls suffer much from this most weakening disease. It makes one sallow and faded looking; the heart flutters on the slightest exertion, and one's life becomes a burden. These troubles are caused by the swollen, feverish, congested condition of the uterine or female organs. In order to get those organs acting naturally:

1. You *must* dress properly, as I have directed.

2. You *must* give up tea, coffee, condiments, pies, and pork. Use little meat of any kind, but use plenty of nuts, fruits, grains, and vegetables.

3. Bathe frequently in warm water; take plenty of out-door exercise, but never exhaust yourself.

4. At the period go to bed, *and stay there* till you are free from pain, and can get up without feeling weak and trembly.

5. During the month, just before going to bed each night sit for ten minutes over a chamber of steaming wormwood. If the wormwood cannot be gotten, sit over steaming water. This will reduce the swoolen, feverish condition.

6. Never take a cold drink during the flow. The

stomach is often feverish, and the thirst almost unendurable. If such is the case, eat the sour lemon, or drink hot lemonade with very little sugar in it.

7. Be careful to keep the bowels open at all times. Constipation very often attends female troubles. Eating a few figs every night just before retiring will often regulate the bowels.

One parting word. Whether you have ever been sick or not, *keep quiet at your periods.* Exertion then is the cause of untold suffering. No matter what the social demand is, meet it with that unsurmountable plea: "This is my time for rest. Nature demands it; God has ordained it, *and I am going to take it.*"

CHAPTER XX.

BEAUTY.

I HAVE had two little talks with you about good health, which is beauty of body. And now I shall have a little talk with you about good temper or disposition, which is beauty of character; and good manners, which is beauty of action.

To be truly beautiful both body and spirit must be in harmony with God's laws. The law of spiritual life is love. Love then, my girls, if you are going to be perfect spiritually, if you are going to be beautiful and sweet-tempered in the home. It is said of Frances E. Willard that nothing ever ruffled her temper or provoked her to a frown. She seemed to be love itself. And the more nearly we become love itself the more beautiful we shall be. Do you wish to be loved? Do you wish to be admired? Then love. Have you ever looked at certain girls and said half enviously, "Everybody loves them. I wish I were just like them." Let me tell you a little truth, girls. Whenever you find a person whom everybody loves, you find a person who has first loved others. His or her love has gone out and gathered in this goodwill. Light is another name for love. God is light, and God is love. You know how the sun can make myriads of violets and roses and lilies turn their

smiling faces towards it. It drew them towards it with its light, with its love; and so does everyone who is loved or admired. If others seem to neglect or ill-treat you, remember that you have not loved them.

"What is love; how shall I love?" do you ask? "God is love," so from Him must come your love, there is no other source. The more nearly we approach Him the more truly shall we love. Do you peevishly reply that you do love just as much as other people you know, yet you don't receive the kindness and consideration you wish? My dear, you would never think that if you were loving rightly, for love "esteems others better than himself." "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, does not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil." Is that the way you have loved, my dear? If not, try it. That is God's way, and His way is always the perfect way.

But no one can hope to love in that way without the help of the Great Author of love. Hence if we are to be beautiful in character we must love God and allow Him to do His work of love in our hearts.

I have seen many girls—boys too, who were so irritable and cross that they would make a whole family unhappy. When you remember that every passing thought and feeling of our heart leaves its impress on our lives, to be in some way portrayed in our face, can any hope to be lovely when unlovely thoughts and words are continually a part of her?

Be beautiful in the home. Make it cheerful by your love, by your kind words and actions. Be ever willing to help with your strong young arms the tired mother. Often mothers are made fretful and cross because daughters are so thoughtless. Work is good for anyone and many hours are spent in idleness which might much better be spent in many little helpful ways. Don't be afraid of work, yet don't do any heavy lifting. Many girls lift heavy loads and suffer for years afterward. The delicate female organs will not endure heavy lifting, and it need never be done. Wait till there is some one to help you, or divide the load, even though it take you ten times as long, it will save you time in the long run.

Do not read silly novels. I think if there is one thing more than another which makes girls fretful, dissatisfied and ill-tempered it is novel reading. Cheap magazine stories are fit for nothing but fire kindling. Never read a novel at all unless it is by one of the very best and most approved authors. Novel reading as a whole cannot be too highly censured. It hardens the heart, gives one false ideas of life, and often spoils a life which might otherwise have been beautiful. If you read a book, and can lay it down without feeling "I am better for having read that book," it were far better that you had never read it. Books, the same as companions, all have their influence over us. Do I wish to be influenced for good or for bad? It must be one or the other. I am continually becoming more lovely or unlovely in

character, for every passing hour leaves some impress upon my life. Oh, dear girls, choose your books carefully as you do your companions.

Do you say, "What shall I read?" It is hard to lay down any cast-iron rules, for what one nature requires another does not. A companion who suited your disposition and made you happy might not be one whom I would choose at all. But this much I can say, and say strongly, do not read stories which are filled with sickening accounts of passionate love. That is not love, and we don't want it in either life or fiction. The world contains thousands of good books, more than you can read in a life-time; do not waste your time on trash. Read the Bible; learn to love it. It is a glorious book and will transform your life. Wholesome food makes a healthy body, and wholesome reading makes a healthy mind.

Now comes our last requisite for beauty—Good manners.

If one had good health and good temper, I think we need never worry about her manners. Drummond says that courtesy is only "love in trifles," love in the little acts of life. One whose every action is controlled by love isn't going to make any very serious blunders, for the refinement and beauty of her soul will make her refined and gentle in manner.

There are, however, a few little common points of etiquette which every young person should remember.

For one thing you should early learn to give and receive introductions without any hesitation or awkwardness. Introductions should always be as

simple as possible. In introducing a child to a lady, mention the lady's name first, as "Mrs. Forbes, this is my little friend, Carrie Davis." In introducing girls and boys the girl's name should always be mentioned first, whether she be older or younger. If they have heard of each other it is enough to say, "Katie, this is Howard." Otherwise say simply "Katie Gray, Howard Smith."

Do not allow boys to take your arm in walking. It is too familiar. Girls are rarely so delicate as to need such support.

Never talk or laugh loudly on the street or in public places. It is very rude.

Don't use slangy words or phrases. It is vulgar. One hears very much of it, yet avoid it however difficult it may be.

Never be rude with a young companion in order to punish her for some previous offence. It is cruel. Your own wound should teach you that. One who is striving to be perfect in love learns to forgive.

Do not be absent-minded on the street so that you fail to notice a friend. It often causes bitter feelings.

Always be polite and pleasant with your boy friends, and thank them for any kindness shown or any service rendered. Some girls seem to think that boys were made to wait on them and that it isn't necessary to even say "thank you."

Always try to be neatly and prettily dressed. I believe most heartily in dress reform, but I do not believe in getting together the most unlovely costume imaginable. To my mind anything that begins to

approach perfection must be beautiful. I believe, too, that when the Creator had finished His work there was not an unlovely thing in it, from the loftiest mountain to the tiniest flower or blade of grass. God loves the beautiful; everything he makes is beautiful. Everything ugly in this world is the result of man's failing to live in harmony with the Creator's laws. He made the human form beautiful, and should we not expect him to do so? It was his last and finest work of creation, and it was the temple in which He himself was to be manifested in the world, the earthly tabernacle for His Spirit. That beautiful human form which the Greeks loved so well to preserve and perfect, and drape in costumes which have ever since stood unrivalled for their sense and grace and beauty, that form, every line of which to them had a spiritual meaning, has, alas! become so degenerate, that instead of its natural suppleness and symmetry and grace, there is stiffness and deformity; instead of delicate curves there are sharp angles. And twice alas! we find not only this unlovely, degenerate body, but a taste so degenerate that it is really admired. But girls and boys, men and women, let us all awaken to the truth that the artistic and the healthful are so nearly related that it is cruel to try to separate them! The genuinely artistic dress is the healthful dress ever and always; it cannot be otherwise. But it is possible, of course, to make a healthful dress that is not artistic. Let us not do that. While I would not have you care only for dress, yet care enough about it to try to make yourself some little in harmony with the

"The beautiful is always the free."

beautiful in nature. And remember that the beautiful is always the free, the easy, the graceful, the *natural.*

Always keep your nails clean, but clean them in your private room, not before others.

Many children, though often shown, seem to forget just how to open and close a letter. Here is a form which you can use for reference. Always put the heading on the first line of your paper, not up in the top corner somewhere. Leave a narrow margin when you write the salutation, then begin all lines, except the first line of each new paragraph, even with this. The first word of the letter should begin about under the second word of the salutation. This is the position, too, for the first word of each new paragraph. Never run a letter all along into one paragraph. Different subjects need different paragraphs, as shown below. Close your letters with some such words as, Yours sincerely; Yours truly; Yours ever; As ever, yours; or just, Yours.

LEAMINGTON, May 10th, 1899.

My Dear Annie:

Papa went away this morning and mamma and I feel very lonesome. I wish so much that you could come and visit us now, as the time would not seem so long if you were here.

Little Willie Green died yesterday. Poor little fellow, he was sick such a long, long time and suffered so much, but he never became impatient or cross.

Our peach trees are all in bloom now. I can't tell you how pretty the orchard looks. I think I

should dislike very much to live in the city and be housed up all this beautiful spring-time.

Let me hear from you soon, dear Annie, and come to visit us if you can.

Yours as ever,

GRACE.

Form of an Invitation for a Yachting Party.

Tuesday morning, Aug. 21st, 1899.

Dear Bella:

We are going on a little yachting excursion to Walpole Island to-morrow afternoon. Will you not make one of the party? We shall leave Bradley's dock at two o'clock. Do come.

Yours affectionately,

LILLIE.

Form of Letter Accompanying a Present.

London, Nov. 4th, 1899.

My Dear Ethel:

Many happy returns of the day. Please accept this little token of my love and best wishes.

Ever your friend,

HILDA.

Thanks for the Same.

London, Nov. 4th, 1899.

My Dear Hilda:

How kind of you to remember me on my birthday! Let me thank you for the handsome rose-bowl you sent me.

Yours lovingly,

ETHEL.

From a Young Lady to a Clergyman, Asking a Recommendation.

Brantford, Ont., Nov. 2nd, 1899.

Reverend and Dear Sir:

Having seen an advertisement for a school-mistress in the *Daily Mail*, I have been recommended to offer myself as a candidate. Will you kindly favor me with a testimonial as to my character, ability, and conduct while at Toronto Normal School? Should you consider that I am fitted for the position, you would confer a great favor on me if you would interest yourself in my behalf.

I remain, Reverend Sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

LAURA B. NICHOLS.

Applying for a Position as a Teacher of Music.

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 25th, 1899.

Madam:

Seeing your advertisement in *The Globe* of to-day, I write to offer my services as a teacher of music in your family.

I am a graduate of the Peabody Institute, of Baltimore, where I was thoroughly instructed in instrumental and vocal music.

I refer, by permission, to Mrs. A. J. Davis, 1922 Walnut Street; Mrs. Franklin Hill, 2021 Spring Garden Street; and Mrs. William Murray, 1819 Spruce Street; in whose families I have given lessons.

Hoping that you may see fit to employ me, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

NELLIE REYNOLDS.

Applying for a Situation as a Cook.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 14th, 1899.

Madam:

Having seen your advertisement for a cook in to-day's *Telegram*, I beg to offer myself for your place. I am a thorough cook. I can make clear soups, entrees, jellies, and all kinds of made dishes. I can bake, and am also used to a dairy. My wages are $4 per week, and I can give good reference from my last place, in which I lived for two years. I am thirty-three years of age.

I remain, Madam,

Yours very respectfully,

MARY MOONEY.

Recommending a School Teacher.

Montreal, Que., Oct. 10th, 1899.

Col. Geo. H. Haight,

President Board of Trustees, etc.

Dear Sir: I take pleasure in recommending to your favorable consideration the application of Miss Hannah Alexander for the position of teacher in the public school at Weymouth.

Miss Alexander is a graduate of the Davidson Seminary, and for the past year has taught a school in this place. My children have been among her pupils, and their progress has been entirely satisfactory to me.

Miss Alexander is a strict disciplinarian, an excellent teacher, and is thoroughly competent to conduct the school for which she applies.

Trusting that you may see fit to bestow upon her the appointment she seeks, I am,

Yours very respectfully,

ALICE MILLER.

A Business Introduction.

St. Johns, N.B., Nov. 3rd, 1899.

J. W. Brown,

Windsor, Ont.

My Dear Sir: This will introduce to you Mr. William Channing, of this city, who visits Windsor on a matter of business, which he will explain to you in person. You can rely on his statements, as he is a gentleman of high character, and should you be able to render him any assistance, it would be greatly appreciated by

Yours truly,

HAIGHT LARABEE.

Introducing One Lady to Another.

Brandon, Man., Oct. 1st, 1899.

Dear Mary:

Allow me to introduce to you my ever-dear friend, Miss Nellie Reynolds, the bearer of this letter. You have heard me speak of her so often that you will know at once who she is. As I am sure you will be mutually pleased with each other, I have asked her to inform you of her presence in your city. Any attention you may show her will be highly appreciated by

Yours affectionately,

LIZZIE EICHER.

To a Lady, Apologizing for a Broken Engagement.

Chatham, Ont., Nov. 29th, 1899.

My Dear Miss Lee:

Permit me to explain my failure to keep my appointment with you this evening. I was on my way to your house, with the assurance of a pleasant evening, when unfortunately I was very unexpectedly called from home on very important business.

I regret my disappointment, but hope that the future may afford us many pleasant meetings.

Sincerely your friend,

IRVING GOODRICH.

Form of an Excuse for a Pupil.

Thursday Morning, April 4th.

Mr. Bunnel:

You will please excuse William for non-attendance at school yesterday, as I was compelled to keep him at home to attend to a matter of business.

MRS. A. SMITH.

Congratulating a Friend Upon His Marriage.

Victoria, B.C., Oct. 18th, 1899.

My Dear Everett:

I have to-day received the invitation to your wedding, and as I cannot be present at that happy event to offer my congratulations in person, I write.

I am heartily glad you are going to be married, and congratulate you upon the wisdom of your choice.

You have won a noble as well as a beautiful woman, and one whose love will make you a happy man to your life's end. May God grant that trouble may not come near you, but should it be your lot, you will have a wife to whom you can look with confidence for comfort, and whose good sense and devotion to you will be your sure and unfailing support.

That you may both be very happy, and that your happiness may increase with your years, is the prayer of Your Friend,

FRANK HOWARD.

INVITATIONS.

Invitation to Spend the Evening.

Mrs. E. C. Wicks requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Nichols' company on Thursday Evening, June 15th, at six o'clock.

Tea at 6.30.

Paris, Ont.

Acceptance.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Nichols have much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Wicks' kind invitation for Thursday Evening, June 15th.

Young People's Invitation.

Mr. Brown solicits the honor of attending Miss Williams to the lecture on Thursday evening, March 23rd.

Tuesday, March 21st.

The bearer will wait for an answer.

Acceptance.

Miss Williams has much pleasure in accepting Mr. Brown's kind invitation to the lecture Thursday evening, March 23rd.

Tuesday, March 21st.

Regret.

Miss Williams regrets that she cannot accept Mr. Brown's kind invitation for the lecture Thursday evening, March 23rd.

Tuesday, March 21st.

Regret.

Miss Williams regrets that, owing to the dangerous illness of a dear friend, she is unable to accept Mr. Brown's kind invitation to the lecture Thursday evening, March 23rd.

Tuesday, March 21st.

Etiquette of Calls.

Why society was ever cruel enough to invent "calling" has always been a mystery to me; but she has, and all we can do is to bravely face the fact. Some of my little girls may after a while be obliged to take up that, to me, joyless task; and so a few hints on calling may not be out of place. It is correct:

For the caller who arrived first to leave first.

To return a first call within a week, and in person.

To call promptly, and in person, after a first invitation.

For the mother or chaperon to invite a gentleman to call.

To call within a week after an entertainment to which one has been invited.

It is proper to make the first call upon people in a higher social position, if one is asked to do so.

For the older residents in the city, or street, to call upon newcomers to their neighborhood, is a long recognized custom.

It is proper to call after an engagement has been announced or a marriage taken place in the family.

To ascertain what are the prescribed hours for calling in the place where one is living or making a visit, and to adhere to those hours, is a duty that must not be overlooked.

It is proper after a removal from one part of the city to another to send out cards with one's new address upon them.

A gentleman should ask for the lady of the house, as well as the young ladies, and leave cards for her as well as for the head of the family.

Practical Rules on Table Manners.

Never put anything by force upon anyone's plate. It is extremely ill-bred, though extremely common, to press one to eat of anything. People usually know whether they wish a thing or not.

Never pour gravy on a plate without permission. It spoils the meat for some persons.

As soon as you are helped begin to occupy yourself with what you have before you. Do not wait till your neighbors are served. It is a custom that was long ago abandoned.

Bread should be broken. To butter a large piece of bread and then bite it, as children do, is inelegant.

Never use your own knife or fork to help another. Use rather the knife or fork of the person you help.

Never turn your elbows out when you use your knife and fork. You may interfere with the comfort of the one next you.

Never send your knife and fork, or either of them, on your plate when you send for a second supply. Hold them in your left hand.

Tea, coffee, chocolate, and the like, are drank from the cup, and never from the saucer.

Don't attempt to talk with a full mouth. One thing at a time is as much as any man can do well.

If a dish is distasteful to you, decline it, and without comment.

In chewing your food, keep your mouth shut; otherwise you will make a noise that will be very offensive to those around you.

Never put bones or pits of fruit on the table-cloth. Put them on the side of your plate.

Should you find a worm or insect in your food, say nothing about it.

If an accident of any kind soever should occur during the meal, the cause being who or what it may, you should not seem to notice it.

Do not hesitate to take the last piece on a dish simply because it is the last. To do so is to directly express the fear that you would exhaust the supply.

Avoid picking your teeth at the table, if possible; but if you must, do it, if you can, in a way not to be observed.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW TO KEEP YOUNG.

THIS subject doesn't interest you much now, does it girls? But, never mind this is just the time when you want to learn the secret. When I was a young girl my physical culture teacher was once talking to me about wrinkles. I smiled.

"You may smile now," she said, "but if once your face becomes wrinkled you will wish you had prevented it."

Perhaps there is nothing makes one look old more quickly than wrinkles. The first and best preventive is simply not to wrinkle. Every time one frowns there is a slight trace left of the unlovely line. With every additional frown this mark becomes deeper till finally the face has an old worn look. No matter what disturbs you or how impatient you become, *do not frown.* If you find yourself frowning close your eyes and rub the hand gently up across the forehead a few times till the desire to wrinkle is gone. Even when facing the sun do not frown. If you would watch a number of people going down the street facing the sun, and notice the homely contortions of their foreheads, you would almost wonder how they could ever be smoothed out again.

Never bathe your face just before or just after

being out of doors for it has a tendency to wrinkle the skin. Never bathe the face in hard water: a few drops of ammonia will soften hard water. Do not bathe the face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water. Never use face powders; they injure the skin and cause wrinkles. To keep the face soft, fresh-looking, and free from black-heads it must have more bathing than it usually receives. It should be given a Russian bath every evening before going to bed; that is, bathe it in water so hot that you can hardly bear your hands in it. Do not give it a rub or two and stop, but bathe it freely for five minutes at least. Then dip the hands in cool water and rub over the face. Dry the face with a soft towel; it should never be rubbed with anything rough. While the face is thus soft rub gently for a few minutes in the opposite direction of any wrinkles it may have.

If this treatment is begun before the face is spoiled, and is faithfully continued, it will never grow old looking; that is, if the general health is not ruined by improper living. Two or three times a month a little glycerine cut with lemon juice or witch-hazel may be applied to the face after its bath. It helps to keep the skin soft. "But beware of cosmetics; they are generally good for nothing but the drug business. One merry thought, one kind word, and the smallest contribution to another's happiness, will do more for the complexion than a tableful of cold cream, violet powder, and other skin whiteners. A sweet thought will make the face brighter and the eyes sparkle every time it is harbored. It was Alice Cary who

sang this old truth so gracefully thirty years ago: Don't mind the cosmetics, little woman; just be as cheerful as you can. Make the best of things. Avoid disagreeable people. Don't read or listen to the horrible. Try to forget the unpleasant things in life. Be cheerful, be gentle, and so be lovely.

"Don't fret. Fretting is a sin which is everywhere and by everybody underestimated and quite too much overlooked in the valuation of character. It is as common as air, as speech—so common that unless it arises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch an ordinary coming together of people and we will see how many minutes it is before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statements of something or other, which most probably every one in the room or the car, or on the street corner, knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot; it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, if only one keeps a sharp eye on that side of things. Even to the sparks flying upward in the blackest smoke, there is the blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road. Not only does fretting worry us and those around us, but remember that nothing brings the wrinkles and makes one old more quickly."

Be sure to have your sleeping rooms filled with fresh air. Breathing foul air night after night would make anyone grow old.

The following simple gymnastic exercises will greatly help to develop and strengthen the muscles of the body and keep them young and elastic. But while taking them there must be no tight garments on the body, a night robe is best.

CORSET IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.

1. Stand erect with the hands outstretched on a level with the shoulders. Let the weight of the body come forward on the ball of the foot, then slowly raise yourself on your toes, then slowly down to the floor again, but keeping the weight on the ball of the foot, not on the heel, which is, however, to touch the floor at each return. Do this only a few times a day at first, and increase the number as one can.

2. Place the hands on the hips, and resting all the weight of the body on the right foot, slowly raise the left and extend it in front of the body. Then bend at the knee, pointing the toe downward, and bringing the foot up. Then stand on the left foot, and repeat the exercise in the reverse.

3. Extend the right arm, and placing the left on

the hip, bend over to the right as far as possible. Then reverse the exercise.

4. Lie down on the floor placing heels and toes together; the arms lying down by the sides, palms toward the body. Slowly raise the arms without bending the elbows until the thumbs touch the floor above the head.

5. Stand erect and lean over at the hips without bending the knees, and try to touch the floor with the fingers.

If girls will begin these exercises while young, and continue them through life, they will, under ordinary circumstances, remain strong and elastic.

Always endeavor to stand properly.

The weight of the body should be on the balls of the feet. The chest should always be erect; that does not mean the "shoulders thrown back," as some say. If the chest is properly raised one will not be what is called "hump-shouldered." The shoulders will take their proper position without any forcing. Never protrude the abdomen, as it makes one look vulgar.

"Our 'standing' among our fellow-men is almost as important a matter in a physical point of view as in a social or moral sense. An erect carriage is essential not only to beauty and health, but to grace of movement. Standing may seem to be a little thing, and not worthy of much attention, but when there are so few who stand erect, and so many who have wandered so far from nature in this respect, well may we attempt to regain the old paths. The mothers of ancient Greece exhorted their daughters

to be virtuous, but they also urged them to hold themselves upright and put back their shoulders. Not one out of a hundred may pay any attention to the position in standing, but to acquire erectness of body and to promote health attention must be paid to this duty.

"A bad position in sitting is quite as common as in standing. Here also there must be an earnest effort made, or one falls into a bad habit, and the result is frequently round shoulders and diseases of the lungs.

"An erect posture in walking requires the use of nearly all the muscles. As a health-promoting exercise walking cannot be undervalued, if it is properly engaged in. To make your walks in the highest degree profitable to body and soul, cultivate a love of the beautiful as manifested in nature. Those who would add the beauty of graceful movement to the attractions of face and form must be careful to correct any inelegance of gait to which they may be addicted. Mr. G. W. Courtise says: 'An American woman bends only her knees, and hardly that. Her gait gives a movement to her body like the squirming motion of a wounded insect, with a naturalist's pin through its midriff. American women hold their arms badly in walking; they generally bring them forward, crossing their hands in front; they have in consequence the look of a trussed fowl, and have about as much freedom of motion. If our women were to let their arms fall freely by the side, they would move more gracefully, walk better, and look better.'"

Breathe Properly.

A great deal depends upon how and what we breathe. Pure air is a holy thing that keeps the fires of life burning brightly within us. Yet how little some of us seem to value it. You who have read "Koradine Letters" will remember her saying: "Stand with me this early first of June morning under the sun, with feet in the dew. Take a good, long breath, hold it, and, with eyes closed, think of what you are taking into your body, with what you are renewing, sweetening, and freshening every cell in your lungs; it is the breath of the Infinite." Girls who have never worn corsets know how to fill to its depths every cell of their lungs with that "breath of the Infinite"; but girls who have worn them for some time have to learn to breathe according to nature's way. The natural breathing carries the air straight to the bottom of the lungs, filling every tiny cell, and the ribs move with every breath.

"Many people die for want of breath, when it is their own carelessness alone that prevents them from breathing. Our vitality is in proportion to our respiration, if we only half breathe we only half live. Expanding the chest and increasing our breathing capacity is therefore of the utmost importance. Some noted writer asserts that the development of the chest is an absolute standard of the length of life. It certainly is clear that by expanding it life may often be prolonged and health and beauty promoted."

Let us not be afraid of getting out of doors to get

sweet, fresh air, purified in infinite space. "Take abundant exercise in the open air—free, attractive, joyous exercise, such as young girls, when not checked by false and foolish rules of society, are wont to take. If you are in the country, or can get there, ramble over the hills and through the woodlands;

CORSET IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.

seek rare flowers and plants; hunt birdsnests, and chase butterflies. Be a romp even though you be no longer a little girl. If you are a wife and a mother, so much the better. Romp with your children. Attend also to your bodily position in standing, sitting, lying, and walking, and employ such general or special gymnastics as your case may require. Live while indoors in well-ventilated rooms.

"The English girl spends more than one-half of her waking hours in physical amusements; that is, in amusements which tend to develop and invigorate and ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, drives, rows upon the water, runs, plays, swings, jumps the rope, throws the ball, hurls the quoit, draws the bow, and all this without having it forever impressed upon her mind that she is thereby wasting her time. She does this every day till it becomes a habit which she will follow up through life. Her frame as a necessary consequence is larger, her muscular system better developed, her nervous system in subordination to the physical, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her mind healthier. She may not know as much at the age of seventeen as does the American girl; as a general thing she does not, but the growth of her intellect has not been stimulated by hot-house culture, and though maturity comes later, it will last proportionately longer."

Cultivate the habit of breathing through the nose and taking deep breaths. If this habit was universal, there is little doubt that pulmonary affections would be decreased one-half. An English physician calls attention to this fact, that deep and forced respiration will keep the entire body in a glow in the coldest weather, no matter how thinly one may be clad. He was himself half-frozen to death one night, and began taking deep breaths, and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes. The deep respirations, he says, stimulate the blood currents by

direct muscular action, and cause the entire system to become pervaded with the rapidly-generated heat.

Mothers should see that their little ones learn to breathe correctly—that is, through the nose, and to take long breaths. A long breath will expand and exercise the lungs to their fullest capacity, while a short breath affects the upper part. For people with catarrhal tendencies or weak lungs there is nothing better than deep breathing. It puts the blood in circulation, thus benefitting the entire body. In cold weather deep breathing generates considerable heat, and the one who can breathe well never feels the cold as does one who takes short breaths.

Long breaths are lung strengtheners, and such exercise has cured severe colds in the lungs, and has been known to do more good than medicine in the early stages, or rather at the appearance, of consumption. Such precaution and prevention cost nothing, and it would be well to adopt the method.

It is perhaps one of the signs of the times, to those alert for indications, that the art of breathing has become more and more a subject of attention. Oculists, as well as physiologists, go deeply into its study in a way hardly to be touched upon here. Physicians have cured aggravated cases of insomnia by long-drawn regular breaths, fever-stricken patients have been quieted, stubborn forms of indigestion made to disappear. A tendency to consumption may be entirely overcome, as some authority has within the last few years clearly demonstrated, by exercises in breathing. Sea-sickness, too, may be surmounted, and the victim

of hypnotic influence taught to withstand the force of any energy directed against him.

Dr. Oertel, of Munich, has written an extensive work on breathing. We cannot enter into the philosophy of his system, but the simple rules laid down, without entering into an understanding of the principles underlying them, have been so helpful to many asthmatic patients, and of intestimable value to all who practice them, that we cannot pass this subject without calling attention to them. No one need ever "get out of breath" who follows the system, no matter how long the walk or how steep the climb.

1. In making any ascent, either by stairway or path, the rule is to use one breath for every step. One should breathe through the nostrils, not talk, but go systematically to work. The fuller the breath the better.

2. In walking along a level stretch take two steps to every breath. Always begin to exhale or inhale as the same foot touches the ground.

3. The third exercise is for ridding the lungs of the air accumulated there. It is practiced with the mouth open. Inhale as you put the right foot to the ground. Then, as the left touches the ground, exhale naturally, and as the right touches the ground exhale again with an effort, so expelling all the air from the lungs. Then inhale again, now on the left foot, exhale naturally on the right, and with an effort expel the air as the left foot falls. This exercise is kept up for some time, always in this way: Left foot, inhale; right foot, exhale; left foot, expel with an effort. Again,

right foot, inhale; left foot, exhale; right foot, expel with an effort. The process of inhaling, therefore, begins with alternate footsteps.

It must not be supposed that the gait of the individual is badly affected, made unduly awkward by the effort to breathe in this way. On the contrary, when once the idea is grasped, the whole movement of the individual becomes rhythmic and graceful.

These rules, although simple, have been very beneficial to many.

The following, too, are simple rules for breathing, which may be taken with benefit by all. The clothing must be loose and the air fresh:

1. Place the hands on the sides and inhale slowly till the lungs are filled with air; then slowly exhale. Repeat several times.

2. Place the hands over the diaphragm, the points of the fingers meeting. Slowly inhale and exhale several times.

3. Inhale while counting twenty, hold the breath while counting ten, then exhale while counting twenty.

4. Place one hand high up under the shoulder, the other on the top of the head. Breathe while slowly bending.

5. Inhale while slowly raising the arms till the backs of the hands touch above the head, not bending the elbow. Exhale while slowly lowering them again.

Take Plenty of Sleep.—Many young people stay up late night after night, and hence are always sleepy when they arise in the morning. Go to bed early; give your body plenty of rest and plenty of sleep. Sleep is nature's way of repairing the wear and tear

of the day. And sleep, in order to be beneficial, must be healthful and deep. Sleep produced by artificial means relieves the mind of its activities, but does not strengthen or refresh, and is of little value.

The sleeper should not be disturbed until he wakes of his own accord. This should be particularly remembered with regard to children. I have seen different parents rout every child out of bed at five o'clock in the morning, and the poor, little, shivering things would crawl out to the kitchen with swollen eyes and gaping mouths. It is positive cruelty. All children do not require the same amount of sleep; neither do all grown persons. But no child should ever be awakened, except in the most urgent case, until its sleep is over. There seems to be a rather popular prejudice against sleep, a fear lest it will work harm. But don't be alarmed—sound, healthful sleep never did anything but good.

One hour's sleep gotten before midnight is worth two after the midnight hour is past. If those troubled with nervous prostration would try the experiment and thus avoid late suppers, their nerves would soon relax and the system would soon regain its normal condition. No one can have perfect health without the necessary sleep of from seven to ten hours every day, and from three to five of these should be put in before twelve o'clock at night.

Headache, nervousness, and a long list of evils follow in the wake of unaired sleeping rooms. Drafts cause equally undesirable complications. Beds should not be placed in the direct line between windows and doors. Some prudent housewives have

four small screws placed on the window sashes, two at the top on each side and two below them, about five inches. When the window is lowered to this depth every night, a sort of screen, made of veiling, is fastened by means of strings to the screws. This permits fresh air to enter freely, but prevents a strong wind from blowing against the sleepers.

How to Induce Sleep.—Lengthen the respiration—in other words, breathe slower by taking deeper breaths and expiring the air slowly—and think of the slow rise of the chest, etc. These two things will bring sleep, but why? Slower breathing, of course, means lessened bodily activity, so that is simple. But how does thinking of the chest induce sleep?

Thinking of a thing implies that our bodily, as well as mental, gaze is fixed on it; to gaze on one's chest the eyes must be directed downwards. Those who suffer from insomnia, and continually go over the events of the past day (as such do), will find, on personal examination, that their eye-balls are directed upwards; "to think" it is almost imperative such should be the case; direct the eyes downwards, and keep them so, and "thinking" is not so easy.

It has been recommended that the imagination should conceive the breath issuing from the nostrils; this breath has no shape or form, and hence is, perhaps, a better "object" than the chest. Years ago I learned to do this, though I did not then know the explanation. Practice no longer necessitates my conceiving such objects as the breath or chest, or feet, or bed-foot, or anything below the level of the eyes. I can compel my eye-balls to turn down at will.

CHAPTER XXII.

SUNLIGHT.

MRS. ROGERS lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head—
Bandaged and blistered from head to toe.
Mrs. Rogers was very low.
Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup,
On the table stood bravely up;
Physic of high and low degree:
Calomel, catnip, boneset tea—
Everything a body could bear,
Excepting light, and water, and air.

I opened the blinds; the day was bright,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.
I opened the window; the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.
Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, syrup and squills,
Drugs and medicines, high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.
"What are you doing?" my patient cried.
"Frightening death," I coolly replied.
"You are crazy!" a visitor said.
I flung a bottle at her head.

Deacon Rogers, he came to me;
"Wife is comin' round," said he.
"I re'lly think she'll worry through;
She scolds me just as she used to do.
All the people have poohed and slurred;
All the neighbors have had their word.

'Twas better to perish, some of 'em say,
Than be cured in such an irregular way."
"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care,
And His remedies—light, and water, and air.
All the doctors, beyond a doubt,
Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without.

The deacon smiled and bowed his head;
"Then your bill is nothing," he said;
"God's be the glory, as you say,
God bless you, doctor, good-day! good-day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again,
I'll give her medicine made by men.

—From the *Medical World.*

Most surely is sunlight God's good remedy for disease. "And better hunt in fields for health unbought, than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught." Sunlight is one of the most powerful forces in nature and kindles into being the whole vegetable world, and makes animal life possible. The sun is the great fountain of life and light, so get all the light and all the sunshine you can.

It is well known that no valuable plant can grow without being visited by the direct rays of the sun; no plant can bear seed, no fruit can ripen without it. Any vine grown in the dark is white and strengthless. Grass, grain, and flowers do not thrive under the shadow of a tree. And shall we fancy that children do not need sunshine quite as much as flowers do? Half an hour a day is not enough. Several hours are required. The most beautiful flowers that ever studded a meadow could not be made half so beautiful

without days and days of the glad light that streams through space. Then give the children light! Deal it out in generous fulness to them. Let the nursery be in the sunshine. Better plant roses on the dark

THE NURSERY.

side of an iceberg than rear babies and children in rooms and alleys stinted of the light that makes life.

If potato vines are white and sickly when grown in dark cellars, and plants and animals become scrofulous if deprived of light, can we hope for anything but pale, sickly girls when reared in our parlors? "I

wish God had never permitted man to invent green blinds," said a thoughtful and brilliant woman. Why did she say it? Because she saw, wherever she went over our fair and sunshiny land, that green blinds were closely shut upon our comfortable house, excluding the sun's light, which we may be sure God sends down for some blessed purpose. That blessed purpose is to promote growth, to give strength, to impart color, to gild with beauty, to inspire good thoughts, and to insure light hearts and cheerful faces.

Recent discoveries seem to prove that there is conveyed to animals, by the direct action of the sun's rays, a subtle current of iron. It does not exist in light, or but very slightly, if at all, but it is a part of the sun's rays. Therefore, we must enjoy these rays if we would feel their full effect. This iron it is which is supposed to give color to plants and animals, and to impart strength and beauty. How much pleasanter that mode of taking iron than swallowing it in pills from the apothecary shop.

The fish of the mammoth cave are white, their eyes are not opened, because they have never felt the glorious light; they are weak and imperfect, a kind of idiots.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RING GAMES AND FROLICS FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

WHAT so long or pleasantly remembered as a children's party? Yet how lightly they are valued by many mothers! They give the children a party occasionally because the children beg for it, but they think of it only as a worry and a nuisance, and an upsetting of the house for naught. "Come, let us live with our children;" and if we do we shall learn something of the joy a child takes out of a party. Let us not try to shut the children off upstairs or in the basement that we may get away from the "racket"; but let us entertain them ourselves. Let us be one at the party, and the most interested one. Children need directing at their play, and the mother who "lives with her children," who loves and understands children, can make a party one of the bright, never-to-be-forgotten spots in their lives. The mother who would be so happy as to have the full-confidence of her boys and girls when grown must retain it in their childhood years by her sympathy with every little trifle that goes to make up their lives. The mother who feels no interest in the mud-pies of her three-year-old darling will find closed against her, at sixteen, the heart whose experiences and hopes and ambitions she so longs to know about. "If you want

to know the heart of the maiden, you must be interested in the heart of the child." Come, then, let us *play* with our children, and make the birthday party a happy and long remembered holiday.

The simple games are always good—the games you and your children have played over and over again. Old games, like "Blind-man's-buff," "Puss-in-the-corner," "London Bridge," and their like, never seem to lose their interest. Any game which, like "Thumbs Up," has been played by children since the days of Nero must, indeed, be worth playing to-day. Then, again, kindergarten literature is full of new and delightful suggestions for play and songs, so that mothers have no end of resources for entertaining their own children and their child friends.

Game of Flowers.—Children never tire of ring games. They like the simple ones best—those that do not tax the memory to any great extent. They prefer something with a catching swing in the rhythm, carrying the same words through many verses, with just enough verbal change to indicate the progress of the game.

The game of flowers is simple and sweet. It is played similar to "London Bridge." Two children stand opposite to each other and raise their joined hands. Those forming the ring pass under, while all keep saying or signing, suiting the action to the words they sing:

"We're looking about for a daffodil,
A daffodil, a daffodil.
We're looking about for a daffodil,
We've found one here."

At the word "here" the raised arms come down and inclose the head of the child who happens at that moment to be passing underneath their hands. Then all sing:

"We find one here; we find one here;
We're looking about for a daffodil,
And find one here."

"Daffodil" now takes the place of one of the children who caught him or her, then calls out "Buttercup." The children all understand that "buttercup" instead of "daffodil" is the word, so they make the lines:

"We're looking about for a buttercup,
A buttercup, a buttercup," etc.

The leader may hold a bouquet and give to each child the flower chosen.

The next child "Buttercup," being duly "found," takes the place of "Daffodil," and the child who has held that place goes into the ring. The newcomer calls out the name of some flower, like bright bluebell, daisy flower, or mignonette, and substituting the word, they sing as before. Each child tries to be ready with the name of some favorite flower, and the game may close when each child or flower has been "found."

Fox.—A game in which the children can run is always a favorite. "Fox" is another ring play, so easy that the smaller children can play it without help. One of the children, "Fox," stays outside the ring and slyly slaps the shoulder of one of the

children. "Fox" runs to the left, the child to the right. They meet and pass each other going at full speed around the ring. The one who first gets back to the "den" (the place in the ring where the child was standing) may hold that place, and the other must be the fox and try a race with some other child.

"*Jingle Bells*" is another frolic which pleases little ones. Let mamma or the hostess harness up the children for a "team." They have string of small bells around their necks, and a cambric or tarletan rope is used for the "tackle"—the children taking hold of it by twos, except the last in line, who acts as "driver." The pianist plays the well-known college glee, "Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way," and the children trot away at a merry pace. The leaders hurry on, making devious turns to right and left, supposably through snowdrifts and over high hills and down in deep valleys. The children sing the chorus, and the trip proves so delightful that they are never ready to stop until a very long journey has been made.

The above games may all be successfully played by a large party of children.

Whatever new plays the children may learn they dearly love the old, old games:

"Buffy" and "Puss" and the "Needle's eye,"
"Tag" and "Thimble" and "Halt! I spy,"
"Ring-round-a-rosy," and "Making a cheese,"
"Bean-porridge-hot" and "Slave, on your knees!"
"Man on your castle," "Stage-coach" and "Gool,"
Noon-hour games at the old village school.

Fun with Peanuts.—A peanut hunt is lots of fun for an evening party. The hostess hides peanuts in all sorts of queer places about the room, sometimes putting two or three nuts in the same place. Then she provides each of her guests with a little basket tied with gay ribbons, and then the "hunt" begins. Sometimes a march is played, and the hunters must keep step to the music, stopping when it stops, and starting again when it starts. After a certain time the finds are compared. The one who has the largest number wins the first prize, while the "booby" prize is fittingly awarded to the one having the fewest.

Some other trials that are great sport are often introduced. One is to see who can carry the most peanuts in one hand from one table to another. A boy ought to win this. Forty-two is a good number.

Children's March.—By all means let the guests be punctual, so that all the children may be ready to join in the opening march. Let a good pianist lead off with familiar airs, and if the hostess will remember to provide a rope made out of strips of cambric or tarletan lightly twisted, the children may all grasp it with the right hand; then walking, say two feet apart, and keeping the rope mildly taut, they have but to follow their leader or the one just in front, and a march with many turnings will not confuse the little ones in the least. A very simple and pretty march for young children is formed as follows: Let the children march in a circle six times around the room; then diagonally across the room by four ways; the path along each side of the room adjoining the four

diagonals; then in serpentine paths from north to south six times across, again from east to west the same. March by narrowing circles to the centre of the room; then, passing to the left, retrace directly the same path until all are led to form again a full circle about the outer edge of the room. By turning to right and left the children may march to form scallops reaching around the entire room. The march closes with a general hand-clapping accompaniment to a lively tune, the rope being dropped upon the floor.

The hostess who entertains a large number of little people needs the help of a half-dozen grown-up girls to start the march and games, and assist the smaller children to join in them. They are also needed during the refreshment hour.

As a rule, invited children should not proffer birthday gifts, unless their families happen to be relatives or particularly intimate friends; the privilege of gift-making belongs to home friends.

A Quotation Hunt.—This game is best described by one who was present and enjoyed its pleasures.

Upon entering by invitation a friend's parlor one evening last June, I was puzzled by the sight of the numerous little slips of paper that seemed to be everywhere—pinned to curtain, chair, mantel lambrequin and cushions, over table and piano cover, on picture frames and on brie-a-brac the little slips found lodgment. Presently the guests arrived, and our hostess informed us that on each slip was written one-quarter of a familiar quotation. We might pick up any slip we wished, and proceed to find the rest of the quota-

tion of which it formed a part. We were allowed to ask for parts of quotations, the one asked being obliged to hand over the slip asked for if he or she happened to have it. At a given signal we started, and a lively time ensued, the object being to see who could match the greatest number of quotations. I first picked up a slip on which I read, "to see oursels." I found "Oh! wad sae power" in the hands of one of the company. "The giftie gie us" had taken refuge in the corner of a white picture frame, and "as ithers see us" was nestled comfortably in a fold of a portiere.

The prizes were appropriate, but inexpensive, the most elaborate one being a dainty booklet for the most successful searcher, while the member of the company who had been least successful received a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, to which was attached a note expressing the hope that they would aid in future searches.

Distinguished Guests.—Not long since I accepted an invitation to spend the evening at a neighbor's. At eight o'clock we found ourselves in the pleasant parlor of our hostess. In the course of an hour other guests came, until we numbered fifteen.

The two young ladies, our hostesses, stated that a number of distinguished guests had been invited, but being unable to come had sent their cards to represent them. The younger sister then passed a tray of cards, on which were the names of friends who could not be with us. Each one present had the privilege of drawing a card, but was not allowed to look at the name

SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

on it. The elder sister stood, paper of pins in hand, ready to fasten the card on the back of the lady who had drawn it. Thus each of us carried about, not on our faces, but on our backs, the characters we were to personate, nor could we find out, except by discreet questioning, whom we were representing.

The remark that some of us were dead, some living, some real and some fictitious, set our brains in a whirl. One lady, queenly in her bearing, who was labelled "Queen Victoria," in due time discovered her identity. The Duke of York, Gladstone, Lord Tennyson and his "Maud" were present. One lady, to her own satisfaction, turned out to be Susan B. Anthony. Even the Infanta and her Duke were with us, and also Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer and Miss America. Peggotty and Barkis had great difficulty in finding out who they were, and though both were "willin'" could not guess their identity. Adam himself was there and his dear Eve, whom he found after many trials.

It can easily be imagined what funny blunders were made until we learned what names we bore, and that there was no possible chance for stiffness among the guests can be readily surmised.

Refreshments were served in another room, where the English ladies and gentlemen sat at one small table, the Infanta and Duke of Veragua at another, Adam and Eve at a third. Sweet peas were scattered loosely over each table. Ice cream and cake were served, and later, coffee. Nothing could have been simpler nor more expressive of genuine hospitality

than this charming and unique entertainment of distinguished people.

Cross Questions and Crooked Answers.—The company sit around, and each one whispers a question to his neighbor at the right, and then each one whispers an answer; so that each answers the question propounded by some other player, and of the purport of which he is, of course, ignorant. Then every player has to recite the question he received from one player and the answer he got from the other, and the ridiculous incongruity of these random cross questions and crooked answers will frequently excite a good deal of sport. One, for instance, may say, "I was asked, 'Are you going to-morrow?'" and the answer is, "It is in the cupboard." Another may ask, "What had you for dinner?" and the answer is, "Sleeve and cuff buttons" A third, "I was asked, 'Did you see the carriage pass?'" and the answer is, "He came yesterday!"

To Place Water in a Drinking Glass Upside Down.—Procure a plate, a tumbler, and a small piece of tissue or silver paper. Set the plate on a table and pour water into it up to the first rim. Now very slightly crumple up the paper and place it in the glass; then set it on fire. When it is burned out, or rather just as the last flame disappears, turn the glass quickly upside down into the water. Astonishing! The water rushes with great violence into the glass. Now you are satisfied that water can be placed in a drinking glass upside down. Hold the glass firm, and the plate also. You can now reverse the position of

the plate and glass, and thus convince the most skeptical of the truth of your pneumatic experiment. Instead of burning paper, a little brandy or spirits of wine can be ignited in the glass; the result of its combustion being invisible, the experiment is cleaner.

Guessing.—Guessing is a game that whiles away many an hour pleasantly, as the children gather around the kitchen fire while the evening work is being done. One of the party thinks of an object, and gives the first letter of its name. For instance, one thinks of a ship and says, "I have thought of something, and it begins with S." The rest then question him, and he must answer as best he can, unless the question comes too close, and he declares it would be "telling." They may ask: What color is it? Is it something made, or does it grow? Has it legs? Does it move about, or is it stationary? Is it vegetable, animal, or mineral? Have we one? Of course, some will be easily guessed, and others will tax the ingenuity of the best guessers. In a compound word the first letter of each word should be given.

Mothers with the little ones trooping around them can make the evening exceedingly pleasant, and something to look back upon with pleasure in after years.

Puzzles.—Puzzles of different kinds usually afford considerable amusement. The following may puzzle for some little time not only the children but some of the older girls and boys as well. Mark out on pasteboard or wood seven equal squares. Letter the three on the left L, and the three on the right R, leaving the centre square a blank. Then cut out of paste-

board of wood six squares equal to these, marking three of them R, and three of them L. Place the L's on the board over the L's, and the R's over the R's. The puzzle is to change the R's to the spaces occupied by the L's, and the L's to the spaces occupied by the R's. The R's must move only toward the left, moving but one vacant space at a time, or jumping one L. The L's must move only toward the right, moving but one vacant space at a time, or jumping one R. The following are the moves necessary to work it out, the squares being numbered consecutively from 1 to 7, the first L being numbered 1.

3 to 4	1 to 2	4 to 6
5 to 3	3 to 1	2 to 4
6 to 5	5 to 3	3 to 2
4 to 6	7 to 5	5 to 3
2 to 4	6 to 7	4 to 5

Another interesting puzzle is worked with tooth-picks. Stand ten tooth-picks side by side in a row. Make five piles out of these ten tooth-picks, but whenever you move one it must jump two others. Begin at the left, naming your tooth-picks A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J. Then move as follows, and you will have your five piles, having jumped two picks at each move.

Move D to A, F to I, H to C, B to E (the two jumped here are in one pile), J to G.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW TO NURSE SICK CHILDREN.

EVERY doctor knows that a large share of the ills to which infancy is subject are directly traceable to mismanagement. Troubles of the digestive system are, for the most part, due to errors, either in the selection of the food or in the preparation of it.

Respiratory Diseases.—Respiratory diseases, or the diseases of the throat and lungs, have their origin, as a rule, in want of care and judgment in matters of clothing, bathing, and exposure to cold and drafts. A child should always be dressed to suit the existing temperature of the weather.

Nervous Diseases.—Nervous diseases are often aggravated, if not caused, by over-stimulation of the brain, by irregular hours of sleep, or by the use of "soothing" medicines, or eating indigestible food.

Skin Affections.—Skin affections are generally due to want of proper care of the skin, to improper clothing or feeding, or to indiscriminate association with nurses and children who are the carriers of contagious diseases.

Every mother should understand the rules and principles of home-nursing. Children are very tender plants, and the want of proper knowledge is often

very disastrous if not fatal. A mother should understand:

Infant Feeding.—The care of milk, milk sterilization, care of bottles, preparation of commonly employed infant foods, the general principles of infant feeding, with rules as to quality and frequency.

Bathing.—The daily bath; the use of hot, cold, and mustard baths.

Hygiene of the Skin.—Care of the mouth, eyes and ears. Ventilation, temperature, cleanliness, care of napkins, etc.

Training of Children in proper bodily habits. Simple means of treatment in sickness, etc.

The cry of the child is a language by which the character of its suffering to some extent may be ascertained. The manner in which the cry is uttered, or the pitch and tone is generally a symptom of a certain kind of disease.

Stomach-ache.—The cry of the child in suffering with pain of the stomach is loud, excitable, and spasmodic. The legs are drawn up, and as the pain ceases, they are relaxed, and the child sobs itself to sleep, and rests until awakened again by pain.

Lung Trouble.—When a child is suffering with an affection of the lungs or throat, it never cries loudly or continuously. A distress in breathing causes a sort of subdued cry and low moaning. If there is a slight cough it is generally a sign that there is some complication with the lungs.

Disease of the Brain.—In disease of the brain the cry is always, sharp, short, and piercing. Drowsiness generally follows each spasm of pain.

Fevers.—Children rarely cry when suffering with fever unless they are disturbed. They should be handled very gently and spoken to in a very quiet and tender tone of voice.

The Chamber of the Sick Room.—The room of the sick child should be kept scrupulously clean. No noise should disturb the quiet and rest of the child. If the weather is mild, plenty of fresh air should be admitted; the temperature should be kept at about 70 degrees. A thermometer should be kept in the room, and the air should be changed several times during the day. This may be done with safety to the child by covering it up with woolen blankets to protect it from draft, while the windows and doors are opened. Fresh air often does more to restore the sick child than the doctor's medicine. Take the best room in the house. If necessary take the parlor; always make the room pleasant for the sick.

Visitors. — Carefully avoid the conversation of visitors or the loud and boisterous playing of children in the house. If there is much noise about the house that cannot be avoided, it is a good plan to put cotton in the ears of the patient.

Light in the Room.—Light has a tendency to produce nervous irritability, consequently it is best to exclude as much daylight as possible and keep the room in a sort of twilight until the child begins to improve. Be careful to avoid any odor coming from a burning lamp in the night. When the child begins to recover, give it plenty of sunlight. After the child begins to get better let in all the sunlight the windows will admit. Take a south room for the sick bed.

Sickness in Summer.—If the weather is very hot it is a good plan to dampen the floors with cold water, or set several dishes of water in the room, but be careful to keep the patient out of the draft, and avoid any sudden change of temperature.

Bathing.—Bathe every sick child in warm water once a day unless prohibited by the doctor. If the child has a spasm or any attack of a serious nervous character in absence of the doctor, place him in a hot bath at once. Hot water is one of the finest agencies for the cure of nervous diseases.

Scarlet Fever and Measles.—Bathe the child in warm water to bring out the rash, and put in about a dessertspoonful of mustard into each bath.

Drinks.—If a child is suffering with fevers, let it have all the water it wants. Toast-water will be found nourishing. When the stomach of the child is in an irritable condition, nourishments containing milk or any other fluid should be given very sparingly. Barley-water and rice-water are very soothing to an irritable stomach.

Food.—Mellin's Food and milk is very nourishing if the child will take it. Oatmeal gruel, white of eggs, etc., are excellent and nourishing articles.

Eating Fruit.—Let children who are recovering from sickness eat moderately of good fresh fruit. Never let a child, whether well or sick, eat the skins of any kind of fruit. The outer covering of fruit was not made to eat, and often has poisonous matter very injurious to health upon its surface. Contagious and infectious diseases are often communicated in that way.

Sudden Startings with the thumbs drawn into the palms, portend trouble with the brain, and often end in convulsions, which are far more serious in infants than in children. Convulsions in children often result from a suppression of urine. If you have occasion to believe that such is the case, get the patient to sweating as soon as possible. Give it a hot bath, after which cover it up in bed and put bags of hot salt over the lower part of the abdomen.

Symptoms of Indigestion.—If the baby shows symptoms of indigestion, do not begin giving it medicine. It is wiser to decrease the quantity and quality of the food and let the little one omit one meal entirely, that the stomach may rest. Avoid all starchy foods, as the organs of digestion are not sufficiently developed to receive them.

Cow's Milk is steadily growing in favor as an artificial food. Country milk should be used instead of milk purchased in town or city. In feeding a baby on cow's milk, take the upper half of milk that has stood an hour or two, dilute, hardly as much as a third, with sweetened water, and if there is a tendency to sour stomach, put in a teaspoonful of lime water to every quart. The milk and water should both be boiled separately. If the baby is constipated, it is best to heat the milk over boiling water and not allow it to boil.

How to Keep a Baby Well.—The mother's milk is the natural food, and nothing can fully take its place.

The infant's stomach does not readily accommodate itself to changes in diet; therefore, regularity in

quality, quantity, and temperature is extremely necessary.

Not until a child is a year old should it be allowed any food except that of milk, and possibly a little cracker or bread, thoroughly soaked and softened.

Meat should never be given to young children. The best artificial food is cream, reduced and sweetened with sugar and milk. No rule can be given for its reduction. Observation and experience must teach that, because every child's stomach is governed by a rule of its own.

A child can be safely weaned at one year of age, and sometimes less. It depends entirely upon the season, and upon the health of the child.

A child should never be weaned during the warm weather, in June, July, or August.

When a child is weaned it may be given, in connection with the milk diet, some such nourishment as broth, gruel, egg, or some prepared food.

A child should never be allowed to come to the table until two years of age.

A child should never eat much starchy food until four years old.

A child should have all the water it desires to drink, but it is decidedly the best to boil the water first, and allow it to cool. All the impurities and disease germs are thereby destroyed. This one thing alone will add greatly to the health and vigor of the child.

Where there is a tendency to bowel disorder, a little gum arabic, rice, or barley, may be boiled with the drinking water.

If the child uses a bottle, it should be kept absolutely clean. It is best to have two or three bottles, so that one will always be perfectly clean and fresh.

The nipple should be of black or pure rubber, and not of white or vulcanized rubber. It should fit over the top of the bottle, no tubes should ever be used. It is impossible to keep them clean.

When the rubber becomes coated a little coarse salt will clean it.

Babies should be fed at regular times. They should also be put to sleep at regular hours. Regularity is one of the best safeguards to health.

Milk for babies and children should be from healthy cows. Milk from different cows varies, and it is always better for a child to have milk from the same cow. A farrow cow's milk is preferable, especially if the child is not very strong.

Many of the prepared foods advertized for children are of little benefit. A few may be good, but what is good for one child may not be for another. So it must be simply a matter of experiment if any of the advertised foods are used.

It is a physiological fact that an infant is always healthier and better to sleep alone. It gets better air and is not liable to suffocation.

A healthy child should never be fed in less than two hours from the last time they finished before, gradually lengthening the time as it grows older. At four months, three and a half or four hours; at five months a healthy child will be better if given nothing in the night except, perhaps, a little water.

Give an infant a little water several times a day.

A delicate child the first year should be oiled after each bath. The oiling may often take the place of a bath, in case of a cold.

In oiling a babe, use pure olive oil, and wipe off thoroughly after each application. For nourishing a weak child use also olive oil.

For colds, coughs, croup, etc., use goose oil externally, and give a teaspoonful at bed-time.

CHAPTER XXV.

HINTS FOR HOT WEATHER.

Bathe infants daily in tepid water, and even twice a day in hot weather.

If delicate they should be sponged instead of immersing them in water; but cleanliness is absolutely necessary for the health of infants.

Put no bands in their clothing, but make all garments to hang loosely from the shoulders, and have all their clothing *scrupulously clean,* even the diaper should not be re-used without rinsing.

The child should in all cases sleep by itself on a cot or in a crib, and retire at a regular hour. A child *always* early taught to go to sleep without rocking or nursing is the healthier and happier for it. Begin *at birth* and this will be easily accomplished.

Never give cordials, soothing syrups, sleeping drops, etc., without the advice of a physician. A child that frets and does not sleep is either hungry or ill. *If ill it needs a physician.* Never give candy or cake to quiet a small child, they are sure to produce disorders of the stomach, diarrhea, or some other trouble.

Children should have plenty of fresh air, winter as well as summer. Avoid the severe hot sun and the heated kitchen for infants in summer. Heat is

the great destroyer of infants. In excessively hot weather feed them with chips of ice occasionally, if you have it.

Keep your house clean and cool and well aired

A KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

night and day. Your cellars cleared of all rubbish and whitewashed every spring; your drains cleaned with strong solution of copperas or chloride of lime, poured down them once a week. Keep your gutters and yards clean, and insist upon your neighbors doing the same.

The healthy evacuation of a child varies from light orange yellow to greenish yellow, in number, two to four times daily. Smell should never be offensive. Slimy, mucous-like jelly passages indicate worms. Pale green, offensive, acrid motions indicate disordered stomach. Dark green indicate acid secretions and a more serious trouble.

Fetid dark brown stools are present in chronic diarrhea. Putty like pasty passages are due to acidity curdling the milk or to torpid liver.

Breast milk is the only proper food for infants, until after the second summer. If the supply is small keep what you have and feed the child in connection with it, for if the babe is ill this breast milk may be all that will save its life.

Milk should be sterilized. Goat's milk best, cow's milk next. If the child thrives on this *nothing else* should be given during the hot weather, until the front teeth are cut. Get fresh cow's milk twice a day if the child requires food in the night, pour it into a glass fruit jar with one-third pure water for a child under three months old; afterwards the proportion of water may be less and less, also a trifle of sugar may be added.

Then place the jar in a kettle or pan of cold water, like the bottom of an oatmeal kettle. Leave the cover of the jar loose. Place it on the stove and let the water come to a boil and boil ten minutes, screw down the cover tight and boil ten minutes more, then remove from the fire, and allow it to cool in the water slowly so as not to break the jar. When partly cool

put on the ice or in a cool place, and keep tightly covered except when the milk is poured out for use. The glass jar must be kept perfectly clean and washed and scalded carefully before use. A teaspoonful of lime water to a bottle of milk will aid in digestion. Discard the bottle as soon as possible and use a cup which you know is clean, whereas a bottle must be kept in water constantly when not in use, or the sour milk will make the child sick. Use no tube, for it is exceedingly hard to keep it clean, and if pure milk cannot be had, condensed milk is admirable and does not need to be sterilized as the above.

Children should have exercise in the house as well as outdoors, but should not be jolted and jumped and jarred in rough play, not rudely rocked in the cradle, nor carelessly trundled over bumps in their carriages. They should not be held too much in the arms, but allowed to crawl and kick upon the floor and develop their limbs and muscles. A child should not be lifted by its arms, nor dragged along by one hand after it learns to take a few feeble steps; but when they do learn to walk steadily it is the best of all exercises, especially in the open air.

Let the children as they grow older romp and play in the open air all they wish, girls as well as boys.

Infant Teething.—There are instances where babies have been born with teeth, and on the other hand, there are cases of persons who never had any teeth at all; and others that had double teeth all around in both upper and lower jaws; but these are rare instances, and may be termed a sort of freaks of nature.

The first teeth generally make their appearance after the third month, and during the period of teething the child is fretful and restless, causing sometimes constitutional disturbances, such as diarrhea, indigestion, etc. Usually, however, no serious results follow, and no unnecessary anxiety need be felt, unless the weather is extremely warm; then there is some danger of summer complaint setting in and seriously complicating matters.

Teeth are generally cut in pairs, and make their appearance first in the front and going backwards until all are complete. It generally takes about two years for a temporary set of children's teeth to come. A child two or three years old should have twenty teeth. After the age of seven they generally begin to loosen and fall out, and permanent teeth take their place.

Lancing the gums is very rarely necessary. There are extreme cases when the condition of the mouth and health of the child demand a physician's lance, but this should not be resorted to unless it is absolutely necessary. When the gums are very much swollen, and the tooth is nearly through, the pains may be relieved by the mother taking a thimble and pressing it down upon the tooth, the sharp edges of the tooth will cut through the swollen flesh, and instant relief will follow. A child in a few hours or a day may be perfectly happy after a severe and trying time of sickness.

The teeth are firmly inserted in sockets of the upper and lower jaw. The permanent teeth which follow the temporary teeth, when complete, are sixteen in each jaw, or thirty-two in all.

There are four incisors (front teeth), four cuspids (eye teeth), four bicuspids (grinders), and four molars (large grinders), in each jaw. Each tooth is divided into the crown, body, and root. The crown is the grinding surface; the body—the part projecting from the jaw—is the seat of sensation and nutrition; the root is that portion of the tooth which is inserted in the alveolus. The teeth are composed of dentine (ivory) and enamel. The ivory forms the greater portion of the body and root, while the enamel covers the exposed surface. The small white cords communicating with the teeth are the nerves.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TREATMENT FOR CHILDREN'S DISEASES.

OUT of the 984,000 persons that died during the year of 1890, 227,264 did not reach one year of age, and 400,647 died under five years of age.

What a fearful responsibilty therefore rests upon the parents who permit these hundreds of thousands of children to die annually. This terrible mortality among children is undoubtedly largely the result of ignorance regarding the proper care and treatment of sick children.

For very small children it is always best to use homœopathic remedies.

Colic.—Babies often suffer severely with colic. It is not considered dangerous, but causes considerable suffering.

Severe colic is usually the result of derangement of the liver in the mother, or of her insufficient or improper nourishment, and it occurs more frequently when the child is from two to five months old.

Let the mother eat chiefly barley, wheat, and bread, rolled wheat, graham bread, fish, milk, eggs and fruit. The latter may be freely eaten, avoiding that which is very sour.

A rubber bag or bottle filled with hot water put into a crib will keep the child, once quieted, asleep

for hours. If a child is suffering from colic, it should be thoroughly warmed and kept warm.

Avoid giving opiates of any kind, such as cordials, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, "Mothers' Friend," and various other patent medicines. They injure the stomach and health of the child, instead of benefitting it.

Remedies.—A few tablespoonfuls of hot water will often allay a severe attack of the colic. Catnip tea is also a good remedy.

A drop of essence of peppermint in six or seven teaspoonfuls of hot water will give relief.

If the stools are green and the child very restless, give chamomilla.

If the child is suffering from constipation, and undigested curds of milk appear in its fæces, and the child starts suddenly in its sleep, give nux vomica.

An injection of a few spoonfuls of hot water into the rectum, with a little asafœtida, is an effective remedy, and will be good for an adult.

Constipation is a very frequent ailment of infants. The first thing necessary is for the mother to regulate her diet.

If the child is nursed regularly, and held out at the same time each day, it will seldom be troubled with this complaint. Give plenty of *water*. Regularity of habit is the best remedy. If this method fails, use a soap suppository. Make it by paring a piece of white castile soap round. It should be made about the size of a lead pencil, pointed at the end.

Avoid giving a baby drugs. Let the physician administer them if necessary.

Diarrhea.—Great care should be exercised by parents in checking the diarrhea of children. Many times serious diseases are brought on by parents being too hasty in checking this disorder of the bowels. It is an infant's method of removing obstructions and overcoming derangements of the system.

Summer complaint is an irritation and inflammation of the lining membranes of the intestines. This may often be caused by teething, eating indigestible food, etc.

If the discharges are only frequent and yellow, and not accompanied with pain, there is no cause for anxiety; but if the discharges are green, soon becoming gray, brown, and sometimes frothy, having a mixture of phlegm, and sometimes containing food undisgested, a physician had better be summoned.

For mild attacks the following treatment may be given:

Keep the child perfectly quiet, and keep the room well-aired.

Put a drop of tincture of camphor on a teaspoonful of sugar, mix thoroughly; then add six teaspoonfuls of hot water, and give a teaspoonful of the mixture every ten minutes. This is indicated where the discharges are watery, and where there is vomiting, and coldness of the feet and hands. Chamomilla is also an excellent remedy. Ipecac and nux vomica may also be given.

In giving homœopathic remedies, give five or six pellets every two or three hours.

The diet should be wholesome and nourishing.

Worms.—Pinworms and round worms are most common in children. They are generally found in the lower bowels.

Symptoms.—Restlessness, itching about the anus in the fore part of the evening, and worms in the fæces.

Treatment.—Give with a syringe an injection of a tablespoonful of linseed oil. Cleanliness is also very necessary.

A round worm is from six to sixteen inches in length, resembling the common earth-worm. It inhabits generally the small intestines, but it sometimes enters the stomach, and is thrown up by vomiting.

Symptoms.—Distress, indigestion, swelling of the abdomen, grinding of the teeth, restlessness, and sometimes convulsions.

Treatment.—One teaspoonful of powdered wormseed mixed with a sufficient quantity of molasses, or spread on bread and butter.

Or, one grain of santonine every four hours for two or three days, followed by a brisk cathartic. Wormwood tea is also highly recommended.

Swaim's Vermifuge.

2 ounces wormseed,
1½ ounces valerian,
1½ ounces rhubarb,
1½ ounces pink-root,
1½ ounces white agaric.

Boil in sufficient water to yield three quarts of the decoction, and add to it thirty drops of oil of tansy, and

forty-five drops of oil of cloves, dissolved in a quart of rectified spirits. Dose, one teaspoonful at night.

Another Excellent Vermifuge.

Oil of wormseed, 1 ounce,
Oil of anise, 1 ounce,
Castor oil, 1 ounce,
Tinct. of myrrh, 2 drops,
Oil of turpentine, 10 drops.

Mix thoroughly.

Always shake well before using.

Give ten to fifteen drops in cold coffee once or twice a day.

Spasmodic croup is a spasmodic closure of the glottis which interferes with respiration. It comes on suddenly, and usually at night, without much warning. It is a purely nervous disease, and may be caused by reflex nervous irritation from undigested food in the stomach or bowels, irritation of the gums in dentition, or from brain disorders.

Symptoms.—Child awakens suddenly at night with suspended respiration or very difficult breathing. After a few respirations it cries out, and then falls asleep quietly, or the attack may last an hour or so, when the face will become pale, veins in the neck become turgid, and feet and hands contract spasmodically. In mild cases the attacks will only occur once during the night, but may recur on the following night.

Home Treatment.—During the paroxysm dashing cold water in the face is a common remedy. To terminate the spasm and prevent its return give

teaspoonful doses of powdered alum. The syrup of squills is an old and tried remedy; give in fifteen to thirty drop doses, and repeat every ten minutes till vomiting occurs. Seek out the cause, if possible, and remove it. It commonly lies in some derangement of the digestive organs.

True Croup.—This disease consists of an inflammation of the mucous membrane of the upper air passages, particularly of the larynx with the formation of a false membrane that obstructs the breathing. The disease is most common in children between the ages of two and seven years, but it may occur at any age.

Symptoms.—Usually they are symptoms of cold for three or four days previous to the attack. Marked hoarseness is observed in the evening with a ringing metallic cough and some difficulty in breathing, which increases and becomes somewhat paroxysmal till the face which was at first flushed becomes pallid and ashy in hue. The efforts at breathing become very great, and unless the child gets speedy relief it will die of suffocation.

Home Treatment.—Patient should be kept in a moist warm atmosphere, and cold water applied to the neck early in the attack. As soon as the breathing seems difficult give half to one teaspoonful of of powdered alum in honey to produce vomiting and apply the remedies suggested in the treatment of diphtheria, as the two diseases are thought by many to be identical. When the breathing becomes labored and face becomes pallid, the condition is very serious and a physician should be called without delay.

Scarlet Fever.—An eruptive, contagious disease, brought about by direct exposure to those having the disease, or by contact with clothing, dishes, or other articles used about the sick room.

The clothing may be disinfected by heating to a temperature of 230° Fahrenheit, or by dipping in boiling water before washing.

Dogs and cats will also carry the disease and should be kept from the house, and particularly from the sick room.

Symptoms.—Chilly sensations or a decided chill, fever, headache, furred tongue, vomiting, sore throat, rapid pulse, hot dry skin and more or less stupor. In from six to eighteen hours a fine red rash appears about the ears, neck and shoulders, which rapidly spreads to the entire surface of the body. After a few days, a scurf or branny scales will begin to form on the skin. These scales are the principal source of contagion.

Home Treatment.—Isolate the patient from other members of the family to prevent the spread of the disease.

Keep the patient in bed and give a fluid diet of milk gruel, beef tea, etc., with plenty of cold water to drink.

Control the fever by sponging the body with tepid water, and relieve the pain in the throat by cold compresses applied externally.

As soon as the skin shows a tendency to become scaly, apply goose grease or clean lard with a little boracic acid powder dusted in it, or better, perhaps,

carbolized vaseline to relieve the itching and prevent the scales from being scattered about, and subjecting others to the contagion.

Regular Treatment.—A few drops of aconite every three hours to regulate the pulse, and if the skin be pale and circulation feeble, with tardy eruption, administer one to ten drops of tincture of belladona, according to the age of the patient. At the end of third week, if eyes look puffy and feet swell, there is danger of acute Bright's disease, and a physician should be consulted. If the case does not progress well under the home remedies suggested, a physician should be called at once.

Whooping Cough.—This is a contagious disease which is known by a peculiar whooping sound in the cough. Considerable mucus is thrown off after each attack of spasmodic coughing.

Symptoms.—It usually commences with the symptoms of a common cold in the head, some chilliness, feverishness, restlessness, headache, a feeling of tightness across the chest, violent paroxysms of coughing, sometimes almost threatening suffocation, and accompanied with vomiting.

Home Treatment.—Patient should eat plain food and avoid cold drafts and damp air, but keep in the open air as much as possible. A strong tea made of the tops of red clover is highly recommended. A strong tea made of chestnut leaves, sweetened with sugar, is also very good.

1 teaspoonful of powdered alum,
1 teaspoonful of syrup.

Mix in a tumbler of water, and give the child one teaspoonful every two or three hours. A kerosene lamp kept burning in the bed chamber at night is said to lessen the cough and shorten the course of the disease.

Mumps.—This is a contagious disease causing the inflammation of the salivary glands, and is generally a disease of childhood and youth.

Symptoms.—A slight fever, stiffness of the neck and lower jaw, swelling and soreness of the gland. It usually develops in four or five days and then begins to disappear.

Home Treatment.—Apply to the swelling a hot poultice of cornmeal and bread and milk. A hop poultice is also excellent. Take a good dose of physic and rest carefully. A warm general bath, or mustard foot-bath, is very good. Avoid exposure or cold drafts. If a bad cold is taken, serious results may follow.

Measles.—It is an eruptive, contagious disease, preceded by cough and other catarrhal symptoms for about four or five days. The eruption comes rapidly in small red spots, which are slightly raised.

Symptoms.—A feeling of weakness, loss of appetite, some fever, cold in the head, frequent sneezing, watery eyes, dry cough, and a hot skin. The disease takes effect nine or ten days after exposure.

Home Treatment.—Measles is not a dangerous disease in the child, but in an adult it is often very serious. In childhood very little medicine is necessary, but exposure must be carefully avoided and the

patient kept in bed in a moderately warm room. The diet should be light and nourishing. Keep the room dark. If the eruption does not come out promptly, apply hot baths.

Common Treatment.—Two teaspoonfuls of spirits of nitre, one teaspoonful paregoric, one wineglassful of camphor water. Mix thoroughly, and give a teaspoonful in half a teacupful of water every two hours. To relieve the cough, if troublesome, flaxseed tea or infusion of slippery-elm bark with a little lemon juice to render more palatable, will be of benefit.

Chicken-pox.—This is a contagious, eruptive disease which resembles to some extent smallpox. The pointed vesicles or pimples have a depression in the centre in chicken-pox, and in smallpox they do not.

Symptoms.—Nine to seventeen days elapse after the exposure, before symptoms appear. Slight fever, a sense of sickness, the appearance of scattered pimples some itching and heat. The pimples rapidly change into little blisters filled with a watery fluid. After five or six days they disappear.

Home Treatment.—Milk diet and avoid all kinds of meat. Keep the bowels open and avoid all exposure to cold. Large vesicles on the face should be punctured early and irritation by rubbing should be avoided.

Diphtheria.—Acute, specific, constitutional disease with local manifestations in the throat, mouth, nose, larynx, windpipe, and glands of the neck. The disease is infectious, but not very contagious under the

proper precautions. It is a disease of childhood, though adults sometimes contract it. Many of the best physicians of the day consider True or Membranous Croup to be due to this diphtheritic membranous disease thus located in the larynx or trachea.

Symptoms.—Symptoms vary according to the severity of the attack. Chills, fever, headache, languor, loss of appetite, stiffness of neck, with tenderness about the angles of the jaw, soreness of the throat, pain in the ear, aching of the limbs, loss of strength, coated tongue, swelling of the neck, and offensive breath; lymphatic glands on side of neck enlarged and tender. The throat is first to be seen red and swollen, then covered with grayish white patches, which spread, and a false membrane is found on the mucous membrane. If the nose is attacked, there will be an offensive discharge, and the child will breathe through the mouth. If the larynx or throat are involved, the voice will become hoarse, and a croupy cough, with difficult breathing, shows that the air passage to the lungs is being obstructed by the false membrane.

Home Treatment.—Isolate the patient, to prevent the spread of the disease. Diet should be of the most nutritious character, as milk, eggs, broths and oysters. Give at intervals of every two or three hours. If patient refuses to swallow from the pain caused by the effort, a nutrition injection must be resorted to. Inhalations of steam and hot water, and allowing the patient to suck pellets of ice, will give relief. Sponges dipped in hot water and applied to the

angles of the jaw are beneficial. Inhalations of lime, made by slaking freshly burnt lime in a vessel, and directing the vapor to the child's mouth by means of a newspaper or similar contrivance. Flower of sulphur, blown into the back of the mouth and throat by means of a goose quill has been highly recommended. Frequent gargling of the throat and mouth with a solution of lactic acid, strong enough to taste sour, will help to keep the parts clean and correct the foul breath. If there is great prostration, with the nasal passage affected, or hoarseness and difficult breathing, a physician should be called at once.

A gargle made of flower of sulphur, dissolved in water, is very good; or gargle every hour with a teaspoonful of baking soda in half a glass of hot water, followed immediately with a teaspoonful of tincture of iron in a quarter of a glass of hot water. When the grayish white patches begin to fade the gargle may be taken every two hours. For diphtheritic sore throat this is a most reliable remedy.

The Sulphur Bath.—For the itch, ringworm, itching, and for other slight skin irritations, bathe in water containing a little sulphur.

The Salt Bath.—To open the pores of the skin, put a little common salt into the water. Borax, baking soda, or lime, used in the same way, are excellent for cooling and cleansing the skin. A very small quantity in a bowl of water is sufficient.

The Vapor Bath.—For catarrh, bronchitis, pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, rheumatism, fever, affections of the bowels and kidneys, and skin diseases, the vapor-bath is an excellent remedy.

Apparatus.—Use a small alcohol lamp, and place over it a small dish containing water. Light the lamp and allow the water to boil. Place a cane-bottom chair over the lamp, and seat the patient on it. Wrap blankets or quilts around the chair and around the patient, closing it tightly about the neck. After free perspiration is produced the patient should be wrapped in warm blankets, and placed in bed, so as to continue the perspiration for some time.

A convenient alcohol lamp may be made by taking a tin box, placing a tube in it, and putting in a common lamp wick. Any tinsmith can make one in a few minutes, at a trifling cost.

The Hot-Air Bath.—Place the alcohol lamp under the chair, without the dish of water. Then place the patient on the chair, as in the vapor bath, and let him remain until a gentle and free perspiration is produced. This bath may be taken from time to time, as may be deemed necessary.

While remaining in the hot-air bath the patient may drink freely of cold or tepid water.

As soon as the bath is over the patient should be washed with hot water and soap.

The hot-air bath is excellent for colds, skin diseases, and the gout.

The Sponge Bath.—Have a large basin of water of the temperature of 88 or 95 degrees. As soon as the patient rises, rub the body over with a soft, dry towel until it becomes warm.

Now sponge the body with water and a little soap, at the same time keeping the body well covered,

except such portions as are necessarily exposed. Then dry the skin carefully with a soft, warm towel. Rub the skin well for two or three minutes, until every part becomes red and perfectly dry.

Sulphur, lime, or salt, and sometimes mustard, may be used in any of the sponge-baths, according to the disease.

The Foot Bath.—The foot-bath, in coughs, colds, asthma, headaches, and fevers, is excellent. One or two tablespoonfuls of ground mustard added to a gallon of hot water, is very beneficial.

Heat the water as hot as the patient can endure it, and gradually increase the temperature by pouring in additional quantities of hot water during the bath.

The Sitz Bath.—A tub is arranged so that the patient can sit down in it while bathing. Fill the tub about one-half full of water. This is an excellent remedy for piles, constipation, headache, gravel, and for acute and inflammatory affections generally.

The Acid Bath.—Place a little vinegar in water, and heat to the usual temperature. This is an excellent remedy for the disorders of the liver.

A Sure Cure for Prickly Heat.—Prickly heat is caused by hot weather, by excess of flesh, by rough flannels, by sudden changes of temperature, or by over-fatigue.

Treatment.—Bathe two or three times a day with warm water, in which a moderate quantity of bran and common soda have been stirred. After wiping the skin dry, dust the affected parts with common corn starch.