

showed clearly how much she had to learn; the rudeness was not the girl's, but the woman's, who, to quote herself, "had her revenge."



Baby's First Wardrobe

By Mary A. Allen, M.D.

A more striking contrast could scarcely be imagined than that between the immediate pre-natal and the immediate post-natal condition of the human being. Pre-natally he lives in solitary, airless, soundless darkness, close-enfolded, in equable warmth, yet with entire freedom of motion, and each movement cushioned with an elastic fluid which prevents jars or concussions. As soon as he enters upon an independent existence his lungs are invaded by atmospheric air; his sensitive skin pinched by cold, which, however balmy to those accustomed to it, is to him like rigorous winter; his eyes are assailed by light, his ears bombarded by sound, and his movements are resisted by comparatively unyielding substances.

To add to these discomforts, which are inevitable, the kind hearts of those who love him best have invented many ingenious methods of torture. Perhaps he is further chilled by being plunged into a bath, and then irritated by rubbing. He is rolled in prickly flannels, bound by bands, weighted down by long clothing, scratched by embroideries, turned over and over, jolted, tossed, and handled until he is seasick, and then gorged with unaccustomed food, talked to, sung to, kissed, and rocked. Is it any wonder that he has colic and jaundice, or that he wails and bemoans his cruel fate? If we could maintain pre-natal conditions as far as possible, we should do much to promote health and consequent comfort for all concerned.

I have always rebelled against the tight bands of infants' clothing, and years ago made what seemed to me quite a reform, in that I discarded all fashion of clothing which made the remaining in place dependent upon the tightness with which the garments were pinned. But it never occurred to me that we might for a few days, or even weeks, dispense with what might be called garments. When I used to read that the infant Jesus was wrapped in "swaddling clothes," my imagination pictured the long, flowing dress of our infants; but after seeing the babies of Continental Europe I had an enlightenment as to the meaning of that expression, and it also seemed to me that it was an enlightenment as to better methods of treating new-born infants. A description of the "*Einwicklung*" of German babies illustrates their manner of "swaddling," a modification of which I believe might advantageously be adopted by us.

The little German baby, after his cleansing with oil, is dressed simply in a single short garment. Loosely drawn between his limbs are napkins for protection. He is then laid obliquely on a soft quilt, which is drawn around him on all sides and tied by numerous wrappings of ribbon, or a crocheted band. He now looks something like a cross between an Indian papoose and a mummy, but he seems to enjoy it. I have seen at one time, in the lying-in hospital in Vienna, Austria, two hundred women, each with a baby under ten days old swaddled after this manner, and have often wondered why I so seldom heard the babies cry, and I came to believe that it was because they found themselves in conditions not so far removed from those to which they had been accustomed. This suggested to me the advisability of adopting to some extent this manner of dressing young infants. The preparation for the first few weeks of life might be a small, soft, wadded quilt of cheese-cloth, upon which could be placed a square of unbleached muslin, which is nearly impervious to moisture. Over this put a layer of very soft flannel. One corner of the quilt should be turned down and covered with fine muslin or linen. Upon this the baby's head is to be placed, and the quilt drawn close from side to side, then the end folded over and pinned down. One or two safety-pins would hold all firmly in place. The wrapping, done loosely, allows all movements of which the feeble limbs are capable, and at

the same time protects them from all possible draughts, while permitting frequent examinations with greater facility than long skirts allow. The little creature finds itself surrounded by an equable warmth, his back and head are supported, and he is more easily lifted or carried, especially by inexperienced hands. If first cleansed with warm oil, dressed in a loose shirt, protected by a soft napkin, and "swaddled" in such a quilt, he would indeed be a rebellious spirit if he were not amiable, especially if correctly fed. A word as to the primal garment may not be amiss. I found it quite desirable to have the long shirt-sleeve made without the seam that binds the arm at the shoulder. This is accomplished by having the back seam go only from wrist to elbow, the upper part of the sleeve cut whole, and the sleeve itself running up to the neck in a point, the shoulder being cut away for this purpose.

In fact, this method of sleeve-making is suitable for all garments, dresses as well as underclothing. The swaddling may be continued a longer or shorter period, according to the health and strength of the child. When he becomes vigorous enough to use his limbs with some freedom he may be removed from his retreat and introduced to clothes.



Concerning Care-Taking

By M. F. Butts

"What would I like if I were sick, helpless, confined to one room for days, weeks, months?" In asking this question over and over even an inexperienced girl may get some insight into the needs of an invalid, and be truly a help and care-taker. I am certain that many young girls feel their crudeness, rawness, so to speak: they are spiritually bony and unfeathered, to take an illustration from the chicken world. In critical periods of household life they would be glad to "take hold in the right place"—be of use in lifting the too heavy burdens; nurse the sick mother or father; in short, be a blessing and sunshine-maker at home.

But many girls, most young persons, in fact, are thoughtless, brusque in their movements—stepping heavily, it may be; leaving doors open that ought to be shut, or shutting doors with a snap or a bang that irritates sensitive nerves; allowing the air of the sick-room to become too warm or too cool; keeping windows open or closed according to their own convenience; burying themselves in a fascinating story, and making it necessary for the invalid to ask for every little service.

Light movements, alert attention that yet is not fussy, quietness of spirit, lovingness of feeling, help alleviate the pain and weariness of a long illness. An invalid may long for a slight change of position, a sip of fresh water, more or less air, a sniff at the cologne-bottle—a dozen trifling services that she or he will hesitate to ask for if the girl nurse appears tired, reluctant, self-absorbed, or out of sorts. Often the sick one, with nerves exhausted by suffering, says inwardly, "I would rather go without it than ask for it." But ever so little endurance of this kind retards recovery—may do untold injury.

I was sitting with a sick friend lately when the young daughter nurse, taking advantage of my presence, slipped from the room. In a few moments she returned with a cup of steaming chocolate. She put it to the mother's lips, and it was gratefully, eagerly drank after the first sip had tested its delicious quality. The invalid had been fasting for many hours, the delicate appetite refusing all suggestions of food. If the little nurse had questioned whether chocolate were wanted, the reply would have been a negative. It was the thoughtfulness that provided the cup that was the valuable quality. The thought-quality can be cultivated, and it is worth while to take pains to this end. Reflect for a moment upon the weariness of the poor body that for some reason must lie in the same position for hours and hours unless some helpful hand comes to its assistance. There is a wrinkle in sheet or garment that presses painfully against the tender flesh; the shoul-

ders ache; the head is in an uncomfortable position; the bed is hot or hard or cold. Little tender touches and smoothings, rubs and hitches, do wonders; bathing the face and hands, brushing the hair, straightening the bed-covers—many things that the invalid cannot be expected to think of, has not the strength to think of—all help wonderfully toward the endurance of the weary moments—moments winged for well persons but weighted for the invalid.

If once the sick one feels that he or she is thus tenderly taken into the thought of daughter or friend, a certain ease of nerve is established, there is a letting-go that is conducive to recovery. It is like being taken into strong arms—like leaning the head upon a tender bosom. The professional nurse, if she have a true vocation, understands all this; but the young daughters who have loving hearts and quick intelligence, but small experience, may gain by a few hints.

Invalids have delicate sensibilities. A coarse cup or plate, with nicks and cracks, may make the meal unpalatable; the crushed napkin, the untidy table is sure to offend though the feeling may be carefully concealed. Nowhere is daintiness so necessary as in a sick-room. When the loving mother who has so skillfully nursed the daughter is in her turn helpless, it is hard for her to miss the order, the delicacy, the deftness that she so appreciates.

Let the girl-nurse set herself to think; to give up herself for the time; to plan as for some object near to her heart; let her throw her weight, so to speak, on the subject in hand. She will find that she can do wonders with a little considering. If useful ideas are suggested, she can make a note of them in a commonplace book; delicate cookery may be studied; tested recipes kept close at hand; loving dispositions cultivated; irritation put resolutely down. To the loving heart inspirations come. Let the girl-nurse look upward and outward, and put herself by imagination in the place of the sufferer.



A Soldier of France

By Eleanor Lewis

In the year 1800 a young French General, already famous, but destined to be yet more so, did a very daring thing—he led an army across the Alps in winter. The difficulties he had to encounter were great, the dangers many, but he surmounted all, and entered Italy in triumph.

Now, among the brave soldiers who followed Napoleon in this enterprise there was one irregular volunteer whom I doubt if he ever saw—not *un vieux moustache*, but *Moustache le Jeune*—a shaggy dog who had cast in his lot with that of the army, and was ready to “do and dare” on any field.

In all Italy there was no Capua for him. Scarcely had he reached Alessandria when he warned his fellow-soldiers of a night attack, and by waking enabled them to repulse the foe.

“There’s a dog and a half for you!” said his admiring friends. Their admiration, their gratitude indeed went further than mere words. In return for this timely warning, the name of Moustache was inscribed on the roll-book of his company, and from this day to the last of his life he was entitled to draw rations—a grenadier’s portion daily. He might easily now have taken his ease—grown “fat and scant of breath”; but no, as we have said, there was no Capua in Italy for him. He ate his food with thankfulness, but also with discretion, and kept himself in warlike trim. Perhaps, in one sense, we should say *was* kept, since the regimental barber had orders to *comb* Moustache at least once a week. I seem to see my little hero gravely submitting to this operation, then going forth refreshed and splendid to the fray! Frays were sufficiently frequent to make the barber’s post no sinecure. In one of them, not long after the attack at Alessandria, Moustache was wounded in the shoulder by a bayonet-thrust. The sur-

geon dressed his wound, and cared for him attentively; still he was limping a little when the day of Marengo dawned. But, says his historian, the noise of the cannon cured him. An Austrian dog presented himself. “En avant!” barked Moustache; charged tooth and nail, and was on the very brink of victory when fate in the shape of a bullet intervened to spare his brave foe the pang of defeat. In this battle Moustache lost an ear—which was one less to comb, to be sure, but whose loss did not lessen the admiration of his friends.

We hear of him next, after an interval of some years, at Austerlitz. And, just here, let those who praise the Emperor, watching with unshaken composure the scene, perceiving at a glance each move in the enemy’s game, and, with genius so great as to seem inspiration, dictating each counter-move—let those who praise, and justly praise, the Emperor pause a moment to praise also Moustache. The standard-bearer of his company, hard pressed this day, was left alone ere long amidst the dead and the dying—alone, save for the dog. Soon he, too, fell, and Moustache was now the sole defender of the flag. It is easy to say, “What’s in a name?” but when that name is “the flag of one’s country,” it is a name we are ready to die for. Think how the crimson bars and the stars in their field of azure can stir our hearts to-day, then judge if the tricolor was less dear to French hearts that day! And Moustache was French from the tip of his one ear to the last hair of his shaggy tail, a French soldier, too, whose duty and pleasure were one. He had not barked defiance at Marengo to whimper for peace at Austerlitz.

For one breathless, anxious moment he stood beside his dead friend, uncertain whether to regain the ranks or stand at bay; one moment only, for the next, as he saw a party of Austrians approaching, he knew that to save the flag he must fly. *A flag* I have called the tatters, which by this time represented the tricolor, and so, despite appearances, it was. Once a flag, always a flag, while the last torn shred remains—as Moustache understood full well. He took a good grip, therefore, of the precious tatters still adhering to a fragment of the staff—a grip that was meant to hold—and the next moment, out from under the very noses of the foe, he shot away with the prize they had deemed their own. On, on through shot and cannon roar and smoke, he sped, until, at last, he reached the French lines, and dropped at his comrades’ feet the sacred, tattered, blood-stained rag for which he had risked his life. Then, and probably not till then—since in moments of excitement we forget to notice bodily pain—did he feel, and lift for his friends’ inspection, a broken paw. The regimental surgeon set it at once; but a remedy doubtless more to his mind was the medal which Maréchal Lannes, with his own hands, they say, fastened around the hero’s neck. They say, too—and really it does not seem unlikely—that as Moustache limped proudly down the line, his fellow-soldiers presented arms, as though he had received promotion in rank, or the Cross of the Legion of Honor! So he had, in his way.

Bent and scarred like any war-worn veteran, with a stiff foreleg and a missing ear, he might now have retired from active service without loss of credit. Many dogs would have done so—many do. But I fancy Moustache, could he have spoken, would have anticipated a great poet. He would have said, or, at least, thought—

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish’d, not to shine in use—
As though to breathe were life!

So when the dragoons went to Spain he went with them, and formed his own opinion of Spanish dogs and cookery and men. After a while he exchanged into the artillery, and served with distinction at the siege of Badajoz. And finally, March 11, 1811, pierced through the heart by a bullet, Moustache died at his post, as a soldier would wish to die, and was buried with the mourning of an army. His short life had been full of praiseworthy action; his heart had felt and followed its own ideal of duty, and now he lay dead—on the broad field of Honor.

What better could dog or man desire?