

should be beaten with a small whip and hung in the air till all fear of moth-eggs is over. The fumes of tobacco or sulphur will kill the moth even when it has made some way into the material. Almost any strongly-smelling substance will keep moths away. Pepper, camphor, carbolic acid, arsenic, or alum will poison the larvæ. Care is necessary that nothing be put away damp, as damp breeds moths readily, and there are few things more destructive. Clothes well cared for last just twice as long, and look well to the end. Now, however, is the time to begin to think of new ones, for the spring sunshine shows up all defects.

The illustration at the opening of this chapter gives two promenade costumes suitable for early spring wear. The lady who is making purchases has donned a new costume of the novel casimir in terra-cotta red; but foulé cloth, or "Drap de Coblenz," may be substituted for casimir, if a thicker material be required. The jacket bodice forms slight paniers on the hips. The fringe that edges the draperies on the skirt is chenille of two shades of terra-cotta red, and the bows corresponding in colour may be either satin or velvet. The Mother Hubbard bonnet is brown satin, with a gay bird at the side; the wide strings are tied with loops only, no ends being visible.

The lady who is posting a letter wears a demi-saison mantle in brown broché satin, trimmed with feather bordering in a lighter shade of the same colour; the cord and tassels are light brown chenille. The bonnet is broché satin; the strings and feathers should match the dress beneath the mantle. This is a carriage or visiting toilette, as the train is demi-long.

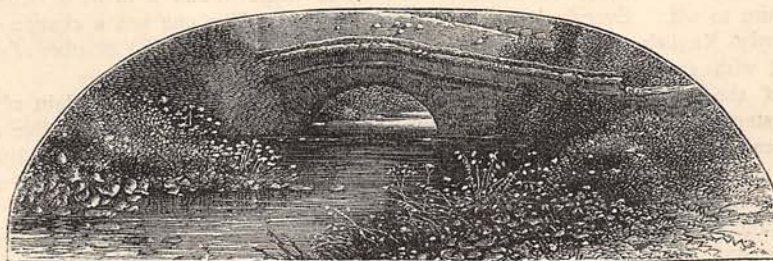
In the second group there are two sisters, likewise in out-door apparel. The elder one wears a costume

of the new dark blue Cotelette, trimmed with plaid surah, the colours of the checked pattern being red and pale blue. This surah is used for collarette, bordering to the jacket, and for flounce on the underskirt. The balayeuse is red foulard; the hat is dark blue velvet, with pale blue shaded feathers, and a small red wing in front. The younger sister's costume is in natural-coloured beige cloth, with cardinal plush crossway bands; the silk stockings match the plush, and cardinal red appears again in the Granny bonnet and sash. The seated figure below the sisters is in a dark green satin merveilleux Princesse robe with gold trimmings. The hat-shaped bonnet, also velvet, has a gold-bordered brim and a shaded feather, the latter the colour of the Gloire de Dijon rose.

Lastly, there are three figures in outline drawing, illustrating in-door toilettes. The young lady with a vase of flowers in her hand (Fig. 2) wears a dress of Bagnouse with woven chessboard bordering. The plastron is satin merveilleux gathered at regular intervals, and plaited satin is also introduced alternately with Bagnouse for the skirt.

The figure contemplating a picture through her eye-glass (Fig. 1) wears a dress of broché and plain material, the broché fichu being edged with deep chenille fringe. The bodice is pointed back and front, and in the short skirt the two fabrics are skilfully combined.

The figure feeding her bird (Fig. 3) wears a stately demi-long dress of plain satin merveilleux and broché satin, the latter being used for revers, pockets, cuffs, and train. The fringe round the train is chenille. These youthful wearers adopt the fashion of short curly hair, eminently becoming to fresh young faces. It will be seen that the new materials described in the early portion of this chat are all utilised in making the dresses here illustrated.



ON WARMTH AND SUNSHINE AND LIGHT.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

MY friend Griggs is somewhere on the other side of sixty. He does not mind that a bit. He would not even be angry if you called him an old fogey; but there is so very little fog about the man that if you did make any such remark, you would be bound to feel ashamed of yourself almost as soon as you had spoken. Griggs is a beautiful and well-preserved specimen of the class of men who while enjoying the good things of this world

as they should be enjoyed, nevertheless lead regular lives, and do not take nor require medicine of any kind more than about once in sixteen years, and who, being healthy, have not the slightest wish to live for ever in the world. Indeed, I believe that getting old to such men as Griggs is rather a pleasant sensation than otherwise; life's busy, bustling day is near its close, the sun is setting pleasantly enough with promise of a bright to-morrow, and they—why, they are nearing their rest. I do not see many signs of

age about friend Griggs, however: he scores at cricket where he used to bowl, and he is not so supple on the ice as he once was; he calls fellows of forty "you youngsters," and prefixes any amount of stories with "When I was a young man;" but Griggs is as hard as steel for all that, and so may my reader be when he reaches sixty. It seems, if we are to believe Griggs, that everything is changed since he was a boy; and "everything" includes the weather. There are no real cold winters now, he will tell you, but surely my frost-numbed fingers attest to the contrary, for hardly can they clutch the quill, and if I hold them to the fire I shall have digital paralysis, with a lively hope of subsequent chilblains. No old-fashioned winters—and yet the window-panes frozen into lacework, and half an inch of ice on the morning tub! No real winter—and the snow—but there! I'll desist, for this is an article on warmth and light, and not on cold; but here is something which I must mention, something from which the youngest of us may learn a lesson. In October last, winter came down upon us like a thunder-clap; only the week before its arrival we were wondering at the brightness and clemency of the weather, or complaining of the noon-day heat; then we awoke one morning, and as soon as we peeped from behind the blinds, we drew back, rubbed our eyes, and then looked again. Yes, there was no mistake about it, the ground was white with snow, and the flakes fell thick and fast. A change had come o'er the spirit of the scene, and summer was dead: a change, and so *sudden* a change, too. The latest flowers in the garden, that thought they were going to bloom for ever, bent their heads and died; birds that only a day previously had been singing in the gladsome sunshine suddenly became mute; the swallows fled, and the lapwings too; and here I tell you of a stranger thing that happened in one of the best-wooded counties in England—Berkshire to wit. Everybody knows and admires the sturdy English oak; its very name seems associated with strength and longevity, and yet hundreds of those "green-robed senators of mighty woods" stand at the present moment mutilated, dying, or dead, silent witnesses to the power for evil that lies in a sudden change from warmth to cold. The leaves had not fallen when the snow came on, the acorns clung in thousands to every tree, and thus, laden with leaves and fruit, brittle with frost, and borne down by the weight of the snow, the top branches snapped, fell on those beneath, which in their turn broke and fell, till the tree became a wreck. The moral is this: sudden changes of temperature, whether from warmth to cold or *vice versa*, are inimical to life, even to the life of the sturdy oak.

Now, to all warm-blooded animals the total absence of heat and light means the cessation of the power to exist, and so long as we can maintain our bodies at an equable temperature, so long do we enjoy perfect health, and not for a minute longer. That is my text to-day, and I will now try to enlarge upon it in a way that may prove of use to those who believe in the proverb, "Forewarned—forearmed."

There is no animal in the world, that I know of, born

into the world in a state of greater helplessness than the human infant, and none more dependent upon artificial means to keep up the animal heat. It is not actually born blind, like a dog or cat; at all events, a child's eyes are open from birth, although I doubt much that they are of any intrinsic use to him, for the first month at least; but the human baby would very, *very* soon succumb to the cold if not protected. This is proved by the fact that a very much larger proportion of children die during the winter than during the summer months, although as regards the mortality of the young and the middle-aged there is very little difference between those seasons. The older a child gets, the better it becomes able to resist cold, but—and I would that mothers would bear this well in mind—not until a boy or girl is well into his or her teens should fostering warmth be looked upon otherwise than as a friend, or cold otherwise than as a deadly foe. Children in the cradle are seldom or never neglected by parents among the middle or upper classes, but it is when a child begins to run about, and is able to go out of doors, that mistakes are made about the clothing, which often lead to speedily fatal illnesses, or sow the seeds of future ailments, which render life a misery and a burden, that can be only laid down at the portals of the tomb. Instead of studying warmth and comfort in the clothing of their children, thousands—nay, millions of mothers study only fashion. I speak advisedly, for I have proof of what I aver every day of my life.

It is not my province to tell my lady readers how to cut the patterns for their children's dresses, or even to choose the material from which to make them; but as a medical man it is my duty to remind them that the child who is clothed sufficiently warmly, and clothed cleanly and neatly, is far better dressed than one whose dress shows it to be a victim to a votress of fashion. The one has a chance of turning out a healthy man and a useful member of society, the other has not.

Old people are apt to complain of their blood running cold in their veins; they, like children, have a difficulty in maintaining the animal heat, and presently I shall have a word of comfort to whisper to them, which they may do well to listen to.

Meanwhile regarding the young—those who are between the ages of ten and twenty—I have to say that, with no desire to advise them to be over-clothed, and thus made hot-house plants of, too much attention cannot be paid to keeping them warmly clad. Cold is *so* fatal to the young, warmth is life itself; cold retards the building-up of the tissues of bone and muscle, warmth encourages it; cold interferes with the due performance of the functions of the skin, throws extra work on the liver and kidneys, and blunts the nervous energy of the brain itself; warmth has altogether a contrary effect.

Some parents labour under the erroneous impression that they are making their children hardy by allowing them to expose themselves to the deleterious effects of the absence of warmth. To maintain the animal heat in the young it is not necessary that

the clothing should be heaped upon them, nor that they be carefully made prisoners of in-doors, whenever the day is chill or winds blow high. The clothing should be light rather than heavy—light and protective; and material should be studied, not the amount.

Not only young people but middle-aged as well, to say nothing of those who are old and full of years, should wear some kind of flannel underclothing all the year round; though if I must make an exception of the former, let me advise them that flannel be worn in winter and silk in summer; and this I mean to refer also to a change, in hot weather, from stockings or socks of wool to those made of the softer and thinner, but none the less comfortable material, silk. Those who suffer from cold feet should wear two pairs of *light* soft socks. Old people should always have their feet thus clothed, for their hearts are not so strong as they were in bygone days, and cannot pump the warm blood to the extremities with the force they were wont to. Few things are more destructive to, or rather I should say, few things tend more to waste the animal heat than cold feet and cold hands. The old among us should protect both, not forgetting that the spring and winter months are particularly fatal to those advanced in life.

The aged ought to wear a flannel rather than a cotton night-dress; it should be of sufficient length, too, to cover the limbs, and bed-socks should also be worn; these should be of the lightest, softest wool that can be procured. They should have a sufficient quantity of bed-clothes and no more, each blanket being light and soft; but heavy counterpanes should never be slept under, for the weight of them makes sleep fatiguing, instead of refreshing as it ought to be.

The best temperature at which to keep a room for health's sake is about 69° or 70° above the mantel-piece. Less than this is far more agreeable to many, and a greater degree of heat is unwholesome, to say nothing of the danger of catching a chill on going out from a room so heated. Elderly people should never put on a cold and unaired great-coat, before going out of doors in winter; it takes but a few moments to warm, so there is no need to run any risk. It does no harm either to warm both fingers and toes before going out; then if a brisk walk be taken there is little fear of any sudden or dangerous lowering of the animal heat. Walking can be done with greater ease and comfort if the clothes be light; and it is a very easy thing to have them made of materials that are both light and warm. The chest in people advanced in years needs all the protection you can give it; and here I tell you something worth remembering: the back requires protection from the cold as much, if not more than the breast, and yet protectors are nearly always worn on the chest only—a mistake that is fatal to thousands. The custom of taking cordials, generally of a vinous nature, to keep up the animal heat, is a very bad one. Never take a cordial of any kind if you can really do without it. If one be very weakly in constitution, he should consult a medical man on the subject, and do exactly as he advises.

There is no light like the light of day; the lower animals seem to know this, and make it their maxim to go early to bed, and be astir with the dawn. We human beings, however, must have artificial light of some kind; though we should never forget that candles, lamps, and gas, all consume our precious oxygen, and produce poisonous carbonic acid gas; and the larger the burner, the greater the amount of oxygen consumed, and the more the need for perfect ventilation. Even 4 per cent. of carbonic acid gas in a bed-room is injurious to health and dangerous to life, therefore I warn my readers against the too common habit of burning lights all night. For many reasons, too numerous here to specify, sleeping in the dark is more refreshing than in a glare of light, whether natural or artificial.

Sunshine is necessary for the health of all animal and vegetable life. No, I will not even except the mushroom, for I am convinced that those delicious and succulent agarics that are gathered in the open fields are better-flavoured, and more nutritious, than the edible fungi that are forced by artificial heat in the darkness of a cellar.

The benefits derived from exposure to the rays of the sun were well known to the ancient Romans, who used to have terraces on the southern sides of their domiciles, called *solaria*, on which to walk or seat themselves, to enjoy the blessings of fresh air and sunshine combined. Physicians of the present day are likewise fully alive to the regenerating effects of sunshine in many cases of illness, notably perhaps in consumption. In the incipient stage of this terribly fatal disease, a long sea-voyage southwards—for example, to our distant Australian colonies, is an almost certain remedy. Even in our own fickle and changeable climate, basking in the sunshine is of immense benefit to the nervous and weakly invalid, as well as to the convalescent from some long, lingering illness. Those who have to work down underground are very seldom indeed long-lived, and they are remarkably subject to debility. That is one fact well worth bearing in mind; and here is another: barracks in which soldiers live, if built so that but little sunshine can enter, are never healthy. It has been noticed also that, in times of epidemic, houses that are freely exposed to the rays of the noontide sun stand a far greater chance of exemption from the prevalent disease than do those that are shaded. I myself recollect an instance of the cholera decimating the dwellers on the shady side of the street of a village, and sparing those who lived on that exposed to the health-giving beams of the noontide sun.

Without then actually running any risk of sun-stroke, every one should endeavour to get as much sunshine as possible. Some young ladies are afraid of spoiling their complexions, but I do not think the sun does this; sun-browning is not a deadly complaint, and it is easily removed, and freckles are a sign of health. Court the sun then, winter and summer, in your rooms and out of doors, for sunshine to the young is vigour, while to the old it is life itself.