

"She is so young. Madame Jeanne, you are barbarous! Look at her little thin legs, her anxious little face, she has yet a mother. Oh, madame, not that little thing!"

"Mademoiselle must go to the dairy," said Jeanne decidedly. "I shall never get through my work if *ces dames* keep me like this."

"Come with me, my child," said Madame Féraudy, but Génie was gone! Seeing in Jeanne's eye that she meant to pounce and catch a victim from the poultry group, she turned and fled, putting her fingers in her ears.

"Oh no, no! oh, no!" she cried as she burst into the stable where Maturin was milking the cows.

"No, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed. "No, no, not if you do not wish it."

"Alas," sighed Génie, "how is one to bear this sort of thing? At this moment he is probably dying."

"*Dame*, but that is a bad business. But take comfort, mademoiselle; perhaps he has led a good life."

"Poor thing, poor thing!"

"Génie!" cried Madame Féraudy's deep voice, "come and help me to measure the milk. Maturin, how is Bichette?"

"Beautiful, *ma patronne*. It would give mademoiselle pleasure to see her. Come, come, mademoiselle, look here."

He opened a door and showed Génie one of the most fascinating babies in nature, a baby donkey leaning its fuzzy head against the glossy brown coat of its high-bred mother, Bichette.

"To-morrow she shall take her child into the field, *ma patronne*," said Maturin proudly. "And I shall brush her coat and black her *sabots*."

Génie was in raptures; she petted the baby donkey almost more than Bichette appreciated.

"It is a beautiful world! What a wonderful place it is!" she exclaimed as they returned homewards through the *basse-cour*. "Dear madame, this life in the country is exquisite."

Even as she spoke Jeanne passed rapidly into the kitchen, carrying something under her apron. A horrible

suspicion rushed into Génie's mind. She cast a frantic, searching eye into the whole mass of poultry. There was the speckled pullet, but the little crested cock was gone!

She looked at Madame Féraudy with mute reproach. That lady laughed a little and made matters worse by saying, "After all, my child, Madame Canière is the one to pity. There must be an intolerable monotony in being able to digest nothing but boiled chicken with white sauce."

In the distance Maturin went about his farm work singing to himself. He had a rather sweet, high tenor voice, and he sang to a strange air altogether in a minor key. The words pronounced clearly with a flat Breton accent came distinctly to their ears—

"C'est beau, Manon! c'est beau, la vie!

On danse, on pleure, on rit, on dort,
On joue le jour, on rêve la nuit,
Et la fin de tout—c'est la mort."

(To be continued.)



VENTILATION AND AIRING.



PEOPLE nowadays talk so much about catching cold and are so terribly afraid of draughts that they never give it a thought that air is the first necessity of life, and that an abundance of circulating fresh air in a room is the

first thing to be considered.

If you close the chimney plate, surround the fissures of the door with tubing and place sawdust sausages over the cracks of the windows, how are you to get fresh air? Some people go further than this, and in the winter paste up the windows and cover the floor with a thick carpet so as to preclude any draught; consequently they have no ventilation whatever. They wake up heavy and disinclined to work, without appetite for breakfast or energy for anything. This they will attribute to cold or whatever they can think of, except the real cause. All night long they have been breathing, over and over again, the same vitiated air, poisoning themselves with their own exhalations.

Every room in the house should be well ventilated, but especially the bedrooms.

Let me describe to you what a "hygienic" bedroom should be like. It should be as large as possible, well lighted by at least two windows, of which one preferably faces east or south; if possible, on the top floor; it must contain at the very least 1000 cubic feet for each sleeper. A sleeping adult breathes 3000 cubic feet of air every hour. A room 10 x 10 x 10 = 1000 feet is sufficient for one person, because the air of a room is changed about three times every hour, that is, if the room is not hermetically sealed.

The furniture of the bedroom should be as

simple as possible, and the curtains should be light. Should you have a carpet in your bed-room? I do not think the objection to a carpet is really valid; I always have one myself.

The windows of the bedroom should be opened at full every day. During the summer the window should be left partly opened all through the night. I dare say that you will make some objection to this and talk about "night air." The night air which is injurious is that contained in the bedroom, not that which is outside. The air of a room must be changed about three times an hour, so we might say as Abernethy said to the lady, "Well, ma'am, if you object to night air, what else are you going to breathe?"

In winter it is impracticable to have the windows open all night, so we must think of some other means of ventilation. A fire will ventilate a room gently and thoroughly. I have been in the habit of ordering patients to have fires in their rooms even in summer-time if the wind or the rain makes it inadvisable to open the window.

Do most bedrooms conform to the above description? If they do I have been unfortunate in those that I have seen. The physician calls to see a patient and is led upstairs to the bedroom. A small room with one very small window kept hermetically closed, the light of which is greatly obscured by thick curtains. The room is crowded with useless furniture and "gimcracks." The bed on which the patient is lying is thickly covered with blankets and quilts, and the patient labouring under great distress from want of air.

I remember going to such a room with a surgeon who has since gone to his rest. He was going to operate, and I was to give the ether. The first remark he made on going into the room was, "It seems to me that the patient will not need an anæsthetic after

having been half suffocated in this atmosphere. But I am not going to operate in a state of semi-asphyxia myself." He approached the window to open it, but found that it had been puttied down to exclude draughts, and he straightway put his stick through both panes!

Now for the bed itself. A feather bed is objectionable and should never be used by a sick person. Let the clothes be light but warm. One good blanket is worth half a ton of rubbishy quilts. The bed requires to be aired; let it be stripped every morning and not remade till the evening.

In winter and wet weather it is necessary to warm and dry the bed. Nothing will do this better than the old-fashioned warming-pan. There is usually a right and a wrong method of performing an action, of which the latter is far more often seen than the former. So it is with the warming-pan, and the wrong way to use it is to fill the pan too full with ashes that are too hot, to forget to wipe the pan and not to pay sufficient attention to what you are doing, with the result that the sheets are soiled and burned, the ashes overturned into the bed and the warming-pan discarded in favour of a wretched thing, almost invariably misused—the hot-water bottle.

Hot water-bottles are very well and good if they are properly used, which they very rarely are. The bottle is filled with boiling water, improperly corked and wiped and put into the bed. You get into bed and pass the first few hours of the night trying to see how brave you can be by keeping your feet on the bottle; in this way you may burn your toes and predispose to chilblains, and perhaps the bed gets wetted (for stoppers seldom fit and bottles are often cracked). The right way to use a bottle is to fill it with warm water, wipe it well and cover it with a flannel jacket.

T. N. D.