

HEALTH.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. ("MEDICUS").



OVER-EXCITEMENT.

Would you be surprised to learn that this is very deleterious to the health of young ladies, and I don't care what the excitement may be, it has always to be paid for. Some girls are by nature finely-strung and emotional, and these have all the more need to take care of themselves. Even sentiment or what is called romance leads to emotionalism, and this in its turn to nervousness or even hysteria, and often to dire results.

I speak truly, I believe, when I say that your over-romantic, over-excitable and emotional girl is never likely to be married. Nor is the girl who is wanting in self-respect in so far as to be carried away by her feelings at any time. Therefore, I say, let girls have more solid exercise in the form of gymnastics or even athletics, and less reading of trashy suggestive novels, and less of the "moonlight on the sea" business. It may be that marriage is the goal that most young women try to reach, but they need not always be thinking about it, and the girl who looks upon every young man she happens to be introduced to as a possible suitor, generally conducts herself in such a way as to frighten that young man off, be he ever so eligible.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

There can be no continued happiness in married life if the marriage is not for love, and that, too, love on both sides. And if there be not compatibility of temper and tastes, love will evaporate. Of course there is true love and imaginary. I don't think that anyone tastes of the former more than once in a lifetime. Again love at first sight is a mere myth. True love can no more be built up in a day than a battleship can be built in a month, and don't you forget that, girls, please.

I heard an expression the other day which I did not quite understand, though I guessed its meaning. Two old ladies were yarning about a young lady, and said the one to the other, "She just threw herself at his head." Well, I am a fisherman, and that is not the way I should attempt to

catch a *salmo ferox*. And really there is a good deal of the *salmo ferox* about every marriageable young fellow who is worth looking at. He is possessed of splendid strength, and has a fair share of the beauty of manliness, but he has a shy kind of wildness about him also, not unmixed with suspicion, and, like the *salmo ferox*, he is easily frightened away if the bait goes in with a splash right in front of his nose. "No, thank you," he thinks to himself, and swims off to look for something less easily obtained.

GIRLS AND THE CYCLE.

I have been an ardent cyclist all my life, and am but little likely to run the wheel down.

A lady-writer says, "The bicycle is the greatest emancipator for women extant—women who long to be free from nervousness, headache and all the train of other ills. The wheel stimulates the circulation and regulates the action of the digestive canal, thus driving away headaches, and as a cure for nervousness it stands unrivalled. In every motion which the rider makes, the muscles are brought into play and gently exercised. With head and shoulders erect, those of the chest and arms are given a chance, while the pedal motion gives ample play to those of the legs."

WHAT ABOUT EMANCIPATION?

That is the only word I take objection to in the above quotation. It sounds to a man's understanding as if women had hitherto been kept in disagreeable subjection to the stronger and sterner sex. I don't think any woman, unless an old maid, hankers after emancipation of that sort, which seems to mean that, mounted on her bike, a girl can ride away anywhere and do anything all alone, without either male friend or chaperon, that she can guide and protect herself and be as free and easy as the wind. Well, I can assert, without fear of contradiction, that no man can really and truly care for a girl of this independent character, nor of one who pretends she can do everything manly quite as well as a man, only more so. Who wants a woman with a biceps, anyhow? Such a one is usually deficient in the gentler arts of her sex. Your women who scull much, or golf or hockey a deal are usually coarse in skin and in features, and far indeed from beautiful. No, girls, don't let us have too much of that emancipation business. Better to be loved and admired by a true and good man than be "emancipated."

BUT CYCLING MAY BE ABUSED.

There are times when no girl should cycle much. At any other time an hour's spin, so long as she does not race, is most delightful, provided the roads are good and the machine in order. In this case you have no occasion even to envy the swallows. But if instead of enjoying the scenery and the fresh air, you only try how far and how fast you can go, ten to one the run will do you little good and may do incalculable harm. Listen: every human being on earth has some organ or portion of the body that is weaker than the rest. It may be the lungs in some, the liver in others, or—so on and so forth, but it is on this weak organ that the strain of fatigue works its worst.

See that you have the best saddle that can be procured, and that you do not have to stoop. Ride in your very easiest corset, compatible with a figure free from actual dowdiness—I assure you I don't want you to look ungraceful, but health is the first consideration, isn't it? You will find riding from home less fatiguing than coming back, but all the same you have to return, so take care not to tire yourself out. The weakly should never ride on an empty stomach, nor after a full meal.

SLOW DIGESTION.

This is a complaint that very few girls are subject to. But it does occur sometimes, and it should not be put

down to any fault of the stomach alone. Rather is it an ailment of debility that cannot be cured by medicine alone. The whole system calls aloud for regeneration, and if you value your future happiness you will see your doctor, just to make sure that you have not the seeds of any internal complaint within you. It is cheering to know that most inherited ailments can nowadays be nipped in the bud. But delays are dangerous. A few of the symptoms of slow digestion are as follows. The girl feels that she is not in such good health and spirits as she ought to be. On getting up in the morning or rather while lying in bed making up her mind to get up, and wondering whether her watch isn't a quarter of an hour fast, she does not feel half rested. There is neither merriness nor music in her, so to speak, as there ought to be at this time of the day. A really healthy girl is like a bird which, the moment it awakes, wants to burst into song. Moreover, the bird has a splendid appetite, this girl has none, and probably sips her tea languidly before she ventures on anything solid. She has no appetite for dinner either, and keeps longing for something she knows not what.

Well, one of this sort must rouse herself and be determined to get well. As long as this determination is to the fore we may depend upon it all will come right by-and-by. But if languor and indifference to her state predominate, it will not go well with her. A change from town life to the seaside or, even better, to a quiet residence among mountains where she can inhale the ozone and the perfume of the heather, does much good in such cases. The whole system is weak and more especially the muscular coats of the stomach; therefore although some simple bitter tonic may be used and a mild aperient now and then of a morning, the greatest attention must be paid to the skin and daily ablution of the whole body rigidly carried out. Exercise should not be taken to excess. Fatigue of any kind must be guarded against.

LUMBAGO, ETC.

Lumbago—the real unadulterated complaint—is a species of muscular rheumatism. What is called crick in the neck is another kind of rheumatism, or rather it is the same ailment in a different place. There is an allied trouble named by doctors “pleurodynia,” which frightens delicate and nervous patients very much, because they cannot but think they are being attacked by that terrible illness—pleurisy. But in pleurodynia there is no preliminary shivering, no rigour and no fever. It is simply a painful stitch in the side which may have been brought on by exposure to high wind, to damp and cold. Sometimes the

girl is almost afraid to breathe, or cough, or move, owing to the great pain.

Pleurodynia is most frequently seen in delicate girls who are not possessed of a deal of stamina. It is worse when accompanied by cramp. The treatment almost suggests itself. I think you may safely rub gently with belladonna liniments and foment well with hot water. By the way, it is not everyone who knows how to foment, so let me tell you about it. The nurse then, who is most likely the mother, must have a large basin of hot water and two thick pieces of flannel. The water should be as hot as the hands can bear it, and more ought to be poured in from time to time to keep up the temperature. Well, quickly wring out one piece of flannel and apply it till it begins to cool slightly, then drop it into the water again and apply the other in the same way, and keep this up for a considerable time. Then a warm poultice or belladonna plaster will do good. But perfect rest on sofa or in bed must be taken, and afterwards every effort should be made to get the girl into a stronger state of health. If she is rather thin, virol should be taken after every meal. Cod liver oil is good but not so well borne by delicate stomachs. This virol is used now in about two hundred hospitals.

In all cases of lumbago and ailments of the same character the diet should be most nutritious and easily digested, but hurry in eating is to be avoided. Eight hours' sleep is needed, but the girl should go early to bed so as to rise to an early breakfast, for the following reason.

FOR THIS REASON.

The very strongest stomach is hardly able to cope successfully with the food supplied to it because it should have one hour of complete rest before every meal. Well, if the breakfast is not an early one, lunch or dinner comes on before it is digested. Meals in civilised life should be more spread over the day. If they were so, we should hear far fewer complaints about dyspepsia and liver complaint. But we are not civilised yet by any means, and much though we think of ourselves, those who live in the year 2001 will look back upon us as a race of utter barbarians. Indeed as she reads about our manners and customs, our dress, our fads, our fancies and foibles, a girl will oftentimes have to throw down her book and laugh in a mild and civilised kind of way. Well, neither you nor I, reader, will hear her, so it does not matter much.

But, civilised or not civilised, there is no reason on earth why we should not try to make the best of this world, and enjoy ourselves while we may. Only mind this: there is no enjoyment without health, for this means calmness of mind and strength of body.

A SCOTS THISTLE.

By LESLIE KEITH, Author of “Lisbeth,” “Cynthia's Brother,” etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUT for the kindness and the care of her new friends, Beth's lot would have been hard indeed, for her powers of endurance only held out until she got into shelter. Then came collapse.

The old lady under whose wing she had found refuge, and who introduced herself as Mrs. Hardwick, suggested that they should take rooms at the County Hotel as being close to the station. She it was who thought of everything—got Beth to bed before remembering her own needs, sent young Douglas for a doctor, and recommended that he should telegraph to her relatives.

He secured a doctor easily enough, and brought him to the hotel at once, but he knew of no relations except the step-mother and sisters in town, and somehow he could not find any assent in his mind to their presence

in a sick-room. A vision came before him of his charming hostess—elegant, languid, beautifully dressed, an appropriate figure in that gay drawing-room where he had made her acquaintance; but at the bedside of the feverish girl, living miserably over again the harrowing events of the night, he found no place for her.

“Couldn't you discover where she was going to in Scotland?” he asked. “Her father is abroad, and I doubt if any of her relations in town would come.”

“Hasn't she a mother?”

“A—step-mother.”

Mrs. Hardwick pursed her lips significantly.

“I fear it's little use my asking her, poor lamb, for she scarcely knows what she's talking about. Let me see”—she brightened—“her address is certain to be on her bag. You secured that out of the wreck, didn't you? We women never like our belongings to go unlabelled,