

THE PLAY HOUSE: HOME HYGIENE

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The Play House: Home Hygiene by Mary S. Haviland

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MARY S. HAVILAND

**THE PLAY HOUSE:
HOME HYGIENE**



THE HOMEWARD PATH

THE PLAY HOUSE

HOME HYGIENE

BY

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PREFACE

The immortal Mr. Dooley has declared that "you can lead a boy to college, but you can't make him think."

The object of these little books is to make children *think* about health, for while it may be "never too late to mend" bad health habits, it is never too early to form good ones.

Health cannot be forced from without; it must be fostered from within. It is not enough for us to provide our children with proper food, clothe them suitably and keep them clean. We must also give them an intelligent understanding of the hows and whys underlying the laws of hygiene, and must impart to them the contagion of our own enthusiasm for health.

Therefore I have sought, in these informal talks with "Ruth and Paul," not to convey the maximum number of facts, but to arouse the maximum degree of interest. Facts may be quickly forgotten, but interest, once fully aroused, never quite dies.

Many a boy or girl lives like a boarder in his own home, totally unfamiliar with its workings, totally uninterested in its healthful or unhealthful regime. This is especially true in this ready-made age. **THE PLAYHOUSE** is an attempt to show how delightful an adventure is the making of a simple, healthful, happy home, and how closely the making of such a home is bound up with the health and character of its makers and members.

PREFACE

To many friends thanks are due for advice, criticism and proofreading. I also desire especially to acknowledge my debt to Dr. W. F. Russell, Dean of the College of Education of the University of Iowa; Professor Jean Broadhurst and Miss Caroline E. Stackpole of Columbia University, and Dr. Martin Edwards of Boston, all of whom have given generously of their time and interest in behalf of these books. To Miss Emma Dolfinger, Normal School, Louisville, Kentucky, I am indebted for the valuable questions and suggestions at the end of each chapter.

MARY S. HAVILAND.

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THE PLAY-HOUSE

CHAPTER I

THE TREE-HOUSE

"ROCKABY BABY on the tree-top!" sang a gay voice overhead. Uncle George halted to peer upward through the cherry-tree boughs. A plump, red cherry struck his cheek, followed by a vision of Ruth's flushed face and tangled locks framed in intertwining, sun-flecked leaves.

"Oh, Uncle George," she cried, "do come up into my tree-house (*frontispiece*) and have some cherry-wine in my parlor."

"Nothing I'd like better," assented Uncle George, "but please direct me to the front door-steps, kind lady."

"Oh, do you really need steps?" queried Ruth, in what her brother Paul called her "grown-up" voice. "I didn't suppose you were so feeble. When Mother comes up, she uses the ladder that is in the garage, but Father and Paul and I just climb."

"Indeed! Well, here goes!" And after a moment of "just climbing," Uncle George was sitting on the platform in the cherry-tree beside Ruth and drinking a glass of the cherry-wine.

"I made it myself—out of my own head," explained Ruth. "I just squeezed the juice into some