

**OUR INSTITUTIONS:
A RECORD OF THEIR OBJECTS AND WORK.**

MRS. HILTON'S CRECHE, INFANT INFIRMARY,
AND ORPHANS' HOME,
12, 14 & 16, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.

WE are indebted to the *Echo* for the following account of this most useful, in fact necessary, Institution, founded by Mrs. Hilton. We perhaps need hardly add the fact that H.R.H. Princess Christian ("our Princess") is a patroness in order to point out the excellence of Mrs. Hilton's work.

Upon the Continent the crèche system, commenced by Mdme. Marbeau in France, has been a boon to working women for nigh upon forty years, as it enabled them to leave their little ones in safe charge at a cost of a few centimes, and go uninterruptedly about their own labours. Thanks to the philanthropic energies of one lady, it has now taken root firmly here in London, our large provincial towns, and even villages. That woman is Mrs. Marie Hilton, and to her



MRS. HILTON.

is due the gratitude of every English mother for its introduction. It is true that previous to Mrs. Hilton's exertions there were nurseries conducted by charitable sisterhoods or other bodies, but these were so few and far between, so *unsystematic* in fact, as hardly to be called pioneers even in a movement which has diminished infanticide and tended greatly to lay a foundation of

health in after-life among the children of the poor.

Mrs. Hilton herself is a member of the Society of Friends, and has devoted her strength as well as her time to deeds of mercy. Twenty-three years ago—a period of exceptional distress and misery in the East End—she and her husband took charge of some mission work in connection with the Friends' Old Meeting-house, near the Commercial Road, round which are clustered dark historical associations of persecution and religious bigotry. Breakfast and other means of relief occupied her time at first, but her sympathies soon went out to the poor women who belonged to a sewing-class and mothers' meeting which she held. She visited them in their



MRS. TARLETON (MATRON).

homes, and the first thing that struck her was that the children and babies were so terribly neglected. "Not," she carefully explains, as she quietly tells the story of her undertaking, "wilfully neglected, because the average East End mother loves her baby quite as tenderly as any other mother, but they simply are obliged to work hard, and have no time to look after them. They are often very young when they have their children, and are totally ignorant of what to do with or for them if they are ill." Mrs. Hilton knew one instance in which the unfortunate child had inflammation of the bowels, and the mother came in real sorrow after its death, sobbing to her, "I am sure, ma'am, I did my best for baby; only the day before he died I made him take fourpennyworth of eels, two eggs, and two glasses of port wine!" But Mrs. Hilton will not allow a word said against her poor friends of the far East, and she says enthusiastically, "They are a fine, brave set of women, and

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