

but would remark constantly with a most cheerful smile—"Immer schlecht Wetter nach Kreuth!"

At Wildbad Kreuth are sulphur spings, and the water is both drunk and used for baths, in certain cases. There are also pure water springs in abundance. About half a mile from Badkreuth in the third valley already mentioned is a place called Sieben Hütten, a group of huts, where a herd of goats is kept, and where whey is largely made and brought to the Kurhaus for use in certain treatments.

At the end of a fortnight our party joined forces, and then began for those of us who liked walking, a time of genuine pleasure, and, on the 24th of August, some of us would have enjoyed remaining longer, to penetrate still farther the pine forests and more distant mountains of that region.

Badkreuth takes up three sides of a square in buildings, and is so largely patronised that the prices are rather high, and rooms have to be engaged a good many months ahead, to ensure securing the most luxuriously furnished of this decidedly plain establishment. There is a large dining-room where those who wish it can take *table d'hôte* midday dinner, and a smaller restaurant for those who prefer *à la carte* eating. The food is very fairly good and plain, and the waiters and servants of the place attentive. In front of the dining-room is a large covered place that looks like a room with the front taken away. Here the patients can sit and read, and walk when it rains—it is therefore very much in requisition. It is also used for breakfasting and drinking afternoon coffee, which latter, by the way, is extremely good. In the centre is a band-stand where, at 3 p.m., about a dozen resident musicians always play for an hour, except in warm weather, when they are to be found under the shady trees behind the dining-room, playing to the patients and others, who sit at small tables and drink coffee, or whatever else they are allowed. At 7 a.m. the band plays in a stand in the grounds, and, in the same place, at 6 p.m. for an hour. There is a billiard-room off the dining-room, and, in another part of one of the buildings, are a music-room and reading-room, and circulating library—the books of the latter being under the care of the resident Catholic priest. In the dining-room concerts are occasionally held.

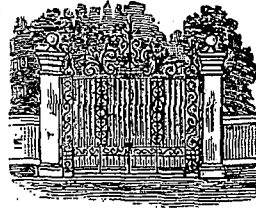
Badkreuth is the property of Theodore, Duke of Bavaria, who has a castle on Tegernsee, a beautiful lake lying between Gmund and Badkreuth. The season lasts from May until September, and after the guests leave, the Duke settles in his apartments at the König's Haus, and goes in for hunting in the neighbouring mountains. The Duke comes at intervals to Badkreuth while the patients' season is in full swing. This summer the ex-King and Queen of Naples were staying for some time in the König's Haus, and occasionally the Grand Duke of Tuscany and some of his family would ride and drive over from Tegernsee, where they were staying at the Duke of Bavaria's Castle. Amongst the distinguished visitors was also, at one time towards the end of our stay, the Duc d'Orleans. The King of Naples, whom we did not know for some time to be a royal member of society, was there apparently for his health, having some wasting disease, and at first sat with one of his gentlemen attendants at our table—he was opposite us at supper, taking his frugal meal for many a day before we heard his rank.

— Outside the Gates. —

WOMEN.

HOW TO CHECK INFANT MORTALITY IN FRANCE.

BY EDWARD CONNER.



THIRTY-FOUR per cent. of French infants die before attaining two years of age. That explains why the population of France is dying out. The terrible death-rate—one-third of the inhabitants of the country—may be next to wholly laid to the charge of the absence

of sanitary care in the selection of infant foods, and, above all, to artificial feeding. There are two kinds of infanticides in France; unnatural mothers who kill their off spring to conceal their shame, and who are sent before the Assize Court, and the far greater number, a positive army in fact, of heartless mothers, who view their little ones as burdens and obstacles. Except the very poor and the very rich, Parisian mothers do not rear their children. They give them out to be nursed, to creatures who really are only baby farmers—*faiseuses d'anges*, as the phrase is. It is tacitly understood that all the chances are against the little stranger surviving. The mother may run down to the country once in six or in twelve months, to see her infant; but, in the vast majority of cases, she will be spared that voyage, by the premature announcement that her baby is dead, enclosing medical certificate and the bill for outstanding balance. The speculators in these infant-boarders were originally humble nurses; they have the fixed idea in their head that the parents of the infants committed to their charge do not want the boarder to survive. Strange, if the child does pull through its struggle for life, and is delivered to the parents when between two or three years old, the latter will take to it and surround it with dotting affection. Some years ago, many of these chartered nurses only took a single infant; gradually they accepted two, three, &c., for the business of infant-slaying was found to pay; finally, as we see to-day, they open positive establishments to accommodate groups of infants. The weapon in use is the feeding bottle; it is the vehicle for bad food, and of worse sanitation. Every infant entrusted to such an establishment, conducted on commercial principles of making money in the shortest time, may be viewed as doomed. It "leaves all hope behind." This justifies the indignation of Senator Jules Simon, who exclaimed: "There are mothers who seek for their baby the house where it can die, as there are nurses who make assassination an industry." Now, the multitude of these disguised infanticides is very great, but still far and away below the numbers of infants, who die victims of the ignorance and inexperience of the mother and the nurse, who are above even the suspicion of criminality.

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