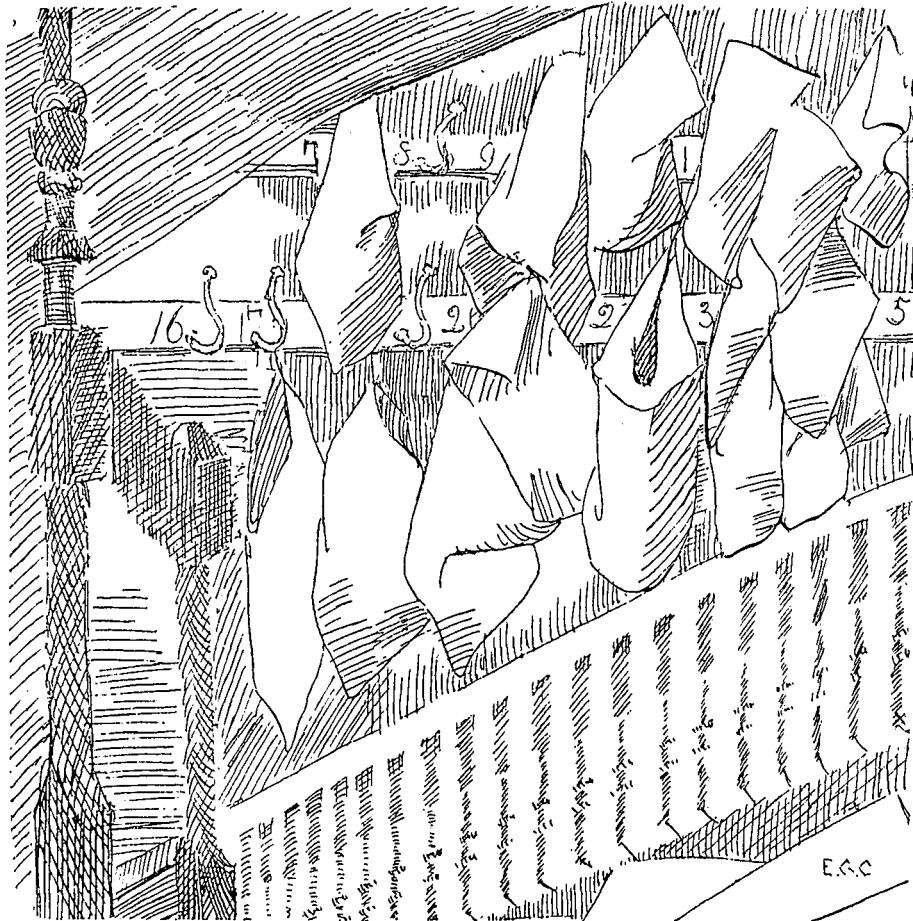


Hilton's daughters, who helped her at the outset, have married, and left her for new spheres of work, but still she comes from her house at Bow every day to give her own direct superintendence to the little ones' comfort and welfare. Every one is a separate little personality to her, and not "Number 97, B," and they are lovingly tended by an efficient staff of Nurses.

Only twopence a day is charged for feeding

house undergoes a thorough cleaning every year, and is charmingly bright and gay throughout, with pictures, toys, rocking-horses, swings, and all that makes child-life sweet and happy. It is a mother's aphorism that a healthy child need never cry, and certainly the sound of woe is quite absent at Nos. 12, 14, and 16, Stepney Causeway. To see the pretty mites of three or so seated at their low tables is one of the pleasantest



BACK STAIRS FROM ABOVE, WITH BAGS FOR THE CHILDREN'S OWN CLOTHING.

and tending the baby. As soon as it is brought into the house its clothes are taken from it, placed in a bag, which is hung up in a draught of purifying air, and after the child has had a thorough wash it is dressed in pretty clothing belonging to the Institution. It is owing to these and many similarly rigorous precautions that she has never had any out-break of epidemic disease among the small daily lodgers. The

Liliputian dinner parties imaginable. Reversing the maxim about "never being too old to learn," Mrs. Hilton's Nurses seem to think it is never too young to begin the lessons of pretty manners; and the babies are perfect models of behaviour.

But over and beyond the daily work of the Crèche, there is a hospital for the sick and ailing little ones, on whose behalf Mrs. Hilton's pity is often solicited. Here the cots are all named after

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)