

house. The rooms, now full of little cots, are beautifully bright and fresh, the fine air blowing in over the beautiful downs that roll away to the north.

The hospital, which has been open to baby patients for about two months, is conducted on principles which are quite new in this country. The principle upon which treatment is based is almost entirely dietetic, and for the alleviation and cure of diseases of nutrition. The ages of the little patients range from a few months to two years, and the founders of the hospital are deeply impressed with the fact that the physical degeneration of the race is largely due to the improper feeding of infants.

They summarise their objects under four heads:—

1. To place the management of infants on a basis of scientific hygiene.
2. To place the treatment of disorders and diseases of nutrition occurring in infants upon a system in harmony with modern investigations.
3. To investigate and demonstrate the means by which the present disease and mortality in infants may be prevented.
4. To actively combat the conditions which are responsible for the physical, mental, and nervous degeneration of the population.

The method of the new milk treatment consists in the modification of milk to the needs of individual cases—cases, that is, in which a substitute food is necessary. Nature, of course, provides the best nourishment for the human young in its mother's milk. Babies so fed show all over the world the lowest rate of infant mortality. Dr. Rotch, of Harvard, who is on the medical staff, says that Nature, however, does not offer certain definite percentages of fat, sugar, and proteids for all infants, but adapts the percentages of these elements to the digestion of the particular infant. "We should therefore be able, in preparing a substitute food," says Dr. Rotch, "to give the greatest variety of percentages of the different elements of the milk—fat, sugar, and proteids—and also many combinations of these elements, according to the judgment of the physician, both in health and in disease, and we should determine what combination is to be given, not by the standard of the average, but by a study of the needs of the individual. This means that we should have at our command far more precise methods for preparing the food than we have had in the past."

This idea led Dr. Rotch to work out in America a system of milk laboratories, where doctors can prescribe the different elements of food with the same precision as when they write a prescription

for drugs. The milk laboratory, he says, should hold the same position in relation to the physician as does the pharmacy. A laboratory of this kind has now been established in this country in connection with a farm at Sudbury. It is from this source that the St. Francis Hospital draws its supplies, and the nicest care is taken that the milk shall be pure and that the cows are kept in sheds of a kind unique in this country. In the laboratory at the farm the milk is split up into its elements and reconstituted in the form the doctor desires for each case. A milk prescription is a new thing in medical practice. Here is a blank form which will give some hint of the new treatment:—

	Per Cent.
Fat .....	.....
Milk sugar .....	.....
Whey-proteids .....	.....
Caseinogen .....	.....
Lime-water .....	.....
Heat at .....	°F.....
Number of feedings.....	
Amount at each feeding.....	

ORDERED FOR

Address .....

Date ..... 190

It is hoped in time that municipalities will see that hospitals of this kind are established in all large towns. St. Francis Hospital for Infants is a pioneer and educational establishment, and it is to be hoped the Committee, of which the Duchess of Teck is President, may receive the encouragement of financial support from the public.

### The Bart's League Meeting.

I stand upon the paths of other days,  
 The ancient buildings and the well-worn ways.  
 There is the shady seat within the square;  
 I once spent many a happy moment there.  
 The dripping fountain to my sight swift born,  
 How oft I watched it in the early morn,  
 And wafted on the breeze a sweet, soft coo.  
 I seem to see my patients' faces, too,  
 Some, gaining strength, in peaceful sleep are blest,  
 Some hastening onward to eternal rest.  
 But these remembrances control me long,  
 Like some old-fashioned, half-forgotten song,  
 Whose strange, weird notes produce a gladsome  
 strain,  
 And then with sadness touch our hearts again.  
 I cannot look upon the place to grieve.  
 To-day its very walls a welcome breathe,  
 And faces that I know and loved are brought  
 To greet me still with many a kindly thought.  
 We clasp hands, glowing with the joy of life,  
 In unison regain new strength for strife.  
 A silent prayer within the heart be given,  
 "God speed us" on the uphill road to Heaven.

E. B. RUMBLE.

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