

At a remark, that perhaps the directions on the slip if carried out would effect a cure in less time, the woman grows angry, and rubbing the boy's head vigorously, waves the slip with her other hand, "I don't want no school board a teachin' me," she says, "I don't 'old with these new fangled notions, a mother knows 'ow her hown should be taken care of, if the Education people would give the children good boots, and leave their 'eads alone, it would be more what they are paid for."

It seems quite useless to argue with the good woman, so with a remark that you will call again, you leave her to go on with the "hink and hash."

The next visit is to a girl with a dirty head, it is a particularly bad case of a lively head, and many sores. The mother came in answer to the knock, she is a good looking woman with a very dirty bodice on, and her hair in curl papers.

She is so grateful to you for calling her attention to Gladys's head, she cannot think where the child got things in her head, it must be from the children in school. She has not been able to comb the hair because of the sore places for a week, but she will soon get it clean, and it is real kind of people taking so much interest in the children." This mother smiles all the time, promises any and everything. It is such a disappointment to be told by the "old school nurse" that she is the very worst kind of parent to deal with; and will not make an effort to do anything, but drink beer and gossip with her neighbours, until visited by the officer for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The mother of a short-sighted boy is next visited, she is very pleased to see the nurses, invites them into the parlour, and asks if they will have anything—tea or wine. The reason of the call being explained, she launches out on the things we "inherit."

"Victor got these eyes from his grandfather, who lost his sight at Waterloo," then you hear what her parents suffered from, and what they died with; the failings of her husband's family, and all about her seven children, from their first hour to the present day. She thinks if we were meant to wear glasses we would have been born with them, but she finishes up with "Well there nurse, everyone to their work, I say, and if the doctor think my boy would be better with glasses, I'll take him to London and have the best hospital advice for him."

One has to be content with this compromise and get away before another subject is started.

At the next house there is an interview with the "British working-man," who hears you tell his wife that the doctor appointed by the

Educational Board, considers that she ought to have medical advice about her little son's throat.

"What he wants to know," he says, "is, what business the school people have with his boy, he won't have any butchery, you can tell the educational doctor that, he will inquire who is paying people to interfere with his affairs; it's nobody's business but his, if the boy is deaf. He is going to consult a solicitor and see a magistrate, and have this persecution stopped. After a time he acknowledges that doctors may have a mistaken notion that the Creator gave Hadenoids and tonsils for them to practice their skill on. But no doctor's knife will ever touch his boy's throat, if Hadenoids were not useful, then why were they given?"

Receiving no response to this outburst he thinks the nurse is "floored," and calms down.

"Well Miss I am not blamin' you," he remarks, "You is doin' your duty and earnin' your living. Good-day!"

As this is the second visit to the boy's home there remains nothing to be done but enter in the medical officer's book, "Parents refuse to have anything done for J."

There are other homes visited, in some the parents are grateful to doctor, nurse, or teacher for noticing their children's defects. In other cases the parents are fairly well off, although taking advantage of the local Board School, and these resent the nurse's visit because it identifies them with their poorer neighbours. The most difficult cases of all are where the mother is at work every day. The father is usually out looking for work (he seldom looks farther afield than the nearest public house), and the children live on the street when out of school. These cases are far beyond the help of a "school nurse." All she can do at the present time is to wish "more power" to the legislators who are endeavouring to make things better for the future children by caring for "prospective mothers."

THE CHILDREN'S SANATORIUM FOR THE TREATMENT OF PHTHISIS.

Arrangements have been made for the accommodation of twelve children in a temporary home adjoining the site of the Children's Sanatorium at Holt, Norfolk, from August 1st, pending the erection of the permanent building. Children must be suffering from the early stages of phthisis, and the age limit is, for girls, from two to sixteen years; boys, two to ten years. The terms are 25s. a week inclusive. Miss Rumball, late Sister Marion of the London Homœopathic Hospital, is the presiding genius, so we know all will be well done.

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