

when the child's own mother has quietly gone away leaving no address.

In many parts the work of Infant Life Protection Inspector is undertaken by the Relieving Officer; but the Kingston Union is divided into 14 districts for this work, and in each district the inspection is done by a trained nurse—generally speaking, it is the district nurse. The duties of the Inspector are, first and foremost, to see that nothing suspicious or in any way in the nature of baby farming is carried on, and to make it impossible for the little unwanted one to be wrongly fed or not fed, or neglected in any way which might cause death or injury.

In the case of a new foster-mother taking a child, that is, a woman who has not been on the register before, the house must be inspected to see if clean, number of rooms noted, and number of people occupying the house, to ensure no overcrowding; to see that the child has fresh air, and that its bed and bedding and clothing and person are kept clean; to ensure it being properly fed, and, if a baby, its bottles clean, and that no ill-treatment of any kind is practised.

It is the duty of the Inspector to visit these children once a month and to keep a record of each one.

Each woman is given a card with the rules and penalties on it; there are also certain forms which she must fill in, the one on receiving a child, which has already been mentioned, others in the event of her removing, leaving the town, death of the child, or the child being removed from her care. If a woman has been reported as unfit, for any reason, to have the care of a child, it is removed from her and she is never allowed to take another. The penalty for disobeying any of these rules is six months' imprisonment or the payment of a fine of £25.

There are, without a doubt, very many persons who still receive nurse children and do not register them, some from ignorance of this Act and others wilfully; and it is these last, more especially, that are the danger to the children, and whom we want to find.

There can be no doubt that the knowledge that an Inspector will call once a month to see the children and inspect the premises is a great protection, and it will be easily recognised that the work can be far more effectually carried out by a nurse than by a lay person.

Not only can the Nurse Inspector see that nothing illegal is practised, but she can teach the woman how to feed the children in the proper way and give advice in both cases of

sickness and insanitation, not only concerning the foster-children, but other inmates of the house, and so may she help to bring sunshine and health to the little ones to whom too often the Kingdom of Happy Childhood is closed, and the entrance to the Kingdom of Pain, Wretchedness and Misery too often found.

“IN SO MUCH.”

Some years ago I was engaged as Nurse-Midwife for the Lock Hospital, at Aldershot. On my arrival, the Matron brought into my room a clothes basket, containing a tiny, premature baby, about 2½ lb. in weight; and whose height would be about 16 in.—she was a week old, and the mother had died the day after she was born. The Matron informed me that the Doctor had said that it was not likely that the child would live, so that all I had to do was to keep her clean and warm, and feed her on peptonized milk and water every three hours. Like many other women, I dearly loved babies, and the thought of having this little one all to myself filled me with delight, and I forgot the dread I had had about coming to this lonely place, and the uncongenial work I was taking up. This tiny speck of humanity was too small for clothes, so I wrapped her in cotton wool, and tied her up in a little flannel bag. In the daytime she was placed near the fire, and at night I put this small bundle across my chest, where I knew she would be warm and safe. We soon found that the peptonized milk did not agree with her, so humanised milk was resorted to, but with no better result. Then, we tried Allenbury's Food, No. 1, which proved excellent, the result being that in seven months she gained seven pounds; this may not seem much, but, taking into consideration the frail, delicate, little body we had to deal with, the result was considered most satisfactory. She had a hot bath twice every day. I had a deal of trouble to train her in good habits—for the first two or three months, she used to wake up about 11 p.m., and cry and moan incessantly for two or three hours; after this, she got used to being put to bed *awake*, about 7 p.m., and would usually sleep on till about 4 or 5 a.m. I used to take her out in the sunshine, as much as possible. When she grew too big for her little flannel bag, a bundle of clothes was sent down from the workhouse, but she was absolutely lost in them, so I made a set suitable for her small person, and I tried also to make her look as dainty and pretty as I could, hoping, thereby, to find her a mother, but all my efforts failed in this direction; no one cared to adopt her, because she was a prostitute's child. When she was seven months old, another case came into hospital, which needed all my care, so little Catherine Draper had to be sent to the workhouse. It was a bit of a wrench to part with her, but the Doctor's order had to be obeyed.

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