

contracted a chill and was too ill to rise to do anything, and the infant—of some ten days old—was unwashed and wailing fretfully. So instead of spending about ten minutes in that house, about thirty were profitably spent bathing baby and making the mother more comfortable until a neighbour fetched a relative to attend to her.

I'm very often asked, "But don't the people resent your visits?" No! they don't. Invariably they're glad to see us and welcome us as friends. If for any cause I don't visit a birth-card house for some time, the greeting is always "Come away in, I thoct ye'd forgot to come."

Sometimes a grandmother, sitting by, in a house where I'm visiting the new baby, eyes me suspiciously and when I'm about ready to depart, will say, "There was nane o' this nonsense whin I was young an' haen ma weans an' I dinna see whit it's a' about," &c. If grandma believes in feeding babies with bread, milk, &c., then she is a dangerous person and must be attended to. She usually knows all about bringing up "weans," having had fourteen of her own, but enquiry usually brings out the fact that only four are alive, and a little gentle, persuasive talk generally brings her round to our way of thinking; and I go off sure that that baby, at any rate, will be properly fed. Fathers, though, if they happen to be in, are more interested and open to receive hints on that clock-work regularity which means so much to an infant. I used to put this down to their superior intelligence; now I know better. If baby is attended to with punctuality, he behaves well and does not disturb the slumbers of his fond parent, and his parent has just found that out—that's all!

Most Sanitary Inspectresses like the school work the least of all their duties, but it has its compensations, like everything else. A mother will often say she has tried everything she knows of to get rid of vermin, and can't, and is so grateful for advice and disinfectants. Perseverance, disinfectant and a hot iron works wonders, however. Of course, there *are* cases where recourse has to be made to the S.P.C.C. and parents prosecuted by the School Board or the Parish authorities. The Sanitary authority, having no power to prosecute for the neglect of children, co-operate with the School authorities and the Parish, who can do so under the Education and Children Acts.

Many sad sights fall to the lot of Public Health Visitors. Old-age pensioners trying to live on their pension—Thursday is their bad day, and many odd pennies of necessity go their way then—deserted wives, and worse, deserted unmarried mothers, neglected children and starving families—she is familiar with them all and in many cases is the first to set in motion the machinery for their relief.

The Public Health Visitor when first she starts her career of usefulness is sure that all these wrong social conditions could be easily righted and, like many other folks, talks largely about the Housing question. But I think we are all agreed

that better houses alone won't solve the problem. The people have to be educated for the houses, and it is being done, and in many ways—though slowly.

To cultivate the habit of personal cleanliness, children are given weekly baths in the schools, and the percentage of verminous and dirty children has fallen considerably since 1905, when the systematic visitation of the schools by the Sanitary authority began.

The Public Health Visitor does a good deal, too, in a quiet way to teach the mothers something about food values, proper feeding for children, and economical food stuffs for the grown-ups.

The other day, I came across a family where the four youngest were unable to walk. A little conversation brought out the fact that the mother never gave them porridge and very rarely made soup. Their staple food was fried ham, fried sausages, &c. Her objection to making porridge, &c., was that most common of all in the slums—"the weans wouldn't take it." She promised, however, that she'd try the porridge and as I went out, I said to the eldest—a boy of about 4½—"Now, you'll take the porridge when your mother makes it." His retort rather surprised me, "Her'll no' mak' them." He wasn't going to take all the blame. Which reminds me of another small boy with ideas of his own anent feeding. His parents, shiftless, worthless folk, had lost their house and had been spending some nights in the Shelter. Johnny didn't like the Shelter, "But," I said, "you'll get your breakfast there." "Naw." "Oh, yes, you do get your breakfast." "Naw." "But what do you get?" "Purridge!" "But isn't that breakfast?" "Naw." "What is breakfast, Johnny?" "Tea, and bread and sassinges."

When your Secretary asked me to read a paper at this Congress on Public Health Visiting, she suggested that I tell you something about the beauties and prospects of the work; and I hope I have succeeded in making you see that its beauty lies in the immense power for good the Public Health Visitor can be, if she is the right sort of visitor. And if we always get the right sort of visitor, the prospects of Public Health Visiting as a career for women are unlimited, for Local Authorities will soon find out that she cannot be done without, if they wish to fight disease and lower the death-rate.

WELCOME HELP.

The President of the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses acknowledges, with grateful thanks, the following donations to the funds of the Society:—Miss Janet Stewart, £2 2s. (in memory of my dear sister, Isla Stewart), Miss Feild (St. Petersburg), 5s., Miss E. Frost (Gibraltar), 1s., Miss M. Nutt (Cape Town), 6d.

If the Bill is to be well pushed forward, financial help is essential.

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