

bosom of his family, for the tubercular pauper can please himself, and cares little for the spread of the disease.

I remember that first visit very well.

The one living-room was dirty, the atmosphere close: two rooms above, and a small cupboard opening out of the living-room, were the entire accommodation.

All the window cords were broken, and the windows therefore were unable to be opened; all the drains were stopped up, and the sanitary arrangements disgraceful.

Beside the hearth sat the patient, almost voiceless, expectorating freely into a mug kept at the side of the fire, and reached by him frequently actually across the baby's cradle, even without leaving his seat. Poor little infant! I am glad to say she died in a few months, a victim truly to the white plague.

On the couch sat the mother, underfed. She told me she breast-fed the baby. Her busy scissors flying on "piecework" from the factory near by; that, and a pension of under eight shillings a week was the sole source of income. One child played on the doorstep; another was tied back in a chair, still unable to do more than crawl.

The eldest boy nearly lived on the streets, utterly uncontrolled, and has since been sent to a reformatory, as an incorrigible little beggar. I have closely studied the two small boys, Stanley and Malcolm; they are sturdy, but of the phlegmatic, tubercular type of feature and intellect.

The three younger children, you will notice, were born after the father had developed the disease.

I have seen them fed on strong sweet tea at ten o'clock in the morning, made by the father in an open basin, and put into a small tin mug by the spoonful, for the children's consumption, and this between paroxysms of coughing, for the poor man had little rest.

In a family where the mother is the victim, conditions may be even more distressing than those here recalled. There are three classes of houses that I have learnt to know: one with the white tablecloth—here the inmates are generally teachable. The one where newspaper is the tablecloth—something may be done there. Then comes the unscrubbed deal table, upon which you always find plates, bread, teacups and teapot, some dirty fly-blown accumulation of butter, or other kinds of food, with sundry tins and other household appliances; this, like "the March Hare's" tea-party, is never cleared away, never washed up, and typifies a family below the line of self-respecting poverty.

And the infant from such surroundings? Surely there is a terrible wastage of child life going on in our midst.

Is it any wonder that our children's hospitals are full, that our sanatoria overflow? On our history sheets, how often we find that mother, father, brother or sister has died of consumption.

But what remedy do you suggest, I hear you murmur.

The compulsory segregation of advanced cases, where ample care, space, and sufficient means are not forthcoming to satisfy the representatives of some central medical authority on tuberculosis. This segregation might be carried out in special homes, hospitals, and in connection with the union infirmaries for different classes of cases throughout the country.

Even an early case of phthisis, that receives treatment in a public sanatorium, coming back to a home such as I have described, received no permanent benefit; and usually in that sphere of society it is impossible to remain out of work, or the little mouths are not fed. I ask you, how is the child of tender years, or the growing child or adolescent youth to escape infection?

That there are other sources of infection I am well aware. The space of this article enables me to dwell upon but one aspect of a national question.

M. SUTTON.

FORTY MILES OF MUSLIN.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Courtauld Thomson, the Chief Red Cross Commissioner in the Near East, is now at home in consultation with headquarters, and he has given the *Daily Telegraph* some very interesting statistics of the work. There are 500 British Red Cross workers in the Mediterranean area, and seventy-five Military and Red Cross hospitals and convalescent homes in the Malta and Near East zone. There are five hospital trains in Egypt, beside motor launches, yachts, and steam tugs, to say nothing of invalid kitchens.

The work costs £2,000 a day, and Sir Courtauld adds: "To come down to hard figures, I may mention that we have distributed 2,000,000 cigarettes, 100,000 pairs of socks, 70,000 shirts, 70,000 pyjamas, 100,000 handkerchiefs, 40 miles of muslin for mosquito-netting, 20,000 vests, 20,000 tins of tooth-powder, 20,000 pipes. It is a wonderful organisation, which people at home hardly realise. The urgency is great; the need for liberal support cannot be over-estimated."

If you would that England live
You must give, and give, and give.

H. FIELDING HALL.

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