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## EDITORIAL.

### THE SLOGAN OF NATIONAL BABY WEEK.

"Save the Babies" is the slogan of the National Baby Week Council, and one to which every one who has not a heart of stone must surely respond. So sweet, so soft, so helpless, so cuddly. Laughing, cooing, dimpled, with the faces of cherubs, skin of the texture of velvet, tiny hands outstretched, and feet uncurling like rose leaves, they make their way straight into our hearts, and claim an abiding place there. We would do anything to save a baby from disease and suffering. They should not touch so fair a thing. It is the right of every child not only to be well born, but well nurtured, and surrounded by an atmosphere of love.

The love is not wanting. True there are people who can be cruel even to a little child, but they, thank God, are comparatively few; but the suffering and disease consequent upon ignorance, are great and wide spread, and of 800,000 babies born in England and Wales, which has been the average annual birthrate of recent years, 100,000 die before the year is out, so that a soldier at the front has a better chance of life to-day than a baby under a year old in this country. Think what the conditions must be in which these infants are reared, the deficient housing, the improper feeding, the ignorance of rich and poor, which result in such a massacre of the innocents. Save the babies!

But there is another side to the picture. Not all the babies are born with a winsomeness which ensures them a welcome. Think of those others with the wrinkled skin of an old man, with faces from which disease has effaced the beauty, and with the fretfulness of ill-health. They too need as much, nay more, love than those so generously en-

dowed by nature. But the average man and woman will not realize it, and all their lives they may be handicapped by physical defects which will repel instead of attract. It needs the trained nurse, or midwife, or the exceptionally understanding man or woman to glimpse the soul in the marred body, and seeing it to do their utmost to restore to it, as much as may be, of the health which is its heritage. Save the babies!

And if in this country the holocaust is so great, how much greater in those where the laws of health are scarcely understood. Think of the children who grow up in the harems of India, of the Chinese girl babies with feet so compressed and deformed that never will they be able to run and skip as the children in freer countries. The black babies who roll and tumble in the sand in their birthday suits, and shine like satin when anointed with oil for special occasions, are more happily placed, for they live a more natural life, and, with the abolition of slavery, they have some chance of happiness. When the slave trade was at its worst to what hideous torments were little children subjected. Even now it lurks in dark corners of the earth. Save the babies!

And those other babies, of whom little is heard, of whom their mothers are ashamed, and wish them dead before they are born. What of the traffic in babies' lives, and the crimes committed in the destruction of child life, revealed sometimes, but more often unknown? There are those who grow rich on the agony of mothers, and the destruction of their unborn infants. Let us never rest content till so foul a blot is removed from a land nominally Christian. Save the babies.

The work done in Baby Week will be but the beginning, its influence should spread to the furthest corners of the globe.

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