

enjoyed by these accomplished and benevolent ladies one with another, during meal-time or the leisure hours of the evening after five o'clock, is all the more mutually agreeable.

Probationers come to the Home for a period of one month, then go to a hospital to be trained during one year; and return for three months' additional training and supervision under the head superintendent, who visits and nurses with them in turns, when they are required to take notes of each case and every day's treatment. After this period they are qualified to be sent to a district Home. Every nurse has one month's "leave of absence" in the year; and at Christmas each lady hands in to the head superintendent a paper, on which she has stated the month which it will suit her best to take her holiday. Each lady then has her wishes considered, with a due regard to the convenience of the rest of the household.

Every nurse is required to work eight hours daily in her district; she is to have as many hours for sleep, at least two hours of leisure, and, whenever possible, she has her evenings entirely at her own disposal. As regards expenses incurred on entering the Home, and the provision made for the nurses in return, together with their ultimate prospects, I must now add a few words. Nurse candidates pay £5 on admission as probationers, to cover all expenses of board, lodging, and washing during their month's trial. When sent for training to the hospital training-school (St. Thomas's), they pay £30, by two instalments, for the year's expenses—board, lodging, washing, and dress being supplied, together with all necessary instruction. On their return to the Home for the three months' extra practical training in district work, they pay £14 for all expenses, both personal and for instruction, for which they are provided with full board, and 2s. 6d. weekly for washing. Nurses fully trained and on the

staff of the association receive a salary, payable quarterly, of £35 the first year, £38 the second, increasing by £3 annually till the sixth year, when it amounts to £50, and at this the salary reaches its maximum.

At the present time there are seven nurse probationers being trained at St. Thomas's, and five more are expected to enter in the course of a few months. When in the Home they have no menial work to do (excepting in the capacity of nurse), but they are required to make their own beds and their own tea or coffee.

Fully to realise all that is performed and endured by these ladies—their fatigues, anxieties, risks from infectious diseases, and all manner of obnoxious associations—the reader should see a report of the society's work, wherein extracts are made of the notes they are required daily to make; and it will be seen that no salary could be regarded as any equivalent for their self-denying labours, often prosecuted during the dreary hours of night, when we who read are comfortably housed and our eyes are closed in refreshing sleep.

In all it has been calculated that 102 of the London districts are being nursed; irrespective of the work carried on all over the metropolis by the Bible Women's Mission, who have formed for themselves a special, and not an ecclesiastical, district of enormous dimensions; and of all the nursing given by private individuals, unconnected with any society. I should also notice the fact that, where a large nursing association is stated as sending out but one nurse, or at least, but a small number, to attend the sick in their own homes, it must be understood that their chief mission is to receive them and tend them in the public home or hospital, where the full staff of their nurses is designed to work.

S. F. A. C.

## KING BABY:

### SOME EXPERIENCES OF A YOUNG MOTHER.



"Oh, dear! oh, dear! this baby is so fretful!—what shall I do with him?"

I was getting quite out of patience, and began to feel almost angry with the little fellow, my first baby. It was the first occasion of my return to public life, and my husband, in the pride

of his heart, had invited about half a dozen particular friends to do honour to the occasion. We were people of very moderate means, and the superintendence of many of the preparations devolved on me. I had one servant for the house, and a young girl to nurse

baby; but somehow or other she could never keep him good for long together. However, as I often took him from her and nursed him myself, we managed tolerably well, as a rule; but to-day, when I was more than usually occupied, the little fellow had been crying the whole day, and even now, when my guests were awaiting me down-stairs, I could not still his cries. The more I tried to hush him, the more obstreperous the little fellow became, until I was fairly beside myself with annoyance and vexation. All the time my young nursemaid stood stupidly by, not offering to render me any assistance. She was, indeed, as incapable as myself.

Poor baby!

Presently my sister came running up-stairs into my bed-room.

"Do go down, Mary," she said; "William looks quite annoyed. Give baby to me."



I delivered the child over to her equally inexperienced arms, but he still kept up his passionate, noisy crying, and my maternal instinct was a little too strong for me to be able to leave him like that.

"How dreadfully tiresome!" my sister said, trying vainly to hush him; "I never knew him so cross."

"A little soothing syrup is a beautiful thing, ma'am," chimed in my nursemaid. "It soothes a baby, and sends him into a lovely sleep. Mrs. Poole" (her late mistress) "used often to give it to her baby."

"And never found it do him any harm?" I asked dubiously.

"Oh, no, ma'am. It was Mr. ——'s she used; there's no harm in that."

I sent for some, and gave the child a dose. In a little while his eyelids began to droop, his passionate crying turned to a pitiful-sounding wail, and he was soon in a deep sleep.

What a respite! I went down to my guests, and apologised for my apparently uncourteous behaviour. The rest of the evening was delightfully free from baby's interruptions; and when I went to bed, tired out, he was still in a heavy sleep in his cradle.

I took him up, and laid him by my side, but still he did not wake; and soon I dropped into a troubled, restless sleep. Many times I waked up and looked anxiously at the little face. It was so unusual for him to sleep so many hours, and this sleep was so deep and heavy that he seemed scarcely to breathe. I was only nineteen, and had never had anything to do with an infant before, and was, of course, totally ignorant.

Towards morning my baby woke up, and the thankfulness with which I again beheld his lovely violet eyes showed me how great had been my apprehension.

"I shan't give him that stuff again," I inwardly resolved. "It doesn't seem right for him to sleep so many hours."

I fed him, and tried to get him to sleep again, for it was barely five o'clock; but I soon found that if he had been fretful last night, he was twice as fretful now. And what a day I had with him! Before night my resolve was forgotten, and he was put to sleep with the "soothing syrup" again: and many a night after, but my baby did not thrive. He was cross, thin, miserable-looking, and continually sick.

When he was about eight months old, my aunt came to see me.

"Ah, aunt!" I said, "if I had known how trying babies are, I should have stayed with you a little longer. I never have a moment to myself, I can never leave home, and I get so worn out with this child that I feel sometimes as if I would pay any price for one whole week, or even day, quite away from him."

"What does your nursemaid do?" my aunt asked, in some astonishment at my speech.

"Oh, she nurses him now and then, and carries him out when it's fine, and washes for him. She certainly relieves me, but she cannot keep him quiet long together, and I never feel able to leave him entirely to her. She is young, you see."

"What wages do you pay her?"

"Five pounds a year."

"Five pounds thrown away. William spends more than five pounds a year on wine, more than five pounds a year on the little suppers he is so fond of giving, and you spend quite five pounds a year on your pet plants. Now, if you would give up any one of these things, you could give a fairly experienced nurse ten pounds a year. The extra five pounds would be all the extra expense you would be at."

"Oh, but, aunt, we can't give up seeing our intimate friends—we ask no one else; and William has always been accustomed to his wine—I am sure he is most moderate; and the drawing-room would look nothing without the ferns and conservatory."

"Unless you can afford to have the most trustworthy service for your babies, you ought to nurse them yourself; but then you do not know how, so you are really very wrong not to give up something for the sake of having some one who does. Let me tell you, Mary, you are cruelly mismanaging that child; you are ruining his health, and sowing the seeds of a rickety constitution and a miserable, discontented, and peevish disposition."

I burst into a fit of indignant tears.

"Any one would think I didn't love my baby, to hear you talk, aunt. I am sure I have borne his fretfulness till I have been quite ill and worn out. I can't help feeling tired sometimes."

"I am sure you must feel very much fatigued sometimes, my dear. You are of an excitable disposition, and I notice that when you have a few friends you are excited in anticipation, and also for some time afterwards. All that is very bad for baby, especially as he is a restless, wakeful child. It is no wonder you find him cross and fretful at such times. It is only wonderful to me that he sleeps in the evening so well as he did the other evening, when you were entertaining guests."

"He wouldn't sleep at all if I didn't give him something," I remarked, in all innocence: "——'s syrup is what I use."

"Mary!" my aunt exclaimed, in evident horror, "whoever has taught you to give your child that stuff? Don't you know how wrong and injurious it is to put a healthy child to sleep with narcotics? for that is, of course, what these 'syrups' contain. Rely on this: a healthy child, who is free from pain or internal derangement, will not want any artificial means to make it sleep. If you find him restless and uncomfortable—as he must be if he won't sleep at all—when you are excited, then I can only say you ought to avoid such excitement while you are nursing. It is bad for you and bad for the child. You need not be deprived of seeing your friends. Let them come and see you one at a time, instead of half a dozen together; but give up everything like parties for the present."

My aunt was a woman of much experience, and I knew that her advice was to be relied on. In the end I was persuaded to act upon it, and I found she was correct. It is true I was of an excitable temperament, and baby, no doubt, was the same; but I advise



any one who has been in the habit of having much excitement while nursing, and found they had a fretful baby, to try the effect of a perfectly quiet, regular life, and I venture to say they will find the result astonish them. I have come to be quite of my aunt's opinion that if it excites one, or if one has not sufficient means to do so without care and worry, party-going or giving should be forsworn. I have also come to see how important it is for every mother to be her own head-nurse. It is very rare to find a thoroughly efficient paid nurse, and one must always bear in mind that no other person can have so strong, so vital an interest in the health and welfare of the children as their own mother; but now-a-days there is so much grandeur of notion among all classes of the community, that many middle-class people are ashamed to be caught spending an hour or two in their nursery. Where there are several children and only one nurse—perhaps a young girl—this cannot be right; and indeed I hold that where there is only one child in the nursery, the constant supervision of a mother is necessary, unless she be fortunate enough to have secured the services of a really experienced, trustworthy person; and how many are there of us who can say this? There is no reason to doubt the oft-repeated tale of the Princess of Wales frequently undressing her own children and hearing them say their prayers. All honour to her for the example.

When baby was about twelve months old, I was obliged, through delicate health, to leave him a great deal to his young nurse. She was very fond of the child, so that I could feel assured that she would be kind to him so far as her light extended. As the autumn drew on, the little fellow was seized with an attack of inflammation of the lungs, which was attended with considerable danger, and left the child delicate through the whole of the winter. This illness was undoubtedly caused by my nursemaid leaving baby in his perambulator outside her mother's door, while she went inside to "have a talk." The door was open—probably a back-door at the other end of the passage as well—and thus the child was left, on a cold, windy day, exposed for some time to a fierce draught. These facts were drawn from the girl by my doctor, who gave her a pretty sharp reprimand for her carelessness; in spite of which, however, she never could nor would believe that baby's distressing illness proceeded from a little thing like that. In future I would never allow her to visit her home—which was, unfortunately, near—when out with the child, and, in order to prevent its being done surreptitiously, gave her frequent opportunities of seeing her mother. I have often found it advisable to pursue such a policy as this—to make some small concession, in order to gain a much more important point.

As I said before, baby became subject to attacks of bronchitis, which caused me great anxiety and grief. Most mothers have had some experience of this trying complaint, which, if neglected, so frequently proves fatal to old and young; and not a few have learned, like myself, to treat the early symptoms successfully

without a doctor. I would, however, strongly urge that whenever the malady seems to increase instead of yielding promptly to the well-known household remedies, medical advice should be called, for many a little child's life has been lost through delay. The symptoms are well known—the wheezing at the chest, short, laboured breathing, rattling phlegm, feverishness, or, more frequently, extreme though moist heat of the body, entire loss of appetite, and—more distressing, perhaps, than all—a short, sharp, continually recurring cough.

The first thing is to keep the child in an even temperature of 60 degrees—not higher, not lower. Unfortunately I made the mistake of keeping the room too warm, and, being afraid of a breath of air, neglected to see that it was properly ventilated—a very great mistake, as I found to my cost, for when the child was recovering, the first blast of really cold air brought back the evil. It is not my intention to trespass on the province of the doctor, but this much I am entitled by my own experience to say:—In cases of mild bronchitis, do not be afraid to let fresh air into the room. It is well to do this by first opening a window in another room till it is well filled with fresh, sweet air, and then opening the door of the little patient's room for the fresh air to enter it; but not every house is built so as to make this plan feasible, in which case it is advisable to warm another room, and take the child to it, enveloping him completely in a blanket while going from one room to the other, if the weather be cold. Let the window of the room he has been occupying be opened when he leaves it. Be especially attentive to the temperature of the room in the early morning hours, about three or four o'clock, which are peculiarly trying to bronchitis patients.

In passing, I would say that I think it is much to be desired that medical men, especially family doctors, should give young mothers some practical information as to what course to pursue on the appearance of symptoms of any malady to which a child may be subject, and at what stage it becomes advisable to call them in. Persons of small means are loth to call in the doctor until absolutely obliged, principally because of his proverbial fondness for continuing his calls much longer than they are really necessary. I consider this a source of much mischief. I do not believe a doctor's practice would suffer from his giving a young inexperienced mother the advice I have suggested, and I am sure that he would be called-in in the early stages of children's illnesses much more frequently if the mother knew that as soon as the little patient was fairly recovering, and with ordinary care could not go wrong, the visits would be discontinued; and, of course, instructions could be given that, if certain symptoms occurred or recurred, the doctor should be immediately informed. I never knew but one doctor who acted in this way, and he was worked to death almost, his practice was so extensive.

Before quitting this subject of bronchitis, I would like to say a word upon the bathing of children. That their bodies should be thoroughly bathed once every



day, most mothers will admit. For myself, I prefer the morning. A good bathful of tepid water, and in cold weather a bright warm fire, and a large bath-towel are requisite. The child should be quickly bathed, the water being well sluiced over him by means of a large sponge, and when taken out enveloped in a large bath-sheet or towel, another towel being used to dry him. *It is very essential that the child get no chill.* If your child is liable to cold and bronchitis, don't trust his bath to a careless nurse. I have gone into my nursery and found my child standing naked and dripping wet, just out of his bath, while the nurse had gone to fetch the towel which she had forgotten. Of course the door was left open, and this on a cold winter day. This girl knew perfectly well that my child was very susceptible to cold, and was moreover fond of the child. You think this an anomaly. It is nevertheless true.

I am aware that where there are several little children, one perhaps a baby, it is sometimes difficult to have them bathed before breakfast, and indeed, as you will feel pretty sure that the room will not be warm, you may not think it advisable. In this case, I advise that each child should be sponged with cold water, as low as his waist, every morning. This must be done very speedily, the child being briskly rubbed afterwards. As I take it for granted that the child has had a bath the night before, he need only be sponged, and it can all be done in three minutes. A child accustomed to this treatment rarely takes a bad cold.

One word about bath-towels. There are loose garments to be had, made of bath-coating, in all sizes, to slip on immediately on coming out of the bath. These absorb the principal moisture, and are very nice, but they have to be slipped off to complete the process of drying, and are moreover expensive. This last objection applies to the ordinary bath-sheets, but I can give you a wrinkle. Buy a yard and a half of thick, soft, unbleached, twilled sheeting, which you can purchase for about a shilling a yard, or even less. Divide this in two where it is doubled down the centre, and you have two towels a yard and a half long and a yard wide, large enough to envelop any child. I have found this answer capitally.

My second baby was a most delicate child from his birth, but I had gained experience in the management of children, and at the end of the first year of his life he was even stronger and healthier than his brother, who had been such a fine healthy little fellow at first. Poor little first babies! How often they are sacrificed to a young mother's inexperience! My second baby was early taught to go to sleep by himself, to lie often for short intervals on a bed or cushion, which was good for his back, and his patience too. As soon as ever my nurse left me, I began to train him to take his nourishment at regular intervals of two hours, after a month or two extending it to three hours, and even four. But to do this there must be no hurry in the feeding, nor insufficient supply of milk.

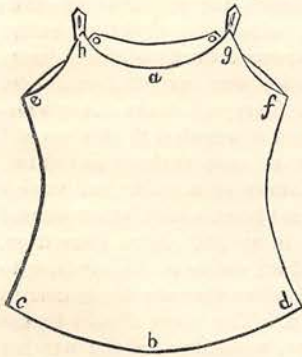
While on this subject, let me utter my word of

protest against the custom which gains in the present day, of bringing infants up either partially or entirely upon artificial food. I know for a fact that there are many women who can, but will not nurse their infants; and there are many more who fancy they really cannot, but would find they could, if they would give up all excitement, and lead quiet regular lives, partaking of a plain but nourishing diet. There are many articles of food which increase the supply of milk, and by a judicious choice of diet one may do a great deal. Children fed with nature's food have better constitutions, and are better able to resist the attacks of infantile disease, with which some children are so afflicted. There is no doubt that in nursing her own infant the mother is laying the groundwork of a stronger, healthier constitution than she can ever hope for him if he be artificially nourished. Can any mother, knowing this, refuse to make an effort for her child's sake? If so, she is a dishonour to her sex. And to you mothers who will not nurse your infants, I say this: You do not know the close and enthralling affection which exists between a mother and babe. Any one else can fill your place, and you cannot understand the delightful feeling of being all in all, the one necessary object to the little being who is, indeed, part and parcel of yourself. You deserve to have your child love some one else better than yourself, and it is not unlikely that such will be the case.

A mistake which I often made with my first baby was the frequent use of aperient medicine. My old nurse had a great affection for castor-oil, and used to be continually giving it to the child during the month. I thought I could not do better, and continued doing so. This is a great mistake. Castor-oil is a valuable medicine for children, but it is always better to do without medicine if possible, at any rate during the first year. Very brown moist sugar dissolved in a little water, or mixed with a little butter, will often have the desired effect, which may also be arrived at through the mother's diet; or by giving a little oatmeal with the milk and water, if being brought up by hand. A child that is inclined to be constipated should have his food sweetened with raw sugar always. As the child begins to eat solid food, great care must be taken that he is not allowed to bolt it. Some children have the most alarming proclivity for doing so, but let me tell you that this may produce no end of evil, if allowed. Bowel complaint and this bolting process always go together, and I think it is hardly too much to say that one produces the other. If you experience great difficulty in curing a child of this habit, let his meat be reduced in a pestle and mortar until you have taught him, on softer substances, to masticate properly. Do not give him much potato, and let it be well mashed. Parsnips are an excellent vegetable for children, especially for those who cannot digest potato.

Before concluding this article, I should like to say one word about an infant's clothing during vaccination. It is very desirable that the "heads" should not be rubbed, or stand any chance of sticking to the sleeves,





and thus being pulled off. To avoid this, I make the child a little flannel chemise, which fastens on each shoulder, and can be slipped over the feet. The accompanying diagram shows the shape of this little garment, which I have found fits better than any other I know of.

The size for a full-sized child of three months is—length from *a* to *b*, 10 inches, back 10½ inches; width, *c* to *d*, 13 inches; *e* to *f*, 10 inches; *f* to *g*, 4 inches; *g* to *h*, 6½ inches;

tabs, 1½ inch. The sides, *c* to *e* and *f* to *d*, are joined together; the slants, *f* to *g* and *e* to *h*, being herring-boned. The tabs are put on the front, and two little buttons in the corresponding corners at the back.

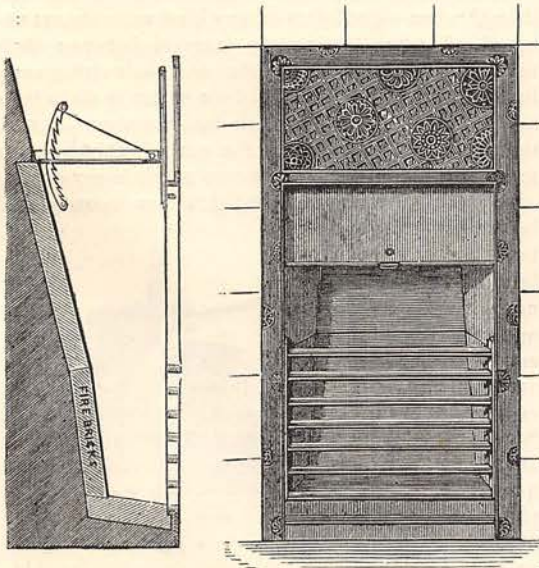
During the period of vaccination, I do not let the child wear any linen chemise, nor any more petticoats than are absolutely necessary, and I make the frock-sleeve come to nothing almost on the shoulder, cutting it quite plain instead of the ordinary puff.

For my own part, I prefer to have a child in short clothes before it is vaccinated. I am of opinion that, with ordinary care, any fairly healthy infant may be "shortened" at ten weeks, or, if it be warm weather, even earlier. The garments should be long enough to cover the feet.

## THE GATHERER.

### An Improved Stove.

For a long time past, we have been compelled to burn extravagant quantities of fuel in our sitting-rooms, without receiving in return a proportionate amount of heat. It is only lately that builders have considered the best means for warming our rooms in



an effectual manner. Grates are now being built nearer the floor than used to be the case, and the distance from the back to the front of the grate is decreased, while the sides are splayed out to allow a greater radiation of heat. In addition to these improvements, fire-brick sides and backs are being used in the erection of grates, instead of the iron plates

which carried off most of the heat as soon as it was generated. Still, we must admit that even now our stoves are not perfect, for generally the bottoms are composed of iron gratings, which admit the air too freely just where it is not required, compelling a swift and imperfect combustion of coal. The grate shown in our illustration is one which deserves our support, as it comprises all the principles which we have advocated. This stove is manufactured at the Norfolk Ironworks, Norwich; and, as will be seen, is provided with a blower for drawing up the fire, and a damper, easy of regulation, for creating a draught. Combustion is attained by air passing through the bars of the grate, and by this means a hot bottom is maintained, so that all the cinder is consumed, which in our ordinary stove would be cooled down by the cold air and not burned. And this grate, we are told, burns only one-third of the fuel consumed by the ordinary stove.

### A Hidden Quotation.

In the following lines may be found a well-known quotation from Shakespeare, one word in each line:—

#### MY HOME.

A little cottage bowered in green,  
 With rose-bush clambering here and there  
 By trellised porch, and blooming fair  
 Round lattice-panes: can any scene  
 In other lands with this compare,  
 Or could you name a place more sweet,  
 Or would the flowers that bloom elsewhere  
 Smell half so fragrant and so rare?  
 Ah! roam the wide world as I will,  
 Sweet home! you're dear to memory still.

W.