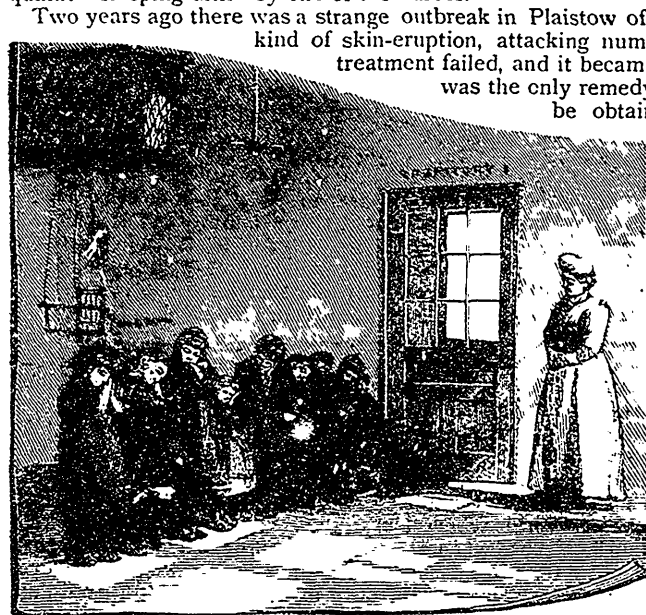


of illness. Many a poor woman drags about attending to her household duties long after she is fit to do so, simply because she must. Then illness comes, and finds the family, probably, with no savings to meet its attack, and with no materials or comforts, or even necessities, for use in sickness. To meet the difficulty, the Vicar determined to have some duly qualified trained nurses, and, in 1891, he founded St. Mary's Nurses' Home, which has now no less than thirty nurses daily at work in Plaistow. They visit the sick, they nurse the poor in their own homes, or take care of them in the admirably equipped St. Mary's Cottage Hospital, which contains six beds for women and two cots for children, and is under the charge of a resident medical officer. We may add that last year 687 cases were attended by the nurses, which necessitated 9,793 visits; while of district-nursing there were 660 cases and 14,438 visits. A view of the Cottage Hospital is given in our illustration.



The other scheme was the establishment of a Day Nursery. Started at first to provide some check to the abnormally high death-rate among infants and children, which at the time was seriously engaging public attention, it was soon crammed full of babies whose mothers had to go out to work. Ultimately it became so popular, that it was quite impossible to find room for all the babies who were brought to it; and last year, through the liberality of a kind friend (an aged clergyman), a noble building was erected, at a cost, with the land, of £4,500, which will accommodate 150 children, and which is the largest *crèche* in East London. We give a picture of this fine structure, and also some illustrations of the children in the playroom, and in their cots, and a group of the children being put through their quaint "sleeping drill" by one of the nurses.



Two years ago there was a strange outbreak in Plaistow of a particularly painful kind of skin-eruption, attacking numberless children. All treatment failed, and it became obvious that pure air was the only remedy. But how could this be obtained? All the mone-

tary resources at the vicar's command were already drained by the existing organisations; there was no way of sending the children out of the parish. By chance news came of a convalescent home at Southend-on-Sea, which was to be sold at once. Once more the Vicar made one of his splendidly audacious steps. He bought the Home; and, though a great deal had to be spent on repairing the place, it was very soon made