

charge at present, with Miss D. G. Johnson, also trained at St. Bartholomew's, as Sister. A home of this nature must be a boon to many just now, and we have pleasure in drawing attention to its existence.

AN ASSEMBLY OF BABIES. ST. ANTHONY'S CLUB.

St. Anthony's Club, Dublin, of which the *Irish Weekly Times* gives an interesting description, which we publish in part, is located in Lower Dominick Street, Dublin.

To anybody possessed of a very small fund of imagination this Babies' Club is full of living interest. The babies have worlds of wonderful possibilities before them, the most priceless treasures of a nation, each the rising hope of some kindly, warm-hearted Irishwoman. Every child atom is of a goodly countenance, who, if born in a palace instead of a Dublin back street, would be clothed in purple and fine linen, waited upon, hat in hand, by the noblest and the most skilful in the land, so that no perverse wind might carry it harm. A child, the most wonderful part of God's creation, is, strangely enough, the only thing of value in the world that is subject to such vicissitudes of fortune, varying from luxury to absolute and utter neglect. A puppy dog, a calf, a horse—anything you like to name, animate or inanimate—if it possesses value, is carefully kept from harm no matter in whose possession it may find itself. The children of the poor are permitted to die like flies, and if they manage by good luck to struggle through, they have a hard time. Comfortless homes, garbage very often for food, rags to keep out the cold—no sweets, no toys, no fairy tales, no country excursions. And yet they are endowed with the same faculties as the children of the well-to-do. Their imaginations can be dazzled by the same dreams as the boys and girls who revel in stories of heroes and giants, and of magic swords and jewels rich and rare. The boys who emerge from the slum have sometimes been fortunate enough to find a covering in the King's uniform, and the King's army has often been equally fortunate in discovering in such some of its finest fighting material. Life with these children is one constant fierce fight; millions of them go under before they learn to lisp. Others grow to manhood and womanhood, and occasionally the miracle happens, and they become honoured members of the community.

To its eternal credit be it said, the Women's National Health Association is making a valiant effort to do something for the Babies of Ireland's poor. St. Anthony's Club is a particularly active Branch of this excellent Society. Nurse Barry, who forms a very necessary and valuable part of the Club's equipment, pays 270 visits per month to mothers in their own homes. These ladies meet the mothers and the children at the Club every Thursday from three o'clock to six. The first operation is the weighing of the babies, and the recording and comparing of the results with those of previous weeks. Doctor Ella Webb, who

freely gives her services, attends every fortnight, and prescribes for ailments, or else sends sick babies to Hospital or to the Dispensary, under the supervision of the nurse. Miss Sharkey, of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, conducts cookery classes in the winter months for the benefit of the mothers, who thus learn how to prepare nourishing food in the most wholesome and inexpensive way. At each demonstration small dinners are cooked, and those sold to mothers at trifling cost. During summer time there is a sewing class in charge of Miss Eileen Moore, and conducted by Mrs. Crean and Miss Fishbourne. Here articles of baby clothing as well as garments for mothers are tacked together, and given to the latter to sew at their leisure, the material being purchased wholesale by the Association and sold at cost price to the members of the club. Thus these good mothers are enabled to keep themselves and their little ones comfortably clad. The Hon. Secretary is Miss K. Conroy, No. 6, Clare Street, Dublin.

Miss Conroy has organised a Coal and Clothes Fund, to which about seventy mothers contribute sixpence a week; and which enables them to obtain four bags each, per share, at lowest cost in the cold weather, as well as to purchase materials for clothing. This Society supports itself altogether from subscriptions by merchants on the north side of the Liffey, by small entertainments given by the members, jumble sales, &c.

Preserving the lives of the babies is patriotic work of a high order. In the case of St. Anthony's Club this is especially true, as three of the mothers are widows whose husbands have fallen in the War, and several others have husbands and sons in the firing line.

WAR NAMES FOR FRENCH BABIES.

There is not a little doubt in the minds of many patriot parents of provincial France, says the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, as to where the line should be drawn in the choice of war names for children born these days. Many municipalities have shown great indulgence and have admitted the registration of numerous little "Joffres" and "Joffrettes." An inhabitant of Bordeaux, however, was greatly disappointed when the registrar told him that the name "Revanche," upon which he had set his heart for his daughter, did not figure in the official calendar, and that he dared not risk exercising his prerogatives to such a degree as to sanction it.

The limit would appear to have been reached by a happy father in a village of Touraine who, it is said, has just had his child christened "Poilu"—a very appropriate appellation for a French soldier in the trenches, but not, as in the case in question, for a little baby girl.

It seems a pity that the babies who at present have "no language but a cry" cannot be consulted, as they will be known throughout their lives by the names they now receive.

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