

MORE BABIES.

At the request of many of our delighted readers, we have much pleasure in presenting more little Cockney Babies to their friends and admirers. When I told the infants that their fame had gone abroad and that more of them were to be interviewed by the Press, there were many howls—not all of sheer pleasure.

Now, George—we'll meet first. He is a fat, sturdy young man of eleven months, with a determined character and belligerent countenance. He must have been admitted as a reformed hunger-striker, for he is perpetually hungry. One always meets him standing upright and holding on to the foot of his cot, so that he is in a position to give it a vicious shaking every time he requires feeding—which is often. He looks absolutely adorable in his blue and white woollies—which are spotlessly clean; he will probably grow up to be a smart man-about-town, and I tremble for his enemies.

His friend and near neighbour is Michael, another sturdy little chap—lovely to look at, as is George, but oh—so different. Michael's parents hail from Italy and perhaps there's also a smattering of French in his blood, for he is extremely temperamental and one must be careful to treat Michael gently, otherwise—look out for squalls. Unfortunately, when George wants his dinner, so does Michael, and should the young Nurses be rash enough to feed George before Michael, then war is immediately declared. When Michael is angry, one is confronted by a wee fury with flashing dark brown eyes and very flushed little face; loud yells pierce the air and the cot is shaken by Michael madly stamping his tiny left foot. Of course we love him all the more, for his tantrums are so utterly unique. His little outfit is sweet, all in one piece like Mr. Churchill's war time Siren Suit, but unlike Mr. Churchill's it is made of lovely snowy-white wool with fluffy blue collars and cuffs—which show up Michael's fine velvety eyes to perfection.

Now little Diane is waiting for us, chuckling with absolute delight. She is a mischievous little imp of seven months, and is a blue-eyed, fair-haired Show baby. She is just recovering from a multiplicity of illnesses and really ought to be amongst the cherubs, but Diane clung to life, like a drowning sailor clings to a raft. She has now produced two shining wee pearls, just visible above the middle line of her tiny bottom jaw, of which she is inordinately proud. She smiles continuously and roguishly, so that her treasures do not pass unnoticed. She definitely wishes to have a paragraph written about them. Needless to say that Diane is Sister's great pet.

Little Frankie comes next. He is a dear little dark-eyed chap, with a sweet little tinkling voice and a big question-mark of a brain. Everything puzzles and intrigues Frankie—nothing is straightforward—and he ponders and thinks and wonders. Can he, by any chance, be any relation of Mr. Molotov? Frankie even puzzles whilst he eats, for he is often discovered, in a brown study, stretching his small mouth over a spoon, many sizes too large, heaped high with dinner—with results one can easily imagine. As we leave him, Frankie's puzzled gaze follows us; no doubt he wonders "Who the, What the, Why the" we are.

Frankie's next-door neighbour is little Beatrice Maude. What a complex little personality we have here. Beatrice Maude loves cats and dogs and birds and flowers, for we watch her happily at play with her Noah's Ark and its four-footed population. What is in her little mind to urge her to pair off a lion with a cat, and a dog with an elephant, and a lamb with a zebra? Perhaps she has a flair for the incongruous. Anyway, we cannot fathom her ideas on life from her steady gaze. Her sombre brown eyes reveal nothing. She is a little sphinx.

Now, I think we ought to visit a few adorable little rag-a-muffins out at play. Nearly all of them have the sweetest

little dirty faces, hands and knees, but the most appealing wide-awake eyes and busy little brains. We usually meet them amongst bits of broken milk-bottles, marbles and dog-eared footballs, with their own chosen friends and intimates. We must be careful not to walk across their cricket pitch, which has firewood for stumps and an old shovel for a bat and about three straggly blades of grass growing on it. Also, we shall have to "take cover" occasionally, for the queerest missiles take to the air. We met one little fellow, struggling with his boot, puce in the face, and bowed down with anxiety. As we drew alongside, his little voice piped out, "Laidy, 'ave yer got a boot-lace to gimme please?" Now, I may look like a boot-lace to a small person, or even like a potential holder of boot-laces, but I was neither, and this little chap wanted one. His gaze was so trusting and he obviously expected help. So I apologised for not having the real thing, but advised him that not two minutes' walk away someone's front-gate was tied up with string. A sudden flash past of little legs convinced me that his boot would not be long without a "lace."

Strolling on to the boards, which advertised all the romance at the neighbouring cinemas, we pause to listen to two highly cultured and experienced young film critics. Neither had reached the ripe old age of six years, and Miss Jones, the elder, said with great condescension to Miss Smith, "Coo, Lucy, this 'ere 'Master Keys' ain't arf good!! It didn't arf make me cry. I saw it in the threepennies." Miss Lucy Smith sighed with envy at such affluence and knowledge.

Ah, here is little Paddy O'Flynn. He is wearing the strangest pair of trousers, cut down to fit from his big brother's. I think the act of sitting down will be fraught with great danger, for his trousers appear to be a little tight, and slightly unsafe at the seams! Paddy, aged seven, has a girl friend whom he solemnly escorts to the pictures, twice a week, when he is at home. He tells us that they go "in the fourpenny rush for tuppence," which sounds suspiciously like fraud on a large scale!! But, as we are not guardians of the public morals, we'd better leave Paddy to his conscience, and I very much doubt if we have time to interview any more babes.

G.M.H.

APPOINTMENTS.

LADY SUPERINTENDENT.

Royal Aberdeen Hospital for Sick Children.—Miss Iris M. Rockingham, S.R.N., R.S.C.N., has been appointed Lady Superintendent. She was trained at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Sick Children, Brighton, and at the Metropolitan Hospital, London. Miss Rockingham has held posts as Night Sister at the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, London; Ward Sister at the E.M.S. Hospital, Park Prewett, Basingstoke, Hants.; Assistant Matron and Home Sister at the Chest Hospital, London; Matron of the War-time Nursery, Yeovil, Somerset; and Home and Office Sister, Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, London.

MATRON.

Cheltenham General and Eye Hospitals.—Miss C. M. Dickie R.G.N., has been appointed Matron. She was trained at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, and carried out Private Nursing duties to the late Admiral Earl and Countess Beatty, and to the late Duke of Buccleuch. Miss Dickie has been Sister at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary; Sister, Westminster Hospital, London; Night Superintendent at the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital, Bournemouth; and Matron at the Pembroke County War Memorial Hospital, Haverfordwest.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)