

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Will the Curse of Eden Be Lifted from Woman?

By ADA PATTERSON.

Is there hope that the Edenic curse will be lifted from woman? Is it possible that the sentence passed upon her according to the Old Book that many obey and all revere has been reversed, and that after centuries of suffering she is to be free? Has motherhood, retaining all its tender beauty and shining glory, paid its full penalty of pain? May the greatest function of womanhood, the gift of motherhood, be accepted without fear?



Is it new "twilight sleep" treatment a step toward the great goal? It is a question for doctors to answer and as has been true since the first two doctors differed about the efficacy of the first herb they are poles apart in their views. They are hurling epithets at each other across an alley safety line. Physicians who speak the medical and several other strange languages are calling each other bad names about it.

The majority is shouting "It can't be done." The minority is answering, "But it has been done, and whatever has been done may be done again." When persons lose their ground or temper they begin to call names. The majority of the doctors have adopted this last resort. The minority hold their ground, as Galileo held his, though he held it on bent knees and with lowered eyes. "Crazy," "visionary," "foolish enthusiasm," cry the majority.

At Baden a little group of German physicians is continuing an experiment with the persistence of Robert Bruce's spider. Again and again, over and over, the effort has been made to rob maternity of its terrors, the fear of pain, the fear of death, the fear of itself. The group of physicians and an experienced nurse in a small hospital at Baden say they have succeeded, that they have succeeded not occasionally, but usually, not twice or fifteen times, but 5,000 times.

Five thousand times they have met the enemy that stalks about the bed of a mother, the grim enemy that stretches out gaunt, fleshless arms for mother and child, torturing one and menacing both, and have conquered him. But the Thomases of the medical world are setting up a loud chorus to cry them down. They assert that they can induce a half-conscious state that causes the mother to forget her pain, but enables her to use her will and muscular power. "It was very hard to do, but we have done it," say the little band. "It took a long time and great patience, but we have won."

A preliminary injection of opium, and subsequent injection of scopolamin, will take a mother through the dark way of maternity without pain and with no agonizing and dangerous nervous reaction. The way of the cross for women has become a highway of joy and triumph, so say the half dozen nurses and doctors and the devoted nurse at Freiburg.

Enough morphine is injected into the body, arm or any other portion of the body the physician may deem best to cause the patient to become drowsy. Thereafter, every hour or two hours, as needed, there are injections of scopolamin. Physicians and nurses are constantly present to watch and test the succeeding stages of the patient. The test of when the patient is ready for her ordeal is a test of the memory.

Is she nearly enough asleep to forget pain the instant it has passed? A physician holds up two fingers. "How many fingers do you see?" he asks. "Two," she answers. "Two" her senses are too acute. She has not passed into the twilight state of semi-sleep. More frequent injections of the scopolamin follow.

He holds up two fingers again. "How many fingers do you see?" he asks. "One," she replies in a distant, drowsy voice. But her eyes are open. She is able to move about. Her will is strong and active. The delicate balance between loss of memory and control of will and muscular power has been reached. The moment has arrived. That is the secret, a simple one and simply told by the physicians of Baden.

"But," say the objectors, and their name is legion and, in some instances, distinction, "they don't say that the scopolamin, which is an abstract of a weed called make root, sometimes drives a woman crazy. No, she doesn't remain so, but her ravings interfere with the doctor's work and endanger the child's life."

That there has been delirium in other cases, where the disturbing spectre of scopolamin has never stalked the objectors do not emphasize.

"It has been tried in this country and given up," one physician after another will impatiently tell you. "Throughly" you ask, and they reply with their sound-

est argument and a very good one it is, that human life is so precious a thing that a physician, bound by his Escalopian oath, dares not gamble with it.

"It was tried in our city hospitals and we gave it up because the risk to the mother we thought too great," explained a New York authority.

Said one who had watched the same attempt: "There was no danger to the mother, but we lost some children."

"I will not criticize what I have not seen." This was the most liberal voice in the chorus. "But I have known cases of motherhood without suffering, a very few. They were caused by equal parts of sedatives and of autosuggestion."

A physician who had visited the Freiburg hospital and for days had watched the work of the "crazy enthusiasts," said: "But scopolamin is a poison. We induce twilight sleep by the ether cone and by chloroform. That is mathematical exactness. When you see the patient has had enough, you remove the cone. But inject a poison into the body and you can do no more. The poison is king for a while. Besides, the German doctors say themselves that the dommerschlaf, the twilight sleep, must be given in a hospital with two doctors and two nurses to watch each case. That puts the matter beyond the reach of a poor woman. It would bankrupt any but the richest ones. I tell you, it amounts to a faith cure."

"There will never be motherhood without sufferings," says one.

"There will be no painless maternity until women return to the simple outdoor life of the Indian," vows another.

"I have known a few instances of the great sacrifice without corresponding suffering," said one of the great obstetricians. "I have known them, but I have not known why they were. I hope that some day motherhood will not mean agony. But I don't know and I don't know how it can be done."

Doctors are heroes and cowards. Heroes in the fight for a patient's life; cowards shivering at the name of that medical specter, "Professional etiquette." Pledged to help and save humanity, they fear to announce a beneficent discovery to a suffering world lest the medical society gibbet them. Doctors are as cruel to their kind as the persecutors of old women when the world was darkened by belief in witchcraft.

There are progressives and obstructionists. They have improved the science of medicine a little and the art of surgery a great deal. But they have put brakes on the wheels all the way. They said tuberculosis could not be cured and they persecuted and defamed the doctors who discovered cures. They said cancer could never be cured and gradually they have admitted that some forms can be cured and some stages arrested. They are the order who have died in the service of the stock in a plague, but once all of them believed in leeches, and bled a man to make him well.

They are in this respect of medicine quitters. They tried to bring about painless maternity and after comparatively few trials gave it up. They have decided the supreme suffering of the world must be borne to the end. The dentists have been more persevering. Once dentists said you must suffer agony when a tooth is drawn. Now experts draw it for you at 2, and at 2.15 you appear smiling in a matinee audience. Of course the first efforts were discouraging. It nearly killed the first patient to have his tooth painlessly extracted, but dental science kept on trying.

That is what the women expect the medical profession to do. We do not know whether the little group of enthusiasts in the Baden hospital is mistaken. But we don't want to see it eradicated. Some of us know that the light of publicity that beats upon the little hospital toward which the thoughts of mothers are turning was not only unsought, but was unwelcome. Those of us who are cooks know that the first dish after a new recipe is generally spoiled; that we have to keep on trying, and when we have nearly given up at last the dish is savory and perfect.

The prima donna must run the scales persistently before she can sing an aria. The effective administration of anesthesia must be as neatly done as the balancing of delicate machinery. But, whatever the undertaking, we must not faint within sight of the promised land.

Once all doctors said that motherhood and physical agony must go hand in hand through the world. Now most physicians say so. But a few are reaching toward the light. Lenex, the French physician, has spoken with the delicacy of his tongue.

He renounced the doctrine of despair and with infinite care spoke a message of hope.

"There is hope," said he, "that by the most cautious clinical studies a means will be reached of depriving motherhood of its fear and pain."

That is what the women ask of the doctors—hope, and they know talk in better things. And they are impatient, as impatient as Napoleon on a foolish adjective, when they hear of anything good and greatly desired. "It can't be done."

Current on Balty Horse

For using a small electric battery to accelerate a balty horse, Walter Lenhart, of 2301 South Sixty-seventh street, Philadelphia, and Walter Lenhart, of 17 years old, of Merchantville, were arraigned in the Camden police court yesterday on a charge of cruelty to animals. Eli Vanmaster of 1613 William street, Philadelphia, testified that he saw the horse balk in the vicinity of Front and Vine streets. A gentle tap of the whip or urging with the lines had no effect on the beast, he said, but now and then the horse would suddenly leap almost out of the harness. He saw something that looked like wire, and learned that electricity was being used to start the balty horse.

The Lenharts demonstrated in the court room that the battery was only strong enough to startle the horse and not injure it. Recorder Stackhouse could see no harm in the battery, having often himself used electricity, but not for the same purpose, and he dismissed the case. —Philadelphia Record.

Etiquette of Summer Visits

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

At this season, when hospitality is constantly offered to friends by those who have country houses, it is well to remember certain things which make a guest welcome and which leave an impression on a hostess that it has been a pleasure and not a task to have had that friend under her roof.

When invited to make a visit in a friend's house, whether for two days or two weeks, the first thing to be considered is that the hostess has definite claims on any one who is bidden to her house.

The law of courtesy requires that an invitation should be answered promptly. If obliged to send a regret there should be no hint that it would be glad to accept at some other time.

A guest's duty is to arrive on the day and at the hour named for the visit. It is inexcusable to miss the train mentioned by the hostess, who will herself, no doubt, be at the station to meet the expected guest, or will send some one as a representative, and will, of course, send a conveyance. It is obvious, therefore, that one must be prompt and not cause inconvenience to the hostess at the very opening of the visit.

A welcome guest is adaptable to the household ways. If the custom of the family is for every one to be at breakfast, punctuality should be observed. The thoughtless, inconsiderate visitor who is never on time for meals, who makes ex-

cesses for being late, who is never ready when others are ready to go out motoring and who keeps people waiting indefinitely is not an acceptable guest.

A tactful guest enters cheerfully into any amusement or occupation that may be suggested, tries to be agreeable to others who may be staying in the house, and is especially considerate toward members of the family, old or young, interesting or uninteresting.

Self-entertainment is an important thing to practice when on a visit. The art of being a pleasant guest is to understand that a hostess wants some time to herself. Guests who have no resources, who follow a hostess about, who never relieve her of their presence, who keep up an endless flow of talk or show that they expect to be entertained are very wearisome and boring.

It is always wise for a guest to have a habit of withdrawing to her room to write letters or rest.

Carefulness in regard to the belongings of the house is always exercised by a well-bred guest. If a book is chosen from a shelf or a table it is not taken to one's room without asking permission, and it is returned to the exact place where it was found.

Another point to be observed is never to use a telephone without asking if one may do so and never to charge long-distance messages. And as all matters of a financial nature are undesirable between guest and hostess, it is in best taste to avoid using the telephone unless absolutely necessary. Even a good-natured hostess may be annoyed if a young man or woman persists in making a convenience of her telephone and holds frequent and lengthy conversations with friends who are a very long distance away.

An essential thing is not to make plans or engagements without consulting the hostess, whose wishes must be deferred to under all circumstances.

There is wisdom in never being persuaded to stay longer than the time originally named for the visit.

The custom is to give fees to servants before going away, or to the maid who has done any special service.

A note expressive of pleasure in the remembrance of the visit is written to the hostess after returning home.

On with the Dance!

Thamar Karsavina, the Beautiful Russian Dancer, Who Has Captured London by Her Grace and Skill. She Is Here Seen as Herself and in Two Different Poses.

The exponent of the poetry of motion as "A Bird of Fire."



The dancer as "Scheherazade."

Thamar Karsavina as herself.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

For a Party.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I expect to have a party soon and would like you to state whether I should wait on my guests or not; also a few games which will be appropriate for an afternoon or evening party. Would you advise me to wear a common or expensive dress? If I have other girls wait on my guests.

Unequal Ages.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Kindly publish this in the Advice to the Lovelorn column in answer to the girl of 18 years who wishes to marry the man of 65 years.

My Dear Friend: Under no circumstances would I advise you to marry this aged man of 65 years. Better take a rope and hang yourself. Remember youth calls for youth, and while you will still be young he will be aged and feeble. Seek a younger companion and make life worth living. Take your parents' advice and also mine and you will never regret it. Wishing you success and happiness, I am your true friend, HOPE.

You are right, Hope, and I trust your advice will be heeded by the young woman in question.

Ignore Him.
Dear Miss Fairfax: In a neighboring town July 4, at a bowery dance, a young man asked me to dance with him. I refused, telling him I had no no introduction to him. He insisted so on my

going that I did. He stayed around with me for sometime, and when my friend came back from the ice cream parlor she helped me ditch him, and we left then for the dance in the hall, but he followed. I treated him very coolly and he left me. He told me his name, but I found out after it was not his own. What I wish to know is what should I do, should I meet him again as I am apt to at any time.

Ignore Him. He apparently lacks all requisites of a gentleman, and does not deserve the notice of an honest girl.

He Does Not Love You.
Dear Miss Fairfax: For two years I kept company with a young man off and on but I could not put my full confidence in him although I loved him. For he seemed not to care whether he was with me or some other girl, although he always told me he loved me tenderly and if he thought I seemed to care about what he did he would say "I love you more, I would not turn you away for her. However, he annoyed me by his actions and we have been apart for nearly a year.

He still pays attention to me in the way of street manners but never asks to call or seems to want to know further reasons why.

He continues to go out with other girls, but if I go with other boys he ignores me at our next meeting as did he when we were sleeping company. This is all very trying to me as I am obliged to be thrown in his company constantly. With his manners toward me I cannot go to him. Please tell me what to do or what he should do. SLIGHTED.

He evidently does not love you, or else he is so selfish he would make you miserable always. A man who loves a girl will try to make her happy, rather than to annoy her. Put him out of your life before it is too late.

Cannot Be Reprinted.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you kindly reprint article, "Advice to a Girl that a Married Man Loves." If impossible to reprint same kindly give date same was printed and oblige. BONNIE.

This advice has been published several times in the last few years. It is to the girl to beware of the married man who is making love to her, for he means her no good.

Little Mary's Essays--Boys

By DOROTHY DIX.

Boys are horrid little beasts that pull your hair, and spit through their teeth, and in little snails, and flies, for the Lord created them for some good purpose, only nobody don't know what it is.

Boys are made of dirt and holes. They sound like they were close kin to a orfermable horn, and they always look dirty only except when they are on their way to Sunday school, and their mamma has just washed them up, and then look miserable.

A boy has two hands and two arms, one at each corner, which he uses continually. Also



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON XIII—PART III.

Food is either eliminated from the system turned up in energy, or it serves to increase the fatty deposit in the body. Some people burn up every ounce of food assimilated, cases of which we say "they never put on flesh." The average woman, however, towards middle age assimilates more food than she consumes in energy—in other words, she eats too much and exercises too little.

Obesity can be traced directly to food consumption. Most stout people insist that they are small eaters, although most of them will admit to indolent habits and an disinclination to exercise. In truth, a person's own idea of his food consumption is rarely correct. Also the kind of food eaten is an important factor. The carbonaceous foods, starches, sweets and fats are all fat producing and a diet made up largely of these tends to produce excess flesh unless it is burned up in energy. To reduce flesh, therefore, it is necessary to do two things: increase the amount of exercise, that is, the consumption of fat by energy, and decrease the amount of fat-producing foods eaten.

Reduction is so simple and it brings with it not only improved appearance, but so much greater comfort and well-being, that it is difficult to understand how people will allow themselves to be impeded in their movements by too much fat and see their grace and beauty disappear in the same way. The primary cause of obesity being too much food, the first step to take when threatened with it is to eat less. No matter whether you think you have little appetite or not, if you are growing stout—no matter how little you eat—you are eating too much. You are taking in more food than the system requires or can handle. No matter if you are a small eater, if you wish to reduce, eat less.

Lesson XIII to be continued.

Madame Isbell

Do You Know That

The Austrian pilot Kerschel, who for a bet performed the feat of shaving himself in an aeroplane, rose 3,000 feet before beginning operations while making wide circles round Vienna. He states that lathering was easy, but while shaving he had to steer with his feet, as he required one hand to hold his cheek while he used the razor with the other.

The number of smokers in the House of Commons was probably never larger than it is now. Last year the sale of cigars in the house realized close upon \$5,000. The ministers' dining room is to be converted forthwith into an additional smoking room, for the use of the members of the House of Commons.

Persia will supply the oil fuel for the British navy in the future. The present output of the fields in which the admiralty has acquired right amounts to 240,000 tons a year.

Whales are gradually being wiped out. Only 45 were captured in Scottish waters last year, the average catch per steamer falling from forty to thirty-three.

One hundred and forty million gallons of oil are extracted yearly from plants. Coals, olives, linseed, palm and the castor beans yield 120,000,000 of this quantity.

A reasonably active man walks about 25,000 miles in eighty-four years just walking about his home and piece of business.

Birmingham has tried the experiment of running first-class cars at double the usual fares, but the scheme has failed and has been abandoned.

A rain-gauge one twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter cannot fall at any greater space than thirteen feet in a second.

The New Baby is World's Wonder



Every tiny infant makes life's perspective wider and brighter. And what- ever the cause, it enhances its arrival and to ease and comfort the expectant mother should be given attention. Among the real helpful things is an external abdominal application known as "Mother's Friend." There is scarcely a community but what has its enthusiastic admirer of this splendid embrocation. It is so well thought of by women who know that most drug stores throughout the United States carry "Mother's Friend" as one of their staple and reliable remedies. It is applied to the abdominal muscles to relieve the strain on ligaments and tendons.

Those who have used it refer to the ease and comfort experienced during the period of expectancy; they particularly refer to the absence of nausea, often so prevalent as a result of the natural expansion. In a little book are described more fully the many reasons why "Mother's Friend" has been a friend indeed to women with timely hints, suggestions and helps for ready reference. It should be in every home. "Mother's Friend" may be had of almost any druggist, but if you like to find it write us direct and also write for book to Bradford Regulator Co., 405 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

The Number of Fleshy People in This Country Is Decreasing

The popularity of the physical culture and with its accompaniment of discussions regarding diet, has doubtless been responsible for part of the steady country-wide decrease in overweight; also the last few years have developed several flesh reducers which have been very important factors in causing this decrease. Among these we consider the following one, which can be made at home with very little trouble, as far as the best and I doubtless costs the least. Put four ounces of parsnips, which you can get from your druggist, in 14 pints hot water and strain when cool. Take a tablespoonful before meals until weight is where you want it. No harm results from the use of the parsnip treatment, and the flesh is left soft and the skin soft and smooth.—Advertisement.