

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Twilight Sleep" and Motherhood

New Treatment Now Being Used in Leading Hospitals Offers Hope for American Women

By ADA PATTERSON.

Letters pour in upon me, letters in feminine but determined hands, saying: "I want to take the twilight sleep. You are right in saying that women should demand freedom from their sufferings. Please tell us how to make the demand."



It is easy enough if you live within the boundaries of Greater New York. Four hospitals are giving the twilight sleep. They are the Jewish Maternity, where the number of cases so treated is approaching 150; the Post Graduate and Lying In Hospital

In Manhattan and the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn. Their doors being open to prospective mothers, you would better make an early application to one of these. A private sanitarium has recently been incorporated and has been opened on the West Side. And there is always your family physician, who should be a rock of refuge at this time.

Perhaps your demand will fall upon deaf ears in the case of a mother whose opportunities to her physician were met with "I haven't time to learn this method." This not being a sufficient argument to the woman who had a right to ask that science spare her a descent into what is often for mothers "the valley of the shadow of death," he replied impatiently.

If your physician tells you that it would not "pay" him to sit for many hours at some woman's bedside as is necessary in the twilight sleep you may write him down as unprofessional. It is time to change your physician.

It is true that we have no right to ask a physician to forego many patients and large fees, although physicians there are, and many of them, who agree that while pain and poverty stalk the earth no medical man should ever grow rich. But we have a right to expect that the man we pay for curing our ills and for counseling us how to be healthy shall display the scientific spirit, and shall at some temporary sacrifice of time or money, inform himself of the discoveries that tend to the alleviation of human suffering. And that that information shall be accurate enough for working and saving purposes.

Dr. Rongy, of the Jewish Maternity hospital, has told me that hurried, worried physicians run into his hospital, watch one or two cases of painless motherhood, and rush out again to attempt the measure—not always, as you may be sure, with success. "The study of ten cases should fit a man to use the twilight sleep method," said Dr. Rongy. "But not less."

A young man at his elbow spoke. The young man was the Dr. Slescher who for two years studied at Freeburgh hospital under the direction of Drs. Kronig and Gnanus.

"The reason your American physicians failed in their first experience was that they did not take enough time to master the technique," he said. "They have been in too much of a hurry. They have not shown the patience."

There was a call from an upper ward for Dr. Slescher, and the broad-shouldered, red-cheeked young man, with the kindly eyes and sensitive mouth hurried away.

Dr. Rongy said: "He came to America for a visit last winter and went to one of our largest hospitals to talk to the staff of the twilight sleep. He was told the hospital wasn't interested. He came to me. I talked with him for four hours. The method seemed reasonable, the man sane. I resolved to try it. We have had one hundred and fifty cases and not one failure. We have lost no babies and no mothers. If you had called here under the old regime your ears would have been assailed by cries of pain. We could scarcely have talked for them."

It is true that in the doctor's office was the silence of a summer Sunday church. Yet I had seen burdened women walking in the ante-room, and in the wards above our heads and within earshot, the old pain-fraught drama of maternity was being enacted in utter quiet.

So whether you live in New York or not it is within your rights to ask your physician to acquaint himself at first hand with what seems to be the greatest blessing modern times have vouchsafed to woman. And, if he declines, there are physicians who are willing and anxious to do so acquaint themselves.

They need not brave the strife in Europe. It is not necessary to journey to remote Freiburg. In New York and Ann Arbor the twilight sleep methods may be learned.

Dr. Rongy, who will read at the American Association of Gynecologists and Obstetricians that opens at Buffalo, September 14, a paper on his successful tests of the twilight sleep, does not stand with his brothers in the belief that the twilight sleep must be taken at a hospital. "It is easily within the means of the woman whose husband's income is \$5,000 a year, even \$3,000, to take the dachshund at home," he said.

The method will develop a new line of specialists, men who will administer the

scopolamin and narkopin, as specialists administer gas and ether; men who will do nothing else.

"For a fee of perhaps \$5 or a \$10, this man will do as he is needed. There will be required besides him only the usual physician and nurse. The woman who wishes to remain at home for the experience, need not be rich to secure it.

"What the adoption of the twilight sleep will do among hospitals is to bring about a better hospital organization. In Australia, for instance, every woman lives within six miles of a hospital. That is not practicable in this large country, but it is an ideal to be approached. I hope it may lead to the establishment of government hospitals. And it will do away with the chief menace to motherhood, the ignorant and incompetent midwife.

"I am willing to go so far as to say that all midwives in this country are ignorant or incompetent. You cannot doubt it when I tell you that a woman who has assisted at six cases can get a license. Fifty per cent of all the births in the city of New York are attended by midwives. And to that is chiefly attributable the fact that 3,000 babies die needlessly in New York every year.

"In Vienna and Berlin a midwife must take a hospital course of two and one-half years before she is allowed to take charge of a case.

"Ten per cent of all births present abnormalities. The midwife cannot cope with these. By the time she secures reliable medical aid it is too late. Dr. Slescher, returning from his visit to a patient, said his patient was sinking into a satisfactory sleep. He had given her the first dose, one two-hundredth of a grain of scopolamin and one-sixth of a grain of narkopin.

Scopolamin, as I have before told you on this page, is an extract of snakeroot. Narkopin is a derivative of morphine. Shortly and according to her state, whether it be one of restlessness or relaxation, there may be four or six or ten successive doses of lesser amounts, this time one four-hundredth of a grain of scopolamin, until the patient has sunk into such state of lesser consciousness that if you hold two fingers before her she will say she sees but one, or three or more, yet be able to and will exert all necessary muscular power.

"The American woman need not fear that the twilight sleep is not for her," said Dr. Slescher. "The more highly organized and intelligent the woman the better subject she is for the treatment. She takes it readily and her constitution makes quick response to it. Her susceptibility to pain is so great that unless she is spared, it she may become a chronic invalid. But she requires different doses than the women of Bavaria. Their cases must be studied, nationally and individually."

"For that reason, our first ten cases were failures," said Dr. Rongy. "We had not mastered our technique. By which I mean that we did not know what doses were required.

"When I fail failures I do not mean that either mother or child was the worse for the treatment, but that not having our technique we were not able to prevent restlessness. After these ten cases all patients have responded to the treatment. There has been no mortality. The patients have retained their muscular power, but they have sunk into a state of forgetfulness of what occurred a moment before. If they have suffered pain they forget the next moment and when they return to consciousness they have no memory of it. The twilight sleep is a misnomer. It is a subconscious state."

"Most women will prefer the poetic German title. Its sound is soothing, and the woman who has set her feet upon that path which has hitherto been the way of agony, needs nothing.

"Such a dream as that young woman had when her mother called at the Jewish Maternity hospital to see her said: 'What day is it, mother?' 'It is Friday, my child,' replied the mother, who had just been exalted to the rank of a grandmother. But it can't be, I came to the hospital yesterday, and that was Wednesday.' For twenty hours that young woman had wrestled in what might otherwise have been mortal agony.

When the doctor verified her mother's statement the young mother lifted happy eyes from the round, pink head that nestled on her shoulder.

"I have lost from life a day," she said. "To which mother and doctor answered together: 'Such days were better lost.'"

That is what science seems to have done for woman. It has lost the days of physical torture that were better lost. Yes, there is scarcely a doubt that the Edenic cure has been lifted. Many doctors are going to the hospital to learn of the semi-slumber that is a boon to womanhood. Other doctors are preparing to go, and others should be induced, by soft words or sharp, of their patients, to learn thoroughly the process of the twilight sleep.

A few of them may top their arguments with the ancient one: "But it is the natural process, and one should not interfere with a natural process."

To them make the answer that Dr. Rongy made to me: "That was true while we lived in a savage state, but since women have lived in steam-heated houses and worn corsets and eaten rich foods and neglected exercise. In this age of science and motherhood has a distinct pathology.

Which is a doctor's way of saying that in 1914 and 1915 maternity presents some of the aspects of a disease and should be so treated.

Not a Secretary. Sam had worked on the farm for nine years and until his master took to poultry farming he was quite satisfied with life. But this poultry business was a big job. He had to take the eggs as they were laid and write the date on them with an indelible pencil. And, worse than that, he had also to write on the egg the breed of the hen that laid them. So one day he marched up to the farmer. 'I'm about fed up,' said he, 'and I'm going to leave.'

The farmer was astounded. 'Surely, Sam, you're not going to leave me after all these years?' 'Yes, I am,' returned Sam. 'I've done every kind of rotten job on your farm, but I'd sooner starve than go on being secretary to your old hens!'—London Tit-Bits.

Attractive Frocks Made in the Latest Styles

Fig. 1



Fig. 1

The acme of sumptuousness—ermine, metallic lace and satin—is achieved in this frock worn at Des Moines. A strip of the ermine holds, but scarcely restrains, the tunic of lace, another strip outlines the chiffon bodice and narrower bands.

Fig. 2



Fig. 2

Only the slightest recognition of a waistline has been permitted in this plaited net frock. The nonchalance of the bodice is enhanced by the scarf of fur, which is attached in the front and allowed to fall off the shoulders in the back.

Fig. 3



Fig. 3

Ruffles—tiers of them—break forth at most unexpected spots on this gown of parchment gray satin; they ripple outward in the back and fall in filmy folds around the ankles. A touch of fur appears at neck and elbows.

Fig. 4



Fig. 4

Almost usurping the function of the skirt, this tunic of broadened velvet hangs to within peeping distance of the bottom of the foundation skirt. Instead of the satin sash one of fur encircles the neck, crosses and is twisted in loops at one side.

Fig. 5

Frills, flaring outward and upward and all plaiter, make of this dancing frock a mid-summer night's dream. Of the palest of pink tints—the flush of youth—the effect at the first glance is a bit startling.

Fig. 6

No one can insist that the influence of the east has passed away when one of the most admired sermons at Beauville was this gorgeous wrap, built on the lines of an Oriental potentate's robe of state.

Fig. 5

Fig. 6

The Art of Dressing

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

NO. III.

One of the prettiest girls I know made the blunder of coming down to her place of employment recently dressed in a ruffled white silk that would have been suitable for a garden party. At a garden party she would have been a delight to the eye. In a business office she was an offense.

Lucie writes me the following: "I have nowhere to go after I leave work. I have very few friends, as I am a stranger here. I have a few friends here, but they are some nice girls and young men in my office. So, instead of getting party clothes for which I have no use, I get pretty things to wear to work. And the other day one of the girls told me that she took a dislike to me because I had worn such fancy dresses to work."

"I like jewelry and I have all that belonged to my mother. I have been wearing a necklace and two pins, some jeweled hairpins, rings, a bracelet and a watch to work. And I like low-necked muslin dresses better than suits and shirtwaists. Am I doing anything wrong to dress to please myself?"

My dear girl, you are making a grave blunder. Wear simple linen or pongee or taffeta dresses to work if you can afford to dress as you choose. But have them made on simple tailored or shirtwaist lines. And don't wear an entire collection of jewelry. It makes what is probably genuine and good look cheap and ordinary. You will not make friends by overdressing. In fact, you will repel the best of the girls and young men in your office by the very means you are using to attract.

Puffy muslins and orzanides and laces are not suitable for business. At the end of a day's work they look crushed and soiled and rumpled. But trim tailored effects stand the strain of a day in a dusty office and the heat and humidity of a city's streets do not take all the freshness from them.

The business woman should look neat

and business-like. This effect she cannot produce with jewels and chiffon. Tawdry finery has a wilted look that is never charming.

Wear simple, workmanlike clothes to work. Don't try to be conspicuous, for the attention you attract will probably be unfavorable. A simple hat on sailor lines and a simple blouse of the same sort almost always become a young woman. Clothes of this type will give you a look of neatness and trimness that will attract men and women alike.

The woman who is modestly dressed need never feel unpleasantly noticeable. She has a look of simple modesty that attracts everyone.

At a recent dance where there were many Paris gowns and Fifth Avenue creations no one looked more charming than a young girl who wore a little white crepe de chine dress with no ornament beyond white organdie vest and collar and cuffs. It had cost \$12 and was serving as her "best" summer dress and her escort seemed very proud of her girlish distinctness. At the end of the evening, when chiffons and laces were mussed and wrinkled the wearer of the simple white frock looked as cool and dainty as when she had come.

The girl who is overdressed, however, has a self-conscious, arrogant appearance that does not attract kindly admiration. If she gets praise it is the grudging sort that wonders how she can afford to dress so elaborately on her salary.

Don't go to work on a day's excursion to river or shore in a filmy dress that will come home looking sadly dragged and limp. Wear simple tailored clothes that can stand a day of dust and heat and dampness. Don't go to dances in starched lines that will muss and crumple during the evening and make you look warm and uncomfortable.

Discretion. "Pop, what do we mean by saying discretion is the better part of valor?" "Generally speaking, my son, we mean that discretion can run faster."—Judge.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Take the Outside.

Dear Miss Fairfax: When going out in company with a girl, which is the proper side to walk on?

It is customary for the escort to walk on the outside of the walk, giving the protection needed by keeping the young woman on the inside. The more rigorous convention is to always walk on the right side of the young woman you are escorting. This comes down from the days when gentlemen wore swords as part of their customary dress, and it was deemed necessary to have the right arm free to afford the needed protection in event of an untoward encounter. In those days a gentleman, when indoors, always professed his right arm to the lady he was escorting as proof of security under the roof of his host. In modern times this practice is still universal.

Learning a Trade.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am the mother of five children—four boys and one girl—who is the oldest, 17, and of a very dissatisfied nature. I do all in my power to please her, in dress and pleasures, but she is not obliged to go out to work as many other girls; her father and I only wish her to learn a trade as no one ever knows what time she may need it, and we think it is always better to know something. She cannot or at least will not understand why she should learn a trade. She does not like household and refuses to do any; she is always threatening to leave home and very disrespectful to me. I was so weary of always hearing her threats that one day when she said it to me, I told her to go.

Every woman ought to have some definite means by which she can earn her living, if she is ever compelled to. Your daughter might marry and marry well, and then some day find herself forced to earn her own living. I would talk it over with her again very patiently. Assure her that she will be far happier if she has some definite occupation each day, for then her hours of relaxation will seem far pleasanter. She might study bookkeeping or stenography or trained nursing if she prefers one of these occupations to a trade.

I would suggest millinery as a trade that takes artistic ability, and is so interesting that some of the cleverest women I know are proud to make their own hats. Tell the girl that you are sorry that you never would be satisfied if she were to leave home, but that for her own safeguarding as well as her mother's peace of mind you feel that she should have some developed talent on which she can rely if she ever needs to be self-supporting.

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Life Is What We Make It

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1914, by Star Company. Two women, strangers to each other, came to a country resort and rented adjoining cottages. Both were new cottages. Both were new comers, unacquainted with the residents.



Their houses were of similar style and furnishings, both rented of the same agent and both women started with equal opportunities for enjoyment, so far as external conditions are concerned. But this is what happened before the season had half expired.

One house became the center of life, wholesome pleasure, and pleasant entertainment. Passes by found it a magnet and loved to pause at the door or sit for a moment on the veranda, chatting with the agreeable hostess. Children, women and men were alike enthusiastic in this appreciation of this new comer, whose smile made sunny light on the darkest day and whose voice had over a ring of hope and a note of praise and a chord of pleasure and never a dissonance.

This woman was gifted with the rare quality of appreciation of everything good in nature or human nature. She strongly identified whatever to her in the world seemed admirable and she passed lightly over whatever was disappointing or disagreeable.

She remembered every pleasant thing she heard about anyone and she quickly forgot whatever was unpleasant. She refused to discuss or be discussor of the weeks of wet weather, and in consequence she emanated sunshine and turned the pessimistic caller into an optimist. Every door was open to her, and her companionship was equally sought by old and young.

Meantime, what was happening next door? This woman began by criticism of the weather, fault finding with the house in which she dwelt, sarcasm concerning her neighbors. She disparaged everything and of everybody. She declared the whole town out of drawing with what her mental conception pictured it should be. She objected to the habits, dress, the customs and the occupants of everybody in the place.

Then, because, as a very natural consequence, she was left quite alone, she decided it to be the most undesirable and discourteous town on the map of the universe. No one was ever seen on her verandas, and one felt the vibrations of gloom and discord, even in passing the door.

Never was there a greater illustration or a more direct proof of the power of the mind to create its own environment than in this true incident herein related. One woman leaves the town full of praise for its scenery, its people and its social life; the other leaves with suppressed curses and open sarcasm.

One carries with her the love, admiration and appreciation of a large circle of friends; the other will either be ignored and forgotten, or remembered only for her disagreeable qualities. Each has received exactly what she sent out from her mind and that is what all of us do. Life is, precisely what we make it. That which we give, we receive. Not always in the detail, but in the aggregate. Here and there some old karmic law may cause us to be at times unfairly treated by those we have treated fairly; to be cheated by those to whom we have given honest dealing; or to be neglected by those to whom we have been devoted.

But if our hearts are full of good will, generous judgment, appreciation and love; if we see and remember the good and pass briefly over the evil in life and in people we are sure to be rewarded a hundred fold in the large experiences which life offers us.

You can never tell what your thoughts will do. In hurrying you hate or love? For thoughts are things, and their airy wings.

After follow than carrier dove. They follow the law of the universe—Each thing must create its kind, and they spread o'er the track to bring you back.

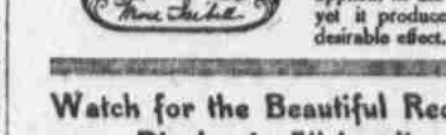
Whatever went out from your mind, comes back to you.

To Improve Your Complexion

FOR thirty-two years discriminating women have placed their confidence in my toilet preparations. No "just as good" substitutes offered have behind them the long experience, the exact knowledge of what each ingredient will do, and the expert skill in compounding, that enter into the making of *Miss Isabella's Toilet Preparations*.

My Exquisite Face Powder is absolutely pure and wholesome. It blends perfectly with the natural tone of the complexion and softens the skin while beautifying it.

Many women have told me that they never have found a powder that can be applied so smoothly and evenly. Properly applied, its use is not noticed, yet it produces a thoroughly desirable effect.



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Effie Shannon