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DAILY MAGAZINE

Urge Voluntary Parenthood; Fewer Babies; Better Ones

NEW MOVEMENT OF N. Y. CLUB WOMEN

"Give the Poor Women the Same Chances as Selfish Wealthy Sisters," the Argument.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

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"THE first right of every child is the right to be wanted. Every baby should come into a home as the most perfect of fervently desired gifts. Just as America always has stood for voluntary marriage—the marriage of a man and woman who love each other and who want to build up a home together—so many of us believe our children should be the children of voluntary parenthood, of fathers and mothers who can feel reasonably sure that the little lives to come will begin with all the advantages of warm affection, of robust health, of an economic margin for physical well-being and mental development."

That is the summary of the case for voluntary parenthood as it was given to me by one of New York's most useful women, Mrs. Elmer Blair, only woman member of the small and distinguished Public Health Council of New York State, past President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, Chairman of the Public Health Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, champion of a State-wide system of maternity clinics and herself a silver-crowned mother and grandmother.

MRS. ELMER BLAIR

It was Mrs. Blair who recently proved a most earnest and successful advocate of voluntary parenthood at the annual convention of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, when representatives of 200,000 of New York's most conservative and public-spirited women indorsed by a large majority vote a resolution urging in the interests of public health the removal of legal restrictions on parental knowledge of scientific family limitation.

Just because, at first thought, this seems so extraordinary a position for any except the frankly radical mind to take, I went to Mrs. Blair to ask her what were the impelling reasons which induced her and her fellow delegates—most of them earnest and devoted mothers, not a few of them grandmothers—to indorse publicity the ideal of voluntary parenthood.

"Why, I suppose the basic idea in the mind of every woman who takes this stand is a great, understanding, unselfish love for little babies," the gracious, sweet-voiced woman replied simply.

"Every woman who has held in her arms a baby for which she has longed, to which she has given heritage of good health, around which she can wrap her tenderest care like a mantle—every such woman must pity from the depths of her heart the little babies which are born of sick, exhausted mothers, born into a poverty of environment where they die wretchedly in the first few years of life or grow up stunted in body, in mind, or in both.

"Think of conditions in New York's own poverty districts. Think of the families where girl-wives of fifteen are mothers, where there is a baby every year and a little child dies every two or three years, where the mother has neither the strength to give her children a fair start before birth nor the strength to look after them properly after birth, where the mother herself is an old woman at thirty-five."

"But I have heard the objection," I told Mrs. Blair, "that knowledge of the principles of voluntary parenthood would result in a wholesale dodging of maternal obligations—which too many New York women are dodging as it is."

"The selfish, artificial woman who has physically and economically fitted to have children and avoids having them will, in any case, limit her family, because she can—and does—pay for the illegal knowledge we want made legal for the sake of the woman who really needs it," replied Mrs. Blair. "A change in the law wouldn't affect the woman who breaks it today with no legal penalty.

"But the maternal slacker is an exception to the rule. Most women want children, are miserable if they cannot have children. Every normal little girl loves babies. Every normal bride wants babies of her own. A famous child specialist recently said he had on his desk over eighty applications from couples wanting to adopt children and who were heartbroken because they had none of their own. But a woman who thinks of the welfare of her future children demands the right to 'space' them intelligently, so that she can give them the physical and economic advantages they should have.

"In Holland, where instructions for voluntary parenthood have been available at clinics for years, the rich average larger and the poor, smaller families than in any other country in Europe. Holland, also, during these years, has had a very high ratio of increase in the population, and in a period of thirty years the Dutch baby death rate dropped from 180 to 90 a thousand, which is the record rate for Europe, and considerably lower than ours.

"New Zealand, another country which practises voluntary parenthood, has an even higher ratio of increase in the population than Holland, and it has the lowest baby death rate—50 per 1,000—in the world. In our country, the rate averages 124 per 1,000. New Zealand is a flourishing nursery for babies. Maternity is a fine art there. It has the best mother and baby hospitals. Clearly, where scientific birth regulation is practised, it does not tend to wipe out the race.

"It is argued frequently that Benjamin Franklin and other great men were members of large families. Likewise, many instances can be found where genius has sprung from the small family. If the people who argue that poverty and hardship are such a splendid environment for a large family of young children really believed their own argument wouldn't they choose to rear their offspring in such surroundings? But they never do! A child need not be born into the lap of luxury, but surely it has a right to decently healthful conditions of existence and a decent chance for education.

"These are some of the arguments which have won the support of a majority of New York's clubwomen and of other conservative, conscientious women in many parts of the country for voluntary parenthood," concluded Mrs. Blair. "And remember this: Even if the bill to be presented at the next session of Congress for removing the ban of knowledge of this subject be passed, such knowledge never can be made compulsory. Those with religious objections and others can ignore it. But for the rest of us, voluntary parenthood, like pure milk, maternity clinics, prevention of social disease and other reforms, will be just one more step in protecting the rights of mothers and children."

Who Says You Can't Mix Business and Love?

O. HENRY would have said that the romance that lingers in New York's air caused it.

But Mr. and Mrs. Carl George Washburne of Eugene, Ore., declare that coincidence was responsible and that it would have taken place soon anyway.

Miss Narcissa Mary Jewett, the daughter of the late Lumber King of Oregon and an undergraduate at the University of Oregon, came to New York in the course of a six-weeks' trip through the East. Suddenly there came a telegram from her fiance, Mr. Washburne, whom she had known since childhood, saying that he was en route for the East on a business trip. They met at the Waldorf-Astoria early last week and decided that New York was the best place in the world for a wedding.

Assistant Manager LeMaire of the hotel did his best to speed matters up. He secured the ring and commandeered a clergyman while Mr. Washburne was attending to the license, and by Wednesday afternoon everything was ready at the hotel for the ceremony. Afterward the couple left for their honeymoon and will return shortly to Eugene, where Mr. Washburne is junior partner of one of the biggest dry goods stores in the Northwest. As they were to have been married in the spring, their new home is ready for occupancy.

Whether or not this episode will cause a general rush for New York by impatient swains remains to be seen.

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten

THE JARR FAMILY

• BY ROY L. McCARDELL •

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"THE new gowns from Paris are shorter than ever," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Look, there's one over there!"

Mr. Jarr was being led through the shopping district, looked around bewildered.

"No, over there!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr, directing him with her finger, though, as we all know, it's rude to point.

Mr. Jarr had not sighted the new short skirt from Paris that had so roused Mrs. Jarr, for they all looked short to him. Still he thought it best to simulate at least a passing interest.

"Looks pretty nice, though," he said feebly.

"Well, I admire your taste!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Don't you think that's going a little too far?"

"The higher, the fewer, I should say," remarked Mr. Jarr hurriedly. "But I think even the shortest ones contain much merit."

"Oh, you weren't looking at the skirt," said Mrs. Jarr, crushingly. "Your eyes were on the woman that wore it. It's strange to me," continued she, "but that's the sort of woman that appeals to men!"

As Mr. Jarr had no idea what sort of woman it was that had worn the new and shorter, and perhaps uglier skirt, he kept silence.

A freezing calm seemed to settle over Mrs. Jarr also. They walked on in this wise for half a block and then Mr. Jarr ventured feebly to ask if she didn't think it was a fine day.

"Don't speak to me!" cried Mrs. Jarr. And she raised her veil and dabbed at a tear that stood in the corner of her eye.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Gee whiz! What IS the matter now?"

"I prefer you wouldn't speak to me," said Mrs. Jarr. "Let us go home!"

"What do you want to go home for?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Didn't you ask me to come downtown with you? Didn't you say I wasn't interested in anything that concerned you? Didn't you say that other men took an interest in their wives' clothes"——

"But I didn't speak of men who took an interest in other women's clothes—and in the women who wore them did I?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Why—what—what?" sputtered the astounded Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, don't try to pass it off that way!" said Mrs. Jarr, with a sob. "It's bad enough to have to realize that perhaps such things occur when I'm not around, but to have my husband, while with me, openly admire a woman of that type! It's too much—too much!"

And Mrs. Jarr dabbed the handkerchief again.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Jarr, doggedly, "I didn't see the woman wearing the new Paris skirt, as you call it. All skirts look alike to me"——He felt this was a dangerous admission and hurried on. "That is, I mean I can't tell the style of one dress from another. I didn't see the dame wearing the new shorter skirt, and I didn't notice anybody but you, and I wasn't noticing anybody but you, and I never do notice anybody but you, and if you want one of those new short skirts I'll get it for you if I have to go out in an automobile with gunmen to get the wherewithal."

This sounded better though desperate, but Mrs. Jarr shook her head. "I wouldn't wear one of them," she said. "You only want to get me one because you admired that creature in it!"

Mr. Jarr was going to reply, but thought better of it, and in due time they entered the store, and while the dress Mrs. Jarr got was not the shortest, being, in fact, rather conservative, it is Mr. Jarr's opinion it could be called a kilt if it was of Scotch plaid, which it isn't. Still all Mrs. Jarr's friends say it is most suitable for her figure.

COURTSHIP to MARRIAGE

• BY BETTY VINCENT •

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"DEAR MISS VINCENT: I am seventeen and a senior in high school. There is a boy, older than I, in school whom I like very much, and who, from various things which have occurred I have reason to think likes me. He is very popular and much 'chased after' by the girls. So far I have made no advances and while he is quite fresh with other girls he seems very bashful with me. Could you suggest any way I could make him my personal friend without seemingly 'running after him?'

"A. B."

I am afraid there is no way you may gain the friendship of the young man. That is a privilege he should seek himself. Depend upon it that if the young man really desires to know you he will "find a way."

"Dear Miss Vincent: In the last year I have made such advances in business that I am ready to marry and have a little home of my own. But here is my problem—where can I find a domestic girl? My pal has just married a dear little girl who can cook, sew, keep house and market like a woman of fifty. Unfortunately I know of no such girl. My acquaintances all smoke, doll up and are good enough companions for a frivolous evening, but believe me, I want a different type of woman to share my cottage and bear my name.

"BOB OF MANHATTAN."

You have met the wrong type of girls, Bob. But brace up, for there are plenty of girls, good home-loving ones, just like you describe right here in the city. Keep your eyes open and you will find them.

"Dear Miss Vincent: I am deeply in love with a cousin of mine and he told me he loved me and has asked me to marry him. I have asked my mother if she would have any objections to me marrying my cousin and she has strongly objected. However, she would give me no reasons. Would you please advise? PUZZLED."

In the first place it is against the law to marry your cousin and in the second place against all the laws of eugenics. Children born from such a marriage would be apt to be mentally deficient.

GLIMPSES INTO NEW YORK SHOPS

AT one of the recent opening displays much comment was made upon the extreme simplicity of the evening gowns. Invariably they were closely draped about the figure, and whether the fabric was velvet, satin brocade or metallic weaves they were combined with lace, usually in the form of an underdress which showed at the opening of the drapery. The shoulder streamer of tulle was prominent. One gown of cerise velvet was stunning in its simplicity of design, with just a long streamer of black tulle falling from the right shoulder.

In the millinery shops they tell us that hats, no matter what the shape may be, are still worn very low on the forehead and to be real smart should be tipped to one side.

GOING DOWN!

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DEAR THIRD ONE: Getting cold now. Can't take those walks any more. Wonder what's the matter?

There is just as much chance to walk now as there ever was. What wealthy man was it walked down town every morning, winter and summer?

You can read about nature if you decide not to walk in the country. Suppose you apply for admission to the Grand Lodge of the Infinite and take your degrees this winter.

Read what you can about the outdoor life and how your Creator is expressed in Nature. Start with Emerson on Power. Learn why Gladstone chopped wood, Roosevelt hunted and Cleveland fished.

There is more to the out-of-doors than you ever dreamed.

Yours truly,

ALPALFA SMITH.

Secret of "Why Is a Grouch?" Found at Last in New York

DR. SANGER BROWN 2D THE DISCOVERER

Simple Cure: "Catch the Grouch Young Enough and You Can Turn Him Into Sunshine."

By Marguerite Dean.

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WHY is a grouch?

Because, years ago, a "maladjusted child" WAS. In this case, as in many others, the child is father to the man—or woman. That is the latest scientific theory to account for the cranky individual who snaps at your friendly overtures, glooms during even the sort of weather we've had this fall, and is only useful as an antidote to professional Pollyannas.

Catch your grouch young enough and you can turn him into a sunbeam! Oliver Herford anticipated this theory when he wrote:

"Reader, would you a cynic be,
Vindictive, vitriolic?
Then be one in your infancy—
Your nurse will think it's colic.
Like measles, catch it while you're young,
'Twill drive your parents frantic;
But you'll grow up, if still unhung,
An optimist romantic!"

To which science merely makes the additional observation that you must receive the right sort of treatment in your grouchy childhood if you would grow up to be a shedder of sunlight.

Medical men have joined hands with the educators, and together they are weeding out from the educational fields and gardens the shoots that are not thriving while they are young and tender and may benefit from transplanting.

Dr. Sanger Brown 2d has just completed a survey at P. S. No. 27, the probationary school for boys, in which the causes for so-called incorrigible and delinquent children—little "grouches" in the making—are analyzed.

It was found that often there is a physical cause which provokes or aggravates a child's mental disturbance and consequent so-called mental delinquency. Thousands of such children have passed through the hospitals of the United Hospital Fund in the last few years. Because of the limited facilities, many cases can have only clinical attention where they really need hospital observation to gain the best results. A large part of the $1,500,000 which the United Hospital Fund expects to raise in November for relief among the sick and needy will be devoted to children's work.

"We all know the person who is considered by his associates to be ill-natured and ill-tempered," said Dr. Brown, in speaking of the "catch-the-grouch-young" campaign. "He is likely to be something of a recluse. He is different from the rest of us. We don't care for his society, and he lets us alone. He is different and always has been.

"In the army we found many of these men. They could not 'stand in line,' as the expression was. They could not adjust themselves to the new conditions. That fact did not mean that they were defective mentally. They were simply different and could not conform to routine.

"The same situation applies to the schools. But it has been the custom to stamp as 'bad' or 'delinquent' every child who cannot 'stand in line.'

"Some of these children are defective mentally. They should be weeded out, as they have been for several years now, and not left to be a drag on the normal children. Some may suffer from a physical defect—poor eyesight or hearing—or a disturbance of the nervous system. When they are not actually defective from birth they can be greatly helped and sometimes become normal through medical treatment.

"Then there are the children who can never give close mental application. They may come from peasant stock, from a long line of ancestors who spent their lives in manual labor without any intellectual pursuits. Give such boys a chance at carpentry or metal work and they will apply themselves assiduously. You can never hope to interest them in English literature or history. Yet when they fidget through the period or carve up the desk they are branded as defective. They are seldom defective but have no aptitude for the studies which the inelastic curriculum of the public school forces upon them.

"Nervousness in children, when it does not result from some physical cause, can generally be traced to home environment. For instance, when children come from a home in which the father abuses the mother and the children, the offspring naturally have a fear hanging over them that prevents them from attending to the tasks of the school room.

"Malnutrition is another cause back of the so-called juvenile delinquency. But between the hospitals and the schools the majority of these causes can be remedied and the present maladjusted child will be set on the right road instead of being left to stumble along the wrong ones he could never travel with any profit to himself or society."

THE SEASON'S ODDEST BRIDAL HEADGEAR

MRS. DONALD M. McKNEW (Elizabeth Kingsbury)

WHEN Miss Elizabeth Kingsbury, the charming and popular daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. P. Kingsbury, recently became the bride of Donald Harrison McKnew in Washington, D. C., she wore a bridal veil arranged cap fashion as shown in her photograph above. It was not only very becoming, but possessed an individuality that was very striking.

BEAUTY AND HEALTH

• BY DR. CHARLOTTE C. WEST •

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Do You Look Neat Around The House?

THE manner of wearing the hair during working hours is always a perplexing question. The "boudoir cap," which has recently sprung into popularity, is a boon to women who are careful of their morning appearance. The average housekeeper can beautify her little dusting cap by making it of dotted swiss or white lawn, adding a frill of lace and a touch of color and running a ribbon through beading where lace and lawn meet.

To the great majority of women softly waving hair is very becoming. The use of curling tongs is ruinous to the hair, and I strongly condemn them, but by means of the dainty little caps mentioned above, the hair after being carefully brushed, can be "done up" on kid or metal curlers (there are any number of different makes on the market), and then hidden under the little cap, which thus serves a threefold purpose. A woman in curl papers need no longer be an object of derision and ridicule to the opposite sex. She can don her "beauty cap" and vie with the smartest looking woman in the land for looks.

The busy woman's feet must be neatly and suitably shod. French heels tire the back and should under no circumstances be worn during working hours. Shoes that are out at the toes, down at the heels and misshapen are utterly ruinous to one's carriage. It becomes impossible to retain the proper bodily poise which one must have not only for beauty and health, but if the tasks of the day are to be done without fatigue.

Doubtless it will be a matter of surprise to many that conditions which are supposed to be rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia and the like, often arise from the improper manner in which the body is carried and the strain to which certain muscles are put by wearing slip-shod footwear and throwing the body out of balance.

Well-kept feet and ankles not only speak eloquently of sound good sense and judgment, but of refinement and taste.

An antiseptic foot powder is an excellent thing to dust into the shoes and prevent foot fatigue.

The following is an excellent one: Alum, 1 ounce; boric acid, 2 ounces; talcum, 4 ounces.

Reduce all to a fine powder, mix well and pass through a sieve. Place in a sprinkler-top box from which it will be convenient to dust into the shoes, in the stockings or directly upon the feet.

Breathing exercises are extremely beneficial to health and to such good well being, but breathing impure air is especially harmful. Therefore the air in the room should constantly be changed, and means for the proper ventilation of all rooms never overlooked. In going about one's daily tasks it is well to remember that deep breathing in well ventilated rooms puts a check on coughs, colds, and all bronchial and lung troubles. That it develops the bust and gives a well rounded and becoming contour that is not possible where the breathing is short and shallow.

It is not difficult to present an attractive picture while doing one's housework, if attention is given to a few details.

Fables For The Fair.

BY Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

"YOU can't argue with a woman,"
As any MAN will tell you.
Do you know why?
It's because—if you are a man—you can't ARGUE!
You don't know how!
There is a DENT where your bump of sweet reasonableness ought to be,
You inherit your politics,
And pay the freight for your wife's religion,
And are imposed upon by service stations,
Headwaiters, landlords,
Tearful females and all the other profiteers—
Because the motto of the average easy-going male creature
Is, "Anything to avoid an argument!"
And yet he calls WOMEN emotional and unreasonable!
For years they argued, explained, gave reasons
Why they should have the vote.
Did they get it?
Yes—after the male heart of a Nation was touched
By the spectacle of women knitting
Making the socks that grandma used to make
(At least, they looked the same, if you didn't try to wear them).
"Logic is logic"—and that's the logic of a MAN
Did you ever try to convince the creature, by rational argument,
That if he doesn't wear his rubbers when all the signs say "rain,"
He is likely to ruin an $18 pair of shoes,
To catch cold,
To develop influenza,
To receive a doctor's bill,
To make himself and his family highly uncomfortable for a week or more?
Did you ever argue this thesis patiently, step by step,
And then hear him say:
"I won't wear the —— things! I hate 'em!
It's not going to rain anyhow!"
Did you ever, by peaceful argument,
Convince a man that it doesn't pay to put off going to the dentist;
That it's easier to get up at 7 and have time to eat breakfast,
Than to wait till 7.30 and run for a train;
That it's simpler always to put a pipe in the same place,
Instead of choosing always a DIFFERENT place, and making the house resound with loud, piercing cries
When the hunt is on?
You never did these things—nor any other woman!
For this is the truth of the matter, and the gospel according to Eve—
You can't argue with a MAN!