THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1920

No More "Mixed-Up" Babies

Plan to Have All Hospitals Take "Footprints" at Birth

Also Mother's Fingerprints as Future Proof of Relationship

By Fay Stevenson.

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EVERY thoughtful woman who expects a visit from the stork and plans to spend a few weeks in the hospital has said to herself: "What if the nurses should give me the wrong baby? All new-born babes look alike, and supposing my baby should be given to the wrong mother, while I re-

ceived a baby which belonged to another mother?"

Much fiction has been written along this line and this "exchange of babies" has even been known to occur in real life. Just at present, however, there is a movement to have all hospitals take "footprints" of the babies so that Mrs. O'Brien will not get Mrs. Polinsky's baby and Mrs. Polinsky will not get Mrs. Ferrarri's baby through mistaken identity.

The Cincinnati Foundlings Asylum has recently adopted Bertillon's footprint system and it is expected that in a short time all the leading hospitals will follow suit. In fact the Manhattan Maternity Hospital and Dispensary at No. 327 East 60th Street has been using this system for the past two years.

"The moment the baby arrives we take its footprints," Miss Nancy E. Cadmus, the Superintendent of the Hospital told me. "We believe this to be the surest and the safest way. Then we also take the mother's fingerprints so that twenty or even fifty years hence the mother or child can come back and their identities proved.

"There are certain lines in the foot," continued Miss Cadmus, "which they say never change. The foot will grow but those same little lines and curves which are so individual at birth will still remain.

"Before we used this footprint system we used to tag the babies by using adhesive plaster bracelets upon which were written their mother's names. Even then we were afraid that during the bath these little plaster affairs might drop off, so we put two tags on the baby; one on each wrist. While that was all very well as long as mother and baby were in the hospital we decided that the footprint system would be better in later years. Now we have a complete record on file both of the baby and of its mother."

At Bellevue Hospital it was said that they do not use the footprint system, but are planning to do so in the near future.

"It is an excellent plan," one of the head doctors told me, "a system which solves the parenthood relation for life. At present, however, we have an excellent system and there isn't a ghost of a chance of the baby going to any one but its own mother. In all the history of Bellevue not one case of a "changeling" has occurred.

"As soon as the baby arrives its mother's name is placed on adhesive plaster and fastened around its wrist. A complete record of the baby is made, including its weight, shape of head, length of back, legs and arms, color of hair (if there is any), eyes, &c., and placed on file. Then to insure further mistakes each baby is placed in a crib by its mother's side."

So with all this "tagging" and "footprinting" in the hospitals it looks as if prospective mothers will have nothing to worry over and fiction writers will have to think up other plots than "changeling" ones.

GLIMPSES INTO NEW YORK SHOPS.

BOOKS constitute a large proportion of the usual Christmas gifts. It is a comparatively easy matter to select a book for an adult but when buying books for children much must be taken into consideration. A child's character is often developed by the literature he reads, hence it requires care to select a book. Age and taste must also be considered.

THE JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. McCARDELL

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"MRS. STRYVER'S niece, Mildred, is learning stenography and I promised that you would try to get her a position when she is competent," remarked Mrs. Jarr the other evening.

"But why should Mrs. Stryver's niece go to work, when the Stryver's have lots of money?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Because she wants to be independent, that's why," replied Mrs. Jarr. I know lots of girls who are well to do or whose parents are, and yet they are studying for art or the professions."

"It would be much better if some of them would learn housekeeping," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"That's all some men think women should know!" retorted Mrs. Jarr. "The men are getting afraid of the modern woman taking their places in business and professional life. If men are so interested in housekeeping, why don't they keep house themselves?"

"I'm afraid it will come to that," replied Mr. Jarr. "But you know as well as I do that domestic science is being neglected by your sex."

"Yes, and I'm glad of it," said Mrs. Jarr. "The women have had to do household drudgery for years, but now they are taking up broader vocations. When I was a girl, the aim and aspiration of a woman's life was to get married to the first man who asked her. Now a woman has opportunities to support herself out in the business world. The day is passing when she is simply an unpaid houseworker!"

"Well, dearie, there's no use of getting huffy about it," replied Mr. Jarr. "If you are satisfied with feminine emancipation from the dreadful fate of matrimony, I am. Let the good work go on! Let there be lady boilermakers, and lady telegraph linemen, and lady plumbers, and lady stevedores. Let the women do all the hard work. I should worry!"

"It isn't what women want to do, it's what they have to do," said Mrs. Jarr.

"But that brings us back to what I was saying," replied Mr. Jarr. "Here's Mrs. Stryver's niece who does not have to be a stenographer, and yet she is studying to be one."

"But she wants to be useful," explained Mrs. Jarr. "She really does not expect to go to work, as she is engaged to be married."

"Then why doesn't she study housekeeping?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"She does not expect to keep house," was the reply. "She expects to live in a hotel, and then if she and her husband do not agree, she can always support herself at her stenography. That is, if she has to; though of course her aunt, Mrs. Stryver, has lots of money, and Mildred will never have to worry."

"Oh, all right, all right!" said Mr. Jarr. "But I don't see why Mrs. Stryver's niece, Mildred, should be looking for a job when she hasn't finished her stenography and is engaged to be married anyway."

"But she is!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "She wants to be independent because the young man she is engaged to is so very jealous."

"Jealous of a job?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Of course," was the reply. "He's one of that kind that, if Mildred looked at another fellow, would break off the engagement. So she has to make him jealous of her work. All you need to do is to promise to get her a position. You will, won't you?"

And Mr. Jarr promised he would.

The Evening World DAILY MAGAZINE

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1920

Can You Beat It!

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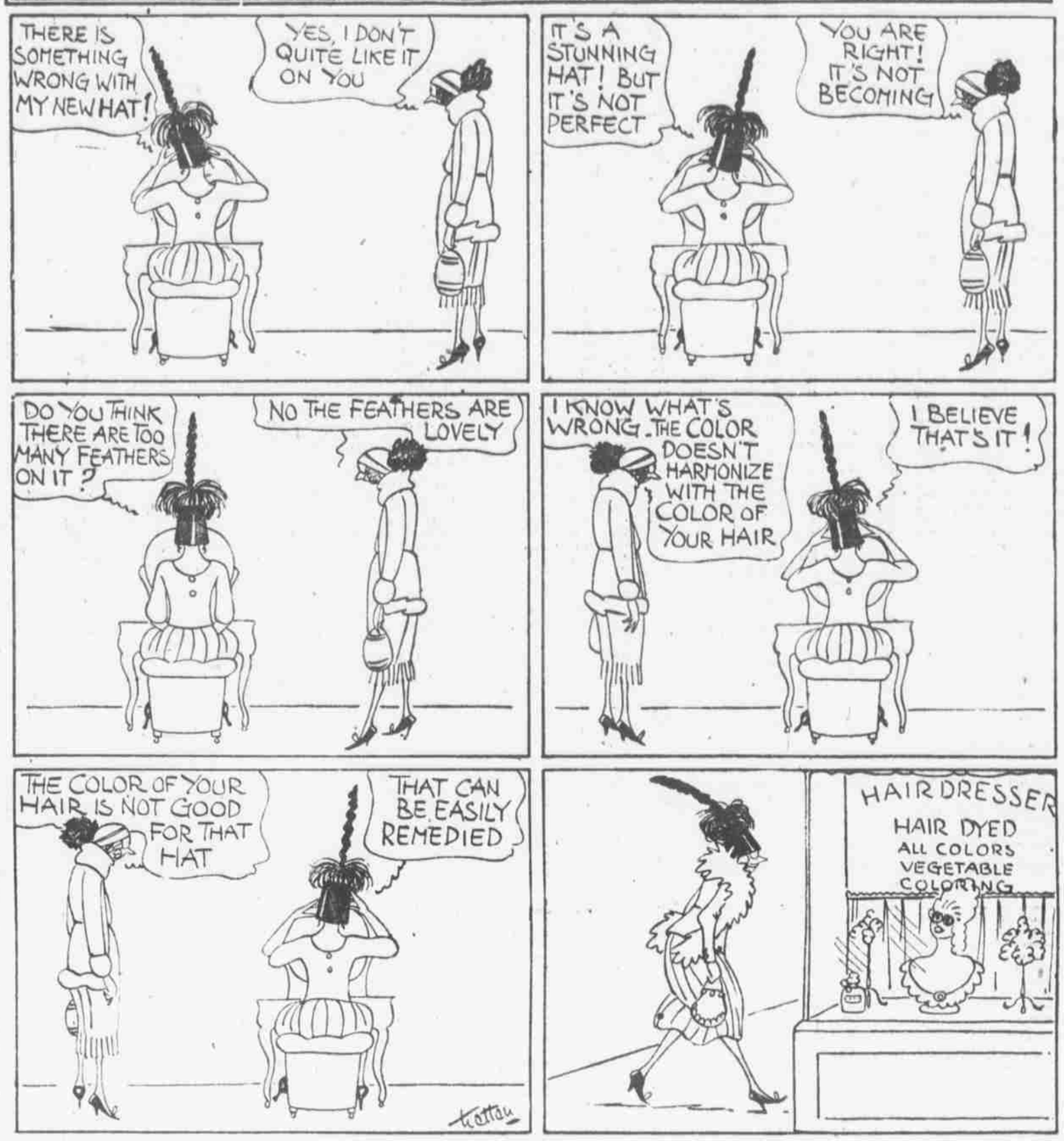
By Maurice Ketten



The Unknown God.

IN MEMORIAM, NOV. 11, 1920.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

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THE Greeks of old raised an altar in the heart of their most glorious citadel—an altar to the Unknown God.

To-day, in two citadels of civilization, we dedicate an altar to the Unknown Dead. In Westminster Abbey, with poets and kings and crusaders, an Unknown Soldier of the Great War lies. Under the Arc de Triomphe another of that mighty and mysterious legion is borne.

The worshippers of the Unknown God on Mars Hill knew not whom they worshipped. We, who pour out a passion of tender remembrance on the stately tombs of the Unknown Soldiers, know not whom we mourn. Yet, so long as shrines shall stand, these shall stand; "Not marble nor the gilded monuments of princes" shall outlast them in the souls of men.

The soldiers who fought and died in the shadow, who lost not merely their lives and their loves and the light of the sun, but even their names, their crystallized individuality, those over whom war passed the hand of obliteration and who are as if they had never been—truly, they are our Unknown Gods, in the shelter of whose pitiful protection we and our world exist.

The known dead have their beloved who remember; the Unknown Dead are a charge upon the nations, America, France and England, never to forget.

On this, the anniversary of the Unknown Soldier's victory—for us, not for himself—we who are about to live salute him!

HOUSEWIVES DESERVE MONUMENTS

BY SOPHIE IRENE LOEB.

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THE following observation was made by the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant before the Church of the Ascension this week:

"I marvel at a woman who gets the meals, washes the clothes, attends to the children and keeps the house in order and does many other things to make life more cheerful. It involves a great amount of scientific preparation, and all these are met by women single handed.

"There should be a monument to women."

This coming from a man is worthy of comment. Very few men indeed realize just how big a monument ought to be put up to women who not only do the things he tells about, but a great deal more.

Women do not need nor want monuments, but a better understanding of their position in marriage and motherhood.

Not only are many hundreds of women called upon to foster their families, but to finance them as well. Any man who has any doubt of Rev. Grant's statement has but to read 6,000 histories of families in the Board of Child Welfare in New York City.

I would like to take him to a home that I know of where a good-for-nothing husband has thrown all sense of responsibility to the winds and has run away.

His wife and four children are struggling along from day to day, not only to keep the wolf from the door but to retain their self-respect as well.

This mother is a most cheerful soul. She refuses to recognize defeat. Before her marriage she had been a stenographer, and when her husband threw the care of the family on her she went to work with a will at her former occupation.

She found she was able to make enough to pay for some one to care for the children while she is away during the day. It is not easy, however. In fact, it is very difficult to make ends meet. But she smiles with it all.

"No one knows what a woman has to go through," she said to me one day. "No one knows what women are called upon to do before they die. Little did I realize, when as a young girl I was wooed and won by this man, who promised everything and held nothing sacred.

"But, thank heaven, the children will soon be able to help a little, and then my great difficulties will be over. I thank God I have the children. I would have been miserable without them."

What this woman needs is not a monument, but a little gift now and then from some good friend or neighbor.

I know another woman whose husband has become wealthy but who is the worst kind of a miser.

For years she toiled and sacrificed her own personal needs in order that he might save and accumulate something for that "rainy day." She was the one who urged the saving, and did without in order that they might avoid later hardships.

And now she suffers more than she ever dreamed.

They have children too, but he denies the family as well as the wife. She has to use strategy and practically steal what is truly coming to them in the way of creature comforts, to say nothing of pleasures.

The spirit of this woman under such circumstances is martyr-like, to say the least. She not only does her own work, but does a little extra sewing for other people in order that her children might have some youthful pleasures.

This woman does not need a monument, but a part of the money she helped to make. There ought to be some way by which she could get it besides the manner in which she is now forced to appeal for it.

And so I could go on and cite many instances like this. Women in all parts of the world are daily giving the best that is in them unheralded and unknown. All men might well take a little time to reflect on this. If they did many a woman's efforts would be appreciated and her burdens alleviated.

WOULD YOU MARRY YOUR HUSBAND OVER AGAIN?

BY EDITH JOHNSON

Fourth Instalment.

"DON'T SPOIL YOUR HUSBAND."

"WHATEVER you do, don't spoil him."

Such was the climax of every piece of advice my married women friends had attempted to give me. Their harangues invariably came to the same end.

"Remember this, Alma—not one man in a thousand is able to appreciate an unselfish, devoted wife," declared Mary Osborne. "Selfishness is man's favorite vice, and you don't dare encourage it in him. Ever since we were married I have made a point of keeping Tom stepping pretty lively to my tune. Believe me, he does all the fetching and carrying in our family, and like every well regulated husband, he knows just where he stands."

I had invited a dozen or so of my best friends, married and single, to view my trousseau a few days before the wedding, and afterward to have a cup of tea, and it was on this occasion that much of this conversation took place.

"A man values the woman he has to make a lot of sacrifices for," agreed Janie Miller, who was putting three lumps of sugar in her tea. "When Rob and I were first married, I made the terrible mistake of waiting on him and humoring him in all of his foolish whims. I was the angelic little wife—up every morning at 7.30 to eat breakfast with him. It was 'Bobbie, by your leave,' and 'Bobbie, it shall be as your lordship wants it,' until he was not fit to live with. I am certainly glad that I saw my mistake before it became fatal. Take my advice and begin right, Alma. Don't let Hugh start any lord-and-master business with you. If he does, nip it right in the bud."

This interesting scene, which had rather amused me at the time, and the admonitions of my friends, came back to me as Hugh and I sat over our coffee that first evening in our own home. As I arose from the table and struck a match, which I held to Hugh's cigarette, while I bent over and lightly touched my lips to his forehead, I banished their words as the sordid and sinister warnings of those who had fallen short of their dreams of happiness.

In another moment Hugh had passed into the living room, had picked up the evening paper and had settled himself into the roomiest and most comfortable of our chairs.

I had rather expected that after that first meal Hugh would play the devoted husband by offering to help me with the dishes. For weeks I had been picturing in my mind a delightful domestic scene, a charming idyl wherein Hugh would be my happy helper. Together we would clear off the table after dinner, Hugh carrying out the heavier things and putting the chairs back in place, while I gathered up the glasses and silver. As I washed the dishes, my naturally curly hair forming little lovelocks as I leaned over the steaming pan, Hugh would be drying them on my lovely monogrammed tea-towels.

"It must be just sheer thoughtlessness on his part," I said to myself when it became apparent to me that Hugh had overlooked his opportunity to play first aid to the queen of his new kitchen. I remembered that Jean Copeland's husband always helped her with the dinner dishes, and I had heard of unselfish spouses who spent their Saturday afternoons off sweeping and cleaning the house. So I took courage and, stealing up behind Hugh and speaking straight at the back of his smooth, shining black head, I said sweetly:

"Hughie, dear, don't you want to dry the dishes for your little Sweetie Peach?"

Hugh jerked around in his chair with a sudden violence that startled me.

"Alma," he replied sternly and in a certain dead level of tone, "drying as well as washing dishes is your part of the marriage contract until we can afford a servant to do that work, and we will have one, I assure you, just as soon as that is possible. But in the mean time you might as well understand that so long as you are in your usual health and strength I have no possible intention of playing the housemaid. I expect you to take care of your part of the bargain, just as I expect to hold up mine."

I could have died more easily than I could have uttered one word—so stunned was I by Hugh's manner and tone, to say nothing of his harsh words. Silently and slowly I made my way back to the kitchen. With trembling hands and the sharp salt tears streaming down my cheeks and falling into the dishpan, I heavily took up the task I so blithely had begun.

(To Be Continued To-Morrow.)

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The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

CONNIE O'PATRICK AND THE FAIRIES.

NOW, as everyone knows, Ireland is the land of fairies and most everyone there believes in them. But I am going to tell you of one that did not believe in them and what befell him. Connie O'Patrick had never believed in fairies, even when his good mother told him stories about them when he was a child. He laughed and said there were no such things.

When Connie grew up he established a ferry across the Shannon and very prosperous was he. One night when he was in bed he heard a knock at his door. Getting up he opened the door and what a sight met his eyes! Hundreds of fairies in green mantels were standing about his door all talking at once so loudly that he did not know what it was all about until one of the fairies came up and asked him if he would row him and his companions across the river. Connie at first said no, but the fairies promised to give him a gold piece each so at last he consented to row them across.

They all filed into the boat, each one dropping a gold piece into the cup that Connie held out. On the way across the fairies rocked the boat so hard that Connie was afraid that they would all be thrown into the water. When the boat reached the other side of the river, Connie turned around to tell the fairies to get out. When he looked around there was not a fairy to be seen. He was so astonished that he could hardly move but he at last turned his head and saw the last of the fairies crossing the meadows. He got home as quickly as he could but when he looked into the cup in which he had collected the fares another sight met his eyes. Every gold piece had turned into a withered leaf! Now Connie kept all his money in a box in the bottom of his boat and he had gotten this out to put in the gold pieces he had expected to find in the cup. "Well," said he, "I have been cheated by the fairies, but I will look into my box of money and maybe the sight of it will strengthen me." He opened the box expecting to see silver coin but in the box was only a pile of withered leaves.

Ever since then Connie O'Patrick has believed in fairies and has had much better luck for it.

Retold by ETHEL BROPHY, aged eleven years.

LETTERS FROM KIDDIES.

Dear Cousin Eleanor:

One morning when I went down stairs the postman handed me a letter. It was my check for winning the contest. You don't know how glad I was. I jumped for joy. I thank you very much.

Your loyal Cousin,
MARGARET ROCHE, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Cousin Eleanor:

You are the dearest, dearest girl
Ever I did know.
I saw you a few weeks ago—
'Twas at "The Wishing Ring" show.
I looked and looked all over
For one just half as sweet,
But never in my lifetime
Did I your equal meet.
Now, dear Cousin, listen—
I suppose it must be told,
I'm a little boy, Dear,
Just seven years old.
But were I a big man
I know what I would do
I'd go and meet you,
And tess my love for you.
Suppose you are married!
But I guess it isn't true.
I'll just keep on a-lovin'
A-lovin', lovin' you.

SEYMOUR ASTOR GOLDBERG, aged eight.

My Prize.

A thousand thanks from me to thee,
For the dollar prize you sent to me.
On Columbus Day to my great surprise,
The mailman brought my wonderful prize.

Dear Cousin Eleanor:

Just think of it! Two months of school have gone by already. It doesn't seem possible that the beautiful summer is all over. This has been the most wonderful summer I have ever known, especially the last four weeks before school opened. My Aunt and Uncle took my sister and I in their automobile to Boston by way of Providence, and we travelled around in Massachusetts for a while, and then came home through New Hampshire and Vermont. We saw Bunker Hill and lots of historical sights, and stayed in some big hotels, and at some little inns sometimes. I shall never forget it, and I wish that all my Klub Cousins could have gone, too.

Your loving Cousin,
ARLETTA KNICKERBOCKER, New York City.

XMAS POEM CONTEST.

Ten awards of one dollar each will be given to the ten Kiddie Klub members, aged from six to fifteen inclusive, who write the best poems about Christmas.

The poem must be orginal. The sender must have thought up the idea, which may be jolly, serious or religious, just as the author may wish to make it.

Poems must not be copied nor written from memory, and the contestant must not accept help from elders.

A note from the parent or teacher of the sender, saying that the contribution is original must accompany each poem.

Write NAME, AGE, ADDRESS and CERTIFICATE NUMBER distinctly.

Address N. Y. Evening World Kiddie Klub, No. 63 Park Row, New York City.

Contest closes Tuesday, Nov. 30.

OCTOBER CONTEST WINNER.
Ten-Year-Old Class.

A-1-S-E-WARD-OF-SHALLO-

A buoy is made to warn seamen of shallow water.

By PHILIP GOLDSTEIN, New York City.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE life of worn carbon paper can be lengthened by placing the sheets together, face to face, covering them with paper and ironing with a warm flatiron.

A Russian inventor claims to have perfected a motor that can safely utilize electricity drawn from storm clouds.

The Swiss Government is planning to erect a powerful radio station at Geneva.

Mounted on the back of a recently patented dressing chair for women is a triple mirror.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.

Organizing with any number, cut out six of the coupons—697, 698, 699, 700, 701 and 702 and send them to Uncle Kinder, Evening World Kiddie Klub, No. 63 Park Row, New York City, with a note in which you must state your NAME AND ADDRESS.

An initiation fee of fifteen cents for each member, each member is presented with a silver star Klub Pin and membership certificate.

COUPON NO. 697.

ATTACKS CRITICS OF BORGLUM STATUE.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I HAVE read with deep interest your request for criticism of Solon Borglum's "Aspiration," and herewith submit my unprejudiced opinion, based on my study of art throughout Western and Central Europe.

I must disagree with the critics in their censure of Solon Borglum's new creation. After careful and due contemplation of "Aspiration," I find that it is admirably executed, grand, superb and indisputably a worthy contribution to the world of art. In its symbolic impressiveness one can readily appreciate the genius of its creator.

The critics call it "immodest, crude, disdainful." Sophocles philosophized truly that ignorance is the worst of evils. There is some consolation in the knowledge that there are some who appreciate, and, even if the present generation fails to appreciate the genius of Solon Borglum he will undoubtedly be acclaimed posthumously as one of the greatest.

JULES S. TAYLOR,
Brooklyn, N. Y.