

## Maternity Ward

By Fannie Hurst

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)  
(WNU Service)

YOU could not be a nurse in a maternity hospital over a period of seven years and not have some rather special ideas about the story of mankind. Vesta had. She had seen, through the long period of her association with an institution dedicated to birth, the mills of the gods grinding out the relentless grist of human destiny.

Day after day, there occurred in the wards of the maternity hospital the miracle of life or the tragedy of death. Babies, babies, babies; wanted, unwanted, alive and kicking, pink, blue, male and female, opened their blue eyes upon an etheric world bounded by doctors, nurses, internes, wail-mothers and bleaf-eyed fathers.

The eyes of Vesta had come to be a little bitter about this business of birth. It seemed to her symbolic that the new-born child, still blue with the mysterious pallor of those glacial hinterlands preceding life, should first of all, as greeting to his fellow humans, pucker up to cry.

Sometimes, the new-born child, not yet an hour old, lay in his crib and frowned, as if already fear and premonition were upon him.

Poor darling, Vesta found herself saying. A pink cherub opened its eyes upon a ward of pain; grew up in streets and tenements of gloom and grime, went out into a world of disappointment and chagrin and in turn gave life.

Of course, there was the other aspect. The bright wanted babies who were born into bright loving homes. The youngsters who thrived and prospered and begot happily in turn. But somehow, from the vantage of the hospital ward, the odds seemed so against that.

The tired, broken-down, poverty-stricken mothers, the babies with the thwarted pain-riddled futures seemed so greatly in the majority. Walking along the rows of cribs, it was difficult not to feel your heart hurt. Even in the private rooms, where they lay swaddled in expensive layettes, the odds seemed against them. Anyway, after seven years of the routine of seeing them born, something akin to chronic pain lay in the heart of Vesta.

What a grave responsibility to give life. How sure one needed to be. How thoughtless, unconsciously cruel, reckless and ignorant were most of the parents who dared to dally with the miracle of creation.

It made one fearsome, unventuresome, cautious and tinged with bitterness.

It seemed to Vesta, studying the plights of the stricken parents, that their sense of responsibility, their scarred consciences, must be more than they could bear.

Sometimes, walking home from the hospital, moving among the shouting playing children of the tenement-lined streets observing their drab little uniforms of poverty, their pale faces, the rickety legs, it felt, momentarily at least, undurable that she continue to play her role in assisting mothers to give life.

Morbid, said some. Embittered said others, or sensitive, wicked, unbalanced, oldmaidish, sour grapes, pessimist.

Whatever the case, at twenty-five, there were ridges of vicarious suffering around Vesta's mouth and along her brow and deep in her eyes the muddy waters of pain.

You lived, moved, breathed in a world of pain.

Not that these thoughts predominated the personality of Vesta. Outwardly at least, she was calm, efficient, even rather beautiful in a pale harnessed sort of way. She had gentleness and, strangely enough, great skill in her work.

Sense of humor, one doctor, chaffing, used to tell her she lacked. Sense of humor! Sense of humor about pain! Pain. Nevertheless, because to live in a world was to learn somehow to adapt oneself to the injustice of suffering childhood, there did manage to survive in Vesta, even with her sensitiveness to the pain about her, a joy of life.

It was not difficult to muster a sense of humor about much of the mortal drama that went on about her. Almost every evening, in the apartment she shared with two nurses, there were hilarious recitals of the anecdotes of the day. The sayings of bewildered mothers, befuddled fathers and precocious children.

Often, the three girls invited young doctors into dine with them and the zest and vitality of these parties was Vesta. She was good at play. The inner torment, the trials of the day, the vicarious pain for humanity, the sense of frustration, fell from her like a mantle once she was free of the hospital and its etheric aroma.

"At heart, you are in love with the world," a young doctor named Gregory Ainsworth used to accuse her.

"In love with the world!" she scoffed. "In love with a universe that fosters little children in order to torture them; in love with the scheme of things, that brings children into a world of darkness, injustice, social tyranny, poverty and bad health!"

Of course, long heated discussions of God, metaphysics, religion, grew out of this. Sometimes until long past midnight, the little groups sat weighing the problems of life and death; pro and conning the same dark problems that have caused the wise, tired,

harried idealists of all times to ponder.

It was out of these evenings that there spun itself around Vesta the web of romance. The most chaffing of the teasing group around her, brilliant young Ainsworth, became her ardent, headstrong wooer.

"I don't want to marry," said Vesta, knowing from the first time he asked, that she would. "I've seen too much. Suffered too much of the suffering of others. Besides, my work is laid out for me."

In the end, of course, she did marry him, and they were to establish the first free clinic of its kind in the middle western city in which they dwelt. But against having children, she did resolutely hold out over a period of four years.

"My own sins are my own. I won't bring a child into a world into which it does not ask to be born. The fact that I am happy does not insure happiness for my offspring. I don't want a baby."

At the end of four years, when she was her most beautiful, there was to be a child and once more the convictions of Vesta went down before inherent love of life.

"We'll name it Vesta," said Ainsworth.

"We'll name it Gregory," said Vesta. When the twins were born, they named them Vesta and Gregory.

### Quantities of Mexican Silver Used by Chinese

Chinese financial transactions are generally made in terms of Mexican dollars. For instance, newspapers will report that the government of China has appropriated "\$1,000,000 Mexican" for this or that purpose. The Mexican dollar or peso is worth slightly less than 50 cents in American money.

During the early decades of the Nineteenth century the Spanish dollar was introduced into China by western traders. Previously to that time there was no coin in general circulation in China except the small copper piece known as the cash. In larger transactions uncoined silver bullion was employed, one Chinese ounce of silver being called a tael. Chinese merchants found the western coins more convenient than bullion as a circulating medium and Spanish dollars were imported in large numbers.

A shortage in the supply of Spanish dollars led to the introduction of Mexican dollars about 1840. Within a very few years these coins, minted in Mexico by the Mexican government, circulated freely everywhere in China and were practically the only currency which had universal acceptance in that country. Their only rivals were British dollars coined in India or Hongkong and circulated in Chinese seaports. The continual exportation of Mexican dollars to China and other oriental countries on a silver basis became an important factor in the distribution of Mexican silver.

In 1902 China signed a treaty with Great Britain in which she agreed to establish a uniform system of currency. Yuan Shih-kai, during his regime, coined Chinese silver dollars in the hope of initiating currency reforms, and since then many efforts have been made to substitute native coins for Mexican dollars. Consequently, although Chinese finances are still reckoned in terms of Mexican dollars, the coins themselves are becoming scarce in China and their place is being rapidly taken by silver dollars of equal weight and value coined in China or Hongkong.—Pathfinder Magazine.

### Paternity of Violin

Caspar S. Dulliforuggar, named Tiffenbrucker, a Bavarian who became a nationalized Frenchman, was long reputed to be the first maker of violins, but this has since been proved to be wrong. The viols were the immediate predecessors of the violin and the viols were subject in construction to all of the liberties which the builder or might choose to take with them. The creation of the violin of today is veiled in mystery which the most ardent discussions on the part of the specialists have been unable to solve. Luthier (a viol and lute maker) by the name of Kerlino, who lived in Brescia about the year 1450, is also credited with the discovery of the violin. All in all, while it is possible that the paternity of the violin may be conceded to Gasparo da Salo, it must be considered that Maggini of Brescia is said to be the first to give the violin its present form.

### Historic American Fort

Fort McHenry was established in 1794 on a reservation of 35 acres on Whetstone place, Patapsco river, Md., three miles from Baltimore. Although the site was first occupied for military purposes in 1775, it was only established as a permanent fortification in 1794. It was named after James McHenry, one of Washington's secretaries during the Revolution and secretary of war in 1798. In September, 1814, the fort successfully withstood bombardment by the British fleet under Admiral Cockburn. It was this attack which suggested Francis Scott Key's "Star-Spangled Banner."

### Resourcefulness

We cannot but admire the resource of the pupil who wrote down, "On their heads," in answer to a question as to where the kings of England were crowned, and a similarly naive reply was given by another student in response to the question, "Explain what happens when there is an eclipse of the sun," when he answered, truthfully enough, "A great many people go out to see it."—Christian Advocate.



### GOOD GAME

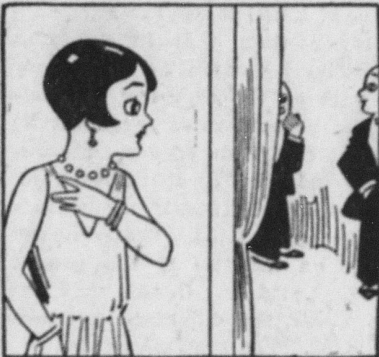
Bobbie and his little sister were playing in the garden. Their mother had given them an apple each. Bobbie had eaten his straightway; Mary was saving hers for the time being.

"Let's play Adam and Eve," Bobbie suggested.

"How do you play that?" asked Mary.

"You tempt me to eat your apple and I give way," was the explanation offered.

### NOT VAIN



"She is not at all vain about her beauty, although she has good cause to be."

"How do you know?"

"She told me so herself."

### Page Kipling!

Big Game Hunter—On my last trip to Africa my bag included two elephants.

Dear Old Thing—Good gracious! However did you carry it?—Every body's Weekly.

### Remarkable Bird

"I would like a parrot like that Does it talk?"

"Talk! It walked from Hamburg to Berlin and asked the way the whole time."—Hummel (Hamburg).

### Nothing More

"Would you be happy if you had all the money you wanted?"

"I should be happy if I had all the money my creditors wanted."—Berlingske Tidende (Copenhagen).

### Always Punctilious

Little Fred, well trained by his parents, was bidding his adieux after a rather dull evening.

"Good-by," he murmured, "I had a pretty good time."

### ONE EXCEPTION



Smith—Friends are a great consolation.

Jones—Not if you're broke.

### Floriculture

The junior dance was over, and Bill, in a dreamily reminiscent mood, was telling his mother all about it.

"Gee, Betty looked swell," he related. "She had on a green dress and a bunch of those oily-looking white flowers with the leaves that look like linoleum!"

### Catty Chat

"This is my twentieth birthday."

"Strange, today is my twentieth birthday."

"Yes, but it is mine for the first time."

### Inexcusable

"That man was very rude," said the songster to the hostess.

"In what way?"

"When you introduced me as a crooner, he said 'I'm a coroner. Hope to see you again.'"

### Poor Judgment

"Mother, did baby come from heaven?"

"Yes."

"Fancy leaving heaven for a home like this!"

### An Achievement

City-Bred—Your method of cultivating your crop is old-fashioned. I'd be surprised if you got more than ten pounds of apples off that tree.

Farmer—So would I. It's a pea tree!—Cambridge Chronicle.

### Cause for Complaint

Circus Manager—Well, what's wrong now?

India-rubber Man—Every time the Strong Man writes a letter he uses me to rub out the mistakes.

## RACE DOOMED TO DEATH FROM COLD?

Possibly Yes, but Not for Some Few Years.

The radiation from the sun is at the expense of its mass. No less than 300,000 million tons of matter is destroyed every day in order to maintain the present radiation of the sun. Poor old Sol weighs 300,000 million tons less today than he weighed at this time yesterday!

By our human standards this prodigal expenditure cannot keep up for very long, but our human standards are not astronomical standards. Computation shows that the sun is not very much different today than it was when the planets were born. The weight of the sun is so inconceivably great that in order to show any material change in weight or radiation we must go back, not 2,000 million years, but five million million years. The sun weighed about twice as much then as it does now, and was correspondingly brighter and hotter.

The sun is unquestionably a dying star. It loses some of its weight every year, and this means a loss of gravitational pull and a loss of radiation intensity. In other words, we may expect the earth to draw gradually farther away from the sun, and we may also expect the sun gradually to cool off as millions of years roll around.

This means one thing only—death by cold. Just as sure as we can be of anything, are we sure that life will eventually be frozen off the earth. Temperatures need drop only 100 degrees below where they are now in order to kill a great many of us.

Some probably would survive, and of these some of its ultimate offspring would have characteristics favorable to very cold weather. If time enough elapsed men and women would evolve into Eskimo types.

Even this ignores the question of our food supply, which would be affected much earlier. In any case,

in the end even these descendants of ours must perish.

This is a gloomy outlook. It has one consolation, and that is that it will be a long time before all this happens. It works out to be something of the order of a million million years. As we have been here only one half of one million, it becomes evident that things have just begun, and that there is a long time ahead in which to build and plan and enjoy.—Hiram Percy Maxim in the Scientific American.

## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an opinion and use as directed. Fine particles of aged skin peel off until all defects such as wrinkles, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvety. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce powdered flannel dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

Korean Leopards: certified; wondrous legends and summer pasture or hay for poor or good soil. F. A. Meriwether, Trenton, Ky.

Wise is he who learns from the experience of others.

## Cuticura Preparations



SHOULD be kept in every household for the daily use of all the family; the Soap to protect the skin as well as cleanse it, the Ointment to relieve and heal chafings, rashes, irritations and cuts.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass. Try Cuticura Shaving Cream.

### Music Calms the Deranged

In the treatment of the insane patients at the Mercedes hospital in Buenos Aires, music has been found to be of great value in calming the disturbed minds and in giving the inmates something to occupy themselves with. Every opportunity has been given to cultivate any musical possibilities of the inmates. A band and orchestra have been organized for some time and solo performances both vocal and instrumental have been encouraged to the fullest extent. Renewed interest on the part of the performers has been aroused recently by broadcasting their programs. The performers were instantly spurred on to greater proficiency by the knowledge that their music was reaching their homes and friends outside. Many of the patients have learned to play with great skill and feeling.

Shakespeare will always live. There is eternally the younger generation which hasn't seen the plays and knows it must.

### Legacies for Serious Minds

In the will of Sir Alfred Yarrow, the shipbuilder who died not long ago at the age of ninety, women who lead useless lives are criticized and legacies are given to a number of women who, to his way of thinking, have "justified their existence." After noting the "useless lives led by many ladies of the present day" who are "unprovided with any occupation except the pursuit of amusement," he calls attention to the "happy group" who have justified their existence. Of the latter group he mentions six London hospital nurses, to whom he leaves \$175 each.

### Trappers in Luck

Three-quarters of a million pelts of Michigan fur-bearing animals, of which one-third were muskrat, are estimated to have brought farmers and trappers more than \$650,000 at "depression prices" during 1930-31, says the department of observation.

Set aside 15 per cent for the expenses you hadn't counted on.



WHY DID A BABY STARVE ON THIS?

WHY DID THE SAME BABY THRIVE ON THIS?

## Food elements

in both were the same

CHEMICALLY, two baby foods can be exactly alike. The same percentage of carbohydrate, fat, protein, mineral salts. The same vitamins.

Yet on one, a baby may lose weight, grow thin and weak. And on the other, that same baby can flourish and gain and take on new life. What's the reason? ... Digestibility.

### Digestibility of prime importance!

Doctors know that a baby can starve on what is apparently the most perfectly "balanced" formula if his body cannot use the food elements it contains. Only a food which is easily and completely digested and assimilated can give to your baby the full amount of building material his little body needs.

Countless doctors and mothers have found this out through actual experience. And that is why Eagle Brand, over a period of 75 years, has won a marvelous reputation as an infant food. For Eagle Brand, next to mother's milk, is the easiest form of milk in all the world to digest. In baby's stomach, Eagle Brand forms soft, fine curds, like those formed by mother's milk. Every drop of Eagle Brand is quickly assimilated, goes quickly into the making of bones and teeth, muscle and tissue, energy and strength.

This milk can build 100% babies! And what a builder Eagle Brand is! Recently, in a world-famous baby clinic, two physicians—specialists in their field

—fed a group of 50 average babies on Eagle Brand for several months, to test its exact value in baby building. Bone structure was studied with the X-ray. Tooth development was watched. Weight and height were periodically recorded. Blood tests were made ... and those 50 Eagle Brand babies, judged by every known test, proved themselves splendidly nourished.

This simple diet—Eagle Brand with the usual supplementary foods—had proved equal in every way to the building of 100% babies.

What overwhelming proof that the mother whose own milk fails can put her baby on Eagle Brand with perfect confidence!

Try Eagle Brand. See the simple instructions on the label. And send for the new booklet "Baby's Welfare." It gives feeding schedules, full directions for baby's care, together with pictures and life stories of Eagle Brand babies.

The usual supplementary foods, of course, are orange or tomato juice, and cod-liver oil or other source of the anti-rachitic vitamin D.

## FREE! COMPLETE BOOKLET ON BABY CARE

The Borden Company, Dept. W-2, Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. Please send me—free—the new edition of "Baby's Welfare."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print name and address plainly.)