

HAPPY THE FATE OF THE FOUNDLING

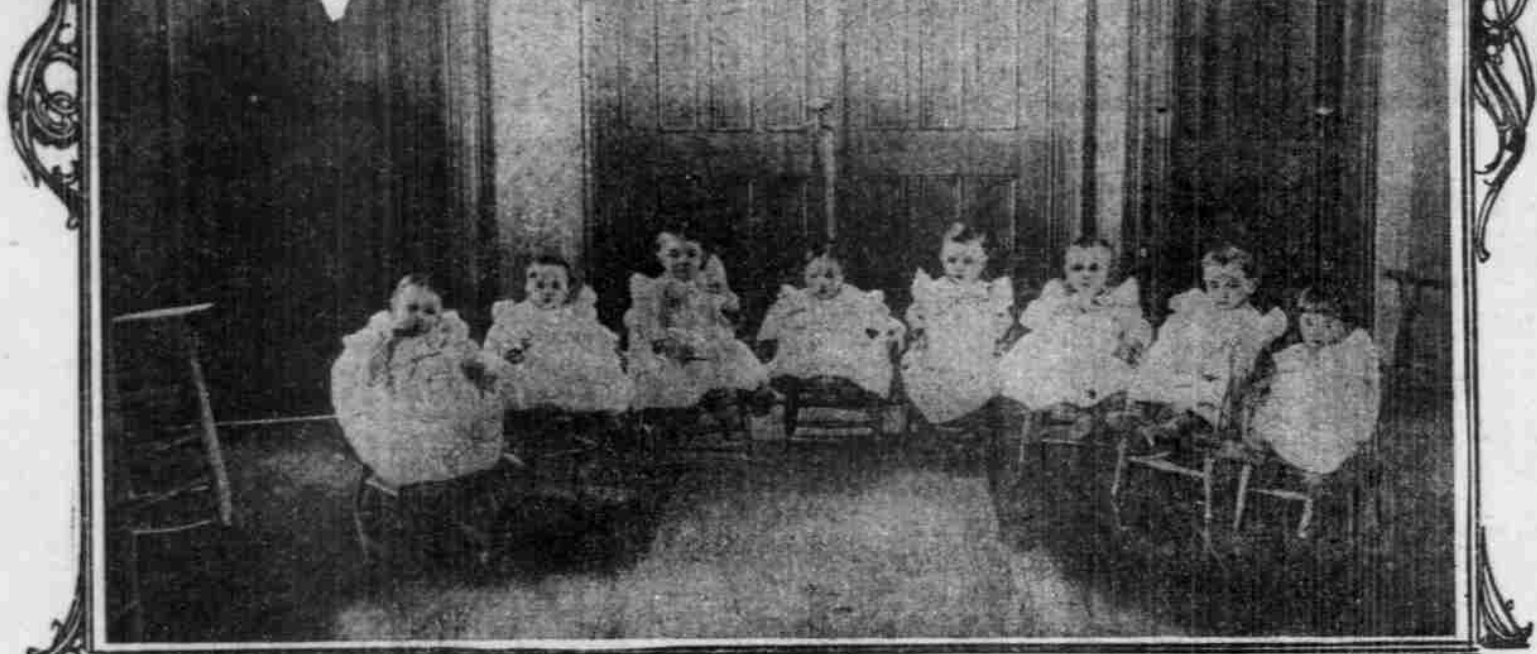
The Abandoned Baby Has at Last Come Into Its Birthright of Love.



IN A FOUNDLING SOCIETY'S HEADQUARTERS TURNING OVER TO ITS NEW FOUND MOTHERS

THE foundling has come into its own these latter days. Its own is loved and scarcely greater love hath no baby than that which is lavishly bestowed on the helpless, pink babies found in ash cans, on doorsteps, on the roofs of tenement-houses, in the boxes of theaters, in valises, open just enough to insure fresh air to the breathing contents; in railroad stations, in bundles of newspapers, in baskets, in the basement and one public place and odd corners of a big city.

Less than a decade ago the American foundling experienced so such things as love. Discovered by some passer-by attracted by a tell-tale wall, it was turned over to a policeman and later sent by the proper authorities to a hospital set aside for the reception of deserted infants. There it received the care that a nurse, looking after a ward full of such babies, could give it, which included neither wet-nursing nor fondling and cooing, both rightful heritage of every new-born child. And there was little or no provision for the isolation of a baby when it fell ill, one of the many complaints that attack all babies, so that when disease appeared—measles, cholera morbus and the like—it swept the ward, and the delicate little inmates died off like flies in Baltimore, until recently, the death rate among the very foundlings was 50 per cent—exterminated. In New York, up to six years ago, it was 30 and 50 per cent, and other cities showed the same abnormal mortality rate. Every American municipal foundling hospital was an "angel-maker," as such institutions are called in Germany, and the few who were not made into little angels were barely ever adopted. Once, in New York, three children were adopted in one year, and everybody was proud of the record.



Reluctant Relinquishment.

When it comes time for several of these babies to appear with their charges at the society's headquarters, that a woman, desirous of adopting a child, may make a selection from the number, there is a pretty how-do-do. Perhaps notices have been sent out to a dozen nurses; a half dozen fall to show up, and when they are seen with women whose words in the English language, make countless other palpably false excuses and finally tearfully declare that it will kill them to give up the baby, and plead to be allowed to adopt them. But as they could not give the children truly comfortable homes and good advantages, they are forced to answer the summons. Those who speak in the English language, make countless other palpably false excuses and finally tearfully declare that it will kill them to give up the baby, and plead to be allowed to adopt them. But as they could not give the children truly comfortable homes and good advantages, they are forced to answer the summons. Those who speak in the English language, make countless other palpably false excuses and finally tearfully declare that it will kill them to give up the baby, and plead to be allowed to adopt them.

Colored Foundlings.

The few colored babies that are picked up in the streets in the course of a year are speedily adopted, applications from comfortably situated citizens far outnumbering the supply of babies. It is a remarkable fact that scarcely any colored babies are foundlings, the majority being very light in color. This is a fortunate circumstance, as the demand is always for a light baby—the lighter the better. And the pains an applicant will take to get a baby just the shade of skin she fancies nearly sends the society agents into hysterics. A certain woman not long ago consumed a half day deciding between three babies, critically examining them by brilliant light, by subdued light and by gaslight. "I'm taking so long so as to be sure I'll get a child the color of my father, who is the handsomest gentleman I know," she naively explained. This same woman, when she was asked by the surrogate, before she made out the papers of adoption for the boy, if she realized the responsibility of her step and had sufficient means with which to support a child, drew herself up in all her dignity and replied: "I have money in the bank, sah!" The surrogate ceased from troubling.

One of the hardest tasks of love in connection with foundlings is to get names for them. It's not an easy job, as many grown-ups can testify, to fix a name for just one chick, but when some two hundred or more have to be named in the course of a year by the average society there is trouble for some one continually. Generally a society delegates this work to one member, and this is the way she goes about it: She writes down a long string of Christian names, which is easy, and then scans books, newspapers, her visiting lists, social registers and what not for surnames that will fit with the Christian names. The idea nowadays is to give each child a decent-sounding name, and to this end hundreds of names that suggest themselves are rejected. When a list of names is finally made out it is handed to the priest, or the minister, as the case may be, who is regularly employed by the society to christen the babies as soon as they are turned over by the city. Sometimes, the names on the list are exhausted before others have been prepared, this lamentable circumstance is discovered at the last moment, the clergyman telephones, "Please, what am I to name the child?" and some quick thinking has to be done. Hence, such names as Jerome Travera, New York's District Attorney's name, reversed; and Roosevelt Cleveland, the source of which is obvious.

Divided on Religious Lines.

The plan of equally apportioning all foundlings between a Catholic and a Protestant society is now pretty generally followed in most American cities. Each society alternates in getting a baby from the hospital where all foundlings are turned in by the police. Twins are counted as one baby and never separated, and if a note is found on a child, requesting that it be raised in such a faith, it goes to that society which can fulfill the request, no matter if it is the rival society's turn for a baby. St. Louis has a way of its own for apportioning foundlings. The city is divided into halves, and the foundlings from the north half go to the Catholic society, while the Protestant society gets all those from the southern half.

Death Rate Normal Now.

This condition held until, here and there throughout the country, some of those tender-hearted women who love all babies in general, as well as certain ones in particular, became aware of the lamentable fate and at once set to work to save the foundlings from the same. When "When was it, when will have her way," even with municipalities, and the politicians who run them. So it has come about that the municipal foundling hospital is now a thing of the past in New York, St. Louis, Baltimore and elsewhere. The infants are boarded out under the supervision of responsible charitable societies and outside letters to the superintendent of love systematically as well as spontaneously and abundantly thrown about them, and today the death rate is no greater among the babies than among fully nurtured babies of New York's Fifth avenue, Chicago's South Side, or Boston's Back Bay district.

"Bouncing out" is the usual wording term of the baby's welcome. The mother, if she is a mother, is usually a woman who has just died, and we want one exactly like him, and a photograph of an unattractive baby is enclosed to guide the society. Or, "I want a baby that looks like my husband. He has red hair, and the baby must have red hair, too." It is frequently stipulated that the baby must look like the head of the household. Or, again, blue eyes and a rosy nose are demanded, and if there is no baby on hand with which to fill the bill it is well nigh impossible to talk the woman into taking request. "My husband has been so happy with the first baby that I want another now as a Christmas present for him," was the request that led to a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little girl, who was found in a valise, getting a home with a well-to-do Long Island couple December, a year ago. "You may remember that I adopted a boy

BRISBANE'S HEROICS

By Leonard Frank Adams

Faithful Italian Mothers pro tem.

Most of these wet nurses, and the best, are Italian, and there is no doubt of their being better than the average, strongly impressed among Italians that the mother whose breasts are dried up following the death of her baby will never be able to become a mother again, and to the mother who is not satisfied to dress in the latest given to her with the baby, she makes clothes for it after her own special pattern and arranges it in slips of bright colors and gaudy lace, and sends great bunches of brilliant artificial flowers on its cap. She faithfully carries out the doctor's instructions to call him

BRISBANE descended the steps and came down the path like a man who was walking in his sleep. The blow had been so unexpected and so complete in its execution that it had left him stunned and helpless. He could not as yet realize the full import of it all. He only knew that the bottom had dropped out of the world, and that there was a dull, heavy ache in his heart—a sense of isolation and bitter, heart-breaking defeat. His teeth were shut tight as if to stifle some physical pain; his shoulders were bent as beneath some crushing load.

Before his eyes there was but one picture—the picture of a slight, girlish figure standing by the window with the dying light of the afternoon resting on her copper-colored hair; her eyes were grave and sad, but her head was poised proudly. Over and over again her words rang in Brisbane's ears.

"I dare not risk my future with you, John, because you are cold and hard and utterly without emotion. The forces that have opposed you, you have always crushed ruthlessly. I'm afraid my fear of you would be greater than my love for you."

Without emotion Brisbane groaned aloud. Did she think that because his emotions were always well controlled that he had none? Did she think that because he bore pain stoically that he had no feeling? A lump rose in his throat, and a mist blurred his eyes. It was too late for analysis. Melicent Ryder had gone out of his life. He must bear the pain of it with the stoic fortitude she had demanded.

At the gate he climbed into his automobile and went down the road at a mad pace. Action was what he wanted—vigorous, desperate action, that would clear his brain and make him forget. He sent the powerful machine flying along; he swung about corners in the fashion that threatened to tear the tires from the wheels.

Scarcely noticing where he was going, he turned into the poorer quarter of the little city where the streets were narrow and crooked. He decided to run out on the old turnpike outside the city, and have it out with himself. He was aware

that he was vainly trying to escape from his own bitter thoughts, but he pushed on in vague hope of finding some relief.

He turned another corner, and as he did so he saw a group of dirty children playing in the street. He sounded the horn and there was a great scattering ofurchins before the oncoming car. One of the children missed his footing on the slippery pavement and fell flat, directly in Brisbane's path.

The street was narrow; the heavy automobile was almost upon the prostrate child; there was no time to slow down. Brisbane averted the car sharply to the left. One forward wheel struck the curb; the automobile rocked crazily; the steering wheel was torn from his grasp. He saw a lamp-post looming directly before him.

An ambulance came and Brisbane was taken to the hospital. They set his broken leg, bound up his crushed hand, and swathed his head ridiculously. On the following day, as he lay on his cot, a nurse brought him the papers. It was a credit to remarkable conductance rather than to any heroism on my part. I was running the car for all there was in her, and when I went round that corner I pulled off a tire. It was the loose tire that threw me onto the curb and saved the kid. These newspaper reports are very pretty, but the truth of the matter is just as I've told you."

Married Women

Every woman covets a shapely, pretty figure, and many of them deplore the loss of their girlish forms after marriage. The bearing of children is often destructive to the mother's shapeliness. All of this can be avoided, however, by the use of Mother's Friend before baby comes, as this great liniment always prepares the body for the strain upon it, and preserves the symmetry of her form. Mother's Friend overcomes all the danger of child-birth, and carries the expectant mother safely through this critical period without pain. It is woman's greatest blessing. Thousands gratefully tell of the benefit and relief derived from the use of this wonderful remedy. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Our little book, telling all about this liniment, will be sent free.

Mother's Friend

The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

The Moonbeam.

Stephen Chalmers in New York Times. The moonbeam on the water dance—Somehow—I cannot think. Oh, brother, why these downward glances? Well, yes, let's have a drink! The moonbeam on the water glances. Fudge! Never mind. My fancy dances. Ah, what's well—just one more. The moonbeam—say, this tweedle is running not to seed. It drives me not; to what I want. But what, I think I need the moonbeam as it sits before me knocking on the door? O will you love me when I'm laid. And Willie why did I: you do it? no more. No more? I say no more!!! The moon is sitting at the door Oak door—moose—blink. O willie willie I have missed you Feed the cat!!!!