

TWINNS WHO CANT TELL THEMSELVES APART!

Grandma Mixed 'Em Up When They Were Wee Babies. Mother Is Puzzled Hourly, and as for Father, He Gives It Up Entirely.



At 5 They Were About the Same.

O, YES, you've seen persons as like as two peas. And you've heard of 'em as like as two pins. But here are two Chicago maids whose parents can't tell 'em apart. Their mother is never certain which is which and their father doesn't know who's who or why.

They look exactly alike, weigh exactly the same, and write enough like each other to deceive a handwriting expert. They are the same height, the same coloring, of the same voice—in short, Lucille is Camille and Camille is Lucille.

Of course, that last is metaphorical. But really and truly no one knows for sure that Camille isn't Lucille and Lucille isn't Camille.

It was this way: When they were little bits of things, each with the same number of fluffy yellow hairs on almost bald heads, both crying at the same time, they were taken to the church to be christened. Lucille was wrapped in a blue blanket and Camille in a pink blanket, and Mrs. Barrett, their mother, had it firmly fixed in her mind that Lucille was blue and Camille was pink—though, to tell the truth, they were both red.

Anyway, after the christening Grandma Barrett took both the little babies in her lap, carefully folded up the blankets, because it was a hot day and they didn't need them, and then took care of the babies until mamma should have time to take them. When mamma came, the first thing she said was:

"Which is Lucille?"

"Why, this one," said grandmother, handing up one baby.

"How do you know?" persisted Mrs. Barrett. "Did she have the blue blanket?"

At first the grandmother felt sure she could tell them apart, and then she remembered she laid them on the bed for a minute and she couldn't remember which one she had picked up first.

Mother Puzzled Again and Again.

The twins were born thirteen years ago and are the daughters of John T. Barrett, an inspector for an insurance firm on La Salle street. They are only two of a big family, for there are seven other children, but these are the pets, equally of the parents and of the brothers and sisters. They live at 2140 North Lawndale avenue and go to the parochial school of Our Lady of Grace at Ridgeway and Greenwood terrace.

And no one can positively tell them apart. Not any one in the world. Even their mother is puzzled again and again, although she insists with a mother's fond certainty that she does know which is which. The father frankly admits he never strikes it right save by chance, and all the family have taken to calling both of them "baby." It saves confusion and they are sure of getting some attention from one of the two.

Mother calls "Baby, run and make your bed, like a good girl, before you go to school," and half an hour afterwards she calls again. "Baby, why didn't you do as I told you?"

Right at First They Looked Alike.

Whereupon Lucille replies, "You told Camille to do it," and Camille retorts, "You never; it was Lucille."

But let father take a dime out of his pocket and say, "Here, baby, take this and go have a good time at the movies," and in a second both girls are insisting that they are both Lucille, and the joke of it is that father can't tell.

They Have Lots of Fun at School.

It's the same way at school. There is a choice seat near the back of the room and Camille had been sitting there for some time, when one morning one of the sisters, coming unexpectedly into the room, heard Camille arguing with her sister:

"Well, I let you sit there all last week and once this week when Lucy had the seat opposite, and I don't think it's fair. I'll tell the sisters about it if you don't play fair."

The sister came up and asked what it meant and found that they had been trading seats without any one being any the wiser.

She ordered Lucille back to her original seat in the front of the room, but as the girls did a little dance around the desks she isn't sure yet which one went to the favorite seat.

The girls are exact copies of each other. Two identical prints hanging side by side in a gallery would not be more difficult to distinguish. In fact, in the last picture which was taken of the twins, they are unable to tell which is which themselves. They forgot that the camera reversed objects and then, confused, couldn't remember how they stood, so that now they don't know whether Camille took a good picture of Lucille, or if Lucille is a good likeness of Camille.

Handwriting Is Exactly Alike.

Probably the most remarkable and unusual thing about the twins is their handwriting.

My name is Lucille, I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade. This is a specimen of my handwriting.
Lucille Barrett.

My name is Camille, I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade. This is a specimen of my handwriting.
Camille Barrett.



And at 2 Kept It Up.

Experts Say No Two Persons Ever Write Alike. The Barrett Girls Seem to Have Proved the Exception.

"If we could only count the curls," explained Lucille, "we could tell which was which, for I remember that morning, when mamma curled our hair she said she hadn't made me as many curls as usual, but you see you can't tell from the picture."

They duplicate each other so exactly that even the number of curls is the same every morning. The time they had the last picture taken was the one exception. Their mother always buys two of everything—two dresses, two hats, two pink hair ribbons.

Scientists have said that although all physical attributes may be exactly duplicated between twins, the handwriting is never the same. This is due partly to the fact that no two characters are exactly the same, and writing is influenced by character, and partly to the different ways of holding pen or pencil.

In Clifford Howard's "Graphology" he says:

"No two persons write exactly alike, notwithstanding that hundreds of thousands of us learned to write from the same copy-books."

And such authorities as Harris Godfrey and John Rexford say that it would be as difficult to find two handwritings that are

exactly similar as it would be to find two persons exactly alike.

So once again we see that these twins are remarkably alike, for they disprove even this rule of handwriting. It is impossible to distinguish the different writings of the two girls.

Specimens appear on this page and the casual observer can see no curve of difference, no twist that is in one and not in the other, no distinguishing characteristic or stroke.

A short time ago they sent samples of their writing to an expert who thought a trick was being played on him and wrote back indignantly and superiorly that the hoax would not succeed, for he had recognized immediately that the two letters were written by the same person.

They Like to Do the Same Things.

The tastes of the two girls are much the same. Both like swimming and skating and are proficient in these sports. Both are studying music and play and sing well. They both prefer the same songs, much to their mother's disappointment, for when she wants them to sing for company they both want to sing the same thing and the consequence is that there is only one song.

When the interviewer saw them they were having their music lesson—both sitting on the

Now at 13, Who Can Tell Camille from Lucille?

piano stool and practicing a duet. They wheeled simultaneously as the visitor entered and each brushed away a curly black lock from over her eyes with precisely the same gesture.

Their music teacher has known them for ten years and has been giving them lessons twice a week for three years. But she says she has no idea which is Lucille and which is Camille.

"And what do you want to be when you grow up?" they were asked.

"Dancers," they replied in one breath with the same intonation and inflection.

"Look!" echoed Lucille.

"See!" echoed Camille—or maybe it was Lucille.

And they pirouetted across the room and then taking positions for the sword dance gave as spirited and graceful an exhibition as is seen on any stage.

"Now watch us," they cried.

And they did a buck and wing and then some double dances in which they moved as two parts of the same machine, so perfectly in time and rhythm were they, and so intuitively did they seem to fathom each other's thoughts and movements.

Although they play with other children, they keep mostly to themselves and are constant companions.

One Fell Downstairs Because Other Did.

Their mother says that when they were little they wanted to have the same experiences, even to falling downstairs together. One time Lucille did fall downstairs and hurt herself and Camille felt so bad not to share her sister's pain that she calmly went up and fell down, too.

The twins have been separated only once since they were born. Then Lucille went to spend the night with her grandmother and both of the girls were so heart-broken and so really miserable that there was nothing to do but send Camille to her the next day.

Since no one can distinguish the girls apart now, one wonders if the resemblance will be lengthened or weakened in the coming years, and looks forward to a series of complications when the young suitors begin to visit the Barrett household.

If the girls enjoy fooling their parents and teachers, what rare fun they will have of a Sunday evening when Lucille pretends to Mr. Smith that she is Camille and Camille at the theater is answering Mr. Jones' questions directed at Lucille.