



THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



THE MARRIED FLIRT AND THE GIRL WHO RISKS EVERYTHING.

Beatrice Fairfax Writes on the Folly of Pinning Your Faith on a Counterfeit Man.

By Beatrice Fairfax,
Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Love.

HUNDREDS of girls are faced with the problem of fighting—or yielding to—their love for married men. Every day brings me many letters from girls who claim they are entitled to happiness, that their love is too big to be denied. Over and over I have pleaded with such girls to be sane and logical—to face facts. But to-day I am giving you the testimony of a girl who knows, who speaks out of her own experience.

The fine, courageous and understanding words of G. G. M. tell the story. This is what she writes:

"I read in your column the story of a girl who was in love with a married man and her desperate plea for a ray of hope. It went straight to my heart, for only a short time ago I stood in the same position, and I want to tell my story so that it will help that girl.

"Like her I met a man through business and became madly in love with him. He was married and had three children. He told me the same story about never having cared for his wife, of having married when he was too young to know his own mind. And you could never imagine with what skill that man played the perfect and adoring sweetheart to me.

He swore that he would never neglect his home or his children, but he pleaded with me and begged me to be big enough to give him my friendship and devotion—big enough to give up all thought of love and marriage with another man for the all-enveloping spiritual love and devotion he had to offer me.

"How vividly I recall it now. I asked myself a thousand times, was I big enough, was I worthy of such a love? And anyway wasn't I a thief—a love thief? But love married me along and I almost consented. He wanted to give me a diamond ring, but I refused. I wouldn't touch a penny of his money—that should go to his wife and his home. At times my conscience smote me and I demurred. He told me I was a coward, that I was little and petty like all the rest.

"I was warned by people in the office that I was bringing disaster to myself, but I only smiled. How could they know anything about such things? We were different—we were bigger than that—I knew him, I had probed the inner recesses of his heart.

"But after a while very subtly the physical began to creep in. He spoke more of the physical love and less of the spiritual. I pitied him because he was only a man after all, and I strove to lift him out of the mud. That was the one thing on which I was strong. But the onslaught became unbearable after a while. Over and over I was accused of being little, petty and callous to love.

"And all the while I was being maligned by the tongues around me. The gossip raged like wild-fire. I had unpleasant overtures from other men. But I kept my head high. He, however, said not one protesting word to them.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

Old Tales.

THERE are times when I dream of the tales of old, of the stories men long have sung, since the sunset gleamed with a brighter gold in the days when the world was young. Then the woods were peopled with nymph and faun and as soon as the night was done, right out of the heart of the glowing dawn a fair god drove the golden sun. There were tales in the sea that were ringed around with the spell of a magic ban, and the man who had trod on that fatal ground was marked and a hopeless man. There were mermaids down in the singing deep where the dim light sways and swirls, where the strange sea-creatures crawl and creep amid seaweed and coral and pearls. There are times when I dream of the tales of old when I turn with a vague unrest to the myth of Midas, with touch of gold, or the god on the waves' crest. For the world is a wonder-house these days, where each turning is new and strange, while to-day men travel on beaten ways, where there's never a hint of change. When Venus rose from the snowy foam and when Neptune ruled the sea, in the years when the great gods had their home on a mountain in Thessaly; ah! surely the sky was bluer then, sweeter scents on the winds were flung, and a fairer Earth met the eyes of men, in the days when the world was young!

He let them take my reputation and my good name and trample them in the dust. And I found out later that he helped them; that he boasted of his conquest. "Finally, finding that I would not give in, he dropped his cloak and revealed himself as he was in all his ugliness. He said that he was tired of playing up to something he was not. I saw my dream totter and fall in a million fragments at my feet. But there was one there who really loved me, who believed in me and who all along had been trying to save me from myself. When I would pay no heed. With his help I tore the thing up by the roots and out of my consciousness until there was not a spark of feeling left for that man.

"I found other employment. I am working with really fine men, and I am studying at night and molding an artistic career for myself. I have the love and devotion of a real man who is also making a career for himself, and we are looking forward to the time when we can combine the two careers into one and make a home. I go down on my knees and thank God that I can still go to the man I love—clean.

"If a man really loves a girl he would not ask her to give up her ideals for him. I only hope that my story will help other girls who are faced with this problem.

All you girls who are struggling in the throes of a love that does not honor you and that is unfair to another woman—the wife of a man who claims to love you—won't you stop and apply the facts in G. G. M.'s case to yourselves? It is typical. It is true to human nature. It tells of temptation, of conquest of the false, adherence to the best and the final triumph that comes to all of us when we refuse to be deceived by counterfeiters of the big beauty and reality of true love.

THE NEWEST FROCKS

By Rita Stuyvesant

BROWN is the prevailing color this season, and enchanting costumes are developed in its various shades. One finds cocoa shades blending beautifully with beige and sand and harmonizing with deep tobacco brown.

A frock of cocoa colored silk duvetya is worn with a hat of deep tobacco brown, with lace veil and flowers of the cocoa color. The chiffon hose are of the cocoa, and brown velvet sandals are worn. With this smart costume, there is a short jacket of beige caracul and dark brown gauntlets.

A good looking costume suit of a wonderful cinnamon shade is a one-piece frock, with bodice slightly fitted to the figure, and show the new long tight sleeves and high neck, deep turn-back bell cuffs and a Peter Pan collar.

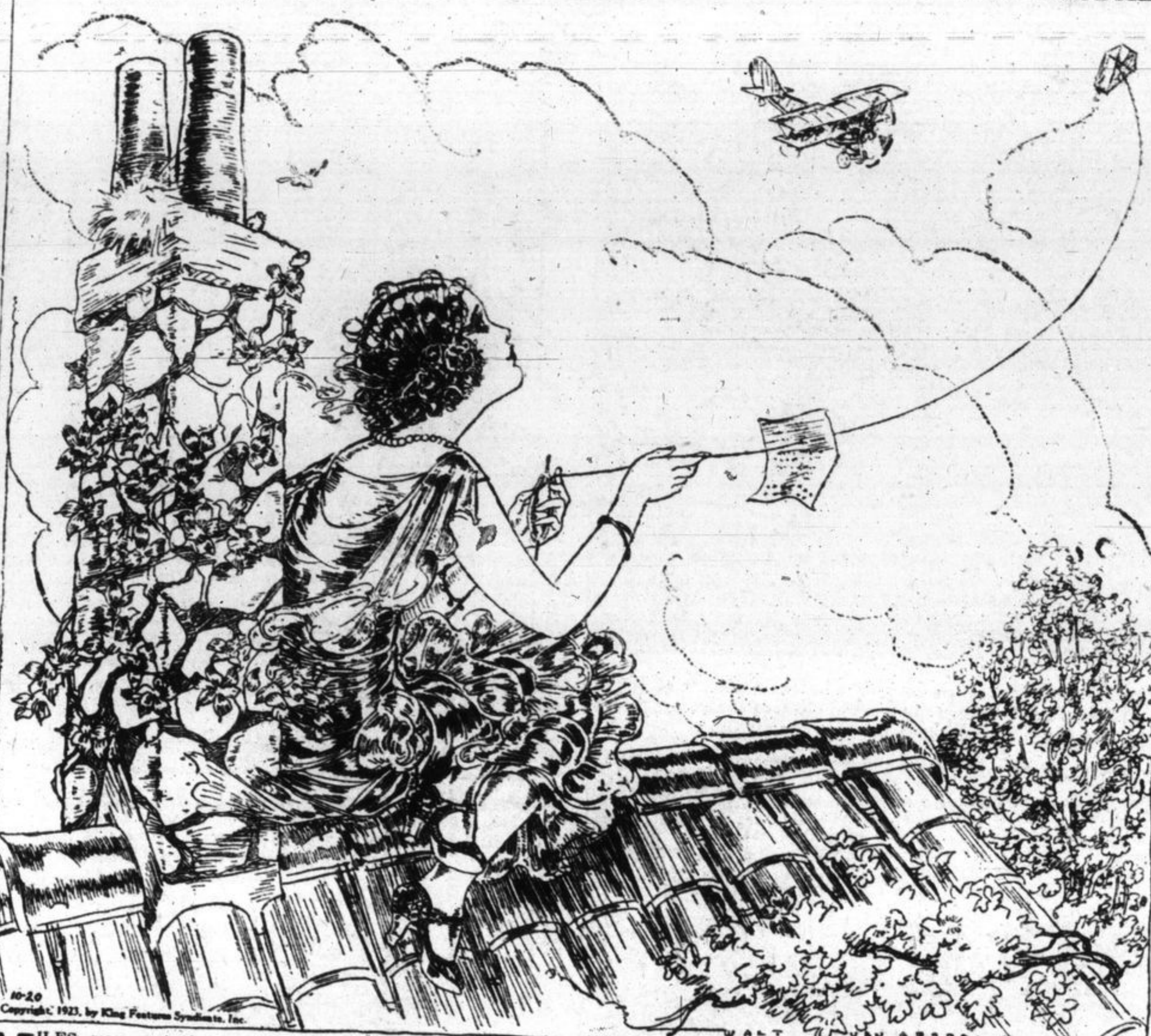
With this frock there is a charming cape of the same material, a simple, straight little affair, falling about to the knees and bordered with beige caracul. A collar of this fur makes the cape both warm and comfortable. A wrap-around turban of the cinnamon colored material is trimmed with a caracul pom-pom. Beige suede footwear is worn.

Another attractive costume featuring the new shades is made up of a smart sport suit in dark brown homespun, with short box coat, collared and cuffed in beaver. A manish tailored waistcoat in sand broadcloth is buttoned close about the throat with tiny brown covered buttons. A velour sport hat of the sand color is trimmed with a dark brown ribbon cabochon, and sand sport ties with strappings of brown leather are used.

Just now a warm one-piece frock is suitable for street wear. An interesting model is cut from coffee colored twill, with high collar and cuffs of beige broadcloth. The frock follows the new princess lines, fitted to the figure, with scant long skirt. The turn back cuffs flare almost to the elbow. The collar, too, is extremely youthful, with its Peter Pan style and its bow of brown gros-grain ribbon. Brown bone buttons are used all the way down the front.

Love Will Find a Way

DRAWN BY
WALT VAN ARSDALE



MILES may part them, clouds may come between—he may traverse the skies and she the earth below—but love will find a way. What summit will she not climb, what deed will she not perform to encourage the heart that's kindred to her own?

High upon a thatched and ivy-covered housetop, where love-birds come to nest, she ties her message to a kite and trusts it to the breeze. For she knows that to her love all powers will be kind and even science will succumb. Who but lovers are wise, who but lovers ones are brave?—WALT VAN ARSDALE.

FOXY GRANDPA'S STORIES

THE STORY OF A FAIRY SHIP.



LOOK! Look! Foxy Grandpa!" cried Bobby one day when we were fishing off Narragansett Pier.

And what a sight we saw! There was the most beautiful thing, that looked like a great beautiful bubble, floating on the water and bounding gracefully over the crest of the waves.

"What do you suppose it is?" Bobby asked excitedly.

"It looks like foam, and yet it does not," I answered.

We rowed the boat nearer to the lovely thing and as we approached we saw hundreds of colors reflected in it like those of a prism.

"I think it must be a plant," gasped Bobby, as we rowed nearer. "In fact, I'm almost certain it must be some kind of seaweed," he added, as we gazed into the clear water and saw that floating behind this bubble were long flaring streamers which looked like gayly colored ribbons attached to the shimmering globe.

"But," I interrupted, "the ribbons seem to move as if they were alive, Bobby, and so they did—like long fingers. Bobby, who was asleep in the bottom of our boat, hearing the excitement, stretched himself, yawned, rubbed his eyes and looked up. Glancing over the side of the boat, he said, sleepily:

"Oh, a man-o-war."

Bobby and I quickly looked away from our bubble and scanned the horizon, thinking, of course, a big battleship was in sight and that Bobby had just discovered it.

"Where's the man-o-war?" we both asked.

"Right there, said Bobby, pointing to our beautiful globe.

"What do you mean man-o-war?" Bobby asked. "It's seaweed. Why would you call a plant man-o-war?"

"That's where you're wrong, Bobby," said Bobby wisely. "It's a real live fish. Why it is called man-o-war nobody knows, but that's its name.

Just then the beautiful creature suddenly collapsed and submerged.

"Now I know why it is called a man-o-war—because it goes down like a submarine," shouted Bobby.

"Not all of them can submerge," protested Bobby. "Only the young ones. The old ones lose their power of locomotion and have to go where the wind and tide take them."

"There it is again," Bobby shouted. "Now watch carefully and you may see some of his friends."

"What kind of friends?"

"Fish, of course," answered my rabbit. "Many little fish live under the man-o-war and find there a temporary, safe home, free from attacks of other big fish."

"Why do you say temporary and why couldn't big fish catch them under the bubble as well as in the open?"

"Why," proceeded Bobby wisely, "because the man-o-war has a severe sting which kills fish." Then he continued as if he were preaching a sermon, "I say temporary because should the man-o-war get hungry he would gobble up the fish he had been protecting as quick as a wink."

"Well, well," said Bobby. "Pretty is as pretty does." And even though the man-o-war is very beautiful, he really isn't if he is so treacherous."

"You're right, my boy," said I, laughing to myself at his grown-up manner as we rowed for the shore.

"Mr. and Mrs. Philip Davidson. It looks fine on the register."

"I know this is the very same room they gave us twenty years ago? I know it's the same."

"And we're going to have the same things for dinner and go to the same places we did then," he replied, alighting an arm around her. "What's the use of celebrating your wedding anniversary if you can't make it a real wedding?"

"Then you're not sorry we eloped?"

"Are you?" he quizzed.

For answer both arms went around his neck and she whispered:

"Twenty years ago to-night we ran away because I didn't want Mother to spend money on our wedding. I'm lots happier now because we've both been tried out. We've weathered every storm and reached a safe harbor. Then we were both young and foolish and didn't know well, anything."

"I know I loved you and wanted you," he hugged her close. "You've been a regular chum all the time and we've carried out our plans. We own Judge Moore's house; we've got the sun parlor and all the rest. We don't owe a cent, and we're money banked."

"Don't you forget to mention our two boys. They're the best of all."

Suddenly she twisted out of his arms and faced him. "Now, own up," she demanded. "How much did you have left after our other wedding trip?"

"Just two cents, and I gave them to you to buy yeast cake."

"It's 'ris' into some mighty big things," she said, thoughtfully, and he answered:

"It sure has. Now, let's hurry out for dinner. I'm starved."

AFTER MANY YEARS

A LITTLE STORY OF A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

By Abbie Fosdick Ransom.

IN her short skirt and martial hat, she seemed a very young and little girl as she jabbed a hat pin through the note into the table spread. Then she opened the door a crack, peered out and satisfied with the outlook, seized her hand bag and tip-toed out of doors where a man drew her arm within his and hastened away.

Just in time for the train. They settled themselves jubilantly congratulating themselves that no other Summer visitor at the place had observed them. He looked at her for a minute then:—"You can't guess how handsome you are. Eyes bright, cheeks red, and your mouth has the most wonderful cupid twist I ever saw."

"No flattery, sir." She spoke with a fine limitation of severity. "The first thing," he told her, "is a trip to the Little Church Around the Corner. Then dinner and after that? Shall we take in a show?"

"Take in nothing. You needn't think we're going to begin our married life by dissipating. We're going to save our money and buy that dear little house of Judge Moore's and—"

"In a taxi he deliberately kissed her. "I've been wanting to do that ever since we boarded the train. By George, Edith, you're simply stunning."

Her response was a laugh so full of unalloyed pleasure that again temptation assailed, and he yielded without hesitation.

"It doesn't take many minutes to forget marriage bonds, but when they emerged from the vestry all her merriment was gone. They walked on in silence for nearly a block, then he spoke. "If you're always going to be as sober as this I'll believe you're sorry you married."

"Not that, but I'm thinking about what's gone before and what's to come."

In the hotel he piloted her to the parlor, and when he returned from the office created a bluish by saying:

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SECRETS OF HEALTH AND SUCCESS

By Charles A. L. Reed
M. D.

Former President of the American Medical Association.

YOUR baby's brain is a sack of jelly—highly organized jelly, it is true—but still jelly.

Its nerves are similarly unstable and undeveloped.

For this reason neither should be subjected to shocks or jolts or habitual rhythmic movements.

The habit of bouncing the baby, or swinging it in the arms or rocking it in a cradle, is pernicious.

This is why the firmly-standing cot has so largely taken the place of the old-fashioned, if poetic, rocking cradle or crib.

To insure the development of mental and nervous stability, infancy should be the period of quietude and sleep.

Nutrition is, of course, fundamental to the development of the nervous system as it is of the muscular system, or the bony system or any other system of the human body, and it is never so important as during infancy.

The best brain builder is the mother's milk.

The pre-kindergarten age of from three to five brings the next perplexing problem.

This theme calls for a special article, or perhaps several articles.

It is sufficient to say here that during this period the child should be gently but firmly started in the direction of good habits. Training to this end should be accomplished by play methods to the exclusion of actual tax or stress upon either of the special senses or upon the brain and nervous system.

The same principle holds true with respect to the more complex methods employed during the kindergarten period.

In the majority of the elementary schools the salvation of the children depends upon the fact that they possess the virtue of inattention, under which they relax at the first approach to fatigue.

With this virtue taken for granted the intellectual tasks imposed become for the most part entirely innocuous.

For the proper development of the nervous system the recreation hour is more important than the study hour, and the eating hour is more important than either.

The hygiene of the schoolroom involving air space and ventilation, the amount and direction of light, the temperature, the type and fit of seats and desks are of great importance. But most important to the brain and nervous system of the child is the teacher.

If she is wholesome and sound in pose and method she will tend to make the pupil wholesome and sound.

The power of imitation, the controlling power of the child's organism, makes this principle one of supreme importance.

With these facts held in mind, the following become safe hints for the proper development of the brain and nervous system of your child:

Study each child as an individual problem.

Learn his inclinations, aptitudes and limitations.

Watch his personal hygiene.

Watch his diet and keep it normally abundant.

Have an eye on the sanitary condition of the schoolroom.

Cultivate the acquaintance of the teacher and see that she has an intelligent and normal personality.

At the first sign of nervousness, twitchings, sleeplessness or headache have your physician ascertain the cause and remove it.

CORRECT MANNERS.

Drinking or Eating Soup?

Dear Mrs. Beckman: Which of the following is correct: "I eat" soup or "I drink" soup. M. L.

IT IS correct to say "I eat soup" when the soup is served in a soup plate. "I drink soup" is correct when you refer to consuming consommé from a cup.

Answering a Condolence Letter.

Dear Mrs. Beckman: Please advise me whether it is proper to answer a letter of condolence and how it should be done. H. O.

YES, a letter of condolence should be answered. In fact any expression of sympathy, or letter or flowers sent at the time of bereavement should be acknowledged personally by a message written on a visiting card or by a note. Of course the note will be very short—only a sentence or two—and need not,

of course, be sent promptly, but it must be a personal acknowledgment. An engraved card or thanks is frigid and bleak and repelling; it expresses a stationer's thanks rather than one's own.

If a visiting card is used write on it, "Thank you for your sympathy," or "Thank you for your friendly offers of service and for your sympathy, or just "Thank you."

If you write a note say something like this: "Dear Mrs. Cosgrove: It was most kind of you to send me your sympathy so beautifully expressed in the lovely flowers. Thank you for your thought—it helped us all, I assure you."

Very sincerely yours, "MARIAN WOODBRIDGE"

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WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?

1. When was Marie Antoinette married to Louis XVI?
2. When was the famous order of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre organized?
3. When did Joseph Lister, who brought the antiseptic method of bandaging into use, die?
4. When was Kiel Canal, the German naval waterway, opened?
5. When did Edmund Hoyle, the famous English authority on games, die?

ANSWERS

1. The Czar of Russia abdicated March 15, 1917.
2. The first International Arbitration Court was opened in The Hague in October, 1902.
3. The Welland Canal, from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, was opened in 1829.
4. Sir Walter Scott refused the post of post laureate of England in 1813.
5. Ethebert Nevill, composer of "The Rosary," died February 17, 1891.

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