



THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



WHEN A GIRL'S ENGAGED

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The Famous Writer Discusses Problems That Have to Do with the Modern Betrothal.

By Beatrice Fairfax. Who occupies a unique position in the writing world as an authority on problems of love. Among red-letter days, a girl ranks the thrilling moment she becomes engaged as second only to her wedding. Whatever the future may hold, on this day of days life is a blissful dream.

Betrothal days are even happier now than in other generations. For there are fewer marriages of convenience, fewer engagements arranged by parents instead of the lovers themselves. The modern girl may hesitate before giving up her independence as a wage-earner. But for that very reason, when she does become engaged, her motive is generally love—the deep affection that insures happiness for herself, the man she weds and the family they found.

Rules and customs governing engagements tend toward greater simplicity, frankness and less rigidity of convention. Charles and Anne are engaged. They live many hundreds of miles apart, and cannot marry for a year. By mutual agreement they accept social invitations now and then to make life less lonesome away from each other.

"I wouldn't be happy if I thought Charles was moping at home every evening," explained Anne. "And he's glad that the young men I know, even though they realize I'm engaged, ask me out now and then to dances and theaters. We trust each other, and each wishes the other to be happy."

This is a typical modernization of the old and generally wise rule that engaged couples shall accept and extend no invitations that do not include each other. Naturally Miss Betrothed finds her greatest happiness in the companionship of THE ONE MAN. And it's only in exceptional cases that they share together. But the convention's not so rigid that it can't be sensibly modified by mutual willing consent.

The engagement, should be standing which, too often, proves, in the long run, a disastrous misunderstanding. Viola, for three years, gave all her time and thought—her whole heart—to George. They were not exactly engaged, but there was an understanding between them. Now George has become so vague on the subject of marriage that Viola is miserably uncertain whether she is engaged.

Don't consider yourself engaged until you receive a definite proposal of marriage and definitely accept that proposal. An engagement should above all be kind—expressing consideration and harmony in every thought and act. John is engaged to Rita, but he's miserably unhappy. Rita flirts, insists on petting parties, manages by every coquetish lure to attract the attentions of men, leaving John out of it all.

If he objects she assures him coolly that she intends to enjoy herself in her own way and she's free to do the same. Yet she's as fond of John as she can be of anyone save herself. This wretchedly unhappy engagement holds little hope for a successful marriage.

Many men even in this age, adhere to the charming, deferential courtesy of securing her parents' permission before asking their daughter for her promise to wed. Consideration for parents who are giving up the loved companionship of children through marriage cannot be too gentle and kind.

Her solitary diamond engagement ring delights many a girl as the symbol of her engagement. Yet this custom of the ring has also become modified into a matter of preference, not necessity. Vivian and Dick are marrying on a small income and saving to build their home. So they decided to forego an engagement ring, letting the wedding ring take its place.

Anne is "advanced"—in fact she's a leading feminist. Her friends fancied that when she became engaged she might decide to join the Lucy Stone League. But she didn't.

She married Jim last week and I notice she's taken her husband's name in the old-fashioned way. "Jim likes to hear me called by his name," she explained simply. For ultra-modern Anne is delightfully old-fashioned in one way—she's unselfishly in love.

with you how it can best be divided. Chaperonage has, of course, been modified of late years to meet new conditions. But the girl who's engaged is more than ever particular to avoid the least breath of suspicion or criticism, while the man she loves is eager to protect her name and keep his own clear for her.

Needless to say, the engaged girl should avoid all else narrow-minded jealousy and any tendency to tyrannize over her fiancé. She will, if she is truly in love, try to get his point of view and keep the thought of his happiness always before her. An engagement should not be too long—not longer than a year or two. For this pretense to marriage should not be allowed to become matter-of-fact and hum-drum. And this may happen if it's extended over several years. Yes, there are many and varied problems facing the girl who becomes engaged. I've only briefly touched on a few. But betrothal days are, indeed, golden days of idyllic happiness when problems are faced frankly, honestly, sensibly, with mutual consideration inspired by true love.

FASHION FADS AND FANCIES

By Mildred Ash

Bolder and bolder grow the masculine styles in millinery designed for tailored and sports wear. Some of the felt hats are in alpine and many others in bowdler effects. Their main difference from men's head-gear seems to be in the colors, which are the highest sport shades no man would ever have the courage to sport. "Rich Man, Poor Man, beggar man, thief" runs the old count by which one's fortune was read from the number of buttons on the garment. Buttoned all the way down the front, the smartest kashmir frocks are severely plain and most perfectly tailored. Their only trimming seems to be a line of inset tacking at both sides of the front fastening. Pastel shades are being worn but natural color is given preference.

No Sign of Domesticity is the wearing of an apron, this season for most of the smartest youthful frocks, of the semi-dress variety, are showing a circular, apron front effect. This adds a graceful flare to the otherwise straight silhouette, and is highly endorsed by foremost Parisian fashion authorities. Eagerly bearing a yoke implies no desire for bondage, other than that imposed by the season's demand that deep lace yokes be worn in afternoon frocks of georgette, novelty crepe, or satin.

If the wearer be slim, such a yoke insures an extremely girlish air that is most dear to the feminine heart. Holding its own monkey fur continues to be the ultra-smart trimming for ensemble suits. The long, straight coats to these costumes are deeply bordered around the bottom, with this fringed, long, silky fur, but this is the only place where fur is used on the latest models, which have small collars of self fabric, and are lined in the same vivid based silk of which the accompanying frock is made.

TELL THESE AT DINNER

It was cleaning day at the Zoo. All the animals had to be shifted from the cages they usually occupied into fresh ones. An Irishman was assisting with the transfer of the hyena. "Stiddy there, lion," he quavered. "What's the idea," asked a fellow attendant, "collin that hyena a lion?" "Have ye no tact? Can't ye see 'tis flatterin' the beast that I am."

It was his first visit to the house, and the second time that they had met, but she was an optimist, and, of course, she believed in "love at first sight." They were sitting together on the settee. The fire crackled merrily and the lights were dim. "Oh, Mr. Harrison," she murmured. "Please don't call me Mr. Harrison," he said. "But," she cooed, "what shall I call you? I have known you so short a time, too."

She looked at him coyly. "Call me," said he, "Mr. Fairfax because that is my name."

Just as Good



NEVER accept a substitute. Stand up and firmly say—crook one arm and say—though respectful, in a voice that cannot be mistaken—"I want the real thing. Nothing 'just as good' is EVER as good!" "Have a KISS!" queries the only girl in the world. "Have a kiss!" she intones more softly. "And you look to see what is offered; and it is out of an extra-sleek pink box with gilt whirllights on it, and unnatural lettering wherein it informs the world that what is inside is 'Taffy Kisses.' She extracts something with a dainty forefinger and a thumb—the mama and papa fingers—with the boy and girl fingers half-extended, and the BABY finger thrust out like a precocious twig of pink and white buds. And holds it up to view—and what it is, is a piece of gold, delicious enough in its own way, taffy—wrapped in a bit of oiled paper twisted at each end!

"Just as good?" Who that knows, even by dreaming, what the real thing is, how immeasurably superior to all other products under the same name and aspiring to be just as sweet, just as delicious, just as "satisfying," a real Kiss from the flower-red, satin lips of a girl is, would accept a bit of sticky sugar done up in a piece of paper instead! Put out your chest therefore, and crook your arm and repeat firmly, "I want the real and only thing. And if you haven't it to give—GOOD-MORNING!" It might be worth staying and arguing over though, now that we think of it, young chap, if a real honest to goodness beauty of a young thing OFFERS you candy kisses instead of real ones—for according to the lamenters nowadays—there are not many of them who do not offer lips instead of sweets—and they do say that therefore the original thing has gone down vastly in quality and value! —NELL BRINKLEY.

CORRECT MANNERS

By Mrs. Cornelius Beeckman

Celebrating a Birthday. DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN: I intend to celebrate my sixteenth birthday with a little party at which I am anxious to have both girls and boys. Can you help me by giving me an idea of how I should write them a note of invitation?

Gladly. A short note just giving the necessary information is enough: "Dear Ted: "A sixteenth birthday is such an important milestone that I'm not going to let mine go by without having my friends greet it with me. So will you come to celebrate my 'anniversary' on Saturday, February the twenty-first? I'm going to have an informal party at my home, and if you'll come in about eight-thirty, Mother and I will be very happy and delighted to welcome you. Will you come?" (Mrs. Beeckman will be glad to answer questions on etiquette submitted by readers.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When the eyes feel strained and tired, and the lids appear red and inflamed, a little warm milk makes an excellent bath for them. Close the eyes, and, using a pad of cotton wool, bath the closed lids for several minutes. This treatment not only brightens the eyes and removes inflammation, but will increase the growth of the eyelashes and, if used regularly, will give them that upward curl which is so much admired. Fresh milk must be used for each bath, and it must not be the least sour when applied to the eyelids.

FOXY GRANDPA'S STORIES



HOW THEY WERE SAVED FROM A PACK OF WOLVES.

"KNEE down under the robe, Bobby," said I. "I don't want that little nose of yours frozen." "All right, Foxy Grandpa," came Bobby's voice from under the great buffalo robe. Bunny was tucked comfortably in my pocket, although he said his fur coat was quite warm enough to keep him comfy even up there in the cold of northern Canada.

The horses that drew our sleigh were just about pulling my arms until they trembled, when all of a sudden they gave a start. At that very moment I felt Bunny give a twist and a wiggle in my pocket, and before I knew it his two white ears were sticking up out of the robe. I looked at Bunny's startled eyes, and knew by the deep red to which they had changed that there was something wrong. And I very soon found out.

For at that moment—although it was very indistinct, I heard the most terrifying howling far in the distance—wolves! "Wolves!" murmured Bunny, trembling against my side. At that time there was nothing to do but keep a stiff upper lip and try to keep calm. But I am free to admit that I turned as cold as the inside as I was on the outside. I had heard of the awful things which a pack of wolves can do.

In this way dropping my muffler, sweater and coat we got far enough ahead so that the wolves never did catch up with us and we made camp. Exhausted and nearly frozen, we staggered into the cabin and not a word did we speak for some time. Finally Bobby said: "Curiosity may have killed the cat, Foxy Grandpa, but it saved us, didn't it?"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

The Proof of Love. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been going with a young man about twenty-eight for almost a year. I am deeply in love with him. He is very sentimental and is jealous of my going out with other men. Other men, though he always accuses me of it.

He claims that he loves me but he doesn't act the part. Do you think a man knows because he's jealous that he loves a woman? Last Christmas he didn't send me a gift. That's a long time ago now and I didn't really care about getting the present. But when my friends asked me what I received from him I was so ashamed to admit I received nothing.

Of course he has lots of expenses, but he works steadily and earns a good salary. Don't you think that if he loved me he would have given me something at Christmas time? UNHAPPY. THERE'S only one proof of a man's love, my dear—his asking you to be his wife. Until a man proves his love in this way it's better to think of him as just a friend.

Jealousy doesn't prove love. It proves that a man is too selfish to share friendship, that he doesn't trust the person that he claims he loves, that he doesn't trust his own power to hold her friendship and love. Your friend while not under any obligation to send you a gift at Christmas, might have showed appreciation of your friendship by sending flowers, candy, a book, music or a Christmas card. An expensive gift would have been out of place since you're not engaged.

If I were you I'd refuse to allow this man to monopolize my time or thoughts, since he's not a fiance but just a friend. I'd go about also with other friends.

SECRETS OF HEALTH AND SUCCESS

By Charles A. L. Reed, M. D.

Former President of the American Medical Association. Why Snuff Taking Has Gone Out of Fashion.

YOU can readily recall some old pictures representing the graces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and even later, with their wigs, lace breeches and ruffled sleeves, engaged in the exquisite act of courtesy of that period—offering a pinch of snuff to a friend.

It was an act symbolic not only of courtesy but of friendship. Among the Germanic peoples, in particular, the habit obtains to this day, the resulting sneeze, evoking a wish for good health, goodnight, from those not too busily engaged in the same performance of sneezing to speak.

There are many snuff takers who declare that the habit gives them immunity against colds. Snuff is a powder the essential basis of which is tobacco. The finely powdered tobacco is mixed with various other aromatic powders.

A pinch of snuff inhaled into each nostril is for the most part caught by the protective hairs that grow on the inside of the nose and that fortunately act as a screen or filter to keep dust from the lower air passages. Some of the snuff, however, reaches the mucous membrane beyond the hair-growing area and there provokes sudden congestion which is the cause of the sneezing—another of Nature's tricks to keep dust and other irritants from going down the throat into the lungs.

If now the germs of a cold have lodged in that part of the nose where the snuff takes effect they will probably be blown out. If that part of the nose is kept bathed with secretion caused by the constant taking of snuff, the germs will lodge on the mucous as they would on fresh varnish and will not reach and infect the membrane.

This looks like a prima facie case for snuff, but it isn't. There is no statistical evidence that snuff takers do not have as many colds as other people. When the germs of a cold are inhaled they reach a very much more extensive area than can possibly be affected by snuff. The long continued taking of snuff first enlarges the little glands that secrete the mucus, causing an increase of secretion. The next effect is, however, permanently to shrivel these glands with resulting dryness of the nostrils, a hopeless condition of great discomfort.

That is why snuffing has gone out of fashion. Monday: Some Thoughts About Your Longevity. Copyright, 1925, by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?

When was the Pacific Railroad completed? 2—When was chemistry introduced into Spain? 3—When was the story of Beauty and the Beast first published? 4—When did the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines in Italy begin? 5—When was slavery abolished in Cuba?

WHO SAID IT AND WHERE

"His heart was in his work, and the heart. Giveth grace unto every act." Enthusiasm makes a man's work great. Longfellow asserts in "The Building of the Ship." "Who seeks for aid Must show how service sought can be repaid." We must strive to return favor for favor. Owen Meredith wrote in "The Siege of Constantinople." "A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good trophy of honor." To bear a scar is no disgrace. Shakespeare declares in "All's Well that Ends Well."

SATURDAY