



THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



HOW CAN I ACQUIRE CHARM?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"Try Being Sweet to Your Father," Says the Famous Author of an Interesting Article

By Beatrice Fairfax, who occupies a unique position in the writing world as an authority on problems of love.

A CHARM school is the latest plan for acquiring the elusive quality every girl would like to possess—the enchantment called charm. It will be interesting to watch the progress of this ultra-modern idea.

Meantime for the many thousands of girls who will find it impossible to take systematic courses in charm, there are suggestions being made on every side for attaining irresistible fascination.

On the other hand, some pessimistic individuals declare there's no way of achieving charm. They claim you're born charming or you're born without charm—and that's that.

But most of us can recall instances of women who as very young girls were utterly unattractive, yet who are charming at thirty and forty. And this proves a woman can acquire charm. What has been done can be done again.

We all may, if we're willing to make the effort, attain, to at least some degree, charm of beauty, charm of health, charm of breeding, charm of chic, of distinctness, of grace, and, above all, that compelling fascination, charm of spirit.

I know well a girl whose charm is superlative. And she achieved it by means of what you might call a simple recipe, easily tried out in one's own home.

Mollie's her name. Mollie was easily the most popular girl I saw at the dance the other night. She wasn't the best dancer, although she dances well. She wasn't the most beautiful girl, although Mollie has a straight, healthy, young body, and the delicate glow of her "school-girl" complexion is all her own. Mollie knows what colors become her. She looked her loveliest the other evening in a white silk deep-fringed dance frock that set off the blue, pink and gold of her coloring.

I, who have known Mollie many years, have a fair idea of how, all unknown to herself, she acquired the faculty of naturally pleasing people and adapting herself to the person she's with.

Mollie practiced her art of charm on her father—not purposely, of course. But since she was knee high, Mollie has been a charm of her dad's.

As a little girl she discovered that when he came home tired from the office he liked nothing better than to throw himself on the sofa and rest by listening to a few of his favorite phonograph records.

Mollie found which were his favorite records, and she used to quietly slip them on and play them for him every night while he rested, having previously made sure that his comfy slippers were conveniently near at hand.

After dinner she made a point of taking an interest in her father's favorite sport—baseball. Soon she understood the game and could discuss it with the most experienced fan. Often she went to the game with her father on a Saturday afternoon.

Her father liked to sing, and had a good, though unaccompanied, voice. He couldn't accompany himself, so Mollie devoted herself to her piano practice and played accompaniments for his favorite songs.

She didn't study out these means of pleasing her father as a disagreeable duty, with a bored, self-righteous air. But she was genuinely fond of her father.

And she realized how uncomplainingly he worked all day to keep things comfortable at home for the family—to "keep the wolf from the door."

WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?

- 1—When did the Constitutional Union Party take part in a United States Presidential election?
- 2—When did Sir Arthur Sullivan, English composer, die?
- 3—When did Pompeius Trogus, Roman historian, live?
- 4—When did Robert Louis Stevenson write "The Master of Ballantrae"?
- 5—When was Tintern Abbey, England, built?

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Castor oil can be rendered quite tasteless by heating it up with the white of an egg.

A little rice placed in the salt jar will absorb damp and keep the salt from becoming lumpy.

Black silk may be cleaned by sponging the dirty parts with the water in which potatoes have been boiled.

away." Being sweet to him in every thoughtful way was a natural expression of her affection and appreciation.

So Mollie, without deliberately intending to do so, acquired the art of charming men.

Little wonder that without conscious effort she fascinates both women and men. She's taken a thorough course in charm. Incidentally, it's little wonder Mollie's engaged to a lucky young man.

Girls often write me about misunderstanding and lack of sympathy at home. Doubtless many fathers as well as mothers are hard and severe and refuse girls the gaily and open-hearted hospitality they should feel free to indulge in at home.

But, on the other hand, I wonder whether much might not be accomplished to better conditions by the girls themselves. Do you go out of your way to make a friend and pal of your father? If you don't you're missing one of the jolliest, most worth-while friendships of life.

And your father's companionship will prove a liberal education for you in learning what every popular and charming girl needs to know: the masculine level-headed point of view as a balance to her own ultra-feminine way of looking at life.

I can't think of a more potent course in charm than might be summed up in five short words: Be sweet to your dad.

YOUR CHILD AS AN ARTIST

By Wm. A. McKeever

Lecturer and Writer on the Bringing Up of Children.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD ran to his mother, and holding up a drawing of his own that might have passed for a map of Texas, exclaimed, "See, Mama, here is a picture of Daddy." Thus the true artist aroused begins, by expression in a blundering way what is in the mind and aroused by the error. Education is naturally through trial and correction as driven and directed from within.

A few years later you will perhaps find this same boy, now in a drawing class at school, and striving under outside pressure to make a perfect copy of a perfect school-book model of some picture. Interest, impulse emotion—the inner desire to express something is now gone. A lesson is to be got and a school grade to be passed.

The foregoing is meant in no sense as a reflection on our school teachers, but rather on the false methods of our whole society. Children, suffering from our ready-made, hurry-to-market models. The vast concern of individual production is giving way to machine patterns and mechanical models, and the children are naturally the greatest losers.

Your child learns only from what he produces. Education is a giving and not a getting. If expression be not patiently indulged through a long series of trials and corrections, then repression is the alternative. Every child is a natural artist in some line until we suppress his native impulse through some kind of mechanicalism.

One boy may produce a picture with his pen, and one a pump-handle with his knife, and both equally the natural artistic skill and design. Nothing is mean or insignificant as it comes direct from the inner nature of a child, but the enforcement of one "perfect model" upon him at the time the inner beauty begins to call for expression may put to rout for a lifetime what might have proved to be a case of "divine creativeness."

Let us give the little ones time to grow from within and to manifest thereby their divine creativeness.

Ready for the Bath—the latest fad is to have bath robes of terry cloth exactly match the pastel colored towels, wash cloth, bath mat, and, of course, slippers.

Modernist Modes—seem rather absurd when carried to the extreme of actual wearing shoes to follow the Cubist designs. The ground of such slippers is of a lighter tone leather than is a triangle that are stitched in typical Cubist pattern, over the entire vamp.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

I CAN'T tell why my thoughts go back to garden plots today, go winding down time's viewless track to pink in prim array, to pansies and forget-me-nots, to ruse and hollyhocks, to daffodils in sunny spots that dance on slender stalks. Some magic has ensnared my thought with every growing thing, and so I say: "The trick is wrought by cunning arts of Spring!"

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The Modern Girl to the World

DRAWN BY NELL BRINKLEY



THE burden of her answering song is something like—"Is that SO?"—in vari-colored tones of voice; delicately inquiring from the high-bred, and still gentle, girl; highly cynical from the widely read professional; prettily pugacious from the "business girl"; amusingly jaunty from the young athlete; honestly indignant from young ladyhood in general, and—the unexpected—the most scornfully slangy from the one highest up in the social ladder—the debutante!

Says she, to that busy reporter, with his columns of criticisms, parcel-pod: says she: "How comes it that you expect us to be so far behind the rest of the world? Everybody else is walking right along. No man or boy, or old gentleman or lady, is back in another age. But you expect girls alone to be living and thinking, and eating, and wearing clothes, and talking back with Governor Winthrop or Evangeline!"

"Elderly" ladies are riding in taxi-cabs—NOT yellow coaches with rocking springs and four horses. THEY go to the latest plays and discuss complex and physiology and governments and Early Ameri-

can furniture—and LOVE—they are in the front line—marching under to-day's slogan. They are not the same as the elderly ladies of 1812. They are not naughtier—they are just different.

"Old gentlemen do not stay put in one place. They begin to see the world now at eighty. They drive their own cars and they dance at the roof-gardens when they can. The elderly farmer knows what the House of Deputies said in France yesterday, and he listens to the radio—not the organ. HE isn't back flying from Indians in a black hat with a buckle on it! YOU call that keeping up with the 'young folks'—it isn't. It's keeping up with time.

"Even you yourself, Old World, you are whirling right along. You are not back with a jerkin and sword. 'Hucum' you expect GIRLS alone to be?"

And then she gives him a parting little dig. "Anyway how could you expect us to lag behind when you discuss every doing, every thought, every trouble, every dream, every pleasure of the modern world in black and white print before our eyes?"

"I don't notice that you adore us pretty much as our grandfathers in silver shoe-buckles adored our grandmother in silver-grey homespun."

"ISN'T THAT SO?"

—NELL BRINKLEY.

FASHION FADS AND FANCIES

By Mildred Ash

COMPROMISING on coo—the young woman who desires a silk Spring coat, and yet prefers something more youthful and sprightly than black, makes a wise choice. Satin, satin back crepe, and bengaline are the favored fabrics for dressy Spring wraps; these are generally bordered around the bottom with long-haired fur.

The Rage for Red—seems unabated, if one is to judge by the number of all-red hats, separate frocks and skirt cut in one, when developed in tweed.

Quaint and Old-Time—seem the frocks that are formerly used merely as a trimming, it has very recently been used as a dress fabric, or for a costume slip to be worn under black lace. Used that way, it gives the effect of exquisite brocade.

Two-in-One—the term most applicable to the latest "cricket" skirt for athletic wear. This practical garment has breeches (just to the knee) and skirt cut in one, when developed in tweed.

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FOXY GRANDPA'S STORIES

Registered U. S. Patent Office.



WHAT A LITTLE QUEEN EATS.

"FOXY GRANDPA," said Bobby as we stood by his beehive, "have you noticed that all of these bees are not alike?"

"I have indeed," I answered. "There are three kinds of bees in every hive."

"Three kinds," exclaimed Bobby.

"Yes, Bobby," I answered. "Do you see those fat bees, whose bodies are stouter than the others and rounded instead of pointed? And do you see that their eyes are almost as large as the rest of their heads?"

"Like that one there?" asked Bobby, pointing to one, which I had described.

"Yes," I replied. "Those bees are the gentlemen bees or the drones. They are very peculiar. They have no stings and spend their lives living on honey, although they don't bring home honey themselves."

"Pretty soft," murmured Bobby, who was with us, of course.

"While it lasts," I chuckled, "it is all right. But after the time for swarming, those same gentlemen bees, who are called drones are put to death."

"Hm," grunted Bobby. "Short life and a merry one."

"And those slender bodied bees, Foxy Grandpa?" asked Bobby, pointing to some bees which were very busy indeed, just as you would expect a bee to be.

"They are the workers, Bobby," I answered. "They are sometimes called 'neuters,' but the name 'workers' suits them perfectly. For I will tell you what those little bees do.

"Those little workers collect honey, make wax, build cells, take care of the eggs and nurse and 'feed the grub."

"I wonder if anyone will ever invent a presidential jelly that would make a little boy turn into a president when he grew up," said Bobby, with a far away look in his blue eyes.

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CORRECT MANNERS

By Mrs. Cornelia Beekman

THEATRE ETIQUETTE. DEAR MRS. BECKMAN: Please tell me the correct way to enter and leave a theatre with a young lady.

1—If you get home late from the theatre and the young lady asks you to come into the house should you go?

PUZLED. IT is correct for the gentleman to follow the usher down the aisle of the theatre, and it is correct for him to have the lady follow the usher and for him to follow the lady. The gentleman must decide for himself which order he prefers, for every lady waits until she sees which the gentleman wants her to do. In my observation I think that more gentlemen stand aside to allow the lady to follow the usher, and this is a natural thing to do. But, on the other hand, I have noticed, especially lately, that many gentlemen think that if they follow the usher they will be able to be of service to the lady by standing by the head of the row and helping the lady into the row in which the places are. Personally, I prefer this order.

2—When they leave the theatre the lady goes first. If you are a well-bred man, very careful of your own manners and those of people whom you are with, you will not accept this ill-advised invitation. After the theatre is too late for a girl to ask a man to come into the house. And it is very easy for a man to "regret the invitation." All he has to say, as a matter of fact, is "Thank you very much, but I don't think I can, for I have a very busy day to-morrow."

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SECRETS OF HEALTH AND SUCCESS

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

Former President of the American Medical Association.

Imagination and Drama in Child Life.

IS your child now between six and fourteen years of age? If so, it is the period of that child's greatest mental growth.

It is likewise the period of your greatest opportunity as a parent.

That is because it is the period in which the budding intelligence is beginning to get a clearer vision of the actual universe and to imagine still other universes.

It has been called the period of the imagination.

It is the direction given to the imagination of childhood that goes far either to make or break the expanding life.

One of the most effective means by which the childish imagination can be given good and wholesome direction is through gratification of the always existing dramatic instinct of childhood.

This is one of the fundamental principles of Community Service, which in turn is one of the most wholesome of organized agencies in the interest of child life in America.

One of the means by which Community Service carries out this principle for your child and the thousands of other children, is to get them interested in well selected plays that will give them fun—good, wholesome fun.

This is done for an even broader object, which is to develop imagination in the community—imagination in those who are participating and those who are spectators.

It is also intended by these means to make imagination function more vitally in the lives of the people.

It is believed possible by this means to make people more generous, more understanding, of the lives of other people.

Also to make progress more rapid by securing a greater open-mindedness.

The dramatic method is thus also used to interpret significant moments in history and to educate the participants in the conscious meaning and use of personal power.

The promoters of this movement call attention to the fact that it is not what one knows passively that counts, but what one has felt, has experienced.

They also place emphasis on the importance of the parent as an occasional and temporary form of dramatic art. The special interest of Community Service is not in pageants, but in the use of the dramatic effort continuously throughout the year by various groups—church, lodge, club, school, neighborhood, community center.

Community Service deserves your support and the support of everybody.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

Pinning Faith to One Man. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been going about with a young man for some time. I love him more than life, but he's a puzzle to me.

"In a girl with too much pride to go out with a man unless I intend to marry him. I told this to my friends, who replied he hadn't any intention of getting married but that he'd think it over. And he promised not to ask me to go out with him until he made his decision.

Ever since then he has come to see me at the shop where I work at the noon hour. I feel that if he didn't love me he wouldn't come to see me. Also, he walks home with me from work. But he has never told me his decision.

Do you think he cares for me? Or is he trying to let me know in a kind way that he doesn't love me? PUZZLED.

THERE'S no reason why you shouldn't accept invitations from any unmarried man whose friendship you value. You have a mistaken sense of pride in feeling that you can't go about with a man unless you intend to marry him.

In this case, since the young man hasn't asked you to marry him, I wouldn't take his attentions too seriously. Enjoy his companionship and accept his invitations. But think of him as a good friend rather than as a sweetheart and accept invitations also from other men.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

A tube railway is proposed for Venice. It would cover the length of the city, a distance of eight miles.

Facial surgery, including the re-modelling of injured noses, ears and lips, was known in Italy as long ago as 1456.

A domestic fly carrying what is estimated at 7,000,000 typhoid germs was recently shown on the

