



THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



IS THE SECRET MARRIAGE A SUCCESS?

Beatrice Fairfax Asks Why Keep Hidden the Proudest, Happiest Event of Your Life?

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

"WE've all heard the so-called truism that a woman can't keep a secret." But observation and experience suggest that keeping a secret is just as hard for a man.

Of course, we know that there are both men and women who can and do keep secrets. But the fact remains that human nature finds the chief charm of a secret in telling it to a friend. After that it's no longer a secret. So far as secrecy is concerned, it's a failure.

Your best friend, urged by the same love of imparting interesting information that prompted you to tell, confides the near-secret to just one other—"in strict confidence," of course. So the story travels and grows as it spreads.

Of all secrets the hardest to guard is that of the marriage news of which the two persons most concerned have decided to keep strictly to themselves. First obstacle to concealment: there's the legal record of the marriage which he who chooses may inspect. For the law doesn't encourage secrecy in marriage.

Then, also, the man and woman who are secretly married come to be known as intimate friends—possibly betrothed. Their close affection is most likely to arouse interested curiosity and speculation. And when once curiosity is roused and suspicions, a secret is doomed. Thus the average secret marriage is doomed to fail so far as maintaining secrecy is concerned.

Charles and Mabel decided to keep their wedding a secret. Their marriage was casual—the result of a trip across the ferry one Summer afternoon to inquire about licenses, just for fun.

"Of course," Mabel stipulated, "we can't marry for at least a year. We've no money saved. Mother would be brokenhearted. And we've only known each other a few weeks. That's really not long enough, is it, dear?"

Charlie's reply was a stolen kiss. "They were in a delightfully secluded corner of the ferry-boat deck."

"Let's get married today," urged Charlie when they found to their surprise that a marriage license was not necessary in this particular State. "We can find a Justice of the Peace and buy a ring. There's no time like now."

"But mother—and our friends—we haven't money saved; it's all so uncertain," demurred Mabel. "But she wanted to be convinced."

"Our marriage is no one's affair but our own," decided Charlie. "We'll keep it a secret at least for a year. Meanwhile, we'll save money. Don't you know, dear, that two people can live as cheaply as one?"

So they were married despite Mabel's obstinate doubts. For Charlie was undeniably persuasive and she loved the thrill of the adventure.

Charlie and Mabel began their "light housekeeping" in Charlie's big studio room in Greenwich Village. Mabel asked that one or two intimate friends be told as a protection to her. Her mother who lived thousands of miles distant was to be kept in ignorance.

But their next-door neighbor told a friend who repeated the news to a friend who happened to be a friend of Mabel's brother. In a surprisingly short time Mabel's mother heard of the marriage and was prostrated with shock and grief.

Before long Mabel's intuitive doubts regarding the wisdom of her secret marriage were fully justified. The marriage wasn't happy or congenial. As soon as the novelty of the honeymoon wore off it was an obvious failure both as a marriage and as a secret.

The motive for secrecy in marriage is too often sinister in its implication. The wise marriage is a subject for congratulations of friends and proud joy. And because it's honorable and above-board it has no reason for concealment.

We may be at times attracted to persons who fall to measure up to the standards we know we should expect in a friend, and above all in a fiance. Secretly we're a little ashamed of such an attachment, which we realize is unsuitable. Yet we're fascinated. The attitude expressed by the words, "We'll keep our marriage secret for it's no one's business but our own" is essentially mistaken. Every marriage in its consequences vitally concerns countless numbers of persons—the entire community. And it concerns the vast majority of cases generations yet unborn.

The welfare of the world today and its fate tomorrow largely depend on the wisdom of to-day's

marrriages. If they are marriages of pure affection endorsed by good judgment, the unit of the family that results is made up of unselfish public-spirited citizens, vitally concerned in the public welfare for the sake of home and children. And these children will be trained to take up in the spirit of service the world's problems when their turn at government comes.

The marriage that through secrecy dodges the responsibility of home, children and active community service cannot prove lastingly happy or successful. For in its selfishness it ignores the nobler aim of marriage—to serve.

There are exceptional cases, extraordinary circumstances, which doubtless justify secret marriage now and then. But generally speaking, the marriage that needs the protection of concealment is so inherently ill-advised, hasty or selfish that it might better be postponed until it is strong enough, wise enough to stand and face the world, assured of success.

If you love a man and he loves you and there's no good reason why you two should not wed, why make a secret of what should be the proudest, happiest event of your life? Your marriage will be the more successful because you begin it honestly, frankly, proud of the true love that has influenced you to marry and found a home.

CORRECT MANNERS

By Mrs. Cornelius Beckman
Asking for a Telephone Number.

DEAR MRS. BECKMAN: Would you please settle the following argument? A says when a young man is introduced to a young lady at a gathering by some mutual friend that it is incorrect for the young man to ask the young lady for her telephone number after escorting her home. A maintaining he should ask the friend who introduced them; B says it is not necessary; that he may ask the young lady herself. A AND B.

THIS is distinctly stretching a point—to have the sponsor of an introduction continue his role as a chaperon. No, I agree with B. After the introduction, no "middleman" is necessary. To begin with, how could the introducer be sure that the young lady wished to have him give her telephone number? It seems to me that this would be taking a good deal on himself, and quite unnecessarily.

Signing a Wedding Telegram.

DEAR MRS. BECKMAN: Kindly tell me the proper signature for a wedding message telegram. Is the first or full name used? I have never met the groom.

K. M. K.

IT is wiser to sign the full name to such a message, sent at such a busy and usually confused time. And, since it is friendly of you to include in your telegram congratulations to the groom as well as felicitations to the bride; it is especially necessary for you to sign your whole name. It is very confusing to receive several messages signed "Dorothy," even if each Dorothy believes that that name means only her to the bride.

WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?

- 1—When was the Confederation, Albemarle, blown up?
- 2—When was Baron Mohn, English desperado, killed?
- 3—When was Leovigild king of the Visigoths in Spain?
- 4—When was Simon Bolivar proclaimed "Liberator of Venezuela"?
- 5—When was Jean Corot, great French landscape painter, born, and when did he die?

- 1—Trenton, N. J., was settled in 1680.
- 2—The second Uniformity Act was passed by English Parliament May 19, 1662.
- 3—The Marquis de Verneuil, favorite of Henry IV of France, died in 1633.
- 4—The Minnesingers' Contest of the Wartburg was held about 1286.
- 5—Eduard Vogel, African explorer, was killed by natives in 1858.

A RECIPE YOU WILL LIKE

This recipe, tested by Good Housekeeping affiliate, is reproduced by special arrangement with Good Housekeeping, the nation's greatest magazine of the home.

Hindu Eggs.

Two hard-cooked eggs; two raw eggs, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful paprika, one teaspoonful curry powder, one-quarter cupful dry bread crumbs, one tablespoonful margarine, one-quarter cupful grated cheese.

Slice the hard-cooked eggs and place them in a well-buttered baking dish. Cover with the raw eggs well beaten; sprinkle with the salt, paprika and curry powder. Place on top the bread-crumbs mixed with the margarine melted and then the cheese. Bake till brown in a 400 degree Fahrenheit oven. This is enough to serve three.

'Lazy Spring, Won't You Wake Up?'

DRAWN BY NELL BRINKLEY



VARIOUS "stretchings" are going on this time of year. Soul stretchings, mind elongations, unbelievable reachings-out of the imagination and the roving spirit in each of us—and the well-known and long written-of swelling of the heart!

For Spring is stretching her white arms, too—and she's the first little girl in the game of "follow my leader, and everybody has to do as she does. It's "Simon says thumbs up," or Spring says, "Everybody stretch," and everybody does.

But somebody has to wake the young lady herself first. And under the twisting roots, in a warm nest in the earth under the grass, where he has lain curled and lost in sleep, while the white snow whirled in the world above!

He is Pan—almost another word for Love. It is very hard to tell which is which and which isn't! The face that rises out of the

dark hole under the beech-tree roots dances before your eyes. You think his eyes are uplifted and his ears pointed like a deer's.

You are sure he had two nubbins of horns growing through the golden thatch of his hair. Surely his legs ended in goat's curls and tiny black hoofs. And his smile was wild, unhuman, bewitching, malicious, gay, godlike. That's it—like the old gods. And one of them was Cupid.

Maybe it was HE who looked at you. His eyes were merry and kind. He had gold curls. Maybe his toes were pink, instead of that other. Surely on his back you caught a glimpse of downy wings. And was it an arrow and bow, instead of a pipe, he held? Whichever WAS it—Pan or Dan, or the image of both?

But he it is who wakes Spring with his piping or a graze from his arrow, calls her a lazy Jane, and brings along with him a young man in a straw hat and a girl in a Spring bonnet!—NELL BRINKLEY.

FASHION FADS AND FANCIES

By Mildred Ash

BORDERING on Extreme—Borders are extremely stylish on all types of Spring coats. Many will or charming coats take borders of Russian design and colorings, embroidered in gay wools, or have borders of their same fabric pleated in flounce effect, while beghaline models are either bordered in fur or show an interesting new treatment of hand-made ribbon flounces. This latter style has but recently been imported from Paris, where it is greatly in vogue for formal dress wraps.

Darlingly original are the latest glove fashions, foremost among which are the lace kid gloves with turned-back cuffs lined in plaid silk and plaid colorings embroidered on their backs. Two little pendants of gayly colored wood beads dangle coquettishly from the cuffs and add an air as saucy as it is Parisian.

Footprints in Fashion's Sands are being made by the trim tan calfskin pumps that are designated as the correct footgear to the tailored costume for Spring. A yoke effect piece is stitched across the front and to one side it is trimmed by a dull gilt monogram. This style shoe has a covered high Cuban heel and a smartly rounded toe.

Amazingly Animated—Are the lines of the newest ensemble costumes, for they are not content to follow the straight and narrow path of former seasons. They break into definite action by the introduction of spicy flares, jaunty kick pleats—not to mention the frequent streamer ends, floating from the cuffs of many of the most uniquely cut sleeves. Surely this is the season of youthful and fantastic fashions.

FOXY GRANDPA'S STORIES



HOW ELEPHANTS ARE TRAINED FOR TIGER HUNTING.

"YES, those elephants are used to hunt tigers," I said, as Bobby, Bunny and I walked toward the corral, where several fine elephants were tied. "Men ride in the howdah—that basket arrangement which is fastened to the elephant's back."

"I should think the elephants would be afraid of tigers," said Bobby.

"They are in their wild life," said Bobby. "But animals, especially elephants, can be trained to do most anything."

"How do they ever do it?" asked Bobby, as we approached the corral. "Why look, Foxy Grandpa—look at that tiger skin lying there by that elephant."

"That's the first step in their training," I replied, delighted that Bobby should see for himself just how it was done.

"Why do they do that?" asked Bobby, his eyes as big as saucers. "I'll tell you," I said. "The first thing men do to train elephants to hunt tigers is just what you see there. This man has thrown that tiger-skin in with the elephants, so that the elephants will get used to it and think that there is no danger connected with it."

"Oh," said Bobby, "and then what?"

"In a few days you will see," said I.

Several days after that, we went to the same place and there in the pen with the elephants was the tiger-skin. But this time it was stuffed and looked almost real.

The elephants were used to it by now and paid no attention to the stuffed tiger. In fact, one big elephant walked up to the tiger and shoved it over with his powerful trunk.

That stuffed tiger did look funny, as it toppled over and its four legs stuck straight up in the air.

"They don't mind that," declared Bobby. "But live tigers move. Suppose they would see a live tiger. That might frighten those elephants and they'd run away from the hunt."

"That will be guarded against in the next lesson," said I.

After another few days, we went back to see our friends, the elephants, and then we saw the last and final stage in their training for the hunt.

As we neared the corral, Bobby suddenly pulled back and whispered:

"Foxy Grandpa, do you think we had better go any nearer? Look, there is a tiger with the elephants. He might get after us."

"Hal ha!" I laughed. "I wonder if the elephants are fooled the way you are, Bobby. Come along. There is no danger at all."

Bobby wasn't quite convinced. But he knows that I would never take him deliberately into danger. So he set his little jaw and bravely walked toward the fence with me.

There was what appeared to be a live tiger jumping around among the elephants, bumping into them and rubbing against their big legs, while the elephants went on quietly eating their hay as if it were a tame pussycat with them.

"What do you think that lively tiger was? It was a boy inside of the tiger skin, frolicking around like a wild tiger—just to get the elephants used to it, so they wouldn't bolt when they first saw a real tiger."

"They're learned their lesson, all right," said I. "They're ready to go hunting. That boy is having great fun."

"He's welcome to his job," said Bobby. "Suppose one of those elephants decided to do-some frolicking himself. Foxy Grandpa?"

Copyright, 1925, International Feature Service, Inc. Another Splendid Story Monday.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

Winning His Friendship.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have never before cared for anyone, but now I am very much in love with a man five years my senior. I see him about once a week. He seems to care when he is with me, although he accuses me of being cold. Apparently he is willing to let a week go by without calling me up, and yet he says he cares for me. He is not the timid kind.

If he doesn't care for me, I can't see him any more because I care so much. Yet if I refuse to see him, might I not drive him away if he is only just beginning to care a little? I have no one to give me any advice. Please tell me what to do!

BLUE-EYED.

ENJOY as much of his friendship as he accords to you, but don't allow yourself to think of him as more than a friend until he proves he loves you by asking you to become his wife—if he ever does.

Be as sweet and charming as you can when you are with him. Possibly in time his friendly feeling for you may deepen into love. But meantime if you are wise you will go about with all your friends and not permit yourself to "fall in love" with a man who shows no evidence of other than mere friendly regard for you.

WHO SAID IT AND WHERE

Live like fire-hearted suns, to spend their strength in furthest striving action." Great souls strive to widen the sphere of their activities, George Eliot observes in "The Spanish Gypsy."

"They that stand high have many blasts to shake them, And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces."

The more exalted a person is the more exposed is he to attacks. Shakespeare remarks in "Richard III."

"The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow."

All fame is transitory, Washington Irving reminds us in "The Sketch Book."

"His time is forever, everywhere his place."

Friendship has no limits of time or place, Abraham Cowley says in "Friendship in Absence."

Copyright, 1925, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

Steel that is rusty should be cleaned with a cut onion and left for a day. Afterwards it can be polished, either with emery powder and paraffin or with a paste made with brick-dust and turpentine.

Utensils that have been used over a coal fire should never be placed over a gas ring. The coating of soot that has accumulated is a non-conductor of heat, and therefore a source of gas wastage.

SECRETS OF HEALTH AND SUCCESS

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

Former President of the American Medical Association.
Heredity and Environment and Their Influence on Your Children.

IN the bearing of your children you have at least the same consideration for your offspring that the intelligent animal breeder has for his colts and calves and puppies.

What you most desire to transmit is capacity for the well-directed exercise of power, both physical and mental capacity.

Certain of these powers are developed from within, due entirely to original capacity, and are said to be hereditary.

Certain other powers, also due to original capacity, are developed from surroundings, called environment, and are said to be acquired.

But, remember that it is a natural law that power begets power. The greater your maturity of power as a parent the greater will be your children's capacity for power.

This is the central law upon which the breeder depends for the improvement of his stock.

Some years ago Redfield investigated the pedigrees of trotting horses of the 2:10 class or better. He traced their ancestry back through dams and sires for several generations. In many instances he found their beginnings in comparatively slow stock. By training and continued careful selection as to the maturity of the breeders, the speed was improved until the fine records were scored.

The Jerseys and Guernseys and Holsteins—the finest of milk cows—have been evolved by the same method of selection.

So have the finest breeds of dogs and sheep and swine.

It so happens that the human animal is at times slow of development. At twenty, he or she may have a mental age of only twelve or fifteen. It may so happen that this same person as the result of later development, through growth as well as by educational influences of schools or actual experience, may attain a normal mental level at thirty-five or forty.

It is perfectly plain that that person would make a better parent at thirty-five or forty than at the maturity of the parent's powers. These great facts must enter into our unexpressed but profoundly felt ideas of marriage.

I once endeavored to drive this idea home to a church audience. I had tried to anticipate the inevitable objection to my theme that we could not reduce human reproduction to the level of stock farm methods. I had tried to explain that we could not "reduce" it because the instances I had discussed were already below that level.

"When I was through the superintendent of the Sunday school, who was playing 'president of the meeting,' concluded some facetious remarks by saying:

"But after all Dr. Reed has said, I reckon we'll just go right on lovin' and gettin' married in the same good old way."

This appeal to the ignorance and primitive sex impulse of the audience was of course received with applause. The only thing I could do to save the day was to shout back:

"Yes!—the same good old way—the way that leads so often from that altar here in this church to the divorce courts, the prisons, the institutions for feeble-minded and the asylums for lunatics."

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michells

Dreams of Summer.

SPRING is in the valley, Spring is on the hill, walking gay and singing, rousing bird and hill. Spring is in the garden, where the pansies sleep, calling to the seedlings where they slumber deep. Naught of chill and darkness lurks within my breast, joy, with glowing plumage, there has built her nest; and in dreams I move in sunny days and long, Summer with her fragrance, Summer with her song.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

Steel that is rusty should be cleaned with a cut onion and left for a day. Afterwards it can be polished, either with emery powder and paraffin or with a paste made with brick-dust and turpentine.

Utensils that have been used over a coal fire should never be placed over a gas ring. The coating of soot that has accumulated is a non-conductor of heat, and therefore a source of gas wastage.