



# THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



## THE GREATEST CAREER

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

**"What Finer Reward Can a Girl Seek,"  
Asks the Famous Writer, "Than  
Being Mother of a Family."**

By Beatrice Fairfax,  
Who occupies a unique position in  
the writing world as an author-  
ity on problems of love.  
The Greatest Career of All.  
WHAT little girl doesn't  
love to "make believe"  
she's grown up and a  
mother? Her chief delight is ex-  
panding a wealth of mother love  
on her dolls, the family baby or  
even protesting Kitty dressed  
for the party!  
When girls grow up under edu-  
cational influences that encour-  
age their instinctive preference,  
motherhood remains their shin-  
ing goal, toward which education  
tends.  
But, thanks to modern educa-  
tional methods, a thousand new  
interests enter a girl's life, all  
of which are more stressed in  
her course of studies than pre-  
paration for intelligent, successful  
motherhood. As a result many  
a modern girl considers the  
career of motherhood monotonous,  
narrow, and to be avoided  
by an "advanced woman."

ful motherhood in these days of  
progressive youth, what a mighty  
change would come over our  
standards!  
Why should there not be sys-  
tematic high school and college  
courses on preparation for moth-  
erhood, covering intelligent phys-  
ical training, care and feeding  
of babies, raising of small chil-  
dren.  
Fit yourself physically and men-  
tally to be a marvelous success at  
the "mother job" when love shall  
crown your life with wifehood  
and motherhood.  
Education of the intellect can  
be had at school. But only a  
mother's love can supply what is  
infinitely more needed—educa-  
tion of the heart.  
Life is being carried forward  
to levels far ahead. This period  
of abrupt change is but a ladder  
of transition.  
You may accomplish much in  
life that's radiant and important.  
But what greater career can you  
or any competent woman have,  
what career more beautiful, more  
satisfying, richer in love, influ-  
ence and all rewards of right liv-  
ing, than being mother of a  
family!

### SECRETS OF HEALTH

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

Former President of the American  
Medical Association.

#### Habit and Prejudice In Eating.

YOU may be the parent of  
a child who is finicky or  
choicy about his food, espe-  
cially about his breakfast.  
The condition is not one to be  
treated lightly for the simple  
reason that the energy necessary  
for the growth and development,  
physical and intellectual, of the  
child is, to an important degree,  
relative to nutrition.  
In early childhood taste for  
different articles of food is not  
necessarily capricious. The likes  
and dislikes for food come from  
wholly unexpected and often un-  
suspected causes.  
Of course hunger is a demand  
for food, but the choice of food  
with which to meet the demand  
is the result of taste.  
Most children like sweet things,  
for the very physiological reason  
that sugar, as far as it goes, is  
the most perfect of all foods.  
But sugar doesn't go far enough  
to make a balanced diet and for  
that reason children must be  
taught to eat other things.  
Most of these other things are  
found in milk which for this  
and other reasons is not only a  
more comprehensive, but the most  
valuable single article of diet  
during the early growing period  
of childhood.  
Sometimes children, even  
breast children, after being  
weaned, will refuse cow's milk or  
goat's milk or any of the pre-  
pared milks. I have known chil-  
dren who have been made ill  
by having milk forced upon them—  
a condition known to phys-  
icians as anaphylaxis.  
These constitutional antipa-  
thies to certain articles of diet  
are often responsible for those  
aversion which, in children, we  
are liable to look upon and treat  
as mere willful whims.  
We do not stop to think how  
many growups do not like many  
articles of diet and for the very  
same reasons—onions, garlic,  
cabbage, turnips, parsnips, most  
frequently among the vegetables;  
shell-fish and game among the  
animal foods; strawberries and  
apricots among the fruits.  
But any growup can acquire a  
tolerance if not a liking for any  
disliked article by progressive  
education, which means by be-  
ginning with a taste and repeat-  
ing it with increased allowance  
at frequent intervals over a con-  
siderable period of time. All in-  
stances of "acquired taste" are  
examples of either conscious or  
unconscious observance of this  
rule.  
But one blunder in particular  
ought never to be perpetrated  
and that is to force a child to  
eat what he does not like. Use  
intelligent strategy but never use  
force.

### FASHION FADS AND FANCIES

By Mildred Ash

FRIENDLY RIVALRY exists  
between the small tailored  
hats of bangkok and felt.  
Either, or both, are quite essen-  
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Defying Precedent seems to be  
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adorned white be worn to the altar,  
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are insisting upon pale rose,  
flesh or light-blue chiffon linings  
to the bridal trains of heavy  
white satin or brocade, such a  
tone often being repeated in the  
facing of the skirt.

## Jilted!—Poor Pierrot

DRAWN BY  
NELL BRINKLEY

## THE MAN WHO IS ALL FOR HIMSELF

By Lucy Lowell.



"POOR PIERROT"—Your plaintive stringed strains are out  
of date.  
Youth does not seem, when it means romance, to speak  
of moonlight and mandolins any more.  
Once Youth sighed and sang mournfully gentle songs. In  
Romance's picture were white roses, garden-paths through purple  
and silver trees. Mocking-birds and nightingales. Lattice windows.  
Galloping steeds. Idly poled boats among lazy water-lilies. Glittering  
stars, only gleaming, in the lover's eyes, for the fate of gridding his  
lady's throat.  
Spring flowers with blue eyes. Skies of blue enamel with pussy-  
willows brushing a girl's blue silk gown. Humility. Quiet hours  
under a grape-arbor with tea in the dappling sun. And Pierrot's  
sweet and complaining strumming the sweetest music for Love's and  
Youth's ear. And the most appealing.  
But young Columbine sidled up to him now, where, neglected and  
sullen, he sits with a hand holding his strings dumb, and sparkles  
at him.  
"Good Pierrot, can you fing me out a little jazz? I don't care  
so much for those pretty songs of yours. They're mighty cute and

all that—but they haven't any pepper. It's high noon and I feel like  
clicking my heels instead of smelling a white rose! My blood's  
dancing, and I don't feel sentimental.  
"Soft songs are all right for palaces where there are ghosts of girls  
who liked them, or for country lanes, where the girls who do, still  
may be. But not for Columbine. 'Poor Columbine!' they used to say.  
But I'm poor Columbine no more, my Columbine! I'm GAY Columbine.  
I do not die for Love—I dance! Your tunes are out of date—my  
one-time lover.  
Poor Pierrot! Couldn't you manage to CHANGE your tune—and  
give Columbine a little jazz?"  
But Pierrot cannot change. Romance and he must stroll alone  
with his strings—or sit hobnobbing and reminiscing of more senti-  
mental times. White roses are not red enough. And moonlight is  
too pale—for modern youth. So it seems to Pierrot and Romance.  
Where once Youth drifted and dreamed—now it speeds and "snaps  
out of it!"  
And Pierrot glumly wonders how long it's going to be before he  
gets his innings again.  
Maybe you'll have to learn to flip a jazz-hand on the strings,  
poor Pierrot, and kiss your plaintive songs a permanent farewell.—  
Nell Brinkley.

He goes through life at an  
oblique angle. But you  
can't run cross-wise of  
everybody without barking your  
shins and bumping your elbows.  
So his going is rough and very  
slow.  
You can't say that he carries  
a chip on his shoulder. He has  
no use for a chip of his own, for  
he's too interested in possible  
chips on other shoulders. If he  
sees one he knocks it off. If he  
doesn't see one he assumes that  
he soon will and doubles his fist.  
He meets the world with a  
glare. He has a mind like a por-  
cupine which greets all human  
contact with a warning jab or  
two. He is darkly suspicious of  
everything which he does not  
understand. And since he has  
shut himself away from every-  
body in his own bitterness, he  
does not understand the simplest  
social amenities. He seems to  
think that any who offer them is  
making fun of him.  
Of course he hasn't any  
friends. He makes acquaint-  
ances, since there is something  
rather likable about him despite  
his belligerence. But inevitably  
he detects some imperfection in  
them which destroys his confi-  
dence and estranges him. And so  
the acquaintances drift away,  
puzzled. But they soon forget all  
about him.  
He doesn't forget, however.  
You'd say that he treasures every  
memory of human short-coming  
as most folks treasure the re-  
membrance of kindness.  
"I don't bother with any of  
them," is his constant boast.  
"And, if I do say it myself, no-  
body annoys me!"  
Then his eyes gleam and a  
dark flush creeps over his face.  
"If I do say it myself" is one of  
his pet phrases, by the way. In-  
deed you'd be surprised at how  
often the perpendicular pronoun  
falls from his lips, though his ver-  
bally expressed attitude is one  
of rare humbleness.  
Another of his watchwords is  
"I won't stand anybody 'running'  
on me. And watching from a  
little distance you can see him  
interpreting most attempts at  
friendliness as efforts to 'run'  
on him.  
What does he get out of life?  
A stark, solitary figure, sour and  
discontented, what satisfaction  
does living bring him?  
Well, he treasures his reputa-  
tion for "a terrible temper."  
Folks tread lightly when he's  
around, fearing the flow of vitu-  
peration always at his tongue's  
end. He looks upon this ginger-  
ness as the evidence of deep re-  
spect. And, so far as I can see,  
it's the only thing in life that  
pleases him!  
It's an exaggerated case of  
egotism and his own Waterloo.  
But there are more or less faith-  
ful copies of him wandering  
around everywhere.

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## FOXY GRANDPA'S STORIES



### MELEAGER AND THE CALYDONIAN HUNT.

"LOOK how long that log of  
wood has burned there,  
Foxy Grandpa," said  
Bobby, pointing to the fire.  
"That reminds me of the story  
of Meleager," I said.  
"I'd love to hear it," said Bob-  
by, and I began.  
"Meleager was the son of Oeneus  
and Althea, the King and Queen  
of Calydon."  
"And to this king and queen a  
little son was born, whom they  
named Meleager."  
"The Fates entered the room  
where the new-born baby was  
sleeping and foretold that his life  
would end when a billet of wood  
which was burning on the hearth  
would stop burning."  
"Althea, the queen-mother, im-  
mediately seized the brand,  
quenched the fire and hid the  
charred log in an oak chest."  
"Meleager grew to manhood  
and was a brave and courageous  
man—afraid of neither man nor  
beast."  
"As it happened, his father,  
Oeneus, had upon one occasion  
neglected to offer certain sacri-  
fices to the goddess Diana. So  
Diana, in revenge, sent an amor-  
ous boar to lay waste the king-  
dom of Oeneus."  
"The boar trampled down all of  
the cornfields and vineyards and  
terrified the inhabitants until  
the kingdom was in a fearful  
state of horror."  
"This was too much for the  
gallant Meleager. He called upon  
all the heroes of Greece to join  
him in a hut to destroy this  
monster."  
"On the appointed day Castor  
and Pollux, Nestor and many  
others met. Among them was  
the fair huntress Atlanta, with  
her girdle of burnished gold and  
an ivory quiver hung over her  
shoulder.  
"Then started the chase.  
The ferocious boar appeared and  
trampled down the forest  
hunter. Jason threw his spear,  
but it was useless. Nestor had to  
climb a tree to save his life.  
"No weapons wounded the boar  
until Atlanta shot one of her  
arrows and stunned him. Then  
Meleager thrust his spear into the  
infuriated beast and killed him."  
"All of the heroes hastened to  
the victor, and Meleager chival-  
rously offered the head and bring-  
ing hide of the boar to Atlanta."  
"The huntress accepted these  
trophies, but the uncles of Me-  
leager were so indignant that a  
woman should carry off the  
honors of the day that they  
snatched them rudely from her."  
"Naturally Meleager was in-  
censed at this rude conduct and  
forgetting all ties of kindred, he  
slaw his uncles."  
"Now as Althea, Meleager's  
mother, was going into the  
temple to give thanks for her  
son's victory, she heard of this  
tragedy."  
"Hastening back to her palace  
she furiously ran to the oak  
chest, seized the fatal brand and  
hurled it into the fire."  
"At the same moment Meleager  
was taken with a sharp pain and  
died as the log fell into ashes."  
"Poor Althea was so sorry for  
what she had done that she killed  
herself in despair."  
"Only the sisters of Meleager  
were left and they fell to such  
weeping that the pitying Diana  
changed them into birds called  
Meleagrides."  
"Isn't it a blessing these  
stories aren't true?" said Bobby,  
getting up to throw another log  
on the fire.

### CORRECT MANNERS

By Mrs. Cornelius Beckman.  
A Gift To a Friend Going  
Abroad.

DEAR MRS. BECKMAN:  
A girl friend of mine is  
going abroad. A few  
of her friends and I are going  
to give her a farewell party  
and intend to give her a purse  
of gold. I am appointed to do  
the presenting and I am uncer-  
tain of what to say when doing  
so. Will you please give me an  
idea on what to say?  
AN ARDENT READER.  
WHAT a lucky girl—a trip  
abroad, a purse of gold, and a  
group of loyal, loving friends!  
She must be a "golden girl"—  
and I should, if I were you, make  
this idea the "subject of the  
story." Say, perhaps, something  
like this:  
"Dorothy, we are so happy at  
the happiness that has come to  
you that we just had to express  
our enthusiasm in some sign of  
our delight at your good fortune.  
We considered all kinds of things  
for your convenience on your trip,  
but then we decided what we  
thought might be convenient,  
you would find most inconvenient."  
"Then we got a brilliant idea.  
Being brilliant (as you know as  
to be) and very 'high-brow,' we  
understood all about the interna-  
tional acceptance of the gold he-  
sis. This idea seemed possible  
for a starter.  
"But what really clinched the  
gold idea was the fact that you  
are a gold girl, golden in your  
nature, in your high character,  
in your 'true gold' ideals. There-  
fore what more felicitous than to  
give to the golden girl the gold  
that will be accepted in any coun-  
try in which she will be visiting."  
"And we wish it were the  
whole United States Mint—for  
that would come nearer to sym-  
bolizing our love for you and  
our hopes for your glorious trip."

### THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaeils

Song of the Twilight.  
RIDING into the twilight,  
into the fading West, into  
the dying splendor over the  
low hills' crest, gladly the spiri-  
merges, wreathed in tranquility,  
one with the mist of the low-  
lands sinking away to the sea.  
One with Earth's transient beau-  
ty, one with its fading light, rid-  
ing into the regions made for the  
sea, and night. Keen is the  
wind that rises up from the rest-  
less sea, strong as the wind,  
and free. Riding into the twi-  
light, leaving the day and its  
cares, leaving the bonds Earth  
fashions, gladly the spirit fares.  
Riding into the twilight, riding  
away from life's pain, watching  
the night descending over the  
coastal plain; here in these sha-  
dowed regions, light and its prob-  
lems cease; good to ride on, for-  
getting day, for the twilight's  
peace.

### WHO SAID IT AND WHERE

"There is nothing in which peo-  
ple more betray their character  
than in what they find to laugh  
at."  
People always laugh at what  
hits their faults. Goethe observes  
in "Elective Affinities."

"All nature is but art unknown  
to thee,  
All chance direction which thou  
canst not see."  
Nature and luck are guided by  
a master intellect. Pope declares  
in his "Essay on Man."  
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### HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Do not apply furniture polish  
to soiled furniture, or it will  
never look bright. Write a cloth  
out of warm soapy water and wipe  
the furniture carefully.  
Quite dry polish is the usual way.

### WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?

- 1—When did the Federal troops cross the Cane River, Louisiana?
- 2—When did the French recover Rouen from the English?
- 3—When was the Royal Academy of Arts of England founded?
- 4—When did William Penn become part owner of West New Jersey?
- 5—When did the celebrated opera singer Madame Malibran make her debut?
1. The United States frigate Constitution captured the British ship Java off Brazil, December 29, 1812.
2. Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot in 333 B. C.
3. Edwin Stanton, Secretary of War, was first removed from office by President Johnson in August, 1867.
4. The treaty of Adrianople between Russia and Turkey was signed in 1829.
5. Corlica became free in 1725.

