



THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



LOVE AND CONTENTMENT

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"You'll Always Be Happy," Says the Famous Writer, "if you have Resources Within Yourself."

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

"I'd love to stay over for the matinee party on Saturday, Aunt Alice," smiled Joan. "And I certainly would stay except that Dad may call me up long distance at school Saturday. I can't reach him now with a telegram because he's traveling."

Aunt Alice didn't urge Joan further. She knew how eager her niece was to see the particular musical comedy for which the matinee party had been arranged. Joan liked the fun and excitement of parties as well as any other seventeen-year-old girl. And the theatre was her delight.

Joan's boarding school was fifty miles distant from the city where she had been spending the one week of her Spring vacation with her Aunt Alice. Her home a thousand miles away.

The original schedule for her visit had been from Friday to Friday. Then came the luncheon-matinee invitation.

At this point the telegram from Joan's father arrived: "May see you at school Saturday. If not will call you there long distance."

"Dad waits over a train and comes to see me, or even calls up long distance, he'll be disappointed if I'm not there. I'm not going to risk that."

Joan wasn't a martyr. She didn't pride herself on taking a nobly unselfish stand. She felt no pleasure in the world could compare with that of pleasing one of her dear family and having a moment's chat with her dad.

Example is better than precept. Joan has the good luck to be born into a family where the parents, while far from perfect, are considerate of each other and treat their children with respect. Authority is tempered with kindly good humor in her home.

Little wonder the whole family enjoy life and are truly fond of each other. Little wonder that Joan instinctively thinks in terms of good-humored tolerance, consideration and contentment.

Marriage may be at best an uncertain proposition, yet it's safe to predict that ten years from now Joan will be as contented and happy in her married life as she is to-day in her girlhood.

Contentment enables one to enjoy to-day at its best and expect the best of to-morrow. It keeps one mentally receptive of all good and all progress and attracts friendship and love. Luckily contentment is a gift we can cultivate.

Many girls believe that romance and marriage when they arrive will prove the cure-all for every ill and so they believe romance to be the end of life. They're convinced that once Prince Charming arrives and the wedding service is pronounced living will be a rosy dream of love and happiness—and this without effort on their part. But romance in itself can't bring happiness or contentment.

After marriage and the honeymoon, the average young married woman wakes up to the fact that paradise has not arrived. She still has annoyances and irritations, bills to pay, a boring daily routine. And she has begun a life-partnership with a partner who is at times decidedly difficult—fussy, ill-tempered, stubborn, contrary as the case may be. Moreover, her husband no longer considers her an angel, and her faults and mannerisms may decidedly get on his nerves.

Here's where the girl who has all her life schooled herself to being practical, considerate and contented wins out. For although not perfect, she's a sunny, capable, restful person to live with. And she knows how to keep her husband good-humored by tact and good sense. She makes the best of her new life and finds it rich in honest affection that's sturdy enough to weather storms.

WHO SAID IT AND WHERE

"The ink of the scholar is more sacred than the blood of the martyr."

"The scholar's appeal reaches farther, Mohammed declares in his 'Tribute to Reason.'"

"The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on the possession and use of land."

Emerson places the farmer in the front rank of importance in "Society and Solitude."

The average marriage that falls does so because both parties expect and demand too much and contribute too little in the way of self-sacrifice, good humor and contentment.

When it comes to making a success of marriage with all its difficult problems and adjustments the girl who is selfish and self-indulgent hasn't a chance in the world.

The time to begin to prepare to make a tremendous success of your marriage is now while you are a young girl. Be practical—be contented—be considerate—make the most of life as you find it. Try to see the loveliness in people—it's always there.

Follow the advice of the sage old epigram, "If you can't change your boarding-house, change your mind."

You'll always be contented and happy if you have resources for happiness within yourself. And when romance and marriage come into your experience, you will be a loved wife, who will do good and not evil unto her husband all the days of her life."

SECRETS OF HEALTH

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

Former President of the American Medical Association.

Why You Should Make Every Effort to Exterminate the Cockroach.

YOUR home may or not be infested with cockroaches. If not, you are fortunate beyond the average of mankind.

This ancient, but never respectable, insect has always been looked upon as something between a nuisance and a pest. It has been combated on that basis rather than upon the basis upon which the campaign against the house fly has been waged.

The house fly has been caught red handed in the act of carrying disease germs from sick people to well people. As soon as this carefully cultivated "house-pet" was convicted under this indictment, he was subjected to a war that had and has for its object nothing less than his extermination.

And now it is the turn of the cockroach. As I pointed out in this column some time ago, it has been circumstantially established that the cockroach is the carrier of the infection of cancer.

This is interesting in view of the fact that in upper New York State, and in one of the New England States, there are houses that have been standing for periods varying from a hundred to two hundred years in which cancer has occurred in all succeeding generations of occupants, whether they were related by blood or not. It was also demonstrated that, in many of these houses, the mice were victims of cancer.

The inference, of course, was that the mice had been the perpetrators of the disease. In view of these later facts, however, it would seem more logical to assume that the mice, as well as the people, were the victims of a disease that had been disseminated by the cockroaches.

But even if it were not for this alarming discovery, the fact remains, first, that the cockroach, by virtue of both his habits and habits, must come in contact with disease-producing germs; and, second, that such germs have been demonstrated, not concealed about, but flagrantly carried upon his person.

Think how this midnight marauder goes crawling about over foodstuffs!

Then get busy. The trouble with Mr. Cockroach is that he is a tough, old customer, his babyhood lasting for two years, his adult life for an undetermined number of years and his body protected from the start with a rather effective mailed armor. This is very resistant to agents that would destroy other insects by direct chemical action. But, thank goodness, he has to breathe, and that's the way to get inside of him.

Get a 10 per cent solution of formaldehyde, and, using a glass dropper, drop a lot of it in and around water pipes and wherever you can either reach his nest or intercept him on his highways. Do this at night after having removed all food beyond the reach of the fumes, and keep it up every night for two weeks, then repeat at intervals of two weeks for two months.

How Can You Tell?

DRAWN BY POPINI

PUTTING THE CHILD ON HONOR

By Lucy Lowell.

WHEN the twins got old enough to pull themselves upright from the floor, and, balancing precariously against mother's dressing table, drag off the cover with all the things it held, the folks were delighted.

"It shows an investigative turn of mind," they said. "Probably Pety'll grow up to be an explorer and Peggy a scientist or something."

But it wasn't so delightful when they grew older and tore an expensive rug to pieces, "cause they wanted to see the threads come out."

After that nothing was safe. Pety drove nails into the shiny new library table and all but separated the piano from one of its legs experimenting with his new tool-kit.

Peggy cut up a lovely Chinese panel, the pride of mother's heart, to make a doll dress. And, according to Hilda of the kitchen, it was Peggy who deliberately upset and smashed to splinters a beautiful crystal vase.

"The rampagin' little impa," sputtered Hilda.

"Oh, not impa, Hilda," said Mother, tearfully. "But they are destructive and something must be done!"

So she told her troubles to a children's specialist, who assured her that all children are destructive, some more and some less.

"All little animals are destructive," he declared. "That's why puppies chew up shoes. Shoes don't make good eating, but they're excellent for tearing purposes."

"Animals!" gasped Mother, offended.

"Why certainly," answered the specialist. "That's what children are until they're old enough to develop a moral sense, or the knowledge of right and wrong. You can help your children, if you wish, by giving them the feel of responsibility. They will acquire it quickly through pride of possession."

Then he outlined a plan. And Mother passed the plan along to the children. Daddy and herself, she explained, had decided to give them all the pretty things in the house, dividing everything equally between them.

Would Peggy like the piano. All right, then. It was hers. Yes, Pety could have the victrola. And the rug? Well, supposing Peggy took the one in the library and Pety the one in the living room. Fine. NOW—were they happy?

Oh, yes, the things were really and truly theirs. Just think of it—no other boy or girl had so much. And now that they owned all the lovely tables and chairs and all, of course they'd want to keep them just as nicely as could be. No scratches or anything like that, you know, because folks who own things never, never allow their property to be damaged.

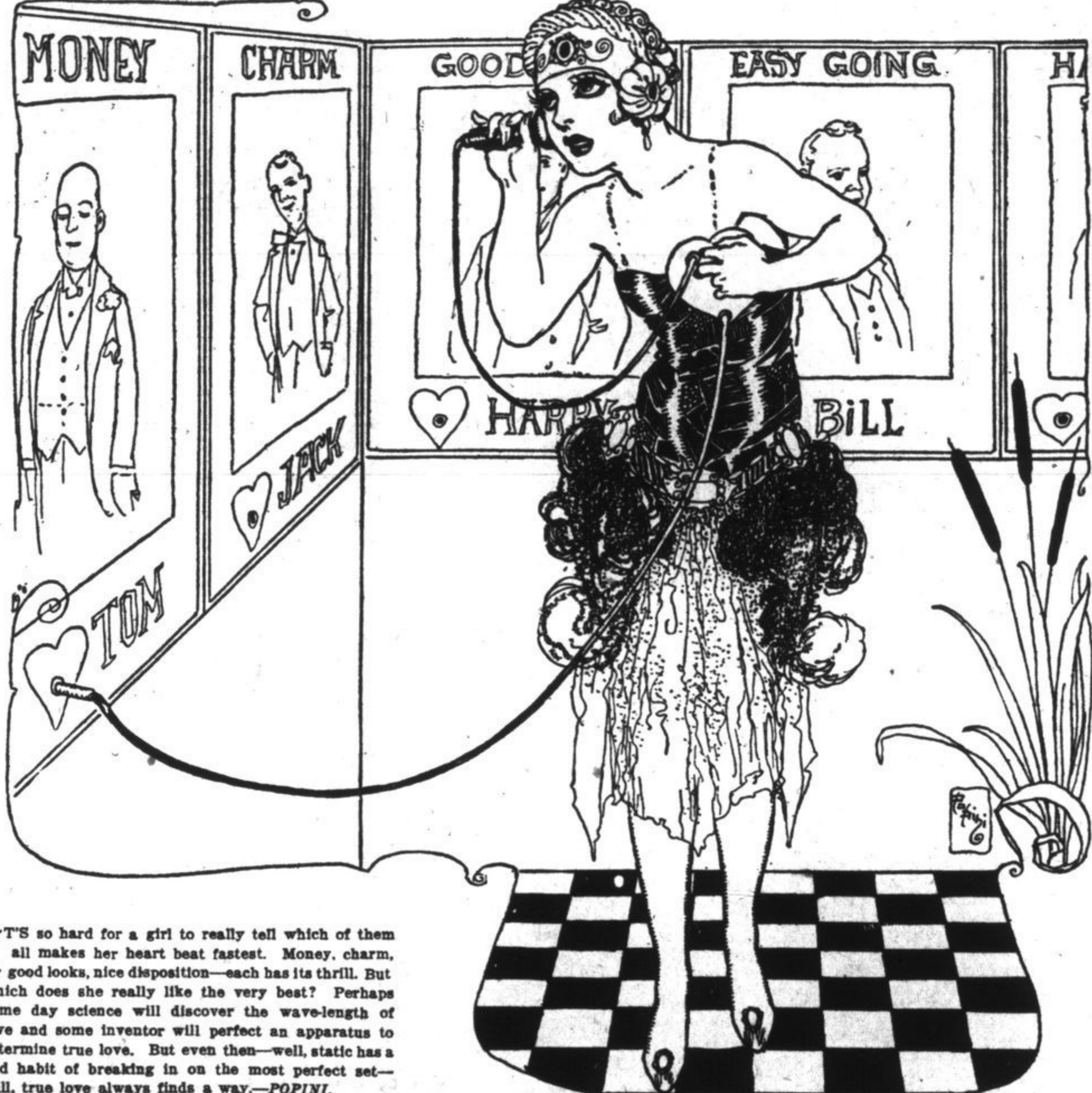
In fact, if things should be hurt they'd just have to be taken back by Daddy and Mother, who valued them too much to let anything happen to them.

Did Pety and Peggy understand? And were they willing to see that everything was taken good care of?

They did and they were. And in the six months that the children have "owned" the beautiful furnishings not so much as a thread or a splinter has come to grief through any action of theirs.

What the twins have done other children will do if Mothers and Dads care to try the method.

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FASHION FADS AND FANCIES

By Mildred Ash

AFEMINIZED VERSION—of the pajama is fast replacing the "nightie" for those who seek novel and becoming garments in view to sleep. The jackets are low necked, lace trimmed and sleeveless, and have completely lost their semblance to the masculine coat from which they originated. The trousers are most bewitching, being cut short enough to display a dimpled knee.

A Voluntary Noose is placed about the neck of the woman who adapts the picturesque and distinctly Parisian fashion of tying a three-inch width gros-grain or velvet ribbon tightly around her throat, when in décolleté gown.

Surprising shaltes—does not describe the minds of the wearers, but refers entirely, to the extremely narrow panels of many of the latest Georgette or flat crepe frocks. Barely more than strips, they are either looped or swing loose in streamer effect.

Go to Their Heads—the rage for large, colored pearls has so affected the average well-dressed woman that, not content with choker necklace, bracelet and earrings to match, she must need have a pin to trim her small, simpler tailored hat of felt, straw or satin.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

The Real Joy.

I SEEK no costly things on earth, its pageants and its gems, art's miracles of matchless worth or royal diadems. Though well I now the loveliness behind the ruby's fire, the lure of silken things' caress, I pass without desire. All these I leave to other eyes, to other hearts than mine; to those who grasp a golden prize and seek a golden shrine. My soul has need of beauty, too, and ever as I pass the splendor of the stars I woo, the kiss of wind and grass. For I must have my need of bloom. My share of lovely things, the violets in woodland gloom, the whirr of woodland wings. Such gifts sum up my daily needs; tall trees, blue skies above; for me, these are my joy's faithless seeds, the simple things I love.

FOXY GRANDPA'S STORIES

Registered U. S. Patent Office.



THE TIGER OF THE INSECT WORLD.

IT wasn't the Fourth of July or anywhere near it, but a Chinaman who runs a laundry near us had given Bobby some firecrackers and several rockets. Because, you know, the Chinese shoot off firecrackers on all kinds of occasions. The Fourth of July means nothing in their calendar, naturally, and even if it did, they wouldn't wait for it.

Bobby was delighted and came running home with a broad grin on his little face.

Of course, he had to shoot some of those firecrackers off, and when evening came he decided to shoot off a skyrocket.

Out on the lawn he went, and I'll bet for him and up it went.

"What makes that rocket go up in the sky like that, Foxy Grandpa?" asked Bobby, as his blue eyes followed the fiery path of the rocket.

"When a rocket is fired," I answered, "a great quantity of gas rushes out from it and pushes against the air with such force that the rocket is driven upwards."

"I see," said Bobby.

The warm days came and with them all of the Summer insects. The trees were regular concert halls for these tiny creatures who buzzed and sang through the Summer days.

Among our visitors from the insect world came the handsome big dragon-flies. How they did dart around backwards and forwards, with their wings glistening in a hundred colors in the sunlight.

"Those dragon-flies never stay still," said Bobby one day as a big beauty flitted across our porch.

"They're always hungry and on the lookout for food," I said. "They're very fierce fellows, too, Bobby. They eat every small insect which comes within their range. They are like tigers. They attack every creature which

CORRECT MANNERS

By Mrs. Cornelius Beekman.

Calling Cards.

DEAR MRS. BECKMAN: I am seventeen and I am going to have some calling cards printed with my name, address and telephone number. Will you kindly settle this problem for me? Should my name read Miss Betty Smith, Betty J. Smith, or just Betty Smith?

A DAILY READER.

IT is incorrect for you to omit the "Miss," to use a nickname, or to use an abbreviation. Therefore (unless "Betty" is your formal name), use "Miss Elizabeth Isabella Smith" on your visiting cards. The card should be engraved, not printed. The plate for the engraving is really not expensive, and you can have it used again and again. The address should be engraved in the right-hand corner, in letters smaller than those used in the name. It is not good form to have the telephone number on your visiting card.

Where Should the Girl Sit?

DEAR MRS. BECKMAN:

Should a girl sit to the right or left of a man when in a public dining room?

(2) While having dinner in the dining room of a large hotel one day, an employe of the hotel went from table to table carrying a tray of biscuits. They looked good, but I didn't know whether to help myself or wait until he helped me; so I refused them and missed the best part of the dinner. What should I have done?

A READER.

THERE is no definite rule for this. But some men, particularly those who have been brought up abroad, distinctly prefer to have the lady sit on the right side of the gentleman.

(2) You should have served yourself to the biscuits. Sometimes the bus-boy or waiter who carries this tray has long tongs, like big sugar tongs, and lifts the biscuits with this from the tray, if the diner indicates that he or she wishes one. Or sometimes he wears white gloves and lifts the biscuits to the diner's bread and butter plate. In any case, you may ask him for one or take one for yourself.

WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?

1—What was the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo between the United States and Mexico signed?

2—When was Rubens, celebrated painter, knighted in London?

3—When was the character Punch of Punch and Judy fame, created?

4—When did Swift publish "Gulliver's Travels"?

5—When was Daniel O'Connell, great Irish leader, elected to English Parliament?

6—The Confederate blockade of the lower Potomac ended in March, 1862.

7—Mercator, the great geographer, published his "Atlas" in 1595.

8—The city of Panama, Central America, was founded in 1519.

9—Jakob Henrici, German communist, settled in America in 1833.

10—The "Illuminati" of Spain flourished in the 16th century.

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