



THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



HEART BREAK AT EIGHTEEN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The Famous Writer Tells a Disappointed Girl That Many a Happy Marriage Comes After Disillusion.

By Beatrice Fairfax, Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Authority On Problems of Love.

WE read and hear much about the joy of youth. Less is said of the misery of youth. Certainly it is joyous in this Springtime of life, but grief also is despairing. For we haven't yet acquired the poise, philosophy and humor of later years.

Yet there is compensation. For many a young girl without realizing it finds a certain romantic enjoyment in her own heart-breaks. Is she not for the time a tragic heroine? This complex emotion is perfectly sincere—it is a phase of the dramatic instinct inherent in youth.

Let's hope Blossom is consoled just a little by her saving grace of romantic appreciation.

"Dear Miss Fairfax," she writes. "Several times I have started to write to you and several times I tore up what I had written. I just couldn't portray what was deep-rooted in my heart.

"It seems an age-long story, which poets have ever chanted: 'We met and parted.'"

"It was just last Summer that Don—I'll call him that—and I met each other. We were both on our vacation in the most beautiful section of God's country. We were together from morning until night. After one week, he told me he loved me.

"As for me, I was awfully fond of Don. It thrilled me to hear him utter his devotion. But on the day of my departure I found that I also loved. I was ready to tell him; I did—I spoke the truth. Ours was such a beautiful love—so fresh, clean and true.

"He remained many weeks after I had gone. Each day I wrote me a beautiful letter. I worshipped his letters. They were such an assurance. On his way home he stopped for a visit at the city where I live and we saw each other very often.

"Each meeting was perfect. Life was just as I have read about it in story books. We loved each other and vowed we always would.

"The last time I was with him we were as happy as ever. We had an appointment for three nights later. He didn't come. He hasn't come for seven months which was seemed like seven years. I haven't heard from him. I don't know where he is. Why hasn't he come?

"You have helped so many. Can you give me any encouragement? Do you think he will come back? I feel and know it is not because he has stopped loving me. But I fear his love was so great that it frightened him and he tried to escape. You see he is only twenty-two. This is his last year in college. Perhaps he was thinking of his career.

"But if he had only told me! I expected nothing of him. I was perfectly willing to wait.

"I am eighteen years old. I hesitated to tell you my age for fear you might feel that I am too young to know what love is. If ours wasn't love, then what is love?

"I am waiting anxiously for your reply. But I ask you not to tell me to forget. I couldn't even if I wanted to. And I don't want to—I want to remember, forever.

"You have asked difficult questions, Blossom dear. It's possible though not probable, that your friend has been through a long

siege of serious illness which kept him from writing. To make sure, why do you not make inquiries as to his whereabouts from acquaintances you have in common or through the college he attended? It should be a simple matter to find whether he is enrolled there this year, and if not whether he left a forwarding address. Yes, you can find out definitely whether he has been prevented by illness or accident from seeing you.

The chances are that realizing he could not marry for several years he ran away from the situation.

If you find he's not the man of honor you thought and has chosen to give you up, what can you do, my dear, but let him go? Let him go and profit by the experience.

"Love me little, love me long," runs the old song. Possibly affection so ardent on a week's acquaintance may lack wearing qualities.

Next time, let the man who says he loves you prove his sincerity and seriousness by a proposal of marriage before you confess your love so eagerly.

I know you are determined never to forget. You are certain there will never be a "next time." But there will be, Blossom. Wait and see.

Old Mother Nature and old Father Time have ways of their own in dealing with heartbreaks of eighteen. You will forget the bitterness and remember the lesson of this experience. You've no idea how many happy women have through mistakes and heart-breaks finally reached the peace of love that endures and is kind.

DON'T BE AN OLD "DUNNO"

By Lucy Lowell

THE road rushed ahead like an angry river, bringing up against blue-white forks of lightning. We were driving straight into the storm.

A sheet of rain hit us broadside, and the engine died. I climbed out to cover the radiator, carelessly leaving the door ajar. The tempest caught it and left it hanging by one hinge. Our efforts to replace it were vain.

I coaxed the engine to turn over and eventually we came to a dilapidated little garage. Inside I found a melancholic young man staring vacantly at the rain from amidst the awfullest clutter of tires, auto parts, oil cans, maps and what not I've even seen. He neither looked at me nor moved when I told him about the door.

"I dunno as I could fix it," he answered sadly.

"But you're a mechanic, aren't you? This is your garage, isn't it? You must know something about cars!"

"Yes, but the garage business ain't so good now. And some of them doors go on easy and some don't. I dunno as I could put yours on."

"Can you try? Look at the storm! We want to get out of it. Putting the door back is a simple matter."

"Well, I dunno. Anyways, I dunno as you'd want to pay me what it'd be worth, goin' out and gettin' wet and all." And he continued to gaze at nothing, every line of his gaunt figure drooping.

A mile farther on, another garage man waded through the tempest, gripped the door, and lifted it into place before you could count ten.

"You do better work than your competitor up the road," I remarked. He roared with laughter.

"You mean Old Dunno? Why that bird 'dunno' he's living! And he won't be living very long if he doesn't snap out of it."

"Nothing wrong with him excepting that he's afraid to take a chance. First it was only with big things. He'd want to do something, and he'd figure and figure on it so long that it'd either get away from him or somebody else'd do it first."

"He's got a good location where he is, but he was afraid to put in a good stock and a wrecker. He'll turn down job after job 'cause he 'dunno' whether he'll get his pay. Of course, I lose out on deadbeat tourists sometimes, but I charge it up to the debit side of the ledger, and getting more than balance. He's better located than I am, and yet I'm cleaning up while he's doing just nothing."

"I wonder," he added, "what gets into folks like him? You've got to take a chance if you expect to get anywhere with anything. But you can't tell him that. That's why everybody calls him Old Dunno!"

WHEN DID IT HAPPEN?

- WHEN was the passage of the New Orleans forts achieved?
- 2—When was the Institute of France established?
- 3—When was Howard University, District of Columbia, founded?
- 4—When did the Earl of Lytton write "Lucifer"?
- 5—When was Otto the Great crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire?
- 1—The United States recognized Yugoslavia February 7, 1920.
- 2—Peter Fabel, an Englishman who was said to have sold his soul to the devil, lived in the fifteenth century.
- 3—The first Holy League was formed in 1511.
- 4—Thibet became subject to China in the seventeenth century.
- 5—William Rimmer, American sculptor, carved "The Dying Centaur" about 1871.

"MINE"



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POOR man! Don't you feel sorry for him? He always thought she was about the dearest, sweetest girl in the world—until they became engaged. But now—every time another girl draws within speaking distance, she is up in arms in a second and takes great pains to inform the intruder that she is trespassing. "He's MINE!" is her constant cry.

Of course he's hers, but she shouldn't think it necessary to constantly advertise the fact. He feels like a billboard—all placarded with blatant signs—"Mine!" "Hands Off!" "No Trespassing!" And

the answer—she's jealous! So wary of her own charms that she's scared to death he'll run away—and he will!

The best way to land a fish is to play out your line and dangle the bait alluringly, not jerk the line quickly at the first nibble, for then the fish will fight and eventually get away. So it is with love. Proprietary airs and suspicious jealousy won't hold him. He'll fight and rebel and eventually get away.

So, watch your step! Love—real love—is trusting and unselfish and forgiving. And besides, honey is much sweeter than sour pickles and so much more palatable than vinegar. And men love sweets!

—POPPI

DRAWN BY POPPINI

SECRETS OF HEALTH AND SUCCESS

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

Former President of the American Medical Association.

Remember the Danger of Diseases in Children.

Do you watch for the little things which, if let alone, may develop into actual disease in your babies and little children?

Do you, for instance, study, actually study, your baby's cries? That's the only way your baby can talk to you. It is by his cries that he makes known his whims, his wants and his necessities. It is the mother's delicate task to tell which is which.

Remember, therefore, that many cries are not evidence of pain and that a little crying is a normal thing, and is the evidence of good health.

Remember that a child of any age, to be healthy, must show continuous growth, both mentally and physically.

Remember also that the baby should be carefully weighed—entirely nude, if possible—and an accurate record of dates and weights should be kept.

You may sometime and very suddenly find this record a matter of extreme importance to the baby's physician.

Remember that the baby's growth should tend in the direction of symmetry and strength. The vigor with which he will grip his mother's finger and the resistance he offers when she tries to straighten his arms and legs, should be noted.

Remember that the solidity of his flesh is another index of health.

Remember that the baby should show a tendency to sleep. All healthy babies should sleep from twenty to twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four hours.

Remember that if, while sleeping, the baby is restless his position should be gently changed and that he will generally awaken after three hours to ask for more food.

Remember that the healthy baby is a hungry baby. He wants food, he wants it often and he wants it when he asks for it.

Remember that the healthy baby keeps all the food you give him. He doesn't vomit. He is free from gas in either his stomach or his intestines.

Remember that the healthy baby has regular soft movements from his bowels. They at first should be almost odorless and entirely painless.

Remember that the healthy baby should look healthy. His skin should be clear. The color of his lips and his finger tips and his cheeks should be pinkish. He should show an increasing responsiveness of features.

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FASHION FADS AND FANCIES

By Mildred Ash

ARTFUL artifices have taken the place of natural simplicity when one chooses a boutonniere. Flowers that look real enough to have grown in a hothouse are not stylish for lapel or shoulder ornamentation, for preference is given to a single stiff flower lacquered in Chinese red or yellow.

Scarves are ever new, for they are constantly appearing in new incarnations. The very latest variation is in the shape of a shawl, which as it hangs about the shoulders forms a semi-circle. Of crepe de Chine or georgette, such a scarf is lovely for evening wear.

Challenging convention, kid gloves absolutely defy all precedent and are going their own riotous way, conceiving wild contrasts of color and material never before dared. A French kid glove has a cuff of three finely pleated, tulle ruffles of silk, while still others have cuffs trimmed in silk fringe or frills of narrow lace.

If the shoe pinches, it is being worn by the wrong foot, for no foot properly fitted in the new golf oxfords could cause discomfort. Although the heel is low and broad, the arch is built up in the shoe so as to support the highest instep. Of Russian calf or white buckskin, this model is known as the "Prince of Wales" style.

A feeling for color prompts the latest felt sport hats to seek splashes of paint, administered in truly modernistic manner. Daring in design and colors, these geometric patterns are hand-painted. White hats are most effective when treated this way.

Fashion cares for flares, but insists that they must be in the back of the daytime or dinner gown instead of in the front for the last six months.

The latest silhouette is straight at the sides and in front but stresses a rippling flare in the back of the skirt.

FOXY GRANDPA'S STORIES



BUNNY SAVES A BABY'S LIFE.

"Do you know," said Bobby one day to me, "that big Arab did the strangest thing this afternoon."

"What, Bobby?" I asked. "Everything seems strange to you naturally in this country. Things are so different."

"Well," said Bobby, "I never saw a man in any country take a perfectly good gun and throw it in the river."

"That is extraordinary, I will admit," I said. "I wonder what made him do that?"

The next time I had an opportunity to speak to the Arab Bobby had mentioned, I asked him about the gun and what do you think he told me?

That Arab had killed a hyena with that gun and in Arabia they despise hyenas to such a degree that they consider it below the dignity of man to kill them. And if a man should kill a hyena, he throws away the spear or gun he has used. When I asked him if he told me very emphatically that they didn't, but that they only threw mud in the faces of the hyenas, tied up their legs and gave them to the women and children to stone to death.

I always knew that hyenas were cowardly—poor skulking, treacherous creatures that they are, but I never dreamed that there was such contempt for them.

Soon after that, however, I had reason to agree with the Arabs that they shouldn't have the honor of being killed by a man. And I will tell you why.

We were staying for a few days with a nomad tribe and, like the nomads, we slept in tents.

We had been riding all day and when I lay down that night to go to bed, I felt asleep the moment my head touched the pillow.

It seemed only a few moments that I had been asleep when I felt a tug at my arm. I awoke suddenly to find that I must have been asleep for hours, be-

CORRECT MANNERS

By Mrs. Cornelius Beekman.

Who Gives the Order?

DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN: What is the proper way to introduce a young lady to a middle-aged man?

(1) In a restaurant, does the young lady give the order, or the gentleman? B. E. K.

YOU don't. Always introduce a man to a woman. This is one of the first laws of making introductions.

Say, "Miss Ladye, may I present Mr. Mann?"

(2) The lady gives her order to the gentleman, who is her host, and he gives it to the waiter.

Straw Hat and Tuxedo.

DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN: Is it proper to wear a straw hat with a tuxedo while acting as usher at a wedding? The wedding is going to be held in the evening during June.

C. J.

EVENING clothes are the really correct attire for the wedding, but if the gentlemen have decided to wear the informal Tuxedo, then the informal straw hat will be appropriate and consistent.

Leaving Cards

DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN: When attending a reception or tea, should one leave a card for each hostess, and the guest of honor?

2. How long does one stay when only slightly acquainted?

3. Is it correct to call at any time between hours stated?

4. If unable to attend, should your card be mailed to the hostess only, or to the hostess and her guest?

I. Y.

YES, leave a card for each hostess and one for the guest of honor. In this way you "pay your respects" to each lady.

2. Between twenty minutes and a half hour.

3. Yes.

4. To both.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A pair of sharp scissors dipped in hot water will cut up table jellies more easily than a knife.

To improve worn clothing, add a tablespoonful of painter's size to the water when washing. This will give the surface a fine gloss.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

Our Need.

GRACIOUS gifts life brings to us, heedless songs we plead, kindly songs we sing to us, knowing well our need. We are children wandering in an unknown land, on its puzzles pondering, faint to understand. Often we may ask of life boons we never gain, often many a task of life brings us care and pain. Childlike, we would take the ways fairest to our sight; always we forsake the ways touched by sorrow's blight. Childlike, we would plead for joy, asking sun and song that can quench this need for joy, ever keen and strong. But life's boons are many-headed as the opal's fires; there are gifts for any mood, matching all desires. Some are gifts of shining hours, some are dark indeed, so life fills these days of ours, knowing well our need.

WHO SAID IT AND WHERE

"That which is everybody's business is nobody's business." Ike Walton noted this truth in his "Compleat Angler."

"Nothing in nature is unbeautiful." If something seems unbeautiful, it is because we do not view it properly. Tennyson says in "The Lover's Tale."

"Patience is sorrow's salve." Because patience relieves the poignancy of sorrow, Churchill calls it a salve in "The Prophecy of Famine."

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Stockings ornamented with "clocks" that have a phosphorescent glow in a dim light are a new fad in Paris.

Out of every ten Bibles sold by the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1924, roughly four were sold in China.

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