



THE HOME MAGAZINE PAGE



LOVE AND THE MATERNAL INSTINCT

Beatrice Fairfax on Woman's Longing to Be Needed

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

NOT long ago I attended a play in which an amusing situation attracted my interest. One of the characters in the comedy, cleverly portrayed by the young juvenile, was making desperate and unsuccessful efforts to win the love of a charming young girl whom I shall call Ethel. But he had offended her by some trifling fault and she refused to notice him. The harder Eddie tried to win Ethel the more madly and independently and indifferently she became.

At last Eddie sought the advice of a clever, attractive, older woman. He asked her how in the world he was going to win Ethel.

The lovely lady looked quizzically at Eddie and smiled. "I've played many roles in my lifetime," she said, "but never before have I played the part of Beatrice Fairfax."

There was a general laugh at this line. And I am sure no one laughed with more genuine amusement than I.

Then the lovely lady proceeded to give the unhappy Eddie a bit of sound, sage advice. "Appeal to Ethel's maternal instinct," she counseled. "Much of feminine love consists of sympathy, pity and desire to cheer, which is simply an expression of woman's maternal instinct."

"You act so healthy and cheerful," she declared, "that Ethel doesn't feel you need her. Mope a little. See if you can't seem dejected. That will give her a chance to mother you."

Eddie followed this canny advice. When next he saw Ethel he managed to look and act blue and generally wretched.

"What's the matter, Eddie?" asked Ethel. "You're not ill, are you?"

Eddie nodded, obviously too unhappy to speak, and sank into a chair.

Ethel ran to him, felt his pulse, smoothed his hair from his forehead, gave him sound advice about taking care of himself. The day was won for Eddie. A reconciliation with Ethel was an easy matter after the appeal to her maternal instinct.

There's profound truth back of this amusing little incident of a charming light comedy. A woman is never so happy as when she feels that she is needed to help the well-being of the man who appears to her, for then the mother-love, which is inherent in every girl, finds expression.

My young friend Emily numbered among her admirers a man of wealth, charm, social position, sterling character. He seemingly had everything to offer Emily. Yet she refused his proposal of marriage.

Emily's family urged the marriage. Her friends were puzzled over her indifference. She confided to me the other day why she refused what seemed in every way a brilliant match.

"He promised me everything a woman's heart could desire if I would marry him," said Emily. "He assured me over and over of his love. But his love was altogether of what he would do for me."

"Not once did he even hint that he needed me. If he had said only once, 'Emily, I need you so,' I might have wavered. A woman longs to feel that she is infinitely needed and wanted."

Every happy wife, it has been said, feels in some degree mother-love for her husband. And it is well that this is so. For the mother element of a woman's love enables her to see her husband, no matter how much she adores him, as a little boy grown up. And this viewpoint counts for practical, sensible wisdom, humorous tolerance, patience, housewifely care—if need be, quick forgiveness.

There's danger, however, that this maternal appeal may lead to foolish and unhappy marriages if it becomes the controlling element of love.

In judging the sincerity and value of the love offered you it's well to remember that while a woman's affection for a man contains much that is every worthwhile man feels the instinct to protect and shield women.

When you truly love, and are loved, you will find that your maternal instinct rejoices in the well-being of the One Man and that he feels equal delight in caring for and protecting you. Do not kill this protective tenderness of his by your self-sufficiency or you will kill the best of love. For harmonious blending of fine, natural, spiritual qualities insures the happiness and enduring success of marriage.

As Others See Her



WE flip over the pages of the magazines, weeklies, daily papers, we read these days—and she looks at us from every page. SHE. All the pretty dresses that seem to be needed to illustrate and decorate the things that we are after reading. She swirls her delicate draperies over lovely landscapes where a bright automobile that you ought to buy stands glimmering. She shows you her pretty snowy teeth and tells you how to have them just like hers. She kicks her dainty silken calves and Cinderella slips



pers through stories of modern romance. She smiles at you under a close-cropped bang; glitters in marvelously delicate and jewel-like photograph in shimmering coats and snake-skin close frocks. Every page. A half dozen to the page. Our pretty, modern SHE. All the same girl—differently seen—differently treated. As many "others" see her. Actually. Decoratively. Caricatured.



When YOU have your portrait made—you won't mind if it's actual—decorative—or even a caricature—but you will want it "fair," won't you?—NELL BRINKLEY.

DRAWN BY NELL BRINKLEY

THE BUGABOO OF THE TIMID, "THEY SAY"

By Lucy Lowell.

"THEY say" is a bugaboo. It jumps out of corners at folks with a silly "Boo!" and scares some of them 'most to death.

I know a charming little old lady who loves to go to church. But she doesn't go. It just happens that no member of her family is in position to accompany her on Sunday morning.

"And I'm afraid 'They'll Say' that it looks strange for an old woman to go to church all alone," she explains.

I know a girl who lives in a crowded bit of an apartment in the heart of the city. She spends every leisure moment tramping country lanes. She wants to live in the country. But she doesn't dare.

"Everybody I know lives in town," she says, "and I can't think what 'They'd Say' if I moved out!"

Then there's a young man who believes that getting his feet damp makes his throat sore. And his wife buys him overshoes and brings them out mornings and begs him to wear them. And he flies into terrible tempers.

"Overshoes!" he fumes. "They'll Say 'I'm a grandmother!' And he roams into the wet and his throat gets sore and he's very miserable.

The fact of the matter is that "They" don't do nearly so much saying as victims of the bugaboo suspect.

Very few are as interested in the affairs of others as they are in the things that concern themselves. And it takes something pretty big, something ever so much more important than wearing overshoes, for example, to drag attention from their own concerns.

To think that you're about to create a furore by stepping out of the trodden path points to a little too much self-consciousness on your part. After all, hardly any person is of sufficient consequence to upset the equilibrium of everybody.

Furthermore, there's nothing especially to be feared in what "They Say." Your friends may speak of your dress. But while half their comments are likely to be kindly, the other half are just as likely to be idle words, forgotten as soon as they're uttered. Why should you jump when the bugaboo, "They Say" crows "Boo!"?

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FOXY GRANDPA'S STORIES



POP! WENT THE WEASELS.

"COME, Bobby and Bunny." I said one Summer evening, "let's walk down to the edge of the field and see the sunset from there." Bunny kept silent in my pocket. Only once in a while his two ears would pop out and he would look around rather nervously. "Well all right, Bunny?" I asked once, patting the little fellow. "Oh, yes, thank you, Foxy Grandpa, I'm all right," said Bunny.

But I knew differently. And you will know very soon, too, when I tell you what happened. Bobby got tired of running around, so he took a stick and commenced digging a hole in the loose earth at the edge of the field which had been planted some time before.

Presently Bobby gave a very vigorous dig with the stick which he used for a shovel, and out of the earth came a shower of dirt and right in the middle of it something which was the color of the earth. It wriggled and it had four feet and a tail and gave out a sharp little squeak as it tumbled to the earth.

I felt Bunny shiver in my pocket as he heard that squeak and I knew that for some reason or other he was afraid of the little animal which had made it. For it was only a couple of seconds after the weasel had popped out of the earth—that is what it was—when what should come trooping out of the hole which Bobby had dug but eleven little weasels, squeaking and showing their teeth savagely. They flew at Bobby, and if I hadn't jumped down quickly from my perch on the fence-rail Bobby might have been bitten badly. For although small animals, they are courageous and brave, loyal to their friends and quick to offer defense.

FASHION FADS AND FANCIES

By Mildred Ash

GARTERS get gayer as skirts grow shorter, for 'twould be a pity not to show these amusing little novelties of shirred ribbon trimmed in rosettes with a painted doll's head in the center of each. More grotesque but less lovely are those bearing the painted head of a white rabbit or a black cat.

Practical and pretty purses are of Italian striped silk, mounted on gate frames of celluloid in ivory, amber or tortoise shell effect. These are spacious enough to carry many little odds and ends, and durable enough to stand general utility wear.

Beach fashions are boyish and feature an extremely masculine striped flannel robe in place of the feminine capes, of rubberized silk or cretzone, that were the smart wraps for bathers at the resorts of Florida last Winter.

Giving style, minus warmth, the sheer coats of crepe Elizabeth continue on their joyous road to increased popularity. In the loveliest crayon tints, as well as in navy, black or white, these transparent wraps are very effective for afternoon and evening wear.

Cultivating soap and water, the new French suede and kid gloves are washed as easily as are the silk or fabric ones. After all, nothing is quite so smart as a kid glove, whose air of gentility can never be equalled by any of its would-be rivals.

The prevailing shade of one's frock is often carried out in the color of the large carved ivory necklace chosen especially for wear with that dress. Costume jewelry is daily coming more and more to be considered a part of the trimming of the individual gown.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Before washing ebony brushes rub the wood thoroughly with vaseline. This will prevent the ammonia or soda used in the washing water from spoiling the ebony.

SECRETS OF HEALTH

PRICKLY HEAT IN BABIES.

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

Former President of the American Medical Association.

THE heat of Summer often causes the condition that is known as prickly heat. It is important, however, to know whether your baby has prickly heat or something more serious.

Prickly heat, which is not confined to babies, is so called because it comes during the heated term, is associated with a feeling of heat in the skin in which there is also a sensation of being pricked with needle points. At each of these points there is a little red speck, of which there may be great multitudes on various parts of the body, especially about the chest and abdomen.

It is precisely these little red specks, or this rosy eruption, that is often the source of much confusion as to what is actually the matter with the baby.

The condition is most frequently confused with the eruption of measles and sometimes with the flush of scarlet fever or even of diphtheria.

In certain other cases a similarly speckled reddish eruption is caused by eating food which, while it may be adaptable to the great majority of subjects, happens to be very irritating to the intestines and nervous system of the particular infant in question.

Prickly heat is not generally associated with any elevation of bodily temperature and the same is true of eruptions, due to irritation by foods.

In prickly heat there is no irritation of the throat and upper air passages. The contrary is true of measles. In scarlet fever and diphtheria there is early soreness of the throat, with redness and gray patches on the mucous membranes.

It follows, therefore, that when your child has a prickly red eruption associated with some elevation of temperature and with the slightest tenderness, or redness in the throat, you should at once summon your physician.

If, however, there is no elevation of temperature and no tenderness or redness in the throat you may safely treat the case yourself.

Remove all irritating clothing, especially any clothing that has the slightest bit of wool in the fabric. Flannels ought not to be put on babies during the hot weather. The old notion that a baby ought to have a flannel belly-band is just a granny superstition that has tortured countless millions of defenseless babies.

Give the baby a bath with tepid water containing a very little borax, or in the absence of borax a little sodium bicarbonate, about an even teaspoonful of either one in a quart of water. Dry the skin with a soft absorbent cloth but without friction. Dust the skin with a little fine talcum, after which let the baby lie naked for a time.

These same principles apply to the tendency of the baby's skin to become irritated in the folds and creases about the groin, crotch and buttock.

But keep flannel away from the baby's skin during the Summer time.

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CORRECT MANNERS

By Mrs. Cornelius Beeckman

Telephone Etiquette.

DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN: When I am called over the telephone and am not at home, is it correct for the person who answers the telephone to say, "Who is it calling, please?" or should they simply say, "She is not at home. Call her later." I would always like to know who calls, if it is not incorrect to ask.

I am engaged to a young man who lives in New York. He is living in my home town now, but I have never met his family. We are to be married in the Fall, and they have invited me to visit them this month. As he has a vacation, he suggests that we go up together. Will this be correct to travel up on the train together or would it be in better taste for him to go a day ahead and let me come up alone?

ANXIOUS.

IT is proper to ask who is making the telephone call. The person answering may say, "Miss Ladye is not at home, may I tell her, please, who called?" or "Miss Ladye is not at home. Will you leave your name, please?" or "Miss Ladye is not at home. May I have her call you when she comes in?"

"Call her later" is too peremptory a thing to say. Say instead, "Miss Ladye is not at home, but she will be in at six o'clock. May I have her call you when she comes in?"

(2) You had best not lay yourself open to criticism by coming on the same train unchaperoned. I am sure that you will be able to find a friend—an older woman, who is coming on that train. Don't you know of some one coming at that time?

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