

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

## There's No Place in Life For a Broken Heart

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

THERE is no such thing as a broken heart. It's a broken mind under the wrong name. Melancholia is a disease of the brain—it has nothing whatever to do with the heart.

So declares Dr. W. A. Evans—the man who tells us all whether to sleep on the porch when the weather's below zero or not, and why breakfast food is not always the only thing you need to keep you alive. A thousand thanks, Dr. Evans—we're all obliged to you again.

Broken hearts are entirely out of the fashion—and I'm glad of it. I shall never forget the first time I ever met any one with a "broken heart."

I was a young person of some sixteen summers—and winters—hard winters at that, in the part of the country where I lived then. You had to put a copper cent on the window pane to see out, most mornings from December to the middle of March. And any one who wore gloves instead of mittens after nightfall was rather apt to come home with frost-bitten fingers.

I had heard about the woman with the broken heart—her sweetheart had deserted her for another girl—and the woman with the broken heart never smiled again.

### Heart-Break a Distinction

We were all crazy to see her. And when I heard that she was coming to visit right in the family I felt as if Garibaldi, or Gen. Funston, or Florence Nightingale, or any one else distinguished and "different" had bought a ticket to our town, and was going to sleep in the best bedroom, and look out from behind the best blue curtains of that bedroom's windows.

I expected—I don't know what—something better, and satirical, and heart broken and wildly emotional—all hidden under a strange calm—with just a flash of the eye, now and then, to show the torment of the troubled soul. A Lord Byron in petticoats—or something like it.

When the woman with the broken heart came—she proved to be at least thirty-five. She had a very long nose, a very short chin, not any too much thin, sleek, faded hair, and a pair of eyes that couldn't have flashed to save the life of the owner of them.

Poor thing—they say tears are bad for the eyes. And she had shed enough of them—and more than enough.

For a day or two it was rather interesting—and then I slowly woke to the consciousness that the woman with the broken heart was just a selfish, peevish, emotional, unreasonable, silly old maid. Her "broken heart" saved her from hard work. Who wants to ask a Broken Hearted One to make up a bed, or stir the preserve kettle?

She was a frightful bore—a kind of fussy Nibbe, all tears, and all little selfish ways of self-pity and self-petting. I have never cared for people with broken hearts since.

Now, if that woman lived today, we'd either laugh her out of her ridiculously prolonged grief, or we'd put her somewhere in a sanatorium and have her treated for a broken brain, and see if it wouldn't help her broken heart. And quite right it would be, too.

There is no time, no place, no room in this world for a "broken heart." No heart that is worth beating even stays broken very long. There isn't time. Selfishness has gone out of the fashion, too, and so has cowardice, and less self-indulgence in grief. Courage is the mode today, and a brave and gallant mode it is.

I met a woman the other day whose husband turned her out of her own home because he fell in love with a silly little girl.

The woman had given up a great deal for her husband and she had spent some of the best years of her life with him—trying to make a man of him. Foolish, ill-spent, wasted years. When it all came upon her how foolish and ill-spent those years had been—it nearly killed her—for a little while.

### Today's Better Fashion

If she had been an old-fashioned woman, she would have gone somewhere into the country and lived with her children on the pittance the man who had promised to love, cherish and protect her sends her grudgingly—and she would have worn a widow's dress and wept a widow's miserable tears.

This is a modern woman—and she does nothing of the sort. She gathers her friends around her, takes her children in her arms, and sets her face, aglow with courage and with resolution, to the East, where the sun is rising. Never once has she had either time or wish to look back to the West, where her poor, foolish, ineffective sun has set.

I saw her when she was first stricken down by the hand she loved and I thought that she would die.

Yesterday, when I met her in the street, she looked stronger and happier and younger and more full of interest in life than she has looked for years. Her "broken heart" has healed—for her brain did not break.

She isn't such a romantic figure as she might have been if this sort of thing had happened, say, twenty years ago, when broken hearts were rather admired. But, dear me, she's useful and worth while—and that's something much better than being "broken hearted."

I'm for the new fashion. I'm for it with every drop of blood in my heart. Here's to you, Dr. Evans, for telling us the truth. You're absolutely right when you say it.

A broken heart isn't a broken heart at all; it's a broken brain. How much it helps—when you call things by the right name.

## Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie:

I note your advice to some young girls is: "Don't tie one's self down to one friend, but, instead, have a number of admirers."

Do you not think that a young girl about 19 would soon get the name of being a flirt if she were seen out with a different fellow every time? Not only that, but I know some girls who seem to have taken your advice in this matter, until at the present time they have some half a dozen young men taking them to the theatre and other places.

This seems to me to be the final outcome of your advice regarding "more than one friend."

No, I do not think that a young girl about 19 would soon get the name of being a flirt if she were seen out with a different fellow every time. A young girl of 19 has no business being seriously in love with any one—she's too young to "settle down"—and "make up her mind." And how is she ever going to make it up, pray tell, if she never meets more than one man?

And—tell me true and tell me honest, G. C.—don't you think that a girl can have a good time with a man, and give him a good time, too, without being in the least in love with him? Isn't that any such thing as companionship or friendship in your scheme of life?

Why, I have a dozen friends—men who would go half across the continent to do me a serious favor, and I would make

great sacrifices to be of real help to any one of them—and not one of them ever thought of such a thing as being in love with me for a minute.

Can't a man enjoy taking a pretty girl to the theatre without having her expect him to be madly in love with her? Why shouldn't a girl have some half-dozen young men take her to the theatre—if the young men want to ask her, and why shouldn't a man invite any girl he likes to go to the theatre with him, or anywhere else that is respectable and interesting?

Get the engagement and marriage faded out of your head, G. C., and get it out quickly. It doesn't belong in a good, sensible head like yours at all.

When the right man finds the right girl there won't be any trouble about the other men and the other girls. Until that time it is not only perfectly right, but perfectly sensible, for a girl to have as many friends as she likes, so long as they are decent, self-respecting chaps who respect her and who are—nothing but friends.

Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care this office.

## REPOSE IS SECRET OF ART



Eleanor Brent in "Everywoman."

## Eleanor Brent Tells How She Acquired Calmness

By ELEANOR AMES

WHENEVER a girl asks me if I would advise her to go on the stage, I chatted Miss Brent on the cool porch of her summer home, "I always take both her hands in mine and, Yankee-like, answer her question by asking another:

"How are your nerves, my dear? No, not your nerve, but your nerves?"

"And the girl is always surprised, for it is the last thing in the world that she expected me to ask her about, and yet, it is the most important of all the qualifications the stage demands.

"I did not know this when I accepted my first part, but six months of travelling taught me. At the beginning of the second six months I faced a battle with myself. It was the battle of success against my nerves—I would have to conquer them or they would conquer me. So I set about conquering them as calmly as I could.

"No matter what happened I would not let it bother me. Every hardship and seeming disaster I smoothed by sleep into a little annoyance. And then I made the personal discovery that occurrences that look like huge disasters to a nervous person are to the calm person just little annoyances. I am a self-educated woman in the art of calmness.

"I paid the price of what little success I have won by taking care of my health, and health on the stage means more than ordinary good health. It means health plus nerves that never know weariness and are always in repose.

"Repose is the secret of the art of acting. To appear to do the most difficult of things easily is the height of any art. And the secret of ease is repose. And repose, I have found, is simply the outer reflection of inner calmness and good nerveless health."

## Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

The truth about "the girl in the case" distinguishes this new series by Miss Dalrymple. Her character studies will not appear unfamiliar to the majority of readers, who will follow the fortunes of "Peter" with interest.

No. 129

### A Woman's Silence

MY mother-in-law was packed off to bed after her fit of hysterics and her "talking faint," and Mary and I went home in terrible silence. That I should be ostracized for days I knew very well. I did, however, hate this uncertain pail of silence.

When a woman is absolutely silent, when she depends upon it there are terrific forces at work. And you may be sure of their nature. She may be considering murder or apology, a grievance or a feeling of guilt, but, if she stays absolutely silent, you may rest assured of my spine. I wanted, somehow, to get away from it all—from this eternal bickering over money—away from the daily worry of making one dollar do the work of two—away from the eternal clash of sex.

A girl once told me a recipe an old woman had given her to squelch a masquerade.

"Stare at his feet, dearie, for all you're worth," the old woman had said, "and pretty soon he'll lose his poise and begin to fidget, and as soon as he does you have him. Keep him uncomfortable and mystified, and he won't bother you."

I climbed in silence to our apartment, and I switched on the lights in the library. And, somehow, as I did so, I had a hopeless married feeling—a feeling of chains—a horrible, galling feeling of the commonplace.

Was there, after all, any romance in marriage? Did it ever linger? Wasn't it imbued with undue sentimentality by novellists and women, who saw in it their sole protection? The morality of a nation depends, of course, upon its marriage laws, but doesn't the bitter monotony of petty detail in domestic life drive many a man into the hunt for adventure?

There in my library lay my check book and Mary's fancy work, and there the evening paper. A sickening feeling of revolt shadowed its way the length of my spine. I wanted, somehow, to get away from it all—from this eternal bickering over money—away from the daily worry of making one dollar do the work of two—away from the eternal clash of sex.

Viewpoint—there was where Mary and I eternally floated apart. We were facing the everlasting problem which must confront every two people who posit sex who take up their abode together under the same roof, the psychology of sex. Here were we—two people—brought up quite differently, bound together in matrimony through an accident of sex, and forced to adjust our lives to the approval of each other. Every married pair soon realizes they were brought up with slightly or widely divergent aims, ambitions and points of view.

In every home there is a great, big, painful problem to be worked out, and whether it is hidden or not, boys and girls are not sufficiently similar to mix much better than oil and water when they mate at maturity. They may keep it decently hidden even from their own children—or they may not. But the problem's there, and will be there until boys and girls climb the high road to maturity shoulder to shoulder and begin the inevitable problem of adjustment at an early age.

Something of all this flashed through my mind as I stared at my wife, her lips set in a hard, red line, and two feverish spots of crimson in her cheeks—but it's a willful, spoiled sort of beauty, a little insolent about the eyes, a woman, whose sole claim for admiration lies in her beauty. Inevitably grows insolent or haughty. She's bound to be spoiled. I saw that my wife was, too.

"Well," I flunked out suddenly, unable to bear the silence any longer. "I insulted your mother, I suppose. Why don't you say something?"

Mary flung back her head with the gesture of an empress and left the room.

## Strange SUPERSTITIONS About ANIMALS

One of the superstitions perpetuated from age to age among the common people is that the human body weighs more after a meal than before. If no more after a meal than before, if there were any foundation of fact in this, there would be no human being could ever get fat.

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## Secrets of Health and Happiness

## Why an Excess of Sugar May Not Mean Diabetes

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

THINGS, says the poet, sweet to taste prove in digestion sour. This melodious dictum has its proof in "diabetes" that great and illly understood disorder. This affection keeps such an excess of sugar in the cataclysm of the blood stream that the kidneys are not endowed with the capacity or strength to keep the sweet stuff from passing forth.

Thus, there has arisen a fallacious understanding that this sugar disease is a kidney distemper. Nothing could be more absurd. You may as well consider childbirth a disease of the mind.

Thus it comes about that a craving for sugars and spice and sweets which are nice and agreeable to the "diabetic." These words may rob the living bees, and, therefore, leave them honeyless, but sweets are bitter substances to these very bones who long most for them. If you, by an analysis of the waste fluids, are told that you have diabetes, then "sweets to the sweet farewell!"

Yet, despair not, for there are many disorders, actually not diabetes, which throw out lots of sugar into the blood and into the kidney torrents. "Goitre," or a large thyroid, is one of these.

Infections of the liver and affections of the medulla oblongata—the tail of the brain—also cause either a diminished destruction of sugar by your muscles and flesh, or an increased outpouring of sugar into the blood.

The perverted grinding up and structural use of starches, sugars and similar "carbohydrates" exaggerates the real and the pseudo-sugar complaints. An analogous distorted absorption of fats and heavier foods—called "proteins" or "egg whites"—results in a formation of pseudo-acetic and butter vinegars and similar poisonous acids in the scarlet canals.

Diet more surely than drugs determines the trend of sugar maladies. The victim of these ailments is neither killed nor does he suffer more than the annoyance of absent starches and sweets.

A new remedy for diabetes has just been tried by Dr. Marcel Labbe. It consists of a diet of dried vegetables. To aid his treatment the doctor prescribes 10 ounces of dried vegetables with fresh eggs, and five ounces of buttered albumen of bread with a small quantity of fresh vegetables and wine.

### Answers to Health Questions

READER—I have pimples and blackheads; also large holes in face and neck. How can I get rid of them?

Rub the holes with glycerine and kaolin, equal parts.

R. H.—What will restore gray hair to its natural color?

Nothing will restore natural color, but henna, tea and indigo are safe to use to darken it. Also crayon and waxes.

F. H. S.—Can a person live with only one lung, the right one, the left lung having been punctured, or is there any help for left one after it has been punctured?

Yes, many have lived their allotted days with one lung. You must explain what you mean by punctured.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care this office.

## Society Is in Training For the Smaller Waist

By MADGE MARVEL

BEGIN to draw in your waists. The first sign of the fall will be fitted garments and smaller waists. So, all this beautiful freedom we have enjoyed will be curtailed and we shall probably have to endure some of the old misery of lacing.

This is an advance hint given by a modiste who sails soon for Paris. There are only vague whisperings yet of what the fall will bring forth, but every one is prepared for fitted gowns, made with seams and possibly held in place with whalebone, although so far, the fit has been accomplished without them.

The low-busted corset will be retained, it is believed, but every woman must have a waist line. And that waist line must be a little under the 30-inch limit which the woman of today allows herself before she begins to start a reducing regime.

"How shall she accomplish it?" said the modiste, but rest assured, if it is the style to have a smaller waist women will have it. In some marvelous way women manage to meet every style demand. They are thin as shadows when they should be thin, and they allow themselves to have curves when curves are worn.

"We have been tending toward the fitted waist for some time. The blouse has looked a bit out of date all summer. The lowered prices of excellent gowns with kimono sleeves and biased, seamless waists have been a sign of future changes. Exclusively makers have fitted all their costumes closely since last winter.

"Two years ago Faquin showed the fitted, pointed bodice. Women would have none of it. When a woman won't, she won't, even in the world of fashion. Gradually she has been getting ready for it.

"Now she demands that her dresses be fitted and blouses done away with. She knows she must have a smaller waist. Therefore she is already in training. She eliminates sweets and starches, omits afternoon tea, obeys her massages and exercises.

"Faquin and Cheruit both appeal to the American type. They are both pretty much in accord. Both believe in the fuller skirt and the closer waist."

The American buyers and fashion importers begin to appear in Paris early in July. They will go to Deauville, Trouville, and all the places where the smart women gather. They will watch with eagle eyes, for they know there is a way of indicating the direction of the wind.

The 15th of August, Paris begins to show the autumn styles. By the middle of September the Americans are back on American soil with a fairly comprehensive idea of the next season's clothes. There may be minor changes and innovations, but the salient features of style are settled then.

## Three Minute Journeys

Where DIVORCE Is a Matter of SPEED

By TEMPLE MANNING

WHILE I was among the Gwari in the heart of Africa, a curious marriage custom came to my attention in rather a startling way. Our



Starting for Freedom

at which we did not stop, desiring to push on to Kuta that night, when from the right there came wild yells and the underbrush parted. A small, lithe girl dashed out and sped up the trail. Close behind her came a rather sickly native, much older than she, who pursued her, yelling as he ran.

Puzzled, I turned to one of my men and demanded what it all meant. Laughing, he told me that the girl was the elderly native's latest wife, and, as she did not want to live with him any longer, she was running away. If he were not able to match her in speed, and if she could gain the shelter of a village to which she was speeding, she would win her divorce, and become the wife of the young man whom she was escaping. As we met the man coming down the trail next day alone I judge that the young wife won the race and her freedom.

Rather than help a man recover a runaway wife, the Gwari seem inclined to treat the whole matter of these desertion-divorces in the light of humor. Somewhat after the spirit that makes the smile behind our hands when we hear of one of our friends being home-pecked. And yet, if the deserted husband is powerful enough he can sometimes take his wife back by force, but usually the runaway wife takes care to choose as her next spouse some one more powerful than her old husband.

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