

## I'm Misunderstood' Wail Sounds Absurd in Face of Real Human Trouble

BY MARTHA LEE

HERE are so many real poignant troubles and sorrows in the world—so many persons who need advice and consolation and help to "carry on," that it seems almost sinful for persons to imagine themselves hard tried, when just a little less looking inward and a little more looking outward would make them so very thankful for what they have.

That isn't "Polly Annaish," it's just good common horse sense, cold logic and a darn good tonic, all in one.

When you can see people whose homes have been broken up, whose lives have been completely wrecked, whose children have been deserted to get along as best they can, whose bodies have been mutilated until they are hopeless invalids or incapable of earning a living wage, whose souls are groping for the light helplessly, why weep and mourn because your parents "do not understand you" or because your father is strict as regards your having dates.

I know that these things seem more than you can bear when you are young and frivolous and thinking of nothing but having a good time. I know that life fairly makes you stoop-shouldered with burdens like these when you are young.

But for heaven's sake, get over the idea that each and every one of you is the most abused child in the world.

Don't forget, ever, that nine times out of ten, your parents are doing the best they know how for your interests as they see and comprehend them. If they are doing the wrong thing, at least give them the credit that their good faith warrants. And help them, through logical reasoning and patience and kindness to make them understand your viewpoint, that seem so radical and so rebellious to them.

Here is a letter from a young girl mourning her heart out because she says her mother is "not a pal to her."

Dear Martha Lee: Is there anything nicer in the world than the companionship of one's mother? My mother, nothing more. I am nearly 19 and am going with a young man who is employed nights. He is working for a living, not for fun. At a time he is working nights and I am forced to amuse myself as best I can.

Other girls are not alone. My mother never cares to go any place with me. She prefers to go with her friends. I am afraid that I want her to be a companion as well as a mother.

Five years ago in a four-room house with only light and gas as modern conveniences, I was a mother. I had to live that way as old as I am. I am self-supporting. Would be justified in making a living for myself.

Please do not think I am ungrateful for what they have already done. I am grateful, but think they could do more, the two subjects of which I have written.

LITTLE GIRL.

My dear, from your letter, your mother probably has enough to do to tire her completely. No doubt by the end of the day, she is too tired to go out. And surely you can understand her wanting to spend her spare time with your father. You have under the restricted time you can spend with your sweetheart, because you want to be with him. Your mother wants to be with your father, too, and you should not expect her to put you first.

Your mother sounds like a wonderful person. Why don't you cultivate her friendship and find your pleasure and amusement in your home with her, rather than expecting her to go out with you. As for making a change, I can see no reason why you should. Your living conditions do not sound unbearable. There might be some inconveniences, but don't forget you would have just as many and perhaps less pleasant ones away from home.

## YOUR CHILD

### Avoid Fear of Punishment

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

In training a child to tell the truth do not make him fear punishment. I should sacrifice many things in his training in order to implant the habit of truth. It is better to allow him to go entirely unpunished and take a chance on his becoming unruly, selfish and other equally undesirable things, rather than have him learn to invent lies to save himself.

This is one of the most difficult things a parent has to face; when to punish and when not to punish, how to train him without his resorting to a lie to escape punishment or censure.

When Company Comes

Let us take a case in question. Jack has been dressed up for the afternoon. It is 4 o'clock, there are two hours or so until dinner. His father likes to see Jack nice and clean when he comes home. He often brings company and this is one of the nights Mr. Smith is coming.

Jack sits on the steps holding a brand new sail boat. Around him congregate a half dozen neighborhood children who haven't been dressed up so early.

The rain has made a small pond in the street; of course there are all sorts of suggestions about the boat.

Jack sits firm and explains the fix he's in.

"Well, you could watch and I'll attend to it," offers Tom. "You won't get wet. Why, how do you know whether it will go or not when the wind blows. You can't tell in an old bath tub."

True! It is Jack's one aching desire to see his boat move when the wind blows. He hesitates—and falls.

Over they troop, and an hour later Jack returns soaked to the skin just in time to see his father and Mr. Smith get out of the car.

If Jack had the kind of mother who was sure to whip him, he might try to get out of his predicament by saying, "Tom grabbed my boat and ran away with it and I followed and we ran around the pond and fell. I couldn't help it."

Try Talking It Over

But he has the other kind of mother—the kind who knows what a temptation it is to lie. She is slow about punishment and talks

## ACCESSORIES SHOW TREND OF MODE



The model at the left wears a Bendel combination of pearls and cabochon emeralds, joined by rondels in rhinestones. Next is the evening cap designed by Agnes, and right is Bendel's bridge coat in mauve sequins over chiffon.

## Velvet Prevails as Material of Autumn Garb

BY MARILYN

Rich supple fabrics used with masterly restraint giving lines of simple elegance, are the predominating feature of Worth's new autumn collection, just shown in Paris. Velvet is used almost exclusively, combined with tweeds, broadcloth and woolens for the street. Black velvet with ecru lace and printed velvets for afternoon, plain stiff velvets combined with tulle or lace and decorated with jeweled buckles shoulder straps for evening.

The silhouette is not greatly changed for the street. Subtle changes in silhouette evening gowns, hips remain swathed, outlines of body followed with new type princess frock, bouffant effects subdued except in tulle and lace gowns. Low decolletés especially in back, skirts dipping in back or on sides.

Interesting new circular back panels give new silhouette and add irregularity to hemline. Rich laces are used for interesting new frocks developed in narrow curved tiers. Jeweled shoulder straps will be used on many evening gowns, crystal, jade, imitation diamonds, rubies and jeweled buckles for afternoon costumes.

Elaborate afternoon gowns in lace and chiffon velvet and georgette velvet and lace, fine net embroidered velvets or chenille, have fuller silhouette and more feminine appearance. Figured velvets, satin and fine supple woolens are used for straight frocks. Street frocks cut on coat lines form an interesting new collection, developed in velvet, plain and fancy, in tweed, broadcloth and heavy silks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schaf were playing singles on the next court and when they came over to borrow some cigarettes, I big-heartedly gave them all of Hank's. Then as Hank's set was drawing to a close and it wouldn't be long now till Hank discovered his nicotine-less condition, I decided to be nonchalant and smoke a Murad while lolling in the general direction of the club house.

Supper was served at tables on the terrace with the sun setting over the many lovely shades of green on the golf course and here and there the lights of the city beginning to blink drowsily in the twilight. Mr. and Mrs. Felix Geddes were there; Mrs. Elizabeth Claypool was with Eddie Mayers and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lockhart; with Dr. and Mrs.

Hood were Tom and his pretty young wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flaherty were on a party with Mr. and Mrs. Perry O'Neal and Jules Haltenberger; Mr. and Mrs. George Parry were with Bud Recker and his cunning little daughter, Janice, who was lugging around a tiny golf bag and a set of clubs.

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## GIRL ABOUT TOWN

### Local Y. W. C. A. Represented at Central Meeting

BY MARILYN

This is the Cinderella story of a poor little waif cat who was born in a barn and now says, "Address my mail to 3214 Grandview Dr." Not long ago Mrs. George S. Row called me up to ask me if I knew of a kitten who needed a home. Her mother cat had had one kitten and it died. Mrs. Row wanted another one right away to take with her to her summer home at Forest Beach, Mich., so the mother cat wouldn't be lonesome.

I went into a huddle with my two lordly Persians, Tom and Jerry, and explained the situation to them. But they reminded me that they were nearly eight years old and at their age they really couldn't be bothered with serious problems like kittens. Finally I located some extra kittens at Hathaway Simmons' old country home on Keystone Ave. Now some arrogant little pussy cat is frisking in the cool breezes of Lake Michigan on the sand in front of the Row cottage, completely unconscious of the fact that it narrowly escaped the fate of a farmhand.

Sunday I passed the entire day lolling at the Country Club. Lolling in the pool all afternoon watching Bob Adams being apprehensive about his offspring's learning to swim. Then I loll'd over to t's tennis courts to see what was causing the commotion over there and found Betsy Lockard and Hank Severin engaged in a strenuous set of doubles with Amelia and her fiance, Jack Baker, Chicago.

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