

AMONG US MODERNS

By W. E. HILL.



"I do think your daughter is such a lovely girl!" "O, but my dear, I'm so worried about her. If these modern short dresses keep in style much longer, we've simply got to have her legs broken and straightened before she makes her debut!"



A modern grandma who wishes to keep abreast of the times is a busy girl these days. One season it was Coue, then came the cross-word puzzles, and next it was mah jong. And now the Charleston is keeping all the social leaders who expect to remain social leaders busy early and late learning the rudiments of modern ballroom grace.



The dear old ladies of Victorian tendencies are having a worse and worse time of it these days, what with all the modern art roaming around loose. "I don't wish to seem personal," argues Mrs. Van Dyke Rosetti of the old school, "but if this is a portrait of a cow, all I can say is that that cow had perfectly terrible thoughts and I should think you would be ashamed to paint such a thing!"



Even the theater is getting pretty modern. In the old days when grandma was a girl, and grandpa was getting all upset over the legs at Weber and Fields, there was a big scene where the irate father accused the erring daughter of goings on, and a mock marriage. This would be crude stuff today. In the modern play the son, who is an ether sniffer and snow party hound (and maybe worse; for, after all, who knows?), accuses his mamma of illicit relations with the divorced husband of his fiancée. There isn't a dry eye in the house on matinee days.



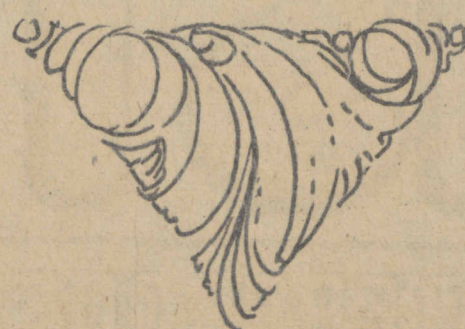
It's getting harder and harder to get any hired help among the colored folk these days. When a high brown young lady is old enough to wait on table, what does she do but go and join the chorus of the latest colored revue as a syncopated sunflower maybe, or a jazz chocolate drop, despite the pleadings of her dear old mammy, who is worried to death over all the rich white trash her daughter is bound to meet! And so it goes.



Breaking home ties is a sad, sad business! Poor Mrs. Mousbaum and her daughter, Dot Mousbaum, are apartment hunting. They've got to leave the old family home in the Fritz-Carlton Hall apartment building after all these years. Four years in all, and that's a long time these days. The building, you see, is only ten stories, and it's to be pulled down and replaced by one of thirty stories. Besides, Fritz-Carlton Hall, built in 1915, is out of date.

Time was when the sweet young thing in her teens bothered the old folks mightily with slang. "I should worry," "tell it to Sweeny" and other choice phrases were her best sellers. Not thus the modern young lady. She has "marvelous" and "devastating" for use on all occasions, and they get her everywhere.

Interior decorators are busy unearthing all the late Victorian objets d'art these days. What they don't dig up isn't worth digging up. Witness these two busy interior decorating boys, Francis and Murray by name, perfectly entranced over a gilded shoe pin-cushion, their latest find. They are going to stick a client, who is being done over late Victorian, all of \$35 for it!



We have with us this Sabbath day the modernist composer considered by a cultured few to be the last gasp in modern music. His latest is a symphony in fourteen movements descriptive of a collision between a jitney bus and a 1918 flivver, written for eleven French horns, a pair of thunder sticks, three police whistles and a steam siren. It is called "Opus Number Nine."