

We Moderns

The Merry Month of May

By W. E. HILL

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The merry month of May is a very sad season for some folks. For instance, take the honorable Maude St. Maude, who is on her way back to England after having tried and tried unsuccessfully to get detained at Ellis Island on ground of moral turpitude. Her press agent even tried pulling wires in Washington, but he couldn't get her detained. The honorable Maude had a scenario or two to put over in Hollywood. But, of course, one needs a little publicity these days to put anything over. "What do you think of America?" a reporter is asking.



May is a dangerous month for susceptible gentlemen of advancing years. "In the spring an old boy's fancy—" runs the adage.



"Now don't you dare peek!" Dotsie and her Georgie Porgie are being too roguish for words over a chocolate bon bon! The merry month of May is, every one knows, the mating season for sober, middle aged couples. With the first warm days they throw constraint to the winds and turn cute all over the place.



"They say his mother-in-law being so nasty to him is what started Fred Beethoven drinking. Judging from some of the goings on when I was there last—well!" May is a busy month for the little seamstress who comes in by the day for the purpose of fixing over last year's dresses into this year's models. Has a lot of data on the best families, and will part with it if urged ever so slightly.

Miss Beeman, who presides over the primary boys, is busy getting her darling little charges ready for the Decoration day exercises. It's going to be anything but a merry month teaching Adolf Lutzkin to spout Lincoln's Gettysburg address!



This, as everybody knows, is apple blossom time, and what is prettier in the home than a nice spray of blossoms? Mrs. Gracie Tungston is carrying home several branches of pink cloth blossoms culled from the artificial flower counter of Woolworth's.



The dance around the May pole, in these modern times, has given place to the Charleston, and the May parties are livelier than ever.



This is the open season for historical pageants—with the druggist's lovely daughter as Priscilla in the Miles Standish episode.



"Dearie, you don't realize what chic this little hat gives you! It's simply made for you!" There's a sign in the milliner's window displaying announcing the glad tidings, "Any hat in this window, \$5." Even the ladies who take extra large head sizes can't resist a spring sale. Once inside, Mme. Eloise will do the rest.