

WE MODERNS

Flaming Youth
By W. E. HILL



How the rumors start. Mrs. McWarty and Miss Eglett are discussing flaming youth and the drink question. Mrs. McWarty has it on the best authority that when the high school girls' basketball team played the out-of-town girls not one of them could shoot a goal because they were so intoxicated. "And," Miss Eglett adds, "I heard at the ladies' aid that little Elinor Mallet was caught in the primary boys' cootroom with a bottle of applejack, in a frightful condition!"



"O, daddy! let's get married, and you can buy me a big car and some nice pearls and we'll be just like Cinderella and the prince!" Flaming youth is just so eager for romance and adventure in these ultra-modern days as in the olden times—say nothing of flaming age.



The co-eds. "For heaven's sake, Betty, what have you done to your lovely curly bob?" "I simply had to give it up. Nearsighted profs in the classroom were forever mistaking me for a boy!"



Flaming second childhood. This is none other than Mrs. O. O. Whee, the millionaire, with her fourth—or is it her fifth?—matrimonial venture. The flaming youth is a very modern version of the Cinderella story, with Mrs. Whee as the prince.

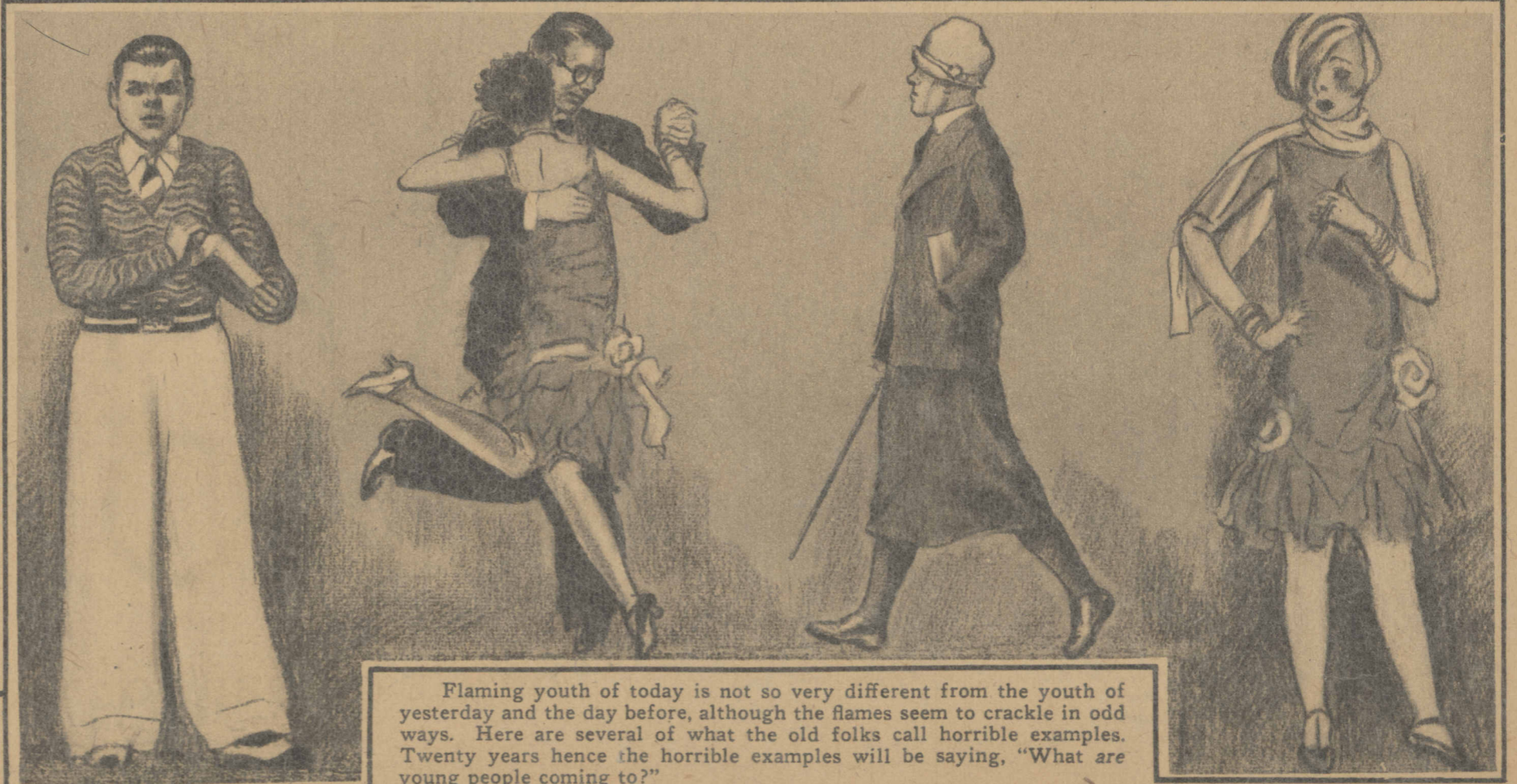


For and against flaming youth. Miss Ghoul, the magazine writer, is very much pro. She does those articles on "What Modern Civilization Owes to the Flapper." The Rev. Mr. Bemper, arch reformer, denounces the terrible condition of the younger generation. Gets all stirred up over short skirts and legs and boyish bobs. We have with us also Miss Maybe, the old-fashioned girl, who seems to have missed her generation and writes long letters assuring editors she would rather die than powder her nose, or show her ankles.



Flaming youth and sober age. "I came home from the party at 6 in the morning and my aunt met me at the door and asked what I meant by staying out all night! I'd like to know what she calls all night! I was so ashamed for fear my boy friend would hear her!"

Smoldering flames. Eloise is one of those sheltered young girls. No flaming youth for her unless she elopes with papa's chauffeur. Her finishing school is so select there were only two girls registered last term. Eloise is slated to carry on in the Victorian manner.



Flaming youth of today is not so very different from the youth of yesterday and the day before, although the flames seem to crackle in odd ways. Here are several of what the old folks call horrible examples. Twenty years hence the horrible examples will be saying, "What are young people coming to?"