

Yesterday's Mother to To-day's Daughter

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that she should yield to their wishes, that not only her actions but her thoughts should be subject to their authority. The mother of yesterday must realize that owing to the wider education she has given her daughters she must expect to find in them a corresponding spirit of independence.

The main complaint made against the modern daughter by her parents is her lack of sense of duty toward them. That position is changing. Nowadays one of the last things desired by a modern mother is that her children should do things for her only from a sense of duty. Beyond a doubt the demands made on the modern girl by her parents are extremely selfish. The girl is expected to give herself up completely to her parents' wishes, irrespective of her aspirations to a career, a mode of life selected by herself. Marriage is in her parents' eyes the one career that justifies the girl in leaving her home. In nine cases out of ten when girls take up careers, even with the consent of their parents, they know at the same time that they have implanted in their parents' minds a feeling of disappointment. To the mother of yesterday it seems impossible that her daughter should feel a strong love for her parents and yet forsake the parental roof.

Mothers, American and European.

The American mother of yesterday is far in advance of her European sisters. This, probably, because her traditions are not so old; therefore the American takes much more easily to new ideas and habits. But even in America one hears protests against the selfishness of girls who leave their homes to carve out a career. This is most unreasonable. It has never been suggested that a son is selfish because he wants to leave his parents' roof and earn his own living; indeed, everything and everybody, including their daughters, would be gladly sacrificed by parents to establish their sons in a career. In one family I know of the two daughters were barely educated; they are now completely deprived of all pleasures and have scarcely the necessities of life, the object being to provide sufficient money to enable the elder son to remain in the most expensive regiment in the army. It used to be a matter of course that the daughters should be sacrificed; if they demanded equal consideration with their brothers they were looked upon as unnatural and almost indecent.

In my opinion parents who desire affection from their children generally will find that they receive it, but to expect from them a sense of duty and obligation is unreasonable. Why should a child be expected to feel a sense of duty to one whose only claim to it is that, having once brought it into the world, she has fed, clothed and educated it? Surely this is the least that a child may expect of its mother!

Considering her generally, how does the young mother of to-day compare with the mother of yesterday? She is more selfish and sacrifices herself less, which is good for the child. Her attitude toward her children is more impersonal and, therefore, more likely to be just. Her interests are much wider and, therefore, she is anxious that her children should have interests of their own. Her children are being taught that they are free to choose whether they will remain with their parents or take up a career. Her daughters are receiving educational advantages practically equal to those of her sons; in houses where money is scarce sacrifices are as readily made for the one as for the other. Children are reared less sentimentally, therefore more sensibly; probably the effect on the children will be a harder outlook on life. This may not necessarily mean that their affection will be less deep but they will certainly not be as easily moved.

The modern girl is self-willed, outspoken and selfish but, on the other hand, she is honest, sympathetic and intelligent. The mother of yesterday has done fine pioneer work; she wanted to develop in her daughter some independence, a capacity to face the world; she was resolved that her daughter should have a better chance than she had had herself to think and act freely and, if required, to earn her own living. If required! There came the trouble. The mother did not understand how far the ball

would roll that she had started. A girl trained to earn her own living does not want to earn it only if required; she wants to earn it for the sake of independence. The mother let her daughter go to college, but did not realize that the educated daughter, set free for two or three years, would refuse to return to the nursery. She got what she wanted, a developed daughter. But she got more than she wanted, a daughter who ran away. The daughter she produced may not be perfect but she has realized all her mother's expectations, the mother should not be too harsh a judge of her own handwork just because the daughter has gone beyond those expectations. And to the mother who is discontented with the daughter she has produced, I quote my husband: "Do not be afraid of the future, it will probably take care of itself, as did the past."

Army Stepdaughters

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whom everybody loved, dragged the Sergeant-Major under the mistletoe and gave him one resounding smack. That kiss not only saved the party but it made another man out of the "Sergeant-Maje."

The second thing which impresses me as typical was that I never saw any man fail to act the part of the gentleman. During eighteen months in the service I never saw any patient show the slightest discourtesy to any woman. I never heard spoken in or out of the wards any word which any man might object to having his mother or sister hear. One morning a grizzled trooper to whom I was giving a lip-reading lesson broke out with, "I can't get them damn—" then in horror: "Oh, I wouldn't have sworn before you for anything!"

And lastly, each man felt some other was more to be pitied than himself. Nor was this a Pollyanna attitude—it was sheer, cold pluck.

One night three of us sat by the bed of a white skinned, red headed giant from Georgia. The six feet of him had lain immovable from the waist down for eleven months. The greatest specialist in the country had performed a preliminary operation and the verdict had been that the boy would never stand, much less walk again. He was 18 years old. Some Heaven sent impulse prompted the question, which I knew to be taboo: "How were you hurt, Red?" The big blue veined hand flicked the ashes from his cigarette. His rich voice held the Southern drawl. "Well, you see, it was a queer thing. I don't know what hit me. We had been 'way back at the trainin' camp when orders came for us to go up to the front. They packed us in motor trucks an' we rode all that day an' all that night an' all the nex' day, jus' stoppin' to eat. There were hundreds of trucks ahead of us an' hundreds behind us an' the dust was somethin' awful. We got there at sunset an' went right into action. I was with a machine gun corps, an' when the order to fall on our faces came, I fell down an' I was so tired I believe I went to sleep. Maybe not. I don't know. But when I woke up I couldn't move. They were fightin' all around me. A Red Cross stretcher fellow got me off the field. It was Chateau Thierry." We listeners drew long breaths and were silent. "Funny thing," continued Red, "I have never doped it out whether I was lucky or not to have escaped the hardships." We cried out with one voice, "To have escaped the hardships, Red!" "Sure thing," said he. "I didn't get it half as hard as some of them did. I don't suffer such an awful lot now and everybody's good to me. Please get me that new package of cigarettes over there." We owed it to him to achieve a gay good night. Then we three beat it to the door.

Last winter I heard that Red had died. Since that June night he had been for me one of the Immortals.

Miss Cecil Leitch, famous English golfer, during a visit to America was very much impressed by the English aspect of the country round about Philadelphia. In her book "Golf," published this autumn by J. B. Lippincott Company, she says: "The Huntingdon Valley course is quite the most English in appearance that we saw," and a few pages beyond again she writes: "As we motored through the wonderful park at Philadelphia, with the trees glorious in their autumn coloring, it was difficult for us to believe that we were not in the English lake district, so strong was the resemblance."

Flying 248 Miles an Hour

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what is in front of you on your course, so it will be seen immediately that objects that are not readily discernible from a distance are decidedly hazardous. In flying a course for record it is almost impossible to keep the plane traveling down a straight line between the poles as the poles and a half dozen men a half mile away are blended in the general haze and blur of the landscape. To obviate this and make the ends of the course prominent several automobiles were stood at each end so as to attract attention.

As in the case when speeding in an automobile the speed you attain can only be approximately judged. A difference of ten or twenty per cent. makes no difference in the air and is not noticeable if gradually gained or lost, and it is only by glancing at your instrument board that you can get a correct idea of your speed. However, if you open the throttle quickly you not only notice the difference but are surprised that the motor could hold so much unused power. You are jerked back into position and are at once tensed up more than before, even though you had thought that your nerves could not possibly stand any more strain.

And truly the nerve strain is terrific. From the moment you open the throttle to take off to the moment of landing you are on a strain that cannot possibly be realized elsewhere. To this must also be added another danger. As if to calm your nerves and seemingly minimize your danger, the warmth of the cockpit and the steady roar of the motor have a tendency to lull you to sleep. If you relax even for a moment the plane will be off its course and only fate can say whether it will be the upward movement or the skidding sideways which will recall you back to duty, or the slight downward movement which ends your race.

Nor is flying the course the worst part of the strain, for you have yet to accustom yourself to a landing speed of seventy-five miles when you have been traveling two hundred and fifty. It is at this point in the flight that most pilots are in error and nothing but experience in judging "the feel of the ship" when it "falls out from under you" or "settles" for a landing can help you in getting down in safety. As stated before, it is almost impossible to tell the difference in speed of ten or twenty per cent., and as you do not have time to look at your air speed indicator when coming in for a landing we can only leave to your imagination the difficulty of knowing at what particular moment your plane is ready to drop out from under you and settle. This is one point that only experience can give you, and it is becoming generally known that even experience is not sufficient unless the pilot is a born flier and has the instinct of thinking and doing the right thing at the right time regardless of what his eyes and senses tell him are facts. After spending forty minutes at over two hundred m. p. h. I came in hoping that I would make a good landing rather than knowing that I would. For this reason I used a slight sidslip or forward slip to get the feel of the ship.

Everything happens so fast that it was only after the flight that I felt the tension and strain, because while I was flying I was too busy in doing other things. I could not even keep track of the number of times I had been across the line, so I used a series of chalk marks on the dashboard and erased one each time I crossed. Even then I was not sure I had not made a mistake. Only after I had landed and the tension relaxed did I have time to think of myself.

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