

DAY AND NIGHT, FULL LEASED WIRE TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, SUNDAY, AUGUST 6, 1922

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Rejuvenation of Woman is Latest

AND now the women are going to be "rejuvenated." Dr. Leon Michael has found a new secret of youth.

No, it isn't medicine, or exercise, or diet.

It can't be found in a beauty shop, either—you have to go to a hospital to get it, and submit to a severe operation at that.

And, when it is all done and the doctor's gone and the surgeon sends in his bill and the nurse takes you home and you are well enough to sit up and take nourishment—what then?

Why then, you are not sixty any more—you're thirty.

You're full of life and joy and youth and you want to go out stepping and you are never too tired to meet strangers.

And all the new books are "perfectly lovely" and every new man you meet is "wonderful."

And the hats in the windows are "pats" and you can't get your skirts short enough and your neck low enough.

And you want candy and make fudge and write notes, I suppose, and call up the rest of the girls and some of the boys, too, on the telephone and have long and exciting conversations—about nothing.

And then? Has She Learned Nothing? Oh, and then, you are just a poor old thing trying your best to look and act and feel like a dear young thing and I don't believe you'll fool a person on earth—but yourself—no matter how hard you try.

Wouldn't you hate a kitten that never grew up into a cat.

No matter how slim and graceful and lovely she was, wouldn't you detest the old, old spirit of her looking out of her kittenish eyes?

Twenty years old and still in the cradle? Twenty and still playing with a rattle and still trying to learn to talk?

There are such things, and miserable it is to think about it.

No one takes such a poor little undeveloped stunted creature as that out and exhibits it as a triumph.

Well, then, what's the matter with a woman of sixty who wants to look and act and be a woman of thirty?

Has she learned nothing in all those thirty years?

Doesn't she realize that the last thirty years have been or should have been the richest in her life?

Why throw them or try to throw them and all that they have brought her into the discard, like a pair of torn old gloves that never fitted any one?

I can understand a woman of forty who wants to look thirty and would like to feel thirty.

I suppose the caterpillar that turns into a butterfly has a time when it's turning when it would like to stay a caterpillar forever.

And the woman of forty to put at the turn of the road and it doubtless natural that she should like to stand at the corner and look back—a little while.

But not too long—not if she is a woman of sense.

The road behind her was very lovely—sometimes—but there were bumps in it, too, everything isn't smooth sailing, even at sixteen, and poor little TWENTY. How tragic she is about her poor little grief! She hasn't learned how to face them yet, or how to turn them into joys.

Some day when she gets to the top of the hill of years, she'll look back and smile wistfully and wish somebody had told her.

And nobody ever did tell her—they couldn't no matter how hard they tried, because she could never understand what they were trying to say. She had to learn herself and it took time and experience to teach her.

Why Turn Around? At forty romance is just waving good-bye and contentment has not yet arrived, hung and baggage, for a long visit. Yet it's too soon to be forty—but forty-five, hurrah—here comes peace of mind and understanding and cheerful acceptance of the facts of life.

Why turn around in your tracks and try to go through it all again? The listening for the telephone, for instance, the watching for the mailman, the desperate concern about trifles that make up the happiness and the misery of life.

Why not drink the full cup to the very bottom and get the full flavor of life in all its splendor and all its misery and all its hope and all its despair?

Why not hold out your hand to FIFTY at last and say: "Here you are, my dear, I've been listening for your kindly voice for a long time—come, let's go down the road together in peace and comfort, you and I."

As long as men admit they are weak, a brave, strong girl should be chivalrous enough to save them from temptation.

A woman's "morning exercises" bring the glow of youth to her cheeks—even when they consist entirely in rubbing on the rouge.

Pretty Bride of Andrew Gregg



Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gregg were married Saturday morning at 9:00 o'clock at the First Christian church in Mishawaka. Mrs. Gregg was Miss Eunice Edwards.

Parents Blind Toward Children?

LAST WEEK'S article entitled "Is the Modern Girl Virtuous?" did exactly what I expected of it. A few mothers heartily agreed with me, many more were frankly shocked and some were awakened to the imperative duty of watching over the still waters on which the shallow of girlhood may float.

I wish we could have a training school for weak, fond, ambitious parents—a school which would guard against the harm and mischief which is going on under the eyes of these well-meaning guardians. I believe the average father, and especially mother, are the blindest creatures in the world when they come to view their own children and so stupid are they regarding the frailties of their offspring that those whom I most desire to rebuke with this article will read it without a suspicion that it might apply to them.

American parents regard daughters forever as children without responsibilities and futures. Moreover, they believe that if their minds are crammed with knowledge learned at school, and later at college, that is all that is needed. If you should hint to them that a girl has a moral and physical nature which needs guidance they would assure you that she is perfectly healthy, surrounded by good home influence, church association and refined companions. Naturally in the face of these extremely short-sighted parents, America has a vast number of so-called educated girls who develop prominently as distressing as surprising to over-fond mothers and fathers.

Usually boys are not spoiled as much as girls. One may consider boys as healthy young animals and govern them as such but who in the world would say as much of these cunning girl-angels who romp these days quite as vigorously as their masculine companions? Yet girls are animals quite the same as boys and never in their careers do they need the careful direction of that nature quite as much as during the short interval between childhood and womanhood.

Every mother has an individual problem. Mary Ann may be boorish, dress-mad, irresponsible, lazy, dance-wild, languid, movie-struck and a few other things which strike a box of nerves. You congratulate her on her wisdom to make Mary Ann strike a happy medium in her cravings. On the other hand you may have a girl who is content to lounge around a day with a novel and a box of candy. You congratulate yourself that you know just where she is all the time but this habit is anything but good, for day-dreaming may become more fascinating than any outdoor sport and more enervating than the hardest labor. Many a weakly woman may trace her weakness back to this period of languidness in her youth's dawn.

I have been told by women that they never felt any anxiety about the girlhood of their daughter, because they themselves passed through the period with no problems to solve. Let me remind you that girls of your time were not reared in the ease and idleness of today. They had duties, such as caring for younger children and household tasks which now usually are performed by servants. In fact, they had little time for letting their minds dwell upon themselves. Too, your nature may be the same, practical type, but there is no reason your daughter will be of the same mold. Do not forget that she has a paternal inheritance which may need a more careful guarding than did your own.

Having acquainted your daughter with the physical knowledge of herself it is your duty to plainly instruct her at the age of 13 that it is not modest to allow even men friends of the family to caress her in ever so light a manner. Let no false idea of "keeping her a child" hinder you in regard to this vital matter. You can, if you approach your daughter wisely, instill early in her virgin-mind, the value of modesty reserve without destroying her innocent illusions, but even if you must disturb her somewhat out of her childish freedom of action, better do so than let the association of men, which comes sooner or later,

"Philosophy" of 'Modern' Flapper

IDEAL Man: A body of money completely surrounded by a twelve-cylinder car. A rich and THE FLAPPERS PHILOSOPHY productive oasis in the midst of a desert of dollars.

"The Only Man in the World." The hero of last night's petting party.

Mother: A dear, old "Hua-Waa," with criminal ideas and cut-throat propensities, in a world of "crepe-de-chine souls." (But, never mind! She never had any fun when she was a girl, so what can you expect?)

Father: A source of supply that sometimes turns into a questionaire. Something to be jolled and fussed over, and kept in a good humor.

Work: Something you are going to do—some day—but may struggle against, successfully, a little longer.

Ideals of Attainment: Mary Ploekford's curls, Valentino's photograph, Mae Murray's clothes, Norma Talmadge's popularity, a "Home" with stone pillars and a port-cochere (like those in the movies), the motorcar, a sable coat. Oh, yes, and a husband—perhaps.

Love: Being patted on the back and called "a good old scout" or a "jolly old dear."

Romance: A word in the dictionary. A mid-Victorian fetch. Clothes. Something to be rejected to the lowest possible denomination. Stage "props," to give you an effective setting. Something to spend money on.

Evening Costume: A permanent wave, a lipstick—and whatever else Mother and the Police insist upon.

Marriage: A delightful experience—to have HAD.

Husband: A future incident—or accident. One of a dozen possible careers. The only thing Mother had to look forward to.

Life: One long petting party accompanied by jazz.

Future: Heaven only knows what.

Men: The darlings! Life's only vital interest.

whose heroes are serious young men who gallantly pick up handkerchiefs and press a chaste kiss upon her forehead when she consents to marry him. The mental romance of the 1922 girl runs to low-hung racing cars, dancing sporty clothes and something to drink out of a bottle, even if it is only pop. There is nothing vitally wrong about her except her training and that sometimes spells disaster.

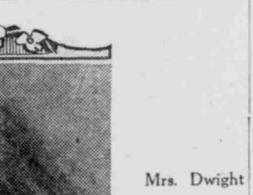
The wise mother, sensing this lack of restraint in her daughter, will not scold, punish or shame her into reform. Instead, she will try and understand the unruly girl and through mutual companionship direct with firmness and sympathy until nature has accomplished its revolutionary work. It takes time and patience on the part of the mother and plenty of wholesome books, sufficient study, outdoor games, agreeable companionship and the right sort of fun to bridge this trying period.

Our American girls dwell too much alone with their thoughts, the whispered confidences of youthful friends and are too exposed to the dangers of freedom which woman now proclaims her right. If she wanders somewhat from the conventional pathway, her indulgent parents are grieved with sorrow and express surprise. But that she ever goes straight through the narrow corridor is an increasing wonder to me the more I see her ordering her life the way she likes—motoring from one pleasure to another, dancing until the wee hours of the morning and forever in the company of men. Indeed, as I meet her, here and there, in the office, in the street, at social gatherings, on the beach and in her haunts of amusement, I marvel at her level head, for few, comparatively speaking, make serious mistakes, and this I credit to her innate worth and judgment—not to the wisdom of her parents.

Make yourself your daughter's confidante so that if she becomes troubled or curious, she will seek you rather than her youthful companions, to ask her question. Don't take it for granted because your daughters friends are the children of "nice people," that they are therefore very sane. You would be startled were one of them to think aloud. They are not vicious, but dangerous, because they are passing through an age of knowing half-truths and half-lies, ignorant yet possessing dawning knowledge and concealed curiosity which makes their confidences unsafe unless backed by a wise counselor who can straighten out the tangles.

This world will be better when people get over the romantic idea that girls are angelic creatures who commune with other angels and cause her own nature to sound the alarm.

Bring's Bride to South Bend



Mrs. Dwight Russ is an out of town bride who will live in this city. Before her marriage to Mr. Russ at San Rafael in July, she was Miss Anita Creely of San Francisco.

Mr. Russ is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Russ, 410 W. Washington av.

Photo by Mangold.

Becomes Active in Younger Set



A charming addition to the younger social set of South Bend is Mrs. Albert Stephenson, who before her marriage some time ago was Miss Maynette Rozelle of Chambersburg, Pa. Mrs. Stephenson had visited this city before coming here to live, having been the classmate of Miss Madelon Shidler and Miss Josephine O'Hara at Sweet Briar college.

American Mad

"I HAD too many pretty patients," said a well-known dentist in the West the other day, when he went into the court to answer to his wife's suit for divorce.

"My wife couldn't stand it—that's all. "Every time she came to my office and saw a pretty woman either climbing into the chair or climbing out of it, she cried. At first I laughed about it, and then I was sorry, but afterward I was mad.

"Plain, old-fashioned, American mad, I couldn't help it if the women were pretty, and I couldn't send them away and tell them not to come to me until they were old and unattractive—could I?"

And the Court nodded. But no one could tell just exactly what the Court meant by that nod.

When the case is decided, we shall probably know.

In the meantime it was rather a nuisance about the pretty women, isn't it?

Poor little bride—I'm sorry for her, aren't you?

I suppose there isn't a dentist's wife or a doctor's wife or a preacher's wife in the world who doesn't have moments when she wishes that her husband had none but masculine patients or even masculine penitents.

Business is Business. And yet—she's really wrong. The poor man must make himself agreeable to the women who come to him in the way of his profession. If he doesn't do that, he won't have money enough to buy pretty things for the woman he really does love. And she ought to think of that—and be reasonable.

It's all very well to talk about being high-minded and above small jealousies. And of course a really well-poised, sensible woman is high-minded and refuses to allow herself to be worried by the prettiest woman in the world, as far as her husband is concerned.

But all these things take time. You can't expect a bride to learn everything at once, and it takes time and experience and a lot of tears to learn that a man who is really in love with his wife doesn't care a snap of his finger for all the pretty women in the world—not even if his wife is a plain little body without a dimple or a fascinating smile to her name.

He chose her out of all the world—just her!

He might have chosen one of these women, maybe, that make her so jealous.

But he didn't.

If he had been so awfully susceptible to beauty—why didn't he? And then, after all, business is business.

Hymn of Envy

OF ALL the seven deadly sins, envy is the meanest—and the deadliest.

And yet— There are thousands and thousands of people in this perfectly good world whom I ENVY.

I envy the sweet young thing who can dip joyously and luxuriously into a glass of pink ice-cream soda or consume an Arctic pie at 19 a. m. without a tremor.

I envy the girl who can dance half the night (oh, glorious youth!) and go singing down to her job next morning.

I envy the person who can eat claims and lobster salad and wash them down with ice tea and lemon—and come up smiling.

I envy people who delight in being jolted over the country roads in motorcars, for the sheer joy of riding.

I envy red-haired women, who can wear mauve and lilac and violet without looking as though they were about to disintegrate or to die of ptomaine poisoning.

I envy women who have the strength and the courage to go through with the horrors of being "permanently waved."

I envy women who have a talent for cooking, and actually take a violent pleasure in mixing a salad, or making popovers, or baking a fowl.

I envy women who look as cool and delectable as an ice-cream cone on a sweltering August day when all the rest of the world is willing, melting, panting and hideous.

I envy women who are just enough in love with their husbands to be happy—but not so much in love as to be anxious or miserable.

I envy the sweet serenely, the sublime contentment of the cow, who can spend a whole day, standing in a green meadow, chewing her cud and meditating on her divine blessedness. Lucky cow!

I envy people who can enjoy musical comedies, picnics, crowds, Coney Island, comic strips, vaudeville, cabarets and summer hotels, and who believe everything they see in the movies.

I envy the woman over 30 who can bob her hair without looking like George Elliot or a bad dream.

I envy the girl with a tip-tilted nose that always seems to be looking up at you and asking, "I please you?"

Personal

Mrs. H. O. Gross and daughter, Cynthia, and Frank Mahan, of Superior, Wis., are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Barry Scanlon, 311 E. Jefferson Blvd. Miss Martha Scanlon is on a motor trip to Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Barber and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Love and family have gone to Lake Okobah to spend the remainder of the month.

Charles Edward Butterworth will return tomorrow after a two week's sojourn spent motoring through Wisconsin, stopping for a brief period at "The Delta." Mr. Butterworth also visited at Sheridan Beach, Michigan City, for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. E. McKnight, of Defiance, O., Mr. and Mrs. McKnight and son, William McCarty, of Minneapolis, and Mrs. J. D. Lowe,

Gregg Wedding Features Week

THE marriage of Miss Eunice Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Edwards of Cassopolis, Michigan, to Andrew M. Gregg, son of Mrs. Florence Gregg, of Petoskey, Mich., took place Saturday morning at 9 o'clock at the First Christian church in Mishawaka. Rev. G. W. Titus performed the ceremony.

The bride wore a gown of grey crepe faille embroidered with beads, made over rose crepe, and a hat to match. She carried a shower bouquet of valley lilies and butterfly roses. She was attended by her niece, Miss Ethel Edwards of this city, who wore a gown of navy blue cotton crepe with hat to match. She carried a bouquet of Columbia roses. The groom was attended by Clarence Garwood. The Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin" was played by Miss Mary Edwards for the entrance of the bride party.

During the ceremony "I Love You Truly" was sung by Edmund Luther. The altar of the church was banked with palms and white daisies. A wedding breakfast for the immediate family was served at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. E. J. Schuler, 217 W. Broadway, Mishawaka, at noon.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregg left immediately afterward for a wedding trip. They will return the latter part of August. Guests present from out of the city were Mr. and Mrs. F. Jafferies and family of Battle Creek, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Edwards and family of Dayton, O.; Mrs. Florence Gregg of Petoskey, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Burgener and Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Edwards of Cassopolis.

Mr. Herman Ashinger, 769 Arch av., entertained the members of the Saturday Night Bugon club at her cottage at Eagle lake Saturday evening.

Melvin Kenneth Hartz, three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Hartz, 1043 E. Jefferson Blvd., was surprised Saturday afternoon by 12 children, the occasion being his birthday. The afternoon was spent at games and contests, favors being won by Pearl Wagner and Joseph Laneinski. Luncheon was served to the guests.

The marriage of Miss Marguerite Stemm, 623 Leland av., to William Helm of Minneapolis, Minn., took place Saturday morning at 10:30 o'clock at the Holy Trinity English Lutheran church. Rev. Albert H. Keck performed the ceremony. Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served to a few friends at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. F. J. Bowerman, 623 Leland av. Mr. and Mrs. Helm will be at home at 293 E. 19th st., Minneapolis.

The D. and D. Hunco club is holding a house party at Barron lake this week-end.

Miss Ruth Voedisch, 1137 Portage av., entertained a number of friends at a picnic at Eagle lake Saturday afternoon and evening.

Miss Marjorie Bryan, 101 N. Shore dr., entertained with a tea Saturday afternoon honoring Miss Jane Dennis of Pittsburg. Forty guests were received between the hours of 2 o'clock and 5 o'clock. Miss Elizabeth Maus presided at the tea table which was centered with a large silver basket of pink roses and lighted with tapers in silver holders.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Gandy of Culver, Ind., announced the engagement of their daughter, Juanita, of South Bend, to Andrew M. Taylor, also of this city, a son of Mrs. Besse M. Taylor of Kenilworth, Ill.

The Missionary department of the First Presbyterian church entertained with a garden party at the home of Mrs. George Beltner, 1831 Portage av., Friday afternoon. The afternoon was spent socially. Supper was served in the garden to 43 guests. The next meeting will be Sept. 8 at the church.

The Manitowick council No. 533, D. of E. met Friday evening in the Redmen hall with 12 members in attendance. Hilda Green was installed as second runner. Pocahontas Sarah Stauffer appointed entertainment and publicity committees and captains for the coming membership drive. Refreshments were served during the social hour, the favor for the evening being won by Mrs. Denny. Monday evening the stunt prophecy, entertainment committee, captains of the membership drive, drill masters and assistants will meet with the chairman to complete plans for this term. The next meeting of the council will be held Friday, Aug. 18, at the hall.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Trinity E. M. church met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. F. Pullmer, 1025 Vassar av. Mrs. A. Kirkpatrick acted as assistant to the hostess. Mrs. S. Jones led the devotion. Refreshments were served. Included, Mrs. B. L. Smith, Mrs. R. Kline, Mrs. Grover Uhl, and Mrs. U. Ackerman. Refreshments were served to 25. The next meeting will be held Sept. 7 at the home of Mrs. Hilkey, 749 Cleveland av. Mrs. Collier will assist the hostess.