Among Us Mortals

The Second Generation

By W. E. HILL

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Mrs. Orff, a fond mamma, has been asked to chaperon the second generation at a college prom. Mrs. Orff is watching her only son, in whom are centered all her hopes and ambitions, being angled for by a young lady of whom Mamma Orff does not quite approve.

"Oh, dear, I can't find any play that sounds fit for Mabel's friends. I do wish they would revive 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm'—you could take anybody to that!" Getting up a theater party for the young people is not the easiest thing nowadays.

Trying to get an inside track on the young folks' conversation is no simple matter these days, what with snatches of Freud, Karl Marx and Havelock Ellis being handed back and forth, at least so Mr. and Mrs. Rutt find it, with three very modern offspring to keep up with.

Eddie's roommate from school being due for a week end, Eddie removes the "Siege of Sabastapool" in the velvet mat from the sitting room wall. What looked all right to the old folks seldom passes muster with the second generation.

"The trouble with your religion, Pop, is that it's out of date—it's had its day." The second generation of the minister's family hands his father a few ideas on religion.

Pity the sad plight of Addie, who loves books and whose ambition is to live on a farm and raise chickens and pigs. Addie's papa and mamma, however, love the gay life and Addie seems doomed to be forever carted around from one swell hotel to another.

"Oh, it might be all right on a young girl, not on a woman of your age." It was the proud boast of Waldron's mother that she was going to stay young for Waldron's sake, but the frankness of the second generation proves somewhat of a damper on that lady's efforts.

"You never told me you were going out this evening! You'll be awfully sorry when you look back years hence after I am gone!" The tearful mamma, who finds the second generation *most* neglectful.

"The things they talk about and the plays they go to see! Why, if our generation had acted the way the girls and boys do nowadays! And, my *dear*, if you object they just tell you they have their own life to lead—whatever that means!"

"Oh, Mamma, I *do* wish you wouldn't work so hard; I *hate* to see you do it! Why can't you just let things go?"