

The Price You Pay for the Modern Girl.

II.

Silly asses like Rupert Hughes (who was a devout Y.M.C.A. Christian for quite a while) are shouting that the present age is no worse than any previous age, that the vices of the automobile are the vices of the horse and buggy grown up, that the sins of the present have the distinct advantage of being open and honest, that the sins of the sons and daughters of today are the frank sins of their hypocritical fathers and mothers.

This ballyhooing of vice sounds excellent to the Sophomore Mind.

Apply this philosophy to your own father and mother; make it practical. Do you believe that your mother did secretly the things the flapper does openly? Do you believe that your mother felt that she could not have a good time at a dance unless she was half drunk -- or passed out? Do you believe that your mother felt insulted if her dancing partner did not kiss her or otherwise intrude upon her maidenly modesty?

Do you believe that your father was a profligate rake on week-days and passed the plate on Sundays? Do you believe that he was the kind that would take advantage of any girl who might come along, provided no one found out about it?

Who are the fathers and mothers of today? They are your fathers and mothers, if you are running around with flappers; the comparison is cut-and-dried; the ballyhoosers are talking about the fathers and mothers of the modern boy and girl, and you can't dodge the issue. If you accept the proposition, you accept for your father and mother as well as for yourself.

There were rakes and vampires in those days, true enough. But are they the fathers and mothers of today? Not many of them are. Most of their rotten carcasses have long since fed the worms; and it would take worms with strong constitutions to stomach the pestilential humors that have flowed from those bodies.

There are husbands and wives today who are not fathers and mothers. There are flappers, male and female, who have entered marriage as a sort of legalized concubinage, for social reasons, money, and one thing or another. Sex is the foul idol of their worship, and their idolatry is complete. When one partner palls, another is brought in -- with or without our friendly American divorce. Debauchery is the reward of sex-idolatry; hysteria follows, and when an hysterical woman finds a temporary partner boring, she fills him with lead or puts too much sugar in his tea.

What price will you pay for the modern girl? If you teach her to drink, you will find that she will remind you of it some day, when you chide her for being drunk. Do you break down her modesty? She will remind you of it some day when you accuse her in your jealous rage of having admitted other men to her affections. Do you violate the Temple of the Holy Ghost which is her body? She will remind you some day, after she has disgraced you publicly, that the other man has as much right now as you had then. Do you laugh when she swears? You will weep when she blasphemes in the presence of your children. Do you ask her to tell lies for you now? You will be tempted to shoot her when you catch her lying to you then.

What price will you pay for the modern girl? Communications will be welcomed.