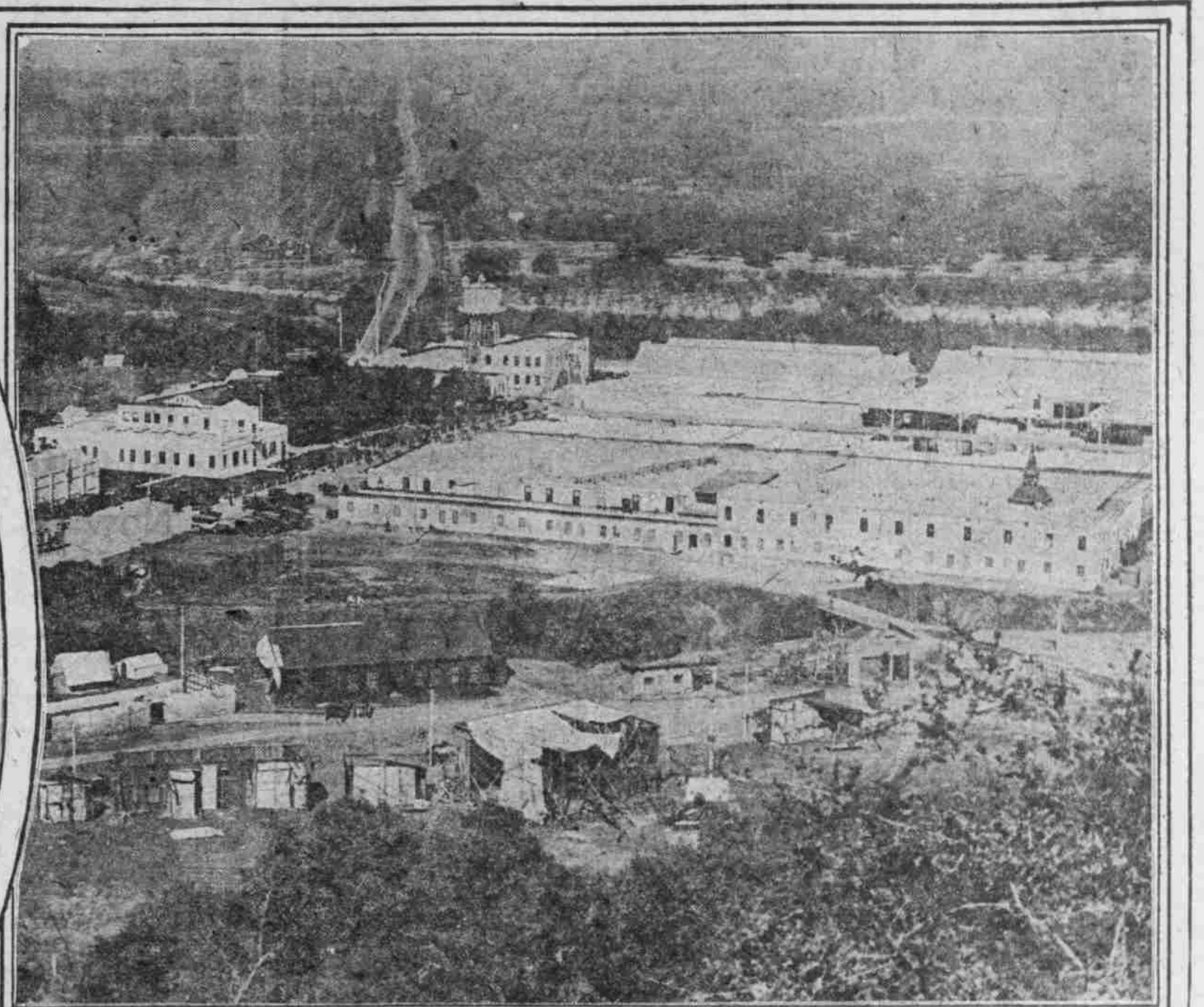


Mystery Of Our Missing Girls

TROUBLE WITH THE FAMILY IS CHIEF REASON WHY TENS OF THOUSANDS OF GIRLS RUN AWAY FROM HOME EACH YEAR



COMPOSITE PHOTO OF TWENTY-SEVEN DIFFERENT GIRLS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

Mrs. Humiston, the greatest authority on the problem of missing girls in this country, has gathered in this remarkable series of articles her experience in dealing with thousands of cases of young girls who had found home conditions impossible to bear and had sought new fields of freedom and happiness. Her description of the extent of the problem of missing girls was a revelation to most people. In her preceding articles she has informed her readers regarding the centers sought by runaways and the fate of missing girls. She gave also some advice to parents who discover their daughters have disappeared. In the present article she places the blame for the majority of girls leaving home.

MRS. HUMISTON'S DO'S AND DON'TS FOR DAUGHTERS.

Don't, for any consideration, ever forbid your daughter to bring a certain girl or boy companion to your house. If she is attracted to this person she will contrive to associate with him or her outside anyway. How much better to bring this companion under the influence of your home. If the companion is cheap and worthless, your daughter will be more apt to see it when contrasted with the love and refinement of her own home.

Do fill your house with your daughter's friends, girls and boys. Let them have possession of the house on occasions. Give them free rein and let them be a bit frivolous. Make your daughter feel that the home belongs to her for her use. Then she will grow to love it.

Don't starve the girl for clothes. Remember that many thousands of girls have run away from home because they were not given some little fineries of dress which they yearned for and were forbidden to earn for themselves.

Do put your daughter on an allowance from which she may buy her own clothes, and thus teach her the value of money and the rudiments of business training.

Don't pack your daughters two or three in a room in the third floor back of the house or in the least sunny of your apartment rooms.

Do arrange your housekeeping so that each daughter has a room for herself after she reaches the age of 12. I know of nothing more important than for a girl growing into womanhood to have a place where she can go to think by herself.

mother wept on my shoulder not long ago.

She was a widow, just come from London, where she had been educating her daughter for the last 13 years. The girl was 18 and had grown up with every advantage that money and care could afford. Then suddenly the father had died. Mother and daughter returned to New York. And Ethel, tired of the inactive life with a governess and tutors, longed to get out and do something. Her mother tried to satisfy this hunger with society. But Ethel was made of sterner stuff.

"Much against my will I let her go into business," said the mother, "and do you know, Mrs. Humiston, it wasn't two weeks before that girl wasn't different. She had never used slang before. She had never had any companions of whom I did not thoroughly approve. Our paths began to diverge. Finally there was one of her companions with bobbed hair and what I considered altogether too sophisticated an attitude toward life, whom I forbade my daughter to bring to our home. And soon after that—I can't imagine why—we began to disagree continually. And now Ethel has run away. If I could only find her and get her back."

This mother found her daughter, but she did not get her back right then, for the simple reason that she had been so stupidly careless in injuring the girl's feelings by her continual nagging and failure to understand, that for a long while the girl was embittered against her and reconciliation for months afterwards was impossible.

What did this mother do? Enraged by what she considered incorrigibility in the girl (although her daughter had never done any wrong), she had a policeman go to the furnished room which her daughter had taken

CLOSE RIVAL TO BROADWAY AS A MAGNET TO MISSING GIRLS IS THE GAY MOVIE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD—HOLLYWOOD.

An effort to keep pace with the developments of her daughter's interests outside of her home, she probably never would have had a runaway girl to worry about.

The Case of Rachel.

In too many cases, parents seem to think that they exist for the purpose of exploiting their children, getting all they can from them and giving very little in return.

For example, there was the case of Rachel, 15, who ran away from her Chicago home because she saw no chance of gratifying her ambition to become a writer of moving picture plays. She was one of 11 children and worked from morning until night in her father's shop. For this work she received the munificent sum of 2 cents a day. Before going to work and when she came home, she helped around the house. She had no friends, no one for social affairs, but this she did not mind. If she had been able to have seen some way of realizing her ambitions she would have been content.

She was not a foolish child, for she did not leave home until she had secured a situation as nursemaid to 2-year-old twins at a very satisfactory salary of \$5 a week and she would still be living there had not the words of a talk to girls on motherhood touched her heart and made her realize the suffering of her mother because of her disappearance.

She voluntarily returned to her home and is now working contentedly there for the sum of fifty cents a week, and this is all her own.

How easy it was to satisfy this girl's cravings. She was not unreasonable; all she wanted was to see ahead of her the chance of realizing her life's ambition.

Narrow-Blinded Parents.

Very often unhappy conditions are created by well-meaning, but mistaken parents. For instance, there was one father who as a young man had led a very wild life. When he married and settled down he made up his mind that his children should never have the chance to go wrong. So, when his little girl was growing into womanhood, he allowed her no amusement whatsoever, took her salary away from her every week and gave her the sum of ten cents a day for carfare and 15 cents for lunch.

What girl or spirit will drudge out her days for an allowance such as this, with none of the adornments which her love of pretty things crave and none of the pleasures and amusements which her social nature requires? Is it any wonder that she ran away from home?

There are a great many parents in America who refuse to allow their daughters adequate social life, who fail to realize that this is just as essential to the developing young soul as food is to the growth of the body. The young people who work for eight or ten hours—very often 12 strenuous hours, must have some opportunity for relaxation. If they are deprived of this, there comes a natural and inevitable rebound, which leads them to break away from all restraint and dash out into a life which is all the more alluring because it is unknown. And that is why so many mothers find a good-bye note pinned to the untouched pillow of their daughters' beds.

The American Father to Blame.

I am sorry to say that in the majority of cases of parental error it is the father rather than the mother

WHAT SENDS GIRLS WRONG?

Not all missing girls go wrong, but it is likely that a majority of them do. Those who do go wrong, it has been proved by a comprehensive sociological survey made in 1921, have done so for the following reasons. In this investigation the history of 1000 cases were carefully examined:

Cause of downfall—	No. of Cases.	Per cent.
Influenced by white-slavers.....	256	25.6
Trouble at home.....	210	21.0
Bad companions and bad amusements (including movies emphasizing sex appeal).....	187	18.7
Personal reasons (desertion, ill-fitted affections, love of idleness, etc.).....	177	17.7
Economic pressure (lack of work, need of money for necessities).....	170	17.0

who is to blame. The father will forgive things in a son which he will not forgive in his daughter. I recall the pathetic case of a New York girl who ran away from home and got into serious trouble in a nearby city.

We finally found her on the main street of this city flirting with a half a dozen sailors (it was in war time). There was nothing inherently bad about this girl. She had simply been led astray.

I shall never forget the sight of her as she came into my office—real golden hair tousled under her hat, set askew. Her big eyes were red for lack of sleep. The paint and powder lay thick on her face. Her parents were waiting in another room of my office and I was actually obliged to give her a thorough scrubbing and cleaning up before I could dare present her to her parents.

Finally I broached the news to her parents as easily as I could and later took the girl in to them.

The mother was loving and forgiving, the father cold as ice. He insisted that I send her to a reformatory or an asylum, anywhere to get rid of her.

"How can I face my neighbors after this disgrace upon our family," he said, and there was in his eyes as he spoke the same Pharisaical light

which I have seen in a great many fathers' eyes who have failed to understand that a girl led astray or even gone astray is entitled to at least as much understanding and forgiveness as a wayward son.

The upshot of this particular case was that, although I finally persuaded the father to take her home, he twisted her and rebuked her so often for what she had done in the past that she simply could not stand it and ran away again.

The Way to Stop It All.

Is there no way we can stop these girls from running away? Must our army of 100,000 missing girls annually increase next year and the year after that?

I know of only one way to solve this mystery of missing girls and that is to treat them more humanely, more intelligently in our American homes than we now are doing. Just because

they bob their hair, wear short skirts dance crazy dances and look a little more sophisticated than girls of the last two generations looked, does not indicate with absolute certainty—as many of our public figures have announced in gold print—that the younger generation is on the road to ruin.

Let's humor them a little. To my mind it is simply the result of an overdeveloped craze for imitation. We are getting to be as slavish in following the mode of fashions and actions of professional leaders as girls have become slavish in following the fashion dictates of Paris modistes in their clothes.

Let's give them happiness in their homes—companionship with worthwhile people. Then they will not seek bad companions. For if there are no lonely girls, I can tell you that there will be fewer missing girls.

Article No. 5
BY MRS. GRACE HUMISTON.

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WHY do American girls leave home by the tens of thousands each year? A distracted mother whose own girl had run away asked me recently, "I had to be frank, I had to tell her that the chief cause of missing girls as indicated by my experience in thousands of cases is simply this: trouble with the family."

"Well then, there must be something the matter with the American home," this mother replied. I had to be frank. I had to tell her the truth. There is something seriously the matter with the American home, and too frequently the blame lies with the parents. And in most cases I think it would be fairer to say the blame lies with one parent, for it is the American father who is much more to blame than the American mother for the 100,000 girls missing from American homes each year.

If the missing girls problem were decreasing in importance or even remaining the same in proportion to the normal increase of population, we might not need to worry about it. But the number of girls who leave home is increasing with alarming rapidity.

Do you realize that as many girls as boys run away each year?

Do you realize that when a boy runs away it does not necessarily mean much, but when a girl is missing it is a perfectly certain indication that there is something wrong in her environment—in most cases something wrong with the home.

The Business Girl Progressive.

Mothers and fathers, keep pace with your daughter—particularly if she is in business—would be my message to American parents who worry away their girls' modern tendencies. Here we have in 1922 millions of young girls working in offices, factories and stores, where 25 years ago you could count them only by the thousands.

Parents must realize that girls cannot be closely in touch every day with this world of business affairs. cannot be thrown in close contact with men of all sorts and conditions without being different—more progressive and less conventional, if you please—than the girls of 25 years ago who led more cloistered lives.

"Oh! This terrible business is spoiling my daughter," an American

after running away, and straightway hale her before the women's court on the pretext that she was a vagrant.

Now the facts of the matter were that the girl was still instinctively a lady in spite of a few unconventional mannerisms and affectations in dress. The sight of a police woman in her room instantly aroused a bitter antagonism toward her mother. What she appeared before the judge and heard no complaint pressed, it only made her the more angry.

"Why should I go back? I will never go back," she said.

I have learned, however, from my long experience with girls that the time always comes sooner or later, even with the most embittered girls, when they reach that height of common sense which commands a broad view of human relations. Within a few weeks the time came with Ethel. When she returned to her mother's arms I assembled them in a little dining-room conference of their own and at which they willingly agreed to live their lives, each as they considered it necessary to their happiness—to share their lives as much as possible, but not to intrude upon each other's pleasures.

The result of this has meant more freedom to the girl, and, much to the mother's surprise, the girl has been happy ever since. This is a typical case. I have run across thousands like it. The mother sitting at home, living a comparatively sheltered life, look entirely too seriously the few chances in her daughter wrought by her sudden dip into a business career. If she had only spent more time in thinking of positive things to do to enlarge her daughter's happiness instead of emphasizing the negative side—"don't do this" and "don't do that"—and if she had made

THE DAUNTLESS LYSANDER—W. Godfrey

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that he could see a tiny pulse beating in her throat.

"Couldn't you tell me about it, Lysander?"

"Why, Amy, there's nothing to tell. It's a mistake. I can't understand how—"

He stopped.

She turned to close the front door carefully, and waited a moment, listening with her head on one side. The house was quiet, save for a faint rattle of Miss Bard's typewriter away off upstairs. Outside a mocking bird trilled a few notes in the great pepper tree.

Amy held Lysander's eyes with hers; she breathed quickly and her lips trembled. She put her hand to the breast of her gingham dress and glittered merrily through her shaking fingers like untouched fountain spray—a diamond and platinum chain value \$10,000.

How long they stood staring at each other, with the thing like a marvelous serpent dangling between them, then Lysander wet his lips and a hoarse whisper issued: "Where'd you get it?"

"You know," her lips formed.

"No, no. No, I don't!" Hysteria shook his cautious tones. "I don't know, I tell you." Not knowing why, he took her by the shoulders and held her so.

"Tell me," he commanded.

She did not try to release herself, profound mystification frowning on her young forehead.

"It was in your car. Didn't you put it there?"

His amazement was so genuine. "Of course not! How could it have got there?"

She said him then, in eager, panting whispers how, after McKay had looked the car over and gone, she, moved by some inexplicable impulse, had gone out and looked at it, too. She had felt—terribly "peep"—and had sat down on a box that was, there in the shed—to think it all over. And

sitting there, just at the right angle maybe, she saw something hanging from underneath the car somehow, and she had crawled under and pulled it out—and it was this. All dirty, but she had washed it and—and—that's all.

How it came there no one would ever exactly know, since Henrietta was dumb. All that Lysander could think of was that the chain had become unfastened and fallen on one of Henrietta's wheels, and been thrown up in some way when it turned, to lodge on some little projection of her silent frame. He got this out feverishly to Amy.

"You believe me, Amy, don't you? You know I didn't know anything about it. You believe me, don't you?"

"I do believe you, Lysander."

"Solemnly his quivering young lips touched her forehead. Happy man, who when all the world doubts has one left whose faith is untouched.

"But now! This costly linked mischief must be returned, and its return could be taken only by those blind ones as a confession of guilt.

"I'll go with you, Lysander," Amy decided at last. "We'll just tell them how it was, and they'll have to believe us!"

"I couldn't let you go to that. I couldn't let you be mixed in it."

"I'm sure they'd believe me, and it would help straighten it out better."

"No," Lysander shook his head. "But it's mighty sweet of you. Besides, your mother wouldn't let you."

"That's a good idea," said Miss Amy. "We'll just tell her all about it and take her with us!"

And they did.

"Well," said Mr. Willard after it all, and his eyes had softened good deal when they met Amy's spirited yet pleading ones. "It's a queer thing, but I guess I'll have to believe you, Miss Amy. And to make it right, I'm going to ask this young man's pardon, and urge him always to justify your fine faith in him." So

after all he wasn't such a bad old king.

And then, just to finish it off, while the three of them waited for an elevator, the mother woman and the pretty, eager young girl, and the solemn, boyish fellow, there emerged from the elevator the princess herself—Miss Phyllis, all dolled up like a million dollars and leaving behind her an atmosphere of much self-satisfaction and the fragrance of an expensive perfume.

Lysander felt a light touch—Amy had slipped her strong brown little hand through his arm. Darling, staunch little pal—Amy. What if the dream didn't come true? Perhaps life is holding for you just around the corner the sweeter gift that is for you.

Lysander swallowed hard. "You know, he said in a voice he tried to make very casual, "I believe I'll go in with Alfred Tibbory after all. Seems a nice fellow, and I think I'd like it better than—real states."

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Scientific Management Shown.
Edinburgh Scotsman.

"Dicky," said his mother, "when you divided those five caramels with your sister, did you give her three?"

"No, ma. I thought they wouldn't come out even, so I ate one 'fore I began to divide."