

W. J. White
1911

Father's Day In Hollywood

Mary Jane White

It is Father's Day in Hollywood, especially in the gorgeous Beverly Hills home of the glamorous actress, Roberta Duprez Conley Enfield Morgan Stienfeld Stable Golightly Montjoy, the former Mamie Snitch. Her sons and daughters are clustered around a front window awaiting the arrival of their fathers.

Roberta, the most devoted mother in all filmdom—she spends as much as fifteen minutes a year with her children—is in the background gritting her teeth. She despises Father's Day.

She looks at her brood and says sweetly: "Now get this straight. No rat race like last year. You're all old enough to know your own fathers. Don't all of you go jumping on the first man that comes running up the walk." She looks dubiously at young Pierre. "Young Pierre," she says, "Who is your father?"

Young Pierre scratches his head for a moment and then says proudly: "My father is Mark Stable."

Roberta stamps her foot. "Mark Stable is not your father. He is little Louella's father."

"No, he ain't either," little Louella pipes up. "Hector Golightly is my father."

Roberta counts on her fingers and mumbles: "Fifth child, first husband, second husband, third,—Ummm hmm. You're a smart girl, Louella. Hector Golightly is indeed your father."

Roberta counts and mumbles some more. "Pierre, your father is Foxhall Stienfeld. Please remember that."

Roberta is still worried. Which child is Mark Stable's? He's got one somewhere in the bunch, she's fairly certain. She decides to use some psychology.

"Children," she say brightly. "Let's see who's the smartest. Whose father is Mark Stable?"

"Don't look at me."

"He ain't mine."

"Mine neither."

"Ah'm Fairfax Morgan's boy, mahself."

This blanket denial irritates Roberta immensely. "This is revolting. One of you has to be Mark Stable's child. Now confess it. Who are you?"

Silence. Roberta begins checking their ages against her marriages. "Rochambeau, it's between you and little Hedda. Now, out with it." (She makes a note to spend a half hour with them next year and get their names straightened out.)

Just then a man turns in the driveway. Roberta calls in her secretary.

"Quick," she says. "Who is this man? He looks familiar, but I don't remember ever marrying anybody that old. You don't think he's got a child in this bunch, do you?"

The secretary peeks out. "Why, Mrs. Montjoy, that's your father! Your mother's fourth husband."

"Oh!" says Roberta, and heads for the aspirin.

Austin's paper **The Fallacy of Extreme Pacifism**

(The Editor Invites Contributions Concerning This Subject From A Different Point Of View)

Robert E. Malsberry

The fallacy of extreme pacifism, according to A. Lawrence Lowell, author of "The Student Mind," lies in the idea that any one nation's remaining defenseless can bring about frankness and mutual confidence among nations. One might as well expect to abolish banditry by disarming a town's police force.

Although I fully agree with Mr. Lowell, to me the real emptiness of pacifism is shown by its lack of any constructive