

WOMEN'S MODESTY COOL UP IN SMOKE?

Cigarettes in Public Cafés the Sequel of Giddy Merrymaking

A WARM, white cloud, exhaled in graceful curves from warm, red lips, whose curves are more graceful, more delicate, more perfect.

It ascends slowly, heavily, until it pales into blueness and cloys the honest air, reeking and foul.

The face below it, relaxing into the opiate dulness of mere animal enjoyment or flashing into the fire of purely animal animation, seems to have breathed out, in the redolent cloud, the soul that was distinguishingly human.

This the modern American girl—the supposedly pure, clean-minded, wholesome American girl—with her cigarette! And above her, lost, if it be not the soul her forbears used to work and pray to save, at least the modesty which has been for generations its most lovely attribute.

Who shall say whether the disaster has come of the liquor that goes with the tobacco, or the tobacco that goes with the liquor, or the appalling conditions that have attended the popular advent of both? But no one can deny that the opening days and nights and the still few first weeks of the year 1908 give evidence of smoking, drinking and utter lack of moral discretion such as never before dismayed those who most love and cherish that miracle of the ages, that admiration of the world, the American girl and woman.

NEVER before has there been so much smoking by women in public places as has been seen this winter. In New York, Chicago and other great centers of population this was one of the most noticeable features of the riotous New Year's Eve celebration.

It takes a great deal to upset the stomach, to shock the sensibilities of New York. But smoking by

But the American woman and the American girl, fondly aided and abetted by adoring husbands and lovers ambitious of equality with the Old World in everything that meant luxury, enjoyment and, above all, fashion, overlapped at a bound all the restraints and prejudices—and all the safeguards—which attended the adoption of the cigarette by the classes whose practices they emulated.

They brought it home with them when they returned from London, where they beheld their own compatriots, married to titled Englishmen, leading the new and agreeable mode.

At private luncheons, at exclusively "girl" affairs, at fashionable schools, in rigid secrecy, the cigarette habit spread. It gained the indorsement of society as something proper to the time of marriage, and jeweled cigarette holders, costing from \$200 to \$500, became features among wedding presents a couple of years ago, when women contributed their share to the consumption of the 10,811,000,000 cigarettes, Turkish, Vir-

ginia and Havana, that were made in the United States during the fiscal year.

For a little time, the leading restaurants of New York wondered whether they would ruin their reputations if they permitted women to smoke and for a little longer time, the women who did smoke tried to condone the publicity by a discretion that was almost surprising.

But the hotels of the great east port of the country were confronted by the desire of foreign guests—

notably those from Austria and Germany—to have liberty with their tobacco; they could not afford to appear "provincial." The cigarette had its way there and American women were at once ready to assert their rights and privileges.

The woman with her own monogram on her cigarettes followed the woman who made her own selection of some favorite brand at the tobacconist's. The

girl who had smoked, while she trembled at her audacity, during her school days, now smoked, unashamed, before the whole, wide world.

And as many drank, Secret drinking, even more than public drinking, has so long been the object of universal condemnation from the pulpit and from the press, that it has become an old story—an evil that is too commonplace to stir interest, a thing to be relegated to the homilies of the pastor and the advice of the physician.

But the spectacle of young women, who are little

more than girls, ordering the peculiarly masculine highball and cocktails and indulging in champagne in restaurants, to an extent that passed beyond ebriety, became so common that it was not commonplace. It was a public scandal. And if the cigarette did not invariably go with the liquor, the liquor always came in with the cigarette.

The nation will not soon forget the culmination which "yaw the New Year in" in New York and in half a dozen other large cities.

It cost a million in New York alone, along Broad-

way alone. It was one vast orgy of alcohol and smoke—the alcohol wholly in the form of champagne, because champagne was the most expensive lure to debauchery they knew, and the tobacco in the form of Turkish cigarettes, because Turkish cigarettes permitted the most wholesale indulgence in tobacco without precipitating the nausea inevitable upon the champagne.

Modesty of American girlhood! From the time of Louisa M. Alcott down to a little while ago in New York there had been nothing in the Christmas and New Year festivities that could leave upon a good girl's cheek a flush less innocuous than the bright and wholesome color that comes of out-of-doors, of harmless gaiety and homely American fun.

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A Moment of Pleasure in the Dordoir

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Just a Whiff After the Theatre.

span this winter that an official protest was aroused the other day.

This took the form of a measure, passed unanimously by the New York Board of Aldermen, prohibiting such exhibitions of feminine immodesty as have shocked the more strait-laced of that city recently. This ordinance, given here, explains the law.

No person, firm, partnership, corporation or association, of whatever character, owning or controlling, either as proprietor, as lessee, or as tenant, any restaurant, place of public entertainment or other place of public resort, in the city of New York, in which people meet and congregate, whether for purposes of refreshment, entertainment, or otherwise, shall allow any female to smoke in any such hotel, restaurant, place of public entertainment or other place of public resort, such an act being construed as in contravention of the provisions of section 14 of Section 49 of the Greater New York charter.

Any violation of the provisions of this ordinance, upon conviction thereof, before a city magistrate, shall be punishable by a fine not exceeding \$100, or by imprisonment in the city prison, or by both; but no imprisonment, however, shall exceed a term of ten days.

It takes a great deal of provocation to awaken New York to a sense of shameless conditions. What, then, brought about this official prohibition? Let us indulge in retrospect.

Twenty years ago, the cigarette smoked by woman was a badge of infamy in England. It was the shocking attribute of foreign adventuresses who sought to work their wiles in aristocratic English society. Jerome K. Jerome implanted its permanent notoriety in the English language, when he attached it to villains, male and female, of his "Stagland."

The Spanish woman, the Italian, even the French and the daring Russians might indulge in their cigarette, and, within their own countries and their own circles, forfeit no quality of their caste. But for the English woman it was depravity; for the American, abomination.

Within only two decades—within the brief lifetime of the girl baby born this and a woman now—England has capitulated, and America, which is so young in cosmopolitanism and so young in vice, has learned of its elders, as headstrong youth usually learns eagerly, extravagantly—very, very expensively.

SOME CONTRASTS

It has not come unthought. Where the genuine cosmopolitanism of London brought to luncheons, at which cigarettes for the ladies were regarded as something necessary, various members of the royal family and the most refined women of the upper classes of society, American states, like Wisconsin, passed bills so drastic that all persons were forbidden to bring cigarettes across the borders.

Where the Empire Club and the New Century Club, in London, equipped commodious smoking rooms for the use of their members, states like Pennsylvania adopted measures which sought to so strictly safeguard their youth—girls as well as boys—that not only was the sale of cigarettes to minors prohibited, but it was made a punishable offense for a husband to give his wife a cigarette if she had not reached the age of 21.

Twenty-five Years of Silent Preaching...



RULES FOR SPEECH.
LET HIM SPEAK WHO IS TRUE.
LET HIM SPEAK WHAT IS USEFUL.
LET HIM SPEAK WHAT IS PLEASANT.
LET HIM TELL NO DISAGREEABLE TRUTH.
LET HIM UTTER NO AGREEABLE FALSHOOD.
THIS IS THE ETERNAL LAW.—S. CHRISTOPHER.

1908 FEBRUARY 2nd Mo.						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O THY GOD.						
3	4	5	6	7	8	1
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
RENEW A RIGHT SPIRIT WITHIN ME.						

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a prominent business man of Philadelphia, a member of the Society of Friends, had printed a great number of calendars, which he distributed gratuitously.

What was remarkable about the calendars was that on every leaf, above the arrangement of days, were three, four, or five mottoes, the sort of motto which, after reading in the morning, sticks in one's mind all day. Through a printing house these calendars were sent to churches, hospitals, schools and various institutions all over the country. The donor remained unknown.

Since then, each year, these calendars have been issued—always anonymously—until today they are sent to all parts of the world, and the annual distribution numbers many hundreds of thousands.

Last fall the mysterious donor of the calendars died, and now the members of his family—through the publishers—announce that they will continue the unique philanthropy. But they give no clue to the name of the man who sought in this way to preach the truths of the gospel, and so the origin of