

SAYS GALLANTRY IS WANING

And the Old Fashioned World Is on the Decline.

Woman's Prominence in World of Business the Cause—She Can Take Care of Herself.

Gallantry is the advance officer, flirtation the personal attendant of Cupid. Some English magazine is taking up the question, "Is gallantry dying out?"

Without question the old-fashioned gallantry and the old-world gallantry is on the decline.

Woman's prominence in the world of business has led to a great camaraderie between the sexes, but it has done away with the troubadour type of lover, who wooed beneath a window, and with the carpet knight, who was forever picking up my lady's glove and concealing it in his breast.

All that was very pretty as far as it went, but it did not go far.

The troubadour sang beneath a great many windows, and the carpet knight had so large a collection of gloves he could not remember their owners' names.

When woman was nothing but a flower she was easily picked and tossed away after she began to fade.

When man made gallantry a business there was little sincerity under it.

The foreigner is more gallant in the general acceptance of that word than the American.

But he is, too, less sincere, as a class, in his attentions to us as our own men.

He would be sooner to see that we needed a chair brought, or a book cut, or a wrap about our shoulders, but he would be slower to risk his life for us if we were in danger, or to work with might and main to give us comfort and pleasure.

He would be first in the lists if the tournament was one of compliments, but the American would worst him when usefulness and honest devotion were the tests of valor.

Compliments are always pleasing to woman, and she is easily flattered by having a man anticipate every wish in small matters.

Gallantry is an excellent thing in man, as coquetry is in woman. But the woman is wise who waits to find how much real man exists under the veneer of gallantry before she gives her life into his keeping, and the man is wise who waits until he finds the real woman beneath the coquette's mask before he trusts her with his name and honor.

I do not believe anything in the course of human events can materially change the attractions of the sexes. So long as men and women exist they will be drawn together by that subtle and mysterious fascination which is the foundation of the universe.

But I dislike to see woman becoming too matter-of-fact in her association with man. I regret to see men treat her more like a "good fellow" than like a possible sweetheart. And that is just what the present situation seems to promote.

The woman who goes "downtown" to business every morning in a train full of men and back again at night, the woman who is competing with men for positions and salaries, is unconsciously lessening the gallantry of the masculine sex, though she is in no way altering the real sentiment for woman-kind, which is inborn and must exist while the race lasts.

To a certain degree I believe she is improving man's morals, but I fear she is marring his manners.

He has more respect for us than of old, but we are less of a mystery to him. He has less conceit, now that he knows we can make our own way in the world and are not dependent upon him for our every comfort and pleasure, but he has, too, lost a certain sense of seeming protection which was very charming to see and feel.

Not that it meant what it seemed, for it did not. It meant only protecting us against other men and taking every possible advantage of our innocence, our ignorance and our weakness himself.

Still man was a much more picturesque object in the world of romance when he took that attitude of bold defender (and secret reducer) than he can possibly make himself today with the altered conditions.

It is undoubtedly a hard part to play—to set the gallant protector to a woman who looks you in the eye and knows just how much and how little it all means, and, who, as you know, is eminently able to protect herself.

It is really easier to drop the gallant role and become her comrade.

If woman will realize the situation in time she can, if she will, restore something of man's lost gallantry. It all depends upon her attitude. She can progress as fast as she chooses, and still keep him the chivalrous cavalier if she has the tact and the desire, for in the main men are always thinking of

women as they desire to be thought of. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A Little Love Story.

If Peter James entertained a passion for pretty Edna Fletcher, nobody knew it but himself, for he was one of those honest, retiring, soft-hearted natures that never tell of their finer feelings.

Discouraged by his small chances of success, for Edna, like most pretty girls, was a bit of a flirt, Peter accepted a profitable offer to go to California and leave Port Raynor.

Peter was scarcely missed in the social gatherings that made the summer houses pleasant at Port Raynor, but Edna wondered what made them all so suddenly dull to her.

She had plenty of attention from her old friends and neighbors and from all the visitors who saw her pretty face and graceful movements. But her hero did not appear, and Peter Jones was in California.

He was growing rich in California, Mr. Fletcher said, being a good business man, with a fine opportunity made for him by the firm which had sent him out. He would find some fair, gentle girl who was not petulant and would give the return he deserved for his love and devotion, and he would marry her, of course, and never come back to Port Raynor. And here the sigh would have its way.

Mrs. Fletcher was surprised that at 21 Edna, the most attractive girl at Port Raynor, was Edna Fletcher still. Tom and Will were both married and living in the city where Edna spent the winters with them and had rejected several offers. She would not acknowledge to her own heart that all her love had been given to Peter.

Three years' Peter Jones had been in California and had been placed at the head of the branch house there, working faithfully in the interest of his employers and slowly but surely making his own fortune.

It was dusk on a summer evening when the train drew up at the Port Raynor station and one gentleman stepped out upon the platform.

"No baggage," he said to the waiting porter, and he sauntered up the road toward the Jones farm.

But the same road led him first to the gate of Mr. Fletcher's large, handsome house. There was no group upon the porch, as there had been always in the old times. "Of course not," the newcomer thought impatiently. "All the young folks are married and away."

He hesitated at the gate, and he thought he could spare time for a short call, only to inquire for Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, old friends, who demanded some courtesy from a neighbor so long absent.

He went across the grass to the low French window. This had been always his path to the house, and he smiled as he found himself on the spot where he had left Edna three years before.

"I'll go to the front door and ring," he thought, but going a moment to glance through the half closed blinds. Two figures, dim in the gathering darkness, were on the sofa. Both wore light dresses, and they were close together, as if talking confidentially.

Peter did not think that he was being an eavesdropper. He only lingered because he recognized a voice whose tones had always been the sweetest music in his ears.

"But why need I marry anybody?" That was what Edna said. Not married—not married!

Peter did long to shout the words, but a quiet, low voice answered: "You need not, Edna. But papa and I wonder sometimes if our little girl's heart is really so set against marriage or if she is hiding some secret from us."

"Secret! I never had a secret!" "You are not engaged, then, without our knowledge?"

"No. How could you think such a thing?" "And you really have never loved any of your suitors?"

Silence. Peter Jones knew that he was playing a very mean part, that he had no right to wait for the unveiling of a maiden's heart in this sly fashion, and yet he could not stir.

"Was there any one, Edna," Mrs. Fletcher said very gently, "who won my daughter's heart and did not know the treasure was his?"

A choking voice answered: "Yes, mamma, but don't ask me who it was. He—he was nobody in particular."

Peter Jones walked around to the front door and rang the bell. Nobody would have guessed by his quiet manner that his heart was throbbing to suffocation, his hands cold, his head dizzy with the sudden rush of great hope.

There was light in the wide drawing room where presently Mr. Fletcher and Edna came to greet him, and Edna, prepared by his card, was self-possessed and gracious. She had changed in those three years and lost her petulance, was more womanly and yet as pretty as ever. And Peter Jones knew that the love in his heart was not conquered, but strong as death there still.

"Well, just to think of it!" Mrs. Jones said when she came home from the wedding. "That Edna should refuse such splendid offers as she has and marry our Peter! She was always talking about grand, heroic men, and he

has not even a name—only the one we gave him. Dear, dear!"

"You'll be contented, Edna?" Peter said, when they stood on the steamer's deck, bound for California. "You know, dear, I'm only a business man there as here. Nobody in particular." —New York News.

An Old Man's Crime.

The great Yukon country famous for its wonderful production of gold, has furnished another awful tragedy that is extremely pitiful in its details.

Phillip Deidrich, white haired and bent with the weight of 80 years, is confined in jail at Nome, charged by his two sons with the murder of Louis Boruf, on the 13th of last April, at Holy Cross Mission on the lower Yukon. The killing was the result of a feud. The two sons are the only witnesses. Deidrich and Boruf lived near each other and were firm friends at the beginning of last winter and were interested in business together. How the quarrel first started is not known but it was caused by a trivial affair. Deidrich told his family of the affair but gave no particulars and his sons thought the matter might blow over.

One morning he left the cabin with his rifle over his arm and stole out to the river bank where Boruf was working, took deliberate aim and fired. His sons, who had followed him, were too late to prevent the murder.

Deidrich and his two sons are now in jail at Nome awaiting the trial. News of the tragedy was brought down from Nome on the last steamer. —Alaskan.

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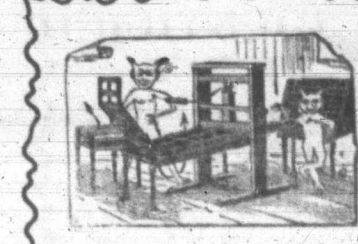
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