

MODESTY IS DECIDEDLY A CONDITION OF THE PAST

Mrs. Ellen Oldfield Writes in the
Chicago Tribune of Love-
Making in Public.

It has remained for an advanced and, I may say precocious, type of civilization to convince the world that the conventionalities and closely drawn rules of propriety which prevailed not so many years ago have been swept aside and buried in the whirl of our incessantly active age. That the world, as it grows older, is becoming more and more tolerant is shown in a good many ways; but to me at least this spirit of individual independence is no more clearly illustrated in any one single particular than by the remarkable liberties which the modern lover is taking with the public.

I was surprised not long ago to read an article touching upon the question of the recklessness and open-heartedness with which young people make love nowadays. It was pointed out in this connection that young men and young women were no longer particular where they made love, and that they were as apt to "hold hands" on a street car or in a public eating-house as in the seclusion of their own homes. I confess that I was not impressed by the truth of these statements, and determined to ascertain their correctness for myself; so, with this end in view, I carefully observed the scores of young people I met while going about. When I started in on my little "spying" mission I was not at all inclined to believe that the modesty of our fathers and mothers was so decidedly a condition of the past that the rising generation would actually carry love-making into public, but after a few days of observation I was forced to admit that the charge was substantiated by evidence of the most convincing sort.

I found young men and young women making love everywhere. I actually saw them holding hands in street cars, and all but embracing one another on the street, and what caused me to become rather vexed at myself was that this sort of thing had been going on about me for a long time, yet had escaped my notice. After reasoning with myself I came to the conclusion that I, like the world, had changed and was growing more tolerant and less observing of conditions as they existed today.

Without entering at all into the general question of demonstrative love-making, for that is largely a matter of individual opinion to determine, I feel called upon to say that this open courting, the flaunting of waste affection before the eyes of the public, is not only inexplicably foolish and

stupid but it is a serious reflection upon the young men and young women of the present day as well. To me it indicates that in at least this one respect they lack the sense. I cannot comprehend the insane impulse that prompts a young man to hold his companion's hand in a street car, nor can I penetrate the fluctuating insanity that leads anyone to flaunt an affection that should be sacred before the careless eyes of the public.

In general, my sympathies are with the young men and young women who should be treated with all the consideration one can bestow. For if there is any time in a man's life when he needs consideration it is when he is in love. I believe so. So do I believe in the showing of affection, for what sight is more inspiring than two persons who are honestly, seriously and sincerely in love and do not blush if the word happens to find it out? Love expressed in the eyes and by every move of the lover, if it is inspiring. But there is a fine distinction between inspiring love-making and the offensive practices indulged in by the rising generation.

Fancy your mother and your grandmother 50 or even 25 years ago riding in a crowded street car, and permitting some young man to hold her hand while idle spectators looked over the tops of their newspapers and smiled as though to indicate that they were tolerant, but just a bit skeptical, on the question of absolute sanity. Surely the maidens of those days did not permit themselves to be wooed—if, indeed, such conduct can be called wooing—in this public way. That our mothers and our grandmothers loved and were loved as ardently as is the case today cannot be denied, for suitors always have been and probably always will be ardent. But in the early times more stress was laid upon the rules of propriety. I have nothing to say on the general subject of courting. No girl perhaps could be won if she were not courted. This is one of the essential rules of the fascinating game of love-making. Yet there are proper places for courting, and I cannot make myself believe that public conveyances and the street come under this classification. This public love-making, so far as the public itself is concerned, is not objectionable, for it furnishes wholesome amusement for interested spectators, but the effect upon the lovers themselves is—or at least should be—humiliating.

No doubt a certain amount of spectacular courting is carried on unconsciously, but the practice is none the less disgusting on this account. If I were young again I should insist upon a part of the world, they cannot be depended upon to keep the wheels of industry turning.

NETHERLAND'S SUPPLY.

The discovery has recently been heralded with much joy that there is coal along a part of the southern border of the Netherlands. The prospect is now bright, and it is hoped that the coal will, in the near future, be supplied to the Netherlands from their own territory. Heretofore the country has imported from England and Germany all its coal, a very expensive item considering that the Dutch are a great maritime nation and require an immense quantity of fuel to coal their vessels alone.

Thus handicapped by lack of fuel, the Dutch have not attempted to compete in manufacturing enterprises with the nations around her. Most of the manufacturing industries relate to the transformation of their raw farm products into other commodities, as cheese, sugar, beer and other things. The Dutch have proven, however, that it is not necessary to have great manufacturing industries in order to be a very prosperous people. Everybody knows that the greatest source of their prosperity is their colonies, which, sixty or seventy times as large as the mother country, yield a vast quantity of colonial products that are turned over by Dutch merchants, enhanced in value by manufacturing and are sold at a good profit to the rest of the world.

RUSSIA IS RICH.

South Russia is very rich in coal while North Russia, in the latitude of St. Petersburg, is poor in this resource. This state of affairs results from a tariff regulation for coal imports. A merchant who brings a boat of foreign coal to any port of South Russia is compelled to pay a very high tariff which is intended to protect the coal mining interests of that part of the kingdom; on the other hand if coal is shipped to any of the Northern ports as St. Petersburg or Riga, a lower tariff is placed upon it is only one-third as great. It is cheaper to send coal to those ports from England than it is to ship it to the Baltic from South Russia and so the government helps the people of the north by imposing a lower tariff upon the foreign coal they buy.

Sweden is another country that is able to mine very little coal and uses charcoal to smelt its iron ore. No country using charcoal instead of coke in the manufacture of pig iron can ever compete with the great steel-making nations; it is not surprising therefore to see Sweden sending most of her superior steel-making ores to England and Germany. Here and there is a country which has superabundant supplies of coal but mines little of it. Such a condition of affairs shows, of course, a low condition of industrial development. China is such a country and so is Spain. In the latter country coal is imported from England to drive locomotives over some of the richest coal fields in the world.

These facts show that though great coal fields are very desirable possessions, some of the nations are getting on very well even though they must needs buy all or most of the coal they use.—New York Sun.

A Modern Fable.

A man who had three weeks of vacation coming to him began to get busy with an atlas about April 1. He and his wife figured that by keeping on the jump they could save Niagara, Thousand Islands, Atlantic City, the

Mammoth Cave and cover the Great Lakes.

On April 10 they decided to charter a house boat and float down the Mississippi. On April 20 he heard of a cheap excursion to California with a stop-over package at every station and they began to read up on Salt Lake and Yellowstone.

On May 10 he had drawn a blue pencil all over a folder of the Madison Park and Hotel rates and they were set down in his pocket memorandum book.

Ten days later she vetoed the mountain trip because she had got next to a Kanikot establishment where family board was \$6 a week, with the use of a horse.

On June 1 a friend showed him, by making two changes and hiring a car, he could penetrate the Deep Woods where the foot of man had never trod and the black bass came to the surface and begged to be taken out.

On June 15 he and wife packed up and did the annual hike up to Uncle Foster's place in Brown county, where they ate with the hired hand and had greens three times a day. There were no screens on the windows, but by climbing a hill they could get a lovely view of the pike that ran over to the county seat. More than a summer camp in the spring there would be a lot of travel.

The Milliner Won.

Once there was a good young man who delivered milk and sang in the choir. He allowed his affections to get all snarled up with a tall female elfin named Sophy. Fate kissed him and he had to get out of the picture. It appeared that Sophy had no time for him because he was about two notches below her in the social scale. Sophy's father was an auctioneer, and such conduct can be called wooing—in this public way. That our mothers and our grandmothers loved and were loved as ardently as is the case today cannot be denied, for suitors always have been and probably always will be ardent. But in the early times more stress was laid upon the rules of propriety. I have nothing to say on the general subject of courting. No girl perhaps could be won if she were not courted. This is one of the essential rules of the fascinating game of love-making. Yet there are proper places for courting, and I cannot make myself believe that public conveyances and the street come under this classification. This public love-making, so far as the public itself is concerned, is not objectionable, for it furnishes wholesome amusement for interested spectators, but the effect upon the lovers themselves is—or at least should be—humiliating.

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HELENA, THE ROYAL FLIRT

Grand Duchess of Russia,
Who Threatens to Elope.

What Now Will Become of the
Handsome Man She Loves?

Love Affairs of a Princess Whose
Latest Is a Romance of En-
thralling Interest.

What will become of the handsome member of the Russian Imperial Guards, with whom capricious Grand Duchess Helena, the czar's cousin, renowned as the greatest royal flirt in Europe, threatens to elope?

All Russia wants to know the answer to this interesting question, although nowhere will you find a Russian who dares to discuss the subject or even to mention the name of the unfortunate young Count Lyof Loubetskoi.

Whether the penalty of being loved by an unruly princess is to be Siberia or imprisonment in a Russian fortress, or whether after all imperial clemency can be strained to the point of restoring the young soldier to a position whose etiquette was violated, not by him but by the princess, is a point that nobody can determine but the czar, and there is no indication that the czar has as yet made up his mind.

From the royal point of view that a princess should love a guardsman is considered a crime, for the czar's man's point of view it is possibly more of a misfortune than a blessing; but from the point of view of the ordinary subject of the empire the whole affair constitutes a romance of enthralling fascination.

A princess of the royal blood, glitter of half a dozen heirs to crowns, committing indiscretions for the sake of a petty officer, the lovely temptress of the Romanoffs, most willing princess in Europe, most wayward of the czar's millions of subjects, openly suing for the favor of a mere guardsman—why, the dullest serf thrills when he hears of it!

When His Majesty Nicholas II. shall find sufficient respect from his own anxieties to consider judicially and imperially the latest love affair of his daring young cousin, he will find himself in a position similar to that which once upon a time so aroused the royal hisses of that more than Bluebeard, Henry VIII. of England.

LIKE MARY TUDOR.

For there is the closest of parallels between King Henry's sister, Mary Tudor, and the czar's cousin, Grand Duchess Helena.

Indeed the present romantic situation in Russia is almost a duplicate of the one which Mr. Charles Major has so entertainingly told in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Mary Tudor, you will remember, the pretty 16-year-old shrew of the royal house of England, loved and even wooed as princesses may and sometimes must—Charles Brandon, who, like Grand Duchess Helena's sweetheart, was a guardsman. Her royal brother had commanded her to marry the aged Louis of France, promising her as dowry the rich dukedom of Burgundy. Defying the whole court the madcap Mary, shortly to become Empress of France, eloped at midnight with Brandon in boy's clothing, prepared to undertake a sea voyage as a private sailor.

Now for the modern parallel: Grand Duchess Helena, who is destined for an important diplomatic marriage, saw one day on her drive what she considered the handsomest, stalwartest young Russian in the kingdom, with a boyish blonde face and a proud military bearing no woman—or so, at least the princess thought—could regard unmoved.

Had the grand duchess not been the most gracious flirt in the world the matter might have ended there. But it didn't.

The next day she drove in the same direction at the same time. The guardsman was where she expected and she was where he wanted. The young couple were seen together in a barouche stopped stock still and he heard the stupefying summons to come and talk to her imperial highness!

SHOCKED BY HER BOLDNESS.

Count Lyof was quite adorably shy about responding, so much so that the czar's daughter broke her heart. "No goes in the last know how shyly," she stopped him again on the third day.

By this time there was, as can be imagined, a pretty flutter of gossip at court. Every detail of the princess's audacity was whispered over, gizzled at, magnified a thousand fold. In a week it was almost the only topic discussed.

Meanwhile observers reported that the grand duchess had given the guardsman one day her own corsage bouquet of violets, and that on another day she had, while he was on duty, boldly dropped a note for him to pick up.

Now this was really unkind. The poor young soldier was pitifully embarrassed as it was to be the recipient of such significant royal favor. But to be placed in a dilemma where he had either to neglect his soldier duty or to appear deficient in gallantry—this was really a severe test, and the gay young grand duchess knew it as well as any one.

Of course her soldier did not fail her. He left his post and picked up the note. For this he secured a smile from a pretty royal mouth and removal from his post when his superior officer learned of the incident. This constituted the crisis.

THREATENS AN ELOPEMENT.

And the grand duchess, even as Mary Tudor did, when she learned that Charles Brandon had been sent to prison for fighting a duel in her behalf, put in a stirring plea for her lover. When he was not immediately restored to his position she burst into a furious passion. For the princess has the wildest of tempers, which she showed early in life by throwing a cup of scalding tea in the face of her English governess and blinding her. On this occasion she issued an ultimatum: Either Count Loubetskoi must be restored or she would elope with him; an enterprise to which, everybody knows, she would be quite equal. But Nicholas, who is not a blusterer and who is inclined to be cau-

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tious in his actions, has not yet made known the guardsman's fate. And for the present the matter rests.

It is probable, however, that his imperial majesty will not regard the grand duchess' latest indiscretion with as great indulgence as though it were her first.

For, though only 18, she is already the heroine of more romantic episodes than most women can count up in a lifetime.

In reviewing them it is as well to remember that Helena is one of the two most eligible royal princesses in Europe, Princess Victoria of England being the other. Of the two, Helena is far more beautiful, more interesting and more wealthy. She has some twelve years the advantage in the matter of age.

Helene is the daughter of the important and powerful Grand Duke Vladimir, uncle to the czar, and as matters stand at present second in order to the throne.

SPOILED DARLING OF THE COURT.

The princess's beauty is inherited from her mother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who is known as the gayest woman in Russian society—and not in favor, therefore, with the present czarina—and whose distinction it is to have originated roulette as a favorite form of drawing-room entertainment in the palaces of St. Petersburg.

For years this girl has been the spoiled darling of the Muscovite court.

Not many years ago she was declared betrothed to Prince Maximilian of Baden. Prince Max thought himself much in luck, though he had barely met the grand duchess and had no inkling of her eccentricities.

But Helena, when she discovered that her fiancé was between 30 and 40, with a manner hardly sufficiently devoted for a lover and a tendency to baldness, coolly jilted him on the eve of the day appointed for the first ceremony.

Next her imperial highness was engaged to Prince Louis Bonaparte, who is a general in the Russian army. Prince Louis was a favorite of the czar, had led a life singularly free from scandal and seemed in every way a desirable parti. And this time Russia congratulated itself on the prospect of a French alliance.

But after letting Prince Louis believe that she was in love with him the grand duchess, when the time came for seriously arranging the marriage, only laughed at her lover.

TRIED TO MARRY HER COUSIN.

The grand duchess next turned her attention to her cousin, the Grand Duke Michael, the czar's brother and present heir to the throne, as the czar has no son. Michael was an engaging young man. But, more than this, he offered, so Helena thought, the opportunity to become czarina, and after capturing her cousin's heart she did her best to marry him. But the laws of the Russian Church, which forbid first cousins to marry, stood in the way.

In vain Michael pleaded with his brother for a special dispensation. Nicholas refused and so disapproved of the whole affair that he exiled his infuriated brother for a short period.

Perceiving the hopelessness of this the grand duchess permitted her family to arrange a marriage for her with Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Diplomatically considered, the match was a triumph.

When the plans were about to bloom into perfection, however, there came the usual outbreak from the princess. She refused to calm herself until this engagement was declared off, as the others had been.

Another distinguished claimant for the hand of the grand duchess was Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, cousin to the King of England and brother of the Princess Arlbert of Anhalt, lately divorced. But his suit was not smiled upon.

At another time it was reported that the Archduke Francis of Austria, heir presumptive to the throne, was engaged to the imperious princess.

At all events there is little doubt that she could marry any eligible prince in Europe whom she should choose to select.

Meanwhile the potentates of all the Russias have nightmarish visions of the Russian princess who, with Count Loubetskoi of the Russian Guards.

A Misfit Inscription.

The Westminster Gazette appears pleased with Mr. Carnegie's approval of the inscription of the monument to Mr. Pitt in the Guildhall, "he lived without ostentation, and he died poor." If Mr. Carnegie knows nothing about Mr. Pitt's private life the Westminster Gazette ought surely to be better instructed, says London Truth. Mr. Pitt simply let his affairs go to rack and ruin, and a man ever lived who was so frightfully robbed by his servants. He left debts to the amount of about £40,000, which were paid by the country, and this assuredly was not a creditable termination to his career, considering that he had no family, that during the greater part of his life he was in receipt of about £10,000 a year in salaries, and that he had the free use of two furnished houses (Downing street and Walmar castle), besides many valuable perquisites.

Last of the Snufftakers.

On either side of the United States Senate Chamber is an ancient snuff-box—one for Republicans and one for Democrats. The boxes are a survival of the old-time habit of snuff-taking, which was almost universal in the eighteenth century among persons of fashion and public men. The habit persisted well through the first half of the nineteenth century, but during the past 50 years snuff has gone out of style. The senate boxes, however, remain, and it appears that they are kept filled. A Washington paper recently noted that Senator Vest of

Missouri, and Senator Harris, of Kansas, who formerly used the boxes occasionally, have broken off the habit and that Senator Pettus is now their solitary patron. He is the last of the snufftakers in that historic body at least. "Every now and then he goes to one of the black coffee boxes and, taking a pinch, snuffs it. Then an expansive smile spreads over his face, and, with a look of thorough enjoyment, he sneezes." Senator Pettus being well over 80 years of age, came honestly by the snuff habit, since he was taught the grand manner of the old school of southern statesmen in 60 years ago.

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