DOES WOMAN'S MODESTY GO 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.

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, overleaped 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, Virginia 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 surreptitious.

But the hotels of the great entry 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 schooldays, 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 "saw the New Year in" in New York and in half a dozen other large cities.

It cost a million in New York alone, along Broadway alone. It was one vast orgie 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 innocent than the bright and wholesome color that comes of out-of-doors, of harmless gaiety and homely American fun.

This New Year's Eve in New York was a spectacle on which a decent girl could not bear to gaze without feeling herself polluted.

The introductory—the carnival of the streets, with its skylarking, its raucous horns, its impertinent feather ticklers—was hilarious enough; yet it did not greatly overpass the bounds of the harmless horseplay which characterizes the typical holiday crowd. If it was hilarious, it was not ribald.

But in the thronged hotel restaurants and in the notable and notorious restaurants that have no hotel attachments, debauchery, plain and undissembled, reigned from long before midnight until the very coming of dawn.

As usual, wine came before the cigarettes; and, as usual, when the cigarettes did come the wine flowed in hurried quarts instead of temperate sipping. Midnight and the shamed New Year found a shocking heritage of the year that was gone.

In every cafe, in every restaurant, in every public dining room, the girls and the women of New York were abandoned to the embrace of the saturnalia which began, a couple of hours earlier, with the glass of wine sipped slowly in assumption of dignified propriety and proceeded with the next hour to the cigarette, lighted amid the protesting laughter of feigned inexperience or the gravity of unfeigned connoisseurship.

As the night sped they degenerated into mere bacchanals, beautiful, wild with wine, the odor of their cigarettes, acrid in the retiring rooms where all the women were smoking, sweeping out into the main apartments to ascend, pungently blue, and join the mist that overhung the riotous scene.

NEW YEAR'S MAD WHIRL

If woman's modesty ever was lost it went up in smoke and down in wine on Broadway in New York during the early morning hours of the year's new day. The faces that laughed so vacuously, the cheeks that flushed so furiously, the eyes that flashed so brilliantly were not the faces of soulful, human women; were no longer the cheeks of modest or even decent girls; were far from the eyes of sane or rational human beings. They were the features of those who had come down jubilantly into animalism—to the bestiality of the drunkard.

And later, as they reeled, helpless, to the retiring rooms and tumbled senseless upon the floors, while their desperately clutched cigarette ends burned smoldering holes in the silks and laces of their splendid gowns, all semblance of beauty, of their humanity, even of their bestiality, departed. They were simply sodden heaps.

Modesty, morality, vestiges of superficial decency—they had vanished in the early stages of the debauch. They were New York's tribute to its deities of wine and cigarettes; of cosmopolitanism and success; of luxury and "fashion."

A week, and an alderman found the courage to introduce a local ordinance fining and imprisoning restaurant proprietors who permit women to smoke in their establishments—the measure that has now passed.

Will it be any guarantee of the extirpation of the cigarette from woman's lips?

Without such laws, and independently of them, does there remain among the leaders of society, on whom the responsibility for the practice rests, a sufficient discretion and a sufficient power to check it while it rises to its height.

And, failing these, is there the grace of her own salvation in the soul of the modern American girl, or has it already passed up and away, in the blue of the smoke from her red, curved lips?

Not long since the White Star liner Adriatic had a very stormy passage from the other side to New York. Perhaps the long trip grew monotonous; at any rate, it is said that after nearly every meal at least a dozen women could be seen smoking in the luxurious lounge room.

Lady Julia Duff, a daughter of Lord Lonsdale, and Miss Violet Vivian, one of the ladies of the household of Queen Alexandra, are credited with having begun the smokefests among the women on the trip, and were soon joined by a number of the fair passengers. Perhaps a smoking room for women will have to be added to the popular transatlantic liners.

A Moment of Pleasure in the Boudoir

First a Whiff After the Theatre.

The Aftermath of a Good Dinner

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 itself:

> No person, firm, partnership, corporation or association, of whatever character, owning or controlling, either as proprietor or manager, any hotel, 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 or entertainment, 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 subdivision 14 of Section 49 of the Greater New York charter.
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> Any violation of the provisions of this ordinance, upon conviction thereof, before a city magistrate, shall be punishable by a fine of not less than $5 nor more than $25; or by imprisonment in the city prison, or by both; but no such 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 strait-laced English society. Jerome K. Jerome implanted its permanent condemnation in the English language, when he attached it to villains, male and female, of his "Stageland."

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.

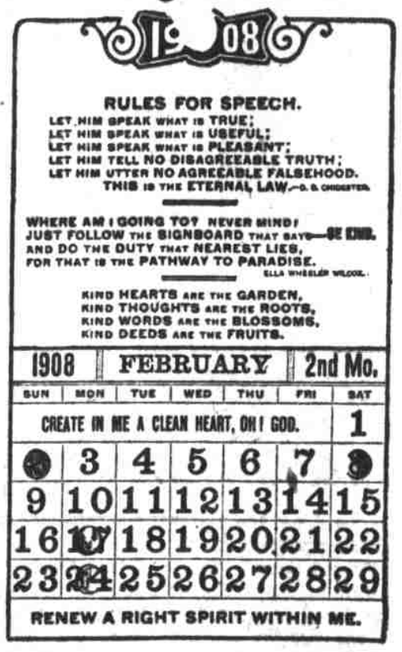
Within only two decades—within the brief lifetime of the girl baby born then and a woman now—England has capitulated, and America, which is so young in cosmopolitanism and so young in vice, has learned of its elders, as headstrong youth usually learns—eagerly, extravagantly—very, very expensively.

SOME CONTRASTS

It has not come unfought. 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 all the London restaurants, especially the fashionable ones, accepted the after-dinner cigarette of their fair clienteles as the ordinary and eminently proper course of events, Indiana went to the extreme of repressive law and made it a crime for a woman to so much as have a sheet of cigarette paper in her possession.

Twenty-five Years of Silent Preaching ...



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 this widely known motto calendar promises to remain the mystery it has been for a quarter of a century.

PERHAPS on your desk—wherever you may be, in the United States, the Philippines, in China, Russia—there hangs a small calendar, printed in white and blue, containing mottoes. They are sentences that attract your attention, that stir noble thoughts and impulses.

On the January page for this year, for instance, you read:

> Make the Best of Everything;
> Think the Best of Everybody;
> Hope the Best for Yourself.

A good reminder at the beginning of the day, isn't it?

Or here is a prayer, quoted from Canon Wilberforce:

> Lord, for tomorrow and its needs I do not pray;
> Keep me from stain of sin just for today;
> Let me no wrong nor idle word unthinking say;
> Set thou a seal upon my lips just for today.

Then follows a quotation from Richard Watson Gilder:

> Sow thou sorrow and thou shalt reap it,
> But—sow thou joy, and thou shalt keep it.

And:

> Pray that ye enter not into temptation.

Each month as the possessor of a motto calendar tears off the old sheet, new mottoes confront him. They strike one by their trenchant significance, and there can be no doubt that during the twenty-five years these calendars have been published these mottoes have influenced the daily lives of thousands of men and women.

Shortly before his death, last fall, the donor of the calendars completed arranging the mottoes for the calendar for the present year. This was a work requiring no small amount of research and labor. The mottoes were such that, having read them, you would not forget them, and the venerable Quaker showed a remarkable discrimination in the selections.

When he first issued the calendar, twenty-five years ago, he did not dream the demand would increase to the proportions it did. The first printing numbered several thousand.

Engaged in business in Philadelphia, the gentleman wished to do something to help others in their daily struggle. An extremely devout man, he shunned publicity, and all precautions were taken by the publishers of the calendar to conceal his identity. In "A Memoriam" issued with the calendar of the present year, a member of the family has written:

"It was a leading principle with him not to let his left hand know what his right hand did, yet his family feel that this, his last message, and in fact all his messages, will be made more impressive by some knowledge of his character and of his high purpose in the publication of these calendars.

"An earnest Christian, a member of the Society of Friends, he felt called to a ministry of quiet service rather than of public preaching, and conceived this original method of sending to offices, schools and homes a message, the result of his own struggles, which might be a stimulus to practical Christian living.

"He selected the mottoes himself; it was to him a work for the Master, and he prayed that a blessing might go with every calendar. He rejoiced in each new co-worker who helped in their distribution, and delighted in hearing of the good they did.

ON THE SIDE OF RIGHT

"Head of a large manufacturing business, he yet found time to serve his Master in private deed and public worship. Attentive to his work in the world, public spirited as a citizen, lovely in his home life, he was always found on the side of right, living what he taught. He was scrupulously honest in all his affairs, fearless, straightforward, generous, true, and a loyal friend to rich and poor."

Persons who were acquainted with the man said he took the greatest pleasure in preparing the calendars. Each night, when the work of the day was done, he would plunge into the volumes in his magnificent library and search for the mottoes which, he felt, might convey a message to those struggling with sin and temptation.

From poets, from dramatists, from novels, from the Bible, he selected the quotations; the authors ranging from Shakespeare to Ella Wheeler Wilcox; from the writers of the New Testament to the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

At first, the author thought the demand would be small. The first issue was distributed largely in Philadelphia. During the second year requests began to flood the publishers, and the third year demands came from other cities. In the years that followed the Motto Calendars spread over the earth. The "seed," as the author called his calendars, spread to every corner of the globe, and the "circulation" passed the 100,000 mark.

Among a few members of the Society of Friends in his native city the identity of the donor of the calendars became known, but to the thousands who received the calendars the giver remained a mystery.

Besides being interested in a large manufacturing plant, the philanthropist was a director in one of the large trust companies of his city and in a prominent bank. His was a busy life. One of his sons holds an important political office. In the arrangement of the calendars members of his family assisted him, all enjoying the labor of love.

Many persons might criticise the quality of the poetry on the calendars from a literary standpoint, but no one can fail to see the wisdom of such an admonition as this:

> A little toil and a little rest,
> And a little more earned than spent,
> Is sure to bring to an honest breast
> A blessing of glad content.
> And so, though skies may frown or smile,
> Be diligent, day by day;
> Rewards shall greet you after a while
> If you just keep working away.

Interested in the political reform movements in his city, the maker of the calendars was struck by the following verse, which strikes one as containing a germ of genuine wisdom:

> What a mighty reformation we would
> Witness through the land
> If the masses and the classes could be
> Made to understand
> That he wins at least one sinner from
> Dishonesty and self
> Who will let alone his neighbor and
> Just practice on himself.