

AS LOVEMAKING IMPROVED WITH THE FLIGHT OF TIME?



"Huguenot Lovers" by Millais

HOW ART AND DRAMA HAVE DEPICTED THE TENDER EMOTION.



"There is My Heart," by Vogler

SOME ONE has said the reason there are so many divorces in the United States is because the men do not know how to make love.

Alas! if this is true—if, in seeking the wherewithal to clothe our wives in silks or to buy roses for our sweethearts, we have lost the oldest of all arts!

They knew how to make love in the old times, and—some American women aver—some foreigners know now. Let us see how art has pictured love-making in the past.

That I might crush thee out of life and die—
Die of thy delight and my delight and be
Mixed with thy blood and molten into thee.
—Swinnburne.

A MAN is either a lover or not a lover. Love is a thing that is not lukewarm, and lovmaking cannot be done in a half-hearted way. It is to love or not to love. You can't win a bride by kissing her on the fingers and you cannot keep a wife's affection by lightly brushing the tip of her nose. Love has been the inspiration of some of the greatest works of art of all history. The



"Love and Art," by Rettig



"German Peasant Love Scene" by Millais



"Love Scene from a German Play" by Millais

old, old story has been delineated in colors by the greatest masters of the world. Raphael, Titian, Millais, Rosetti, Alma-Tadema—the greatest artists of all time have found the eternal theme the dominant note of art.

In ancient Greece sculptors wove their fancies in stone, and the loves of Eros and Psyche, Venus and Adonis, Orpheus and Eurydice, were conjured of pure marble, as today Rodin moulds in stone the story of burning hearts.

In art there are, as in music, many notes in the scale of love; but the motif is the same. In one age the lover is the poet, reading impassioned verses to his sweetheart—a Catullus raving of his adored; in another, he is the ardent serenade beneath his lady's window, a Romeo courting beneath the moon, a Paolo stealing a forbidden kiss; in another age he is the gay and debonair knight, waving farewell to his lady as he goes to war; and again he is the soldier holding yarn while his lady darns.

But in all ages, in all art, the love story is the same. Some lovers are diffident in life and art, and others impetuous and bold.

The Huguenot lover leaving his sweetheart loved no differently than the ill-fated Paolo; the passion of Romeo, his yearning and pain, no different, perhaps, than the impatience of the lover of early France beneath the eyes of a duenna.

Of course, a gallant lover can make love just as romantically while he drives in an auto-

mobile as a gay cavalier of the time of Louis XVI, who would cast ardent glances while he held the yarn for his demure sweetheart, who sat knitting under the vigilant eyes of the parents. But how many men nowadays know the nice little tricks of the art as well as the glorious abandon to the tempest that sweeps, stormlike, over the heart!

How many maids, reading their first love romance, sigh disconsolately for such lovers as the heroes depicted there; how many fair ones read breathlessly the dauntless demigod of a lover who saves Flossie, the mill girl, from being swept over the dam, or of the noble Englishman who pours love ecstasies as burning as the summer into the seashell ears of a tremulous Thelma! Oh, those days when gay knights rode off to war bearing the ribbons of their ladies!

Do men make love like that nowadays? Does the young broker, taking Miss Sylvie out for an auto spin, clasp her in his arms and tell her he would ride into the jaws of death for such love as hers? Does the gray-haired banker, returning home at night, take his wife into his arms and, kissing her, tell her that heaven lies in her eyes!

LIVES FOR PRINCE CHARMING

If they don't, they ought. From the time she reads the first dizzy strophe of Byron the average maid looks forward to, and lives for, the day when her Prince Charming shall step into her life. All her dreams, all her fancies weave about this expected ideal.

And when he comes! "I've got some money saved, Adeline; suppose we tie up!" Isn't it often that way? Or if, after visiting her formally a year or two he gets up courage to move shyly toward her and takes her hand—doesn't she feel a humiliating shattering of her hopes? Doesn't she ask herself why he doesn't, like a man should, simply pick her up from the floor and tell her he'll cast her into the briny sea if she won't be his, or something of that sort!

Every young woman has dreams of being asked to be some one's in the fervid language

A CHARMING DELINEATION

One of the most charming delineations of young love is Vogler's painting, "There is My Heart." Who fails to see that the lover has just asked her to be his—to have and to hold; that he has poured into his beloved's ears the "old, old story"? Her downcast eyes give no reply, but her hand—her hand resting unresistingly in his—tells him that her heart is his.

In the old days Cleopatra received Marc Antony in a gilded barge, and the world has sung of that romance. Hundreds of years before Pericles began a war because of the love of a woman. One of the most wonderful of romances is that of Romeo and Juliet. Who has not thrilled over the balcony scene, and who has not wept at a love ending so tragically!

Today, possibly, our romances are not staged so picturesquely. Our kings and queens no longer sail the seas in purple and golden galleons. Knights no longer go to war for their ladies. But is not love just the same? Our age may be commercial; we may lack the fire of the troubadours. We may not sing beneath our lady's window. But does not the same passion burn as of old? Some men may court formally and marry perfunctorily. But there are others who can love in the old, old way. Does lovmaking change with time? Love, a poet says, is the same "yesterday, today and forever."

They sit who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity,
Love is indestructible,
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.

of a Lord Byron or in Romeo fashion. And when it devolves into a meek, uncertain, commonplace request, with the remark that he knows where a nice house may be rented—wouldn't it make any romantic maiden mad!

On the modern stage modern lovers still make love in the good old-fashioned way. The love scene in a popular drama, pictured here, done in true Western fashion, possesses all the ardor of the romances of the days of the troubadours. How women flock to see popular actors play Romeo, and how many, sitting beside their unresponsive, rather phlegmatic mates, feel a surge of regret and irritation that hubby never did it that way!

How many have gazed with delight upon Rettig's famous painting of "Love and Art" and thrilled at the story! Here is a woman—one of the first of the really modern women—who rivals men in her art, whose name has been made, whose fame perhaps surpasses that of her lover. But when he comes, treating her as lovers did princesses in fairy tales, with un-speakable tenderness, with unbounded love—then what is fame, what is art? He sweeps all before him, and love rises triumphant over art.

NOT A PASTORAL AGE

How many men today consider lovmaking more important than their business? But then, you say, this is a prosaic age. How could men love maidens as they did in the marvelous poems of Schiller!

In those days a pastoral people lived in a romantic and beautiful country. Maidens were wont to go flower gathering in the fields. And the ardent swain, with bunches of flowers, would pursue her and falling on his knees present them, declaring his love. Wonder you that the skies sang above them and the birds caroled of their faith!

Yes, today many men send flowers—by the boxes—to their sweethearts. But how many select just the blooms she admires? How many men there are who, at Christmas, rush into a store and order \$10 worth of novels—leaving the selection to the tradesman—for the maids they intend to wed!

What tenderness is depicted in Millais' charming painting of the Huguenot lovers. They are about to part—troubles threaten them; and the young woman is endeavoring to save him from the impending massacre. As he faces her, what tenderness, what regret, what heart-aching in that glance!

That lover, surely, would not order jewels or flowers or books by the wholesale. He'd send his maiden one flower, one symbolic dower, and he'd write a poem—a poem palpitating with the love beating in his heart—to go with it.