

remained in their civilian clothes, in frock-coats without any decorations. The Emperor alone was an exception, wearing an admiral's uniform. We assembled in the so-called ladies' drawing-room of the vessel, which served us as a reading-room. The combined orchestras of the Hohenzollern and the Hamburg took their places in advance, and precisely at eleven o'clock the Emperor appeared. He stood in front of a pulpit and announced the Psalm that was to be sung. Both times it was the Lutheran choral "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott" (the Lord is our stronghold). The ritual was then read, as well as the Sunday epistle from the Gospels. Lastly came the selected sermon by Dryander lasting some fifteen minutes, followed by the Lord's Prayer, the Emperor leading. The service was concluded by music and the singing of the last verses of the Psalm.

The whole was dignified and impressive. The Emperor read without any sign of pathos, but with an expression which clearly revealed to one how deeply these questions touched his innermost thought. Conversations regarding the sermon were frequently started after the service, but they always treated of the purely human and never of the theological side of the contents.

I shall never forget how the discussion fell on the last Sunday upon the theme of "Babel and Babel" which already had given rise to so much controversy. The Emperor gave us a half-hour lecture on the historical connection between the old Assyrian and the Biblical versions, and the charm of his discourse arose not only from the ease and assurance which evinced his mastery of the subject—which by no means could be superficially treated—but also from the clearness of the rendering, and his broad, free and, I would say, historically lucid view of this problem.

We had a wireless telegraph plant on board and were in touch with home for two hundred miles

out from Scheveningen. After that we were in constant communication with the Friedrich Karl, which accompanied us. The Emperor is deeply interested in this new and important development in signalling at sea, and though thoroughly well-informed upon the subject was fond of talking with the chief operator as to future possibilities. Alert, eager, always showing the same keen appetite for facts which are new to him, he also showed that he was as excellent a listener as he was a talker; but this indeed was our constant experience of him throughout the trip. And that ripe sense of humor in

we landed anywhere he instantly became King and Emperor again, and the peculiar sense of ceremonial distance from us as contrasted with the freedom of men and yachtsmen of an hour before always struck me strangely. It needed no regulations to enforce it; it was in the man himself.

Lisbon, which in the course of its history saw for the first time a German Emperor, gave us everywhere an enthusiastic and magnificent reception. We passed through the principal streets as under an arch of German flags, and the manifestations of the population left no doubt as to the pleasure with which the high guest and his companions were seen. But the most gratifying impression was afforded us by the behavior of the German colony there. The magnificent hospitality which it offered us, the proved fact that even the social democrats among the German working-men did not wish to forego the honor of greeting their Emperor, the flourishing condition of the school and its fresh and healthy connection with the German Protestant Church of Lisbon, in short the German spirit pervading all, combined to gladden a German heart. We sent our Lisbon compatriots our thanks on a card on which the Emperor's name stood at the head of the signatures, a commemorative sheet which will surely find a place of honor.

A fully different character had our visit to Tangier. The sea was restless when we anchored in the roadstead, and the lowered boats danced on the waves which at times seemed to swallow them up. This impeded our landing until the waves somewhat calmed down under the rising sun. Emperor William and his suite were the first to sail in a steam-launch to the landing-place, while we followed in boats at shorter or longer distances from each other, so I could not witness the reception of the Emperor by Mulai Hassan, uncle of the Sultan. It is said to

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Emperor William Receiving the Delegations at Tangier

him which is rarely the gift of Kings always lightened all conversation in a most agreeable way.

Some of us were late to dinner, on occasion, without comment or rebuke. In the evening we played cards in the smoking-room, while the Emperor, who never played, walked the quarter-deck in conversation with some official. But whenever

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## THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHALK-LINE

WHAT enchanted ground it seems, the other side of the chalk-line, even though only an instant

before we stood indifferently upon it. It would take many sages to explain just why we long to trespass the instant it is prohibited, and to do those delightful things which we ought not to do, and to leave undone those health-giving things that we ought to do.

Had the Tree of Knowledge not been so definitely forbidden, Eve's reputation doubtless would have remained intact. Except among a godly few there is obviously a personal devil in us all, that clamors "Do it!" whenever a forbidden finger is raised or a stern command given.

Especially are women incited by opposition to investigate tortuous paths along which men jauntily tread. Sometimes they throw caution to the winds, whereafter somebody is weeping and wailing by the wayside.

From men to make-up woman's wilfulness runs amuck, especially when the men are labeled "Dangers" by Grundy or the make-up tabooed by kinsmen.

Our contention is not that man is less fond of things prohibited than woman—the contrary may be proven hourly. The fact that nothing, comparatively speaking, is forbidden man explains the riddle. To be just, we must acquit him of poaching upon feminine fancies and frills. What is masculine he loves. The things that are Caesar's, Caesar revels in. He hates borrowed property and spying. Not so woman. Ever since Clubdom began its sessions has she harkened and tiptoed about its doors, eager to know the doings therein. Whereas man, as a hare from its tormentors, will flee from an assemblage convened especially for women.

Like a thief in the night, has woman stolen from man. Who nowadays carries crested head because of a goodly array of four-in-hands, of bow-ties that really tie, of scarf-pins, and boiled shirts that glisten, to say naught of socks and glorious pajamas? Woman, of course, *pour quoi?* Does she love a collar that half decapitates? Longs she for a rattling, starched front? Does she admire her bifurcated image robed manfully for the night? Not so. She

By Minna Thomas Antrim

merely objects to monopolies (for men) and martyrizes to her convictions. And man! Does he in turn go questing among her chiffons, seeking what he may purloin? Heaven forbid! Rather war or sudden death for him than bodily torture of unaccustomed wear.

Why has cigarette smoking such siren charms for certain dainty maidens? Not because these girls are lacking in purity, or have a desire to acquire a vice. It is simply and solely because it seems naughty and is prohibited by convention.

If there were fewer digressions, there also would be fewer transgressions. Woman hates skeletons; but tell her there's one in a closet, she'll go quaking to listen to its rattlings. In business why has the new woman invaded trade centers and rented down-town offices? Because man, her rival, wishes her to remain up town, keeping the domestic fires alight and the household gods in order. She scorns his chalk-line, and letting who will rock cradles and dust bric-a-brac, she goes to, and does, she thinks, a man's work. By the sweat of her brow she will eat bread, or starve, or marry for spite.

Women who are "born and raised" in ultra-refinement often develop rampant follies. Daughters of prudes are as apt to astound the natives as sons of parsons. Too many "Don'ts" spoil the youngster.

Nothing is so dangerously fascinating to youth as mystery. A locked door may hide nothing except dusty emptiness; but make a mystery of it and the child will either pick the lock or risk its neck to climb in at the window.

"Wine when it's red" appeals to the palate never so keenly as when gleaming in a decanter guarded by overwatchful eyes. Temptation clamors, and the tempted tastes, and often tastes again.

What is Bohemia? wonders the debutante. She is told by Prejudice, then anon by Folly. Instead of Ragmuffinville, as Prejudice had sneeringly dubbed it, Folly has called it the Land of the Free, where Laughter is Goddess and Talent King. Henceforth she slumbers not nor sleeps,

until at least she peeps between the bars of its gate. Later she enters in, to come out, sometimes with laughter, sometimes with tears.

In parental and marital repression lies untold strength. In sympathy lies salvation.

Who elopes? The girl whose parents disapprove of "company." Who recklessly runs up debts? My friend whose father frowns down an allowance. Who is unreligious? She whose Sabbaths are ordered for her, and whose church-going and whose home-coming are tabulated upon the slate of bigotry. Who reverences not gray hairs? The woman whom gray hairs reverence not.

How are liars made? By chalk-lines interlaced; by eternal espionage; by unjust suspicion; by narrowness; by false reasoning; by malicious interrogation.

Find me a wholesome woman, and I'll find in her a truth-lover—one of clean heart, and a mind that thinketh no evil, and back of her will be parents whose loving kindness refrained from heavy chalk-lines and the eternal "Don'ts."

Normal women crave nothing that is hurtful. The wasted curiosity oftentimes inflames itself into a fever, and so becomes abnormal. To see all things in this wicked world is not for women, but to know of things that are evil often results in a purging of soul.

God made refinement in woman as a complement to man's sense of honor, and both are saving graces.

Where nothing is forbidden, where there is no mystery, true there is less enthusiasm, also there is less sin and folly.

The man who ignores trivialities, for example, the round-pot and the powder-puff, is a philosopher. Protest in these things suffices not, whereas diplomatic blindness may result in a swift voluntary reform.

It's born in woman, bred in her, and she ever will be wilful; therefore the wider permitted paths are this side of moral quicksands. The more fully she is trusted, the less thrall, as years go on, will the forbidden have for her, the more lovely will the right become in her eyes, the more impossible will wrong seem.