

# THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.

## A St. Valentine's Day Story.

By Arthur J. Stringer.

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Professor Edward Wistington, lecturer on practical psychology at the University of Elsewhere, was in a great dilemma. The more he thought over it the greater the dilemma grew. So it ended, of course, in his doing what he always did in such cases—going and asking his sister Frances about it. Frances, or Frank, as he always called her, was such a wise little woman—that is, in most things! She was always disarranging his apparatus and mixing up his papers, and she had some mad idea that a study table ought to be cleaned up at least once a week, and she was a little frivolous, too, and said Hudson's law of psychic phenomena was bosh. But, then, said the young professor, with a sigh, girls would be girls.

But he always called her his "right hand man." This was quite right, for Frances had found she had to watch her big brother like a baby. Sometimes he even forgot his own name. Frances blamed it all on his five years at Heidelberg. He had come home from Germany able to think of nothing but psychology. She had to tell him when to carry an umbrella, and when to wear his greatcoat, and when to come to dinner, and which professor it was borrowed his Baldwin's handbook, and when he had or had not paid his bills, and when he should and

wistfulness. Frank sighed, too, but said nothing.

"You see, Frank, I've got the first three-quarters of the thing done. I began, of course, with a discussion on 'Asexual Genesis,' then thrashed out 'The Mating of Mammals.' Then I went into 'The Courtship of Song Birds' and reviewed all the animal kingdom except one species. And there I'm stuck!"

"Which species?" said Frank, passing him the sugar.

"Why, the human species, dear—men and women, you know!" said the young professor in despair.

"Oh, is that all?" said Frank, with relief.

"Isn't that enough? The most important part of the whole work!"

"Why, Teddie, it's the easiest thing in the world! Get engaged!"

"Engaged? I get married? Why, I—I never did such a thing in my life!"

"Of course you didn't, Teddie, you stupid old fellow! But why not try it now?"

The young professor viewed the suggestion as a working hypothesis for several minutes.

"Really, that seems a rather good idea, you know."

"It's the only idea," said Frances.

"Of course it is when you think it over," agreed the young professor. "But stop a minute!" He got up and

you know, and then I'll ask Dorothea over to tea with us, and then—and then—oh, then you'll have to do all the rest yourself!"

So Frances very wisely brought him his pipe, filled it for him and left him thinking a woman wasn't a bad thing to have about, after all.

The young professor turned to his books and looked up St. Valentine's day and its history. He found the original St. Valentine was a pious old bishop who was put to death in the reign of Emperor Claudius. That didn't help him out very much. He made a note of the fact, however, and said he would see Professor Inebriate about it in the morning. But, after all, this had little to do with the matter. He would never get through this thing, he told himself, if he stuck at details. So he took his indispensable notebook and wrote under Feb. 13, "See about Valentine for D. D." Under Feb. 14 he wrote: "See Brown about plumbage. Write to Dr. Roberts re matting plumage of *Cincinnatius regius* and *Parrotia sexpennis*. Ask Dorothea if she will marry me."

That evening he stole out and secretly purchased a gorgeous valentine, a bewitching creation of poetry, perfume and pink and white satin. On the back of it he wrote, "With the very sincere regards of Edward Wistington." That did not seem satisfactory, so he carefully erased it and wrote in its place, "To D. D., with love from E. W." That seemed better. As he dropped it into a letter box he saw a group of undergraduates coming down the street. He turned pink and fled hurriedly up a side street. He felt that the Rubicon had been crossed.

The young professor spent most of St. Valentine's day in the university library. When he came in for tea late in the afternoon, he had forgotten everything in this world but the fact that he had found a most precious German monograph on the generation of pedunculated cirripeds, and it had given him at least a dozen new ideas.

His jaw fell when he found Miss Dorothea Davidson in the big chair by the fire, with Frances sitting at her feet. The arms of that big chair seemed to hug Dorothea in an almost human way. The young professor did not run away, but he was oppressed with a sense of something forgotten. He felt sure it was something to do with both pedunculated cirripeds and Dorothea, but for the life of him he could not remember what it was.

While taking his tea he decided to slip over to his littered desk and look for his notebook. He felt sure it would be in his notebook. Frances thought he was trying to escape.

"Now, Teddie, you mustn't work when we're here!" she cried, catching him by the coat-tails.

"No, we really won't let you work!" said Dorothea, holding out her arms and blocking the way to his desk in a very tempting way. The young professor noticed she looked very lovely.

"But, Frank, dear, I—"

"No, no! Teddie, you mustn't! Not today. Take his notebook there, Dolly. That'll fix him!"

Dolly promptly did so. Yet she held it with a certain reverence, for she had always been half afraid of this big young man whose name was known in all the scientific reviews.

"I wonder what is so important, Dolly? Let's find out. Something about isometric projections, is it, dear?"

Dolly ran her eyes down the open page. Then she turned pale, dropped the notebook and said she—she really must be going!

"Why, Dolly, what is it?" said Frances, picking up the fallen notebook. Then she read aloud: "Feb. 14—See Brown about plumbage. That's all right. Write to Dr. Roberts re matting plumage of *Cincinnatius regius* and *Parrotia sexpennis*. That seems all right. Ask—Dorothea—if—she—will!—Why, I—oh, there's, there's—yes, I'm sure there's somebody ringing down stairs, and I must see about it!"

And Frances shut the door quite tight when she went out.



"TAKE HIS NOTEBOOK, THERE, DOLLY; THAT'LL FIX HIM!"

should not call. So it was no wonder the learned psychologist went to his little sister.

"You see, Frank, it's this way," said he, sinking wearily into a big chair by the fire, while Frances fluttered about making tea. "I've got an idea, you know, a really excellent idea, my dear. You know my first book, 'The Biology of Beauty,' and you remember the supplementary volume, 'The Racial Function of Affection?' I got hold of a new field there, an absolutely new field, Frank, and now one more volume along that line of thought would constitute a trilogy of great psychological value. One more volume, my dear, would do it."

The young professor paused and ran his fingers perplexedly through his hair.

Suddenly he looked up and asked, "Frank, were you ever in love?"

Frances blushed crimson, for, he it known, a big undergraduate of Elsewhere had been sending her roses and taking her to football matches for two years. But the young professor was always thinking of his psychology.

So Frances laughed and said lightly: "Why, of course, dear. There are 19 of 'em, you know, Teddie, and if I didn't have to stay and take care of you I'd marry 'em all!"

The young professor looked reprovingly over his glasses at his sister.

"Frances," he said gravely, "I fear you are frivolous, exceedingly frivolous." Instead of denying the charge the accused young lady deliberately rumbled up the young professor's hair in a most affectionate manner. She noticed there was just a streak or two of gray coming in it.

"Well, Teddie, dear, what is the third volume to be about?" she finally said, giving him his tea.

"What about? Well, that's just it!" The young professor put down his teacup and checked off something on his fingers. "It ought to be 'The Psychology of Courtship,' you know, but here's just where I'm stuck. The trouble is, my dear, I—I don't know anything about courtship."

The young professor sighed and gazed in the fire with a look of pensiveness.

walked up and down in perplexity. "But it's impossible, out of the question, absurd! Why, there has to be a woman! And there isn't any!"

"How about Dorothea Davidson?" suggested Frances.

It was the young professor's turn to blush. Much to his horror Frances was in the habit of always asking friends of hers in for tea. Among those who came oftener was Dorothea Davidson. Professor Davidson was the head of the moral philosophy department of the university, and of course that was why the young psychologist had treated Dorothea with less absentmindedness and abstraction than he displayed to the ordinary young lady of Elsewhere. In fact, he had even taken her to a couple of polo matches on the university campus and sent her his two books bound in gold and green morocco. But one day the jocular little fellow in mathematics made some sly allusion to the fact, and thereafter the young professor always fled precipitately whenever he found that charming and quite harmless young lady drinking tea with his sister. But Frances was a wise little woman, and she knew what she knew.

So when the young professor considered such an astounding proposal he did so with considerable embarrassment.

"But—er—Frank, the—er—lady herself, you know? She—she mightn't like that sort of thing!"

"Why, you foolish boy, that's where the courtship comes in."

"But, I say, Frank, how—how would you advise a fellow to go about this sort of thing?"

"How?" said Frances. "Why, it's all easy enough. Tomorrow is St. Valentine's day. Send Dorothea a valentine in the first place, a nice one, with a little sentiment in it, you know, to show her you're not a stick."

"Does—does she really think I'm a stick?" asked the young professor, aghast. He had never looked at it in that light before.

"Of course she does! Couldn't think anything else, Teddie, dear! And after you've sent her the valentine you ought to call or do something like that,

Richard C. Kerens of Missouri declares that the little joke of President Miller of the Hamilton club of St. Louis being a suburb of Chicago cost the latter city the convention, which shows that it isn't safe to twit on facts. Members of the national committee, however, say that Dr. Jamieson is himself responsible for the result. He was one of the two tellers—Mr. Durbin of Indiana was the other—and on the second ballot, being engaged in the performance of his duties, forgot to vote. The polls showed 24 for Chicago, 23 for Philadelphia and 1 (Mr. Kerens) for St. Louis. When the chairman announced that some one had neglected to vote, Dr. Jamieson went over to Mr. Payne, made a confession and asked him to insist upon another ballot, whereupon Mr. Payne suggested that instead of passing the hat around among the members, who were scattered and constantly moving about the rooms, the roll be called and every man step up and deposit his ballot on the table. This was done, and the result was that Philadelphia gained two votes and Chicago gained one. Mr. Kerens and somebody else, who had supported Chicago on the previous ballot, threw their votes to Philadelphia, and the result was a majority for that city.—Chicago Record.

**How to Brown Oysters.**  
Drain large oysters and to the liquor add some dark, well seasoned beef stock; cook ten minutes together and strain. In a spider melt some butter and let it slightly brown; then add half the quantity of flour as of butter, blend and brown without burning to a rich darkness; add the oysters, moving about gently for a few seconds; then pour enough of the strained sauce to make a sauce of medium consistency. Serve on small rounds of toast.

# OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

## INTEREST IN CONGRESS CENTERS IN SHIPPING BILL.

It is Hard to Understand Why Some Senators Support Foreign Steamship Companies Against Our Own. Mrs. Nation's Washington Crusade.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—The chief interest of the session of congress now centers in the shipping bill. This bill has been side tracked a number of times and frequently pronounced dead by sanguine Democrats and cocksure newspaper correspondents. To all such individuals a surprise party was given on Tuesday, when Senator Frye, who has the bill in charge, gave notice that he would not give way hereafter to anybody or to any other bill, not even to an appropriation bill, until the shipping bill was disposed of unless compelled to do so by a vote of the senate. Mr. Frye is enabled to take this decisive step because the shipping bill has the right of way, being the regular order before the senate, and also because it is indorsed by the administration and by the full strength of the Republican party in both houses.

Briefly, the Republicans unitedly support the bill because they consider it a measure of the highest importance and greatest advantage to the whole country. It aims to resuscitate and rebuild our American merchant marine by the same or similar means that Great Britain and Germany have developed their merchant marine, and that has proved to be the only way in which that object can be attained. The opposition have alleged the unconstitutionality of bounties and favoritism to existing lines as their principal arguments, but they have been unable to punch a hole through the impregnable defenses of the measure. Candid and careful examination of the text shows conclusively that the bill is not chargeable with favoritism and that it will tend to benefit the whole community—not only shipbuilders and shipowners, but also all the agricultural, manufacturing, mining, mercantile, commercial and industrial interests generally.

Senator Aldrich is one of the most prominent figures and a power in the senate. He is unexcelled as a manager and manipulator and is very successful in compromising conflicting interests to mutual satisfaction. He is in charge of the war revenue reduction bill and is very anxious to call it up and have it disposed of, but he recognizes the great merit of the shipping bill and will not hinder its progress by obstructing his own bill at present. His evident earnestness in behalf of the shipping bill is another reason why its special managers are confident that it will pass, because Senator Aldrich wields great influence on both sides of the senate, and his judgment in regard to any measure is invariably deferred to with great respect by many senators and, in fact, by the senate as a whole.

The proposition to bring Mrs. Carrie Nation of Kansas to this city in a reform capacity is viewed with trepidation by some statesmen who are aware of the fact that, as stated in a recent educational primer, congress holds its sessions "above two unlicensed cantons." Referring to this alarming rumor, Representative Curtis of Kansas remarks that if Mrs. Nation comes here "we shall send her first to the senate and let her deal summarily with the conditions over there before taking up a crusade among the representatives of the people."

Mr. W. E. Annin, a special agent of the government in charge of the rural free delivery mail system, has arrived in Washington after a long absence in the line of his duty, and reports that "rural free delivery is a grand success, and it has come to stay. It is a civilizing force and an educational agent, and the amount of good it will accomplish for the people is incalculable. It makes the farms where the service reaches appreciate in dollars and cents, and it makes farm life more attractive. It is a boon and a blessing, and its extension should be applauded by every patriot." Mr. Annin says that in the territory which he covers, embracing half of the United States, the demands for free delivery are so great that it will be a year before the latest applications can be attended to by the department.

Apropos, to return again for a moment to the shipping bill, Postmaster General Smith recently demonstrated in an article the fact that Great Britain pays far larger subsidies to her steamship companies for carrying the mails than we ever paid to ours. The same is true of Germany, which gives the North German Lloyd company \$2,000,000 or more for carrying the German mails to this country, which is more than twice as much as we ever gave to any American line for a similar service. We are also paying large sums to the German, French and English lines for carrying our mails to Europe, because we have not enough American ships to perform the service. And now the agents of these foreign beneficiaries of our government are vigorously engaged in fighting the pending shipping bill to the utmost extent of their ability, so as to prevent us from building more mail steamships ourselves and to keep all our mail subsidy money themselves. This is very natural on their part, but the queer thing about it is that our Democrats and Populists in congress are doing their best to assist these foreigners in their anti-American campaign.

J. B. M.

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