

KISSING IS UPHELD

Custom Is Stoutly Defended by Many English People.

Disappointed Mother's Statement That Love-Making in Youth is Conducive to Failure Meets Flood of Protests.

London—The man who has not kissed in his boyhood days is laying up a sad and lonely time for himself in later years.

Such, in brief, is the tenor of many letters sent in with regard to the statement of "Disappointed Mother," published recently, that kissing and love-making in childhood's days are conducive to failure in after life.

How little in agreement with the statement are these correspondents is clearly shown by the following extracts from some of the letters.

Heartrending and awful to contemplate are the results of an unromantic youth in the opinion of one correspondent who had no flirting practise in his youth.

"To please my parents I avoided girls," he writes, "and sought the companionship only of members of my own sex. I certainly had more time for study, and I did not consider a failure; but now, I find that the other sex plainly shun me, and possibly because I am shy in their company, although I have no difficulty in making male friends."

The writer, after contrasting the happy position of his brothers, who have always mixed with and had friends among the opposite sex, with his own wretched lot, goes on to depict the hideous future in store for him.

"I shall probably remain single, or, what is worse, marry the wrong girl. I consider that if boys are allowed to make girl friends, whether failures or not, they will certainly be happier in after years and less likely to make a foolish marriage."

"The influence of feminine society," says another correspondent, "is very beneficial."

"A youth who has spent a good deal of his time in the presence of a girl is usually well-mannered, gentle, kind-hearted and a gentleman. From a girl's lips a boy will hear no bad language, and from her presence will attain no bad habits. A boy who scorns the company of a girl is usually a kind of wild, untrained animal."

The after effects in later years of boyhood fenced round about with Spartan discipline are luridly depicted by another correspondent:

"The so-called Spartan discipline invariably produces sooner or later a revulsion which has often been ruinous to a boy's character. He revolts against all the obnoxious associations of his earlier years and causes endless trouble to the short-sighted parents whose unwise restraints have sickened him."

"Why not let the boy have his girl? If she is at all sensible, she will realize that her work is to help him to get on, or, at the worst, his youthful affection will either wear itself out in due course or become something that it is a privilege for any man to feel."

The power to show affection should be inculcated into boys and girls at an early age, says another correspondent.

"In my opinion every mother should teach her sons and daughters to be affectionate to a certain degree. Of course, I do not mean fussy, i. e., always hanging round one, etc., and making themselves generally obnoxious, but really affectionate and loving."

"I for one can see no harm in a boy making a friend of a girl, or vice versa. If they are taught to regard love as a kind of joy, you must not have me light they will naturally grow into either confirmed woman or man hater. And the romantic and imaginary side of their nature will be entirely killed."

The writer concludes with two sub-titular queries:

"Does a 'Disappointed Mother' allow a boy that has been helped by a girl to continue his acquaintance with that girl? Does she expect her boy to work hard at a business and then, on reaching home, to set to hard study?"

The opinion of a boy of fourteen in a discussion on the merits and demerits of kissing is invaluable. A youthful correspondent living in London writes:

"I am fourteen years of age, but old enough to know my own mind in such matters, and I think if a boy likes a girl he takes more care in his personal habits."

"If a boy is taught to despise girls he will grow up to be a hard-hearted man with no feeling for the softer sex. Affection makes a boy polite and gentle. For instance, I used to be a rough, untidy boy until I met with a girl; now I take more care of my appearance and ways."

"Any boy who has any feeling has a favorite girl companion, and any parents who want their sons to grow up polite and gentle men allow them to go with girls."

How Day Ends in Desert

When the Sun Sets the Colors in the Sky and Earth Are Almost Too Beautiful for Description.

A fitting close to a day of songbirds and flowers is a desert sunset. The Calico mountains to the north first announce the day's decline. Late in the afternoon its rents and gashes become masses of purple shadow, strikingly outlined by the exposed sunlit stretches which are gradually absorbed until the whole mountain is dull and lifeless. When the sun is low, the rugged range to the southwest is tinged with a rosy glow varying from a dull pink to a deep rose, into which a purple hue gradually blends till it subdues all the brightness and the purple, in turn, changes to blue. As the sun sinks out of sight the light clouds in the east become softly pink, the color spreading around to the north, and finally centering in the west, where the clouds are masses of burnished gold, which merge into a brilliant rose color. Sometimes between the bright clouds and the horizon is a stretch of delicate green, with a hint of yellow light shining through; and always, in living over a desert sunset, you will see the soft circling flight of the nighthawk skimming over the ground and hear the low call of the dove. When the brightness has faded and the blue has crept in and banished the red you draw a deep breath and feel yourself a part of the peace and quiet of the sky. You begin to understand the lure of the desert. You feel as if body and soul had almost been crowded for room and had suddenly been set free in this immensity. When night falls and you lie down to sleep under the sky thickly studded with stars the clear wind-swept air caresses your cheek with a touch as soft as velvet and you fall asleep thanking God for this country of vast spaces and rugged mountains, the playground of mighty winds, and sleep under the stars in sweet and refreshing.—Mary Alberta Beal in the Outlook.

Believing the Worst of It

Sam Bernard's Story of His Intoxicated Friend Illustrates a Common Failing of Humanity.

If Sam Bernard is to be believed, one of the most common sins to which a frail humanity is prone is that of believing the worst in any given case. "There's my friend Jones," said Bernard. "I met Jones wobbling up Broadway the other night. Just before I got to him Jones sought the comparative shelter of a lamppost. He glistened at me weakly when I touched him on the shoulder. "'Come on, Jonesie,' said I. 'I'll take you to the hotel and put you to bed.' 'Jonesie looked at me for a moment and then he spoke. 'How far's hotel from here?' he asked. "'About five minutes' walk.' 'Hub,' said Jonesie, nodding his head. 'Fifteen minutes' walk, huh? Fr you or fr me?' 'Now, I know what your conclusion is. You think that Jones was drunk, but how do you know he didn't have a wooden leg? One should always practise the virtue of charity. You remember the time that Admiral Bob Evans, walking down Broadway, came to one of his quartermasters. The sailor straightened up and saluted. Admiral Evans looked down and there lay another quartermaster, asleep in the gutter. "'Drunk, eh?' said Evans. "'Oh, no, sir,' said the erect quartermaster, deprecatingly. 'Ow, I wouldn't call him drunk, sir. I just seen him move his fingers a little.'—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Rare Forms of Marine Life

Beaked Whales and West Indian Echinos are Described in the Bulletins of the National Museum.

The United States National Museum has issued two bulletins in the quarto series. Of these the first, Bulletin 73 is "An account of the beaked whales of the family Ziphiidae in the collection of the United States National Museum, with remarks on some specimens in other American museums." by Dr. Frederick W. True, head curator of the department of biology in the United States National Museum.

The beaked whales are among the rarest cetaceans and of the three genera only specimens representing about 100 individuals are known. The three genera in the family Ziphiidae are Mesoplodon, Ziphius and Berardius, and the discussions of these with their individual species Doctor True has devoted his attention.

The second of these bulletins, No. 74, is "On Some West Indian Echinos," by the well known authority, Theodore Mortenson of the Zoological Museum of Copenhagen, Denmark.

Of special interest in this bulletin is the list of North American and West Indian Echinos, which he has carefully compiled from the specimens obtained by the Blake and the Albatross. The bulletin is beautifully illustrated by 16 full-page plates of these interesting forms of marine life.

Strength in Advancing Age

To Hug the years that bend and weaken and wrinkle the genius of the master seem but to bring fresh strength and energy and beauty. He ages like the lion. His brow, rugged with age, furrows, rises under a mane larger, thicker, more bristling, and more disheveled than ever before. His yellow eyes are like suns within caverns; when he roars the other animals are silent. Or, changing the comparison, one might liken him to an oak that dominates the forest; its enormous wrinkled trunk bursting in leaf, its branches mighty as trees. Its deep-reaching roots drink of the sap of the heart of the earth, its head, almost touches heaven. In its vast foliage the stars shine at night, the birds sing at dawn. It braves the sun, the tempest, the wind, the thunder and the rain. The very scars of the thunderbolt have added to its beauty something formidable and superb.—Gardner's "Portrait of Victor Hugo."

Where His Interest Lay

It was at a ball game between Chicago and Pittsburg. The score was tied, two men were out, a runner was on third and Hans Wagner was at bat! The crowd was too excited to be noisy, says Lippincott's Magazine. A sporting editor had taken his neighbor to the game. The neighbor was not a fan, but he had succumbed to the delights of "travelling on a party" and was having a real, garrulous, good time. At the moment when there wasn't a heart beating on the bleachers, and the grandstanders were nauseated with suspense, the sporting editor's neighbor emitted this: "Look, Jake! Look at that corks train! Did you ever see one engine pulling so many cars? I'm gonna count 'em!"

It Rested With Him

Upton Sinclair, discussing the fasting cure that he has done so much to advance, said in New York: "Fasting has become as popular as appendicitis. I hope, though, it won't fall into the same disrepute. 'It's currently believed, you know, that a leading surgeon said to his wife one day: "'I operated on Mrs. Gobes Golde for appendicitis last night.' "'Goodness!' said the lady, 'I wonder who'll have it next!' "'I don't know,' the surgeon answered, absently. 'I haven't decided yet.'"

The Worm

"I insist upon an allowance of \$500 a month—not a penny less!" he cried. "Absurd! That's more than I pay my cook," she retorted with curling lip.

"Then get your cook to dance attendance at all manner of boring affairs; to give you the face to do what an unmarried woman never dares do; to be always at hand yet out of the way; never to mind no matter how you choose to conduct yourself—be short, to be a husband to you in the modern sense of the term!" he argued out defiantly.

She perceived that the worm had turned. "Hush!" she implored, and peached for her checkbook.—Puck.

She Had Lost New Husband

Many Languages Tried on Frantlo Woman Before the Cause of Her Trouble Was Explained.

She wailed, gesticulated, declaimed. Every language that got off sixteen north-bound subway trains at Thirty-third street station was tried on her. But nobody could make out more than was obvious to all from the start, that the woman was frantically excited and had lost something on the line.

Into both tunnels she pointed. She was about thirty years old and good looking. People thought the poor creature must have mislaid her baby somewhere along the track. Several wanted to go to search. But she pointed mostly into the tunnel through which she had not traveled. None could solve the mystery.

For nearly an hour she went through all the regular signs of intense distress, and caused a block among the passengers at the station. The crowd extended into the street and gave rise to rumors that there had been a terrible accident. Still no one could understand her, and she would not understand any sort of persuasion to take her departure.

Policemen Hughes got off the seventh train and took her to the East Thirty-fifth street police station. There the twelfth person sent for tried Polish and learned that the woman was Katherina Gorud, recently arrived, and still more recently married, and lived somewhere on a hill in Spuyten Duyvil, but she did not know where.

She had been shopping with her husband in Fourteenth street, and in the rush at six o'clock the crowd on the subway had carried her into a local train and her husband into an express. The police gave her coffee and cakes and sent out to find her husband.—New York World.

This Is the Paper Hanger

Never Comes When He Promises, Criticizes Your Taste and Does Just Exactly as He Pleases.

A paper hanger is a man who promises by all that he holds sacred to be at your house on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, and sends word on Wednesday afternoon that he cannot come until Friday.

He brings a bucket of paste and some shears with him, and as soon as he sees the paper you have bought he says it will not do. He criticizes your taste and judgment and shows you why the pattern is utterly unsuited to the room, until he convinces you that you must send the paper back and purchase the proper supply from him, although you know very well that he gets a commission. Then he goes away to order the paper and you continue to sleep on the davenport until the following Tuesday.

You discover ere long that the laws of paper hanging are as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and that no matter how you want the room papered you are absolutely mistaken.

If he weren't a paper hanger he would be a plumber. But after this you will welcome the snail-like plumber gladly.

Gabriel will have to blow several scores before he gets the paper-hanging brigade to resurrect.

Pensons for Cats and Horses

Old age pensions are spreading. But who would have thought of St. Francis of Assisi as contributing to so modern a movement? Nevertheless, the kindly saint who preached to fishes and birds is still a factor to be reckoned with. As witness the case of the maiden lady who died in London recently and made provision in her will for pensions for her cats and horses. Her orders to her trustees were to the effect that they are to pay \$200 a year for the care of each of her cats. They are also to see that each animal is properly looked after and treated with kindness. Her horses are also to be provided for, not allowed to do harder work than they have been accustomed to, or are to be mercifully destroyed. All these unusual bequests are explained by the further orders of the will to the effect that the kindly provider is to be buried in the full habit of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, to which she belonged.

According to Schedule

Eugene Higgins, in the smoking room of the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, condemned the too hurried tours of Europe that some Americans make. "Europe, to give its best," said Mr. Higgins, "must be taken slowly. Once, in an Italian picture gallery, I heard one broad-shouldered woman ask another: "'Is this Florence or Venice?' "'What day's today?' the other asked in turn. "'Wednesday.' "'Then it's Florence.'"

The Last Resort

Victorious woman had unthinkingly left prostrate man a last weapon, and he, the graceless, treacherous wretch, scrupled not to use it. That is to say, it was still permitted to get up the latest fashion in feminine apparel, and with feigning ingenuity he lost no time in devising the hobble skirt.

"Ha, ha!" he chuckled, his idea being, of course, that if the hated sex hereupon took any more long steps forward, it would fall on its individual and collective faces.—Puck.

Scolding for Summer Girls

Irate Vicar in England Denounces Their Costumes as Mussed and Immodest, and Blames Motor Cars.

"For some weeks past we have enjoyed the presence of summer visitors. But who devises their clothing?" Thus writes the vicar of Carlingbrook, Isle of Wight, in his parish magazine, says a recent London dispatch to the New York Tribune. He continues: "We can remember a time when the English girl was a most attractive creature. Look at Leech's pictures in the old numbers of Punch—pretty, tasteful and bright, they were a pleasure to look at."

"But the 1910 female seems either to be wrapped up in a bundle of rags, with the least clean one spread over her hat and tucked under her chin, or else she discards as much of her clothing as she can—leaves her hat at home and gets her head full of dust; exposes her chest to every wind that blows; displays ankles that show the solidity of her understanding, runs about the island half-clad, crumpled and dust-laden. Is it to convey the impression that they have all traveled in motors?"

"But the motorist deserves a line to himself. He represents the last arrogance of wealth. He comes hooting, squeaking, bellowing, tinkling, roaring or whistling with a piercing scream, to tell everybody to get out of the way."

Was Not a Beauty Lecture

Timid Little Woman Found Herself Seeking Dress Hints at Federation of Club Women.

"The conservation of the natural resources of this country is one of the paramount issues before the American people today and—"

The speaker adjusted her nose glasses, raised her eyes confidently from her manuscript to meet the expressions of approval from the thirty or more clubwomen of Iowa, says the Des Moines Register and Leader. It was a stupendous statement and well worth readjustment of one's pose for the dramatic effect. The speaker, who stopped now and then to look up from the script, was neatly but severely tailored, her hair was brushed carefully and not unbecomingly from her high brow. There was not a curl nor a ripple of a marcel wave. Higher education was writ large.

A little woman on the back seat in common clothes, seamed face and hard hands edged and looked startled at such an intellectual outburst.

"Excuse me, mam," she ventured timidly, as she nudged her neighbor, "is this Mrs. X's beauty lecture?"

"It is not," was the grim rejoinder. "It is the annual meeting of the official board and chairman of standing committees of the Iowa Federation of Club Women."

"Mercy!" ejaculated the woman out of place. Then she "scouted."

Novels by Weight

Bernard Shaw's latest contribution to the world's fund of wisdom is the suggestion that fiction be sold, or bought by weight. This certainly is Mr. Shaw's profoundest utterance. It marks the acme of his greatness as a sage. By all means buy it by weight, then there can be very little ground for complaint at the high price of novels. Moreover, it will be in direct line with this popular movement to buy groceries by weight as a means of solving the high-cost-of-living problem and getting one's money's worth.

Perhaps, also, this Shaw system will have the desired effect of limiting the output, of bringing the supply somewhere near the demand. The present method of buying it by the yard seems utterly to have failed in this achievement. That means of measurement has not even proved wholly successful with reference to Dr. Eliot's five-foot book shelf, which, of course, no one but Shaw ever would have thought of buying by the pound.

When One Has Fever

In cases of excessive thirst that arise from feverish conditions the juice of half a lime poured over cracked ice or mixed with charged waters will give relief if slowly sipped a little at a time.

It is often found that very hot water taken by the teaspoonful will satisfy thirst more quickly than any other drink. The effect is heightened if a few drops of orange, lemon or lime juice is added, or a half teaspoonful of baking soda.

The main thing in thirst quenching is not to gulp down great quantities of liquid, to take nothing too sweet, or too rich and to avoid ice water, which, contrary to usual belief, increases, rather than decreases thirst, and against which all doctors fight.

He Bore It Grinning

Captain Kendall, the capturer of Orvppen, was talking in the smoking room of the Montrose about the horrors of sea sickness.

"Some men bear it well, though," he said. "I took a Liverpool steamer to Canada last month and the poor fellow did have a time! Sick from the first day to the last!"

"But he bore it well, and when we reached Father Point he said to me: "'Captain, I think I'll go straight back with you.' "'Why,' said I, 'I thought you were going to make an extensive tour?' "'No, I think I'll go back now,' he said, gulping as a nasty swell lashed our bow. 'I see by your rate card that you carry "returned empties" at half fare.'"

Keeping the Windows Open

Citizen Followed the Doctor's Advice in Winter and the Plumber Paid Over the Percentage.

One upon a time a citizen complained to a physician that he was troubled with a feeling of lassitude on arising in the morning, and after half an hour spent in deep reflection the healer of men replied:

"Although it is winter, I think you suffer from the want of fresh air in the house. Go home and open your cellar windows and let the ozone sweep through the house at its wild pleasure."

"But the thermometer stands below zero," protested the citizen. "So do you. Let her stand. Leave the windows open all night. That lassitude will be gone when you get up in the morning."

The citizen did as directed, and at six o'clock next morning the cook was borne from earth away by the explosion of the kitchen range. Four bursted water pipes also went into the cascade business with unqualified success, and two children were overhauled to find that their toes were frostituted. Five days later, when the plumber had presented his bill and received the long green, he entered the office of the physician and said:

"Twenty per cent. of \$90 is \$18, and here is the same. If you will only advise the old chap next door to leave all his windows open some night to cure his asthma it will mean at least \$40 to me and \$8 for you."

Moral—In helping other people we must always help ourselves.

Tennyson's Love for Pipe

Poet Laureate Smoked a Long Clay and Hated Florence Because the Tobacco There Was Bad.

Tennyson's passion for a long clay is well known. He smoked stiles and afterwards Dublin clays; mild bird's-eye was his favorite tobacco. The story that he never smoked the same pipe twice is absurd, for, like all smokers, he detested new pipes. He entertained the liveliest hatred of Florence, because he could not get any decent tobacco there, and on this account promptly returned home Carlyle, describing Tennyson, said "Smokes infinite tobacco." His devotion to the herb became so intense that literally he could not exist without it. On one occasion, at a soiree of the Royal society, he declared he must have a pipe. A friend said he should smoke up the chimney of the library or on the roof. Tennyson chose the latter, and, with his body thrust half way through the skylight puffed away in peace, descending in a quarter of an hour greatly refreshed.

Whenever he went he must be allowed to smoke. Accepting an invitation to visit Mr. Gladstone on 1876, he wrote: "As you are good enough to say you will manage anything rather than lose my visit, will you manage that I can have my pipe in my room whenever I like?"

Far From Upright

Reilly and Coran were "having it out." They had been deadly enemies for years, but neither had offered to lay hands on the other up to now both of them somewhat afraid of the issue.

Before they commenced it was stipulated that it was to be a fair "stand up" fight, and with this they started. Coran had it all his own way from the beginning; he kept knocking Reilly down and down again, until that worthy was about sick of it. He turned to the bystanders and said: "Sure, an' wasn't it to be a fair stand up fight?"

"It was," returned an outlooker. "An' 'ow, thin, can he be expectin' me ter fight 'im fairly if he do be knockin' me down all the time?"—Ideals.

Fair Exchange

The military maneuvers. All afternoon the attackers had attacked, and the defenders defended, with conspicuous lack of incident or bravery. Operations were beginning to drag heavily, when the white flag went up.

The officer in command of the attackers stared in amazement. "A flag of truce?" he exclaimed. "What do they want?"

The sergeant-major endeavored to cover up a smile. "They say, sir," he reported, "that an' it's tea time, they'd like to exchange a couple of privates for a can of condensed milk—if you can afford it!"

Invention of the Salad

Delicate cookery has long been known to flourish best in those lands where roast beef is hard to get. It was starvation that invented the salad, for example. Somebody had to eat grass or go hungry, so he put vinegar and oil, pepper and salt on it, and lo! it made dry bread seem like a dinner. I do not doubt that we shall bless the meat trust for a varied dietary are we get through with it, or sit with us, whichever way the thing comes out.—Eugene Wood's "Social Whirl" in Hampton's.

Counter Case

Upon being called in the police court at Asheville, N. C., charged with an assault upon a clerk at a soda water fountain, the defendant arose and said: "Your honor, I am guilty, but I plead a counter case." Whereupon the storekeeper clerk arose and replied: "Your honor, the counter didn't have anything to do with it. I walked around the counter before I struck him."—Case and Comment.