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### A DEFENSE OF KISSING.



No Harm in "Drop the Handkerchief" or Other Osculatory Games

Miss Mary G. Carson, the principal of a school in Kansas City, has started a crusade to stop kissing games at school children's parties.

"The kissing game leads to immorality," says Miss Carson, "it ought to go."

Dear, dear, and I never knew a thing about it—neither did you, did you?

I played kissing games from the time I was 6 till I was 13, and nobody ever looked shocked. I feel as Davy Balfour must have felt when he walked up the old flight of stairs and found himself all of a sudden at the top, with nothing but the black darkness to step off into.

An awful thing happened to me at a kissing party once, though, come to think of it. There was a new boy in town, a dark boy with big romantic brown eyes—all the other boys were blonds. He did not freckle, he tanned, and he liked flowers, and knew the difference between violets and spring beauties.

He was about 11, and I was about 10, and, oh, how madly I loved that boy with the dark eyes and the entrancing wave in his hair!

I thought about him all day, and dreamed about him all night, and he never looked at me—he was dead in love with a little bit of a mouse of a girl who was afraid of her own shadow, and who never looked at a flower at all, unless she was going to tie a piece of grass around the middle of it and make it into some kind of a doll.

We went to a party one flowering day in May. Oh, the soft breeze that stirred the apple trees and sent the pink petals down on our very heads! And we played "drop the handkerchief" out in the orchard. The idol had the handkerchief, and started to run around the little ring under the flowering trees.

"Oh," I thought, "if he should drop the handkerchief at my place, what must I do, pretend to run and then stumble, or—" The handkerchief fell at my feet. I caught my breath in an agony of delight, started to run, stumbled, screamed, "Oh, Billy Evans!" I looked around and the boy who had caught me and was kissing me was not Billy Evans at all, but another boy entirely. I had been so engrossed with my day-dream of the idol that I didn't know what was happening. And I had betrayed my heart's dearest secret to the whole party.

"I shall never get over it," I thought. "My whole life is blasted. I think I shall go home and be a recluse and have my meals brought to me in the cellar from this day on." I shall never forget how surprised I was to find myself laughing two or three days after that.

Reprehensible, wasn't it? Shocking. And yet somehow I can't be half as horrified over those kissing games out in the orchard as I suppose I should.

Perhaps kissing games were different in those days; perhaps the grown people who watched us play them and who laughed at all our foolish little love affairs were different, too. It seems to me they were.

I don't believe the mothers in those days knew quite so much about what the teachers love to tell of as the "seamy" side of life as some of these women who lecture us about our children seem to know today.

I wonder if it pays to be quite so woefully wise.—Winifred Black, in N. Y. American.

### IF YOU COULD KNOW.

If you could know the half of all I yearn to be to you, dear heart! Each day that dawns I struggle to be strong and do my part; Yet when at last the night comes softly down, I humbly pray— Lord, grant me skill to prove my tender love just one more day; Just one more day to strive to rise above small troubles, petty care; That my cramped soul may break its earth-forged bonds, at last to dare To face the future and to gladly live with courage new, Loyal and cheerful, facing toward the light for truth and you; And yet I feel in spite of all the heights which I can never scale, In spite of all the many tests in which I daily fall, That my deep love, more deep and pure and strong I can ever show, You somehow, through my failures, doubts and fears will come to know, The dreary clouds can't hide the sun for aye, it glimmers through; The sweet wet violet struggling through dead leaves, still shows its blue, And so I trust, though oft I strike love's chord with clumsy hand, You'll feel the melody I tried to play, and understand.

### THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad, When mother Nature laughs aloud; When even the deep blue heavens look glad, And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren, And the gossip of swallows through all the sky; The ground squirrel gaily chirps by his den, And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space, And their shadows at play on the bright green vale, And here they stretch to the frolic chase, And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower, There's a tamer of winds in that beechen tree, There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower, And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray, On the leaping waters and gay young isles; Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

—William Cullen Bryant

### THAT SWEET STORY.

I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men; How He called little children as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love; And if now earnestly seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above. In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare For all that are washed and forgiven, And many dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall, Never heard of that heavenly home; I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that Jesus has bid them to come. I long for the joy of that glorious time, The sweetest, the brightest, the best, When the dear little children of every clime To His arms they shall come and be blest.

### THE WANDERING BOY, THE STRENGTH OF MOTHER LOVE.

The agony of a mother can be stated but never described. A gentleman was chorister of a city choir, while his wife was its principal soloist. Their son for two years had secreted all knowledge of his habits of inebriety, but one Saturday night he did not come home and his friends kept him in a saloon over night to prevent his condition becoming known. His mother was engaged to sing Sunday evening. "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" but because of his absence and the deep anxiety concerning his condition she thought it would be impossible for her to perform her allotted part. Suppressing her feelings, however, she took her place in the choir with a heavy heart. The son had come to himself and despite remonstrances from his friends determined to go to the service. He and a companion had taken seats at the back of the church. The mother sang her solo and the congregation was moved to tears. When she reached the last line of the last verse, "And tell him I love him still," the son could not contain himself longer, but with deep penitence rushed forward exclaiming, "Here I am, mother." The mother ran down the steps and folded him to her breast. The astonished organist took in the situation and pulling out the stops played, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The congregation joined and the son was saved that night. But it was almost at the cost of his mother's life.—Homeletic Review.

#### Wins Fight for Life.

It was a long and bloody battle for life that was waged by James B. Mer-shon, of Newark, N. J., of which he writes: "I had lost much blood from lung hemorrhages, and was very weak and run-down. For eight months I was unable to work. Death seemed close on my heels, when I began, three weeks ago, to use Dr. King's New Discovery. But it has helped me greatly. It is doing all that you claim." For weak, sore lungs, obstinate coughs, asthma, colds, hoarseness, la grippe, influenza, hay fever or any throat or lung trouble its supreme cure. 50c. & \$1. Trial bottle free (un-authorized by all druggists).

#### Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

All married men are heroes, but they can't always prove it.

#### A Charming Woman

is one who is lovely in face, form, mind and temper. But it is hard for a woman to be charming without health. A weak, sickly woman will be nervous and irritable. Constipation and kidney poisons show in pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a vertebred complexion. Dr. Electric Bitters always prove a godsend to women who want health, beauty and friends. They regulate Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, purify the blood, give strong nerves, bright eyes, pure breath, smooth, velvety skin, lovely complexion and perfect health. Try them. See at all druggists.

#### Woman's first law is the concealment of her imperfections.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

### A DAILY PRAYER.

It May Do You Good, So Read This Prayer and Adopt it as Your Own.

Teach us, O Lord, to see the bright side of things that we may radiate the sunshine.

Save us, we pray Thee, from pettiness and fault finding and self-seeking. And may our minds be too big for prejudice and our hearts too large for hatred.

Keep us on the one hand, from the pride of pretense and on the other from self pity and moroseness. Help us that we may be sweet. Guide us that we may be glad.

May we be charitable in thought and generous in deed, white souled and helpful.

May we be straightforward and unafraid.

Help us to love and laugh as we loved and laughed in childhood. And so lead us that we may be meant to none of Thy children.

Keep us in the ways of temperance—in our working, our resting. Help us that we may take the time to do the things that we ought to do and that we may not do the things we ought not to do.

Forgive us our waywardness forgetfulness and the deceit that is in us and lead us into the serene and blessed ways of peace.

May that which is good in us be made stronger and that which is bad in us made weaker.

And save us from pessimism and selfishness and narrowness and haste of judgment.

Look with tenderness upon those we love and divide, we pray, our happiness with them.

May we forget those who hate us and cherish those who love us and O Lord, we pray Thee—Make us very kind.

### WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

They Are as Safe as Warriors, Who March Beneath Worn Battle Flags No More, But Sit Down With Conquerors to Festivals of Song and Wine

The world need never shed a tear for its sainted dead. They are safe as the harvest is when the farmer has bound it into sheaves and stored it away or as the roses are when the gardener has wrapped their roots in straw and housed them from the storm. They are safe as the larks that fly singing from the green earth out of reach of the huntsman's snare and the aim of the cruel sportsman. They are safe as warriors, who march beneath worn battle flags no more, but sit down with conquerors to festivals of song and wine. They are safe as young lambs are when shepherds fold them from the blast and carry them over rough places in tender arms. Weep for the living all you choose, let your tears be unstayed above the dying bed where your darlings lie like wreaths of fading snow beneath the glance of death; but if you believe in God, and hold any faith in heaven, shed not your tears for the blessed and happy dead. Christianity way gives to its belief when it garbs itself in sables and mourns without comfort for those who have exchanged the inn for the palace, the wilderness for the land of peace and plenty.

### A Dreadful Wound

from a knife, gun, tin can, rusty nail, fireworks, or of any other nature, demands prompt treatment with Buckle's Arnica Salve to prevent blood poisoning or gangrene. Its quickest, surest remedy for all such wounds as also for Burns, Boils, Sores, Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Chapped Hands, Corns or Piles. See at all druggists.

A peck of trouble looks like a bushel to the man who is up against it.

An old-fashioned gentleman is as polite to a girl of 50 as he is to one of 18.

### REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People has been the only remedy for millions of children who suffer from weakness, nervousness, indigestion, and other ailments. It is the only remedy for children who suffer from weakness, nervousness, indigestion, and other ailments. It is the only remedy for children who suffer from weakness, nervousness, indigestion, and other ailments.

### It isn't what you might do first, but what you will do last, that counts.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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**CERTAINLY SOME GIRL.**  
San Antonio Femininity Has Made the Whole Army Surrender.  
I wonder just how many Texas beauties capitulated to the warriors while they were in San Antonio? The girl of San Antonio, as one of my subaltern friends quite truthfully remarked, "is certainly some girl." When she dances—and she danced each night—she dances with her might, but very gracefully and enduringly beyond the eastern average; when she rides she rides astride and with a vim which would wake up old Central Park in New York city till the last blade of its grass stood shivering, when she smiles the sun can go behind a cloud and not be missed; when she weeps—but certainly she did not weep while in the town the soldiers tarried; and when, oh, when she flirts, then are certain to surrender, begging mercy, the bravest soldier in the world. And they surrender quickly. Let me tell you that I watched 'em as they threw down their arms (What further use they made of those arms I have no means of knowing.)  
Upon the sometimes grim looking streets of the small city—Bled, as they almost always were, by business-looking army wagons, clattering and often cluttered with men on horseback—these bright equestriennes made bus of charming color every afternoon: a visit to the rambling, dusty roads of the great camp was always sure to bring encounters with a score of them. They smiled and flirted, walked, trotted, paced and cantered, mastering, publicly, all sorts of mounts, some vicious, some curiously gentle, some so full of life and quick horse-zany as to produce the firm conviction in the mind of an on-looker that nothing would delight them more than to unseat their riders, but not one fair rider was unseated—while any officer I know was watching, anyway—Edward Marshall, in the Columbian.

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