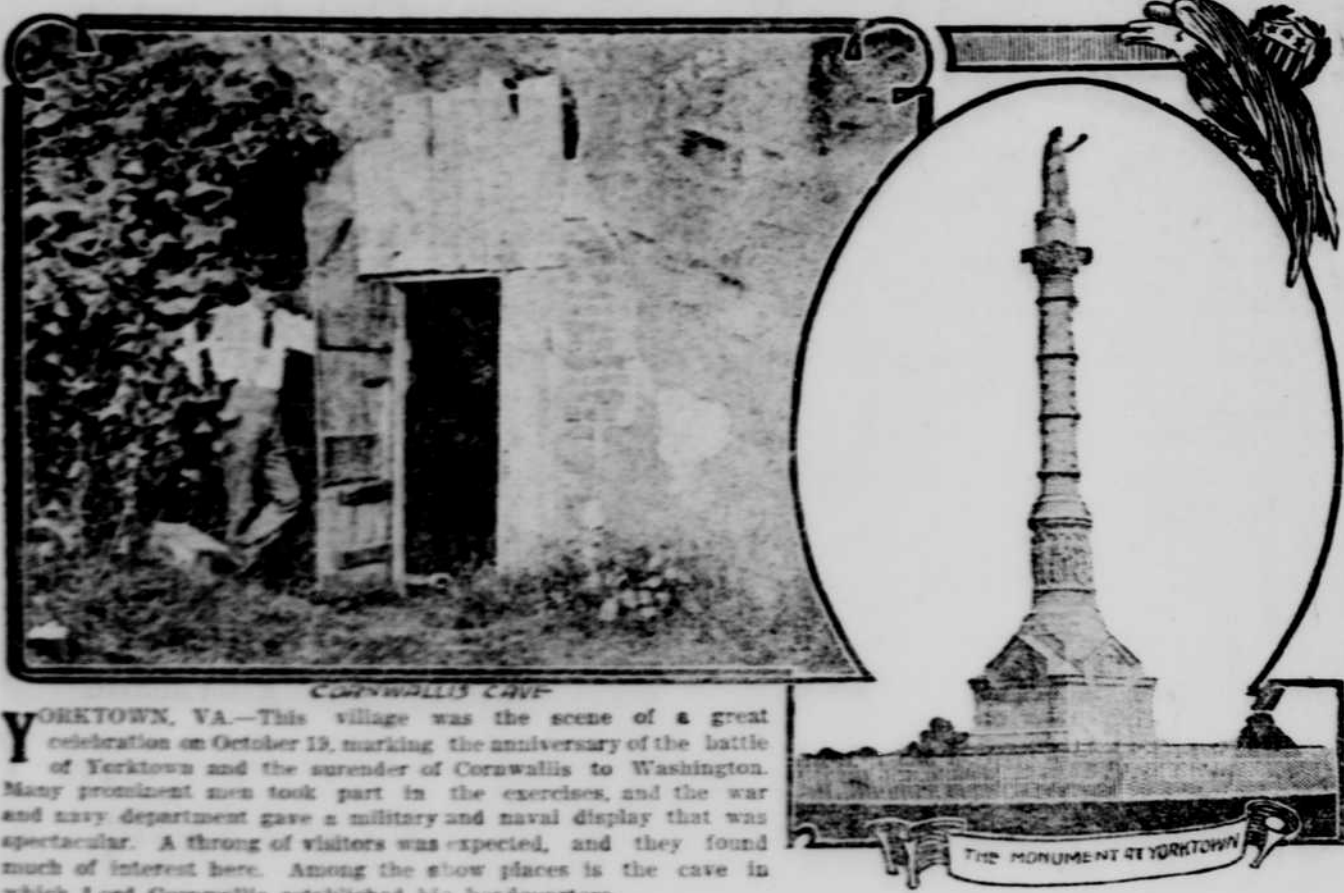


CELEBRATION OF THE BATTLE OF YORKTOWN



YORKTOWN, VA.—This village was the scene of a great celebration on October 19, marking the anniversary of the battle of Yorktown and the surrender of Cornwallis to Washington.

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 Protest.

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 is the tenor of many letters sent in reply 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 fitting practice 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 am not considered 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 girls 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 revolution 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. . . .

AMERICAN WIFE IS SELFISH

So Says Spouse of Mayor of Tokio, Who Has Decided Views on Married Life.

New York.—The Japanese wife thinks first of her duty toward her family, the American wife of her duty toward herself.

This is Madame Yenkiu Ozaki's version of "The East is East and West is West," she declared at the Hotel Astor, where she is staying with her husband, the Mayor of Tokio.

"First of all, the Japanese woman always is a wife," said Madame Ozaki. "Before she is married she is not a woman, but a girl. With us all the young girls are looked after by their mothers and fathers. They are all carefully provided with husbands."

"But Americans do not believe persons should marry unless they are in love," it was suggested. Mme. Ozaki frowned a bit.

"This love, is a very transient thing," she said, rather impatiently. "It is not a sensible reason for marriage. It is to pick out good men for their daughters. If you adopted that method here you would not have so many divorces."

"That is because the wife is not all the time thinking of herself and what is due to her."

"I do not believe that divorce should be impossible. One wrong in our system is the fact that the laws are not equal for men and women. Either can get a divorce for cruelty or unfaithfulness or desertion."

"But the injustice is that by our law the children always belong to the father, and no matter how bad he is, the wife cannot take them away from him when she leaves him. So the wives will suffer almost anything rather than ask for separation."

"We do not have women's clubs, but we have societies. We have a great patriotic society for women, and a society for the study of sanitation and health, and a society for the promotion of education."

"Have we any suffragettes? No. Our women have done nothing with that movement. We have many women workers for better education, but not for politics."

"As for myself, I think unmarried women who own property should have the right to vote, but I do not think they should hold office or appear on the public platform. I do not think it would be womanly or refined."

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FEW REGAIN LIBERTY ONCE DOORS OF SING-SING CLOSE

NEW YORK.—Escapes from prisons are by no means a rarity, and will not be until plucky and energetic criminals have passed from the earth; but there probably never was a more daring and romantic escape than that of William Green from Sing Sing a short time ago.

When the delivery is described as that of William Green, it is not forgotten that four other convicts escaped with him. But it was Green's delivery and not theirs. His was the conception, his the execution; the other men simply accepted his invitation to go along with him when he had made the way, beaten down the keepers, and, in the presence of 195 convicts, spent 20 minutes in leisurely carrying out his plan.

But for the crowded condition of Sing Sing prison he could not have done it—at least, not in just this way. A man of his determination and ingenuity would probably have found some other. For, as a well-known prison official said to a New York Times reporter:

"Well, the Brooklyn bridge was opened in 1883, wasn't it? And after that the conditions in New York had to get to the point of unendurable before another bridge was opened, didn't they? And your Subway was opened only when the elevated railroads were absolutely unable to carry the passengers, wasn't it? And your subsequent subway and other transit improvements have come only when the patience of the public was taxed to the last notch, haven't they?"

That's the answer. You can't get a reform in New York state until conditions have become positively unbearable. It's no use to point out the advisability of a reform; you've got to prove that not a wheel can be turned until the reform is enacted. Otherwise you won't get it."

New Prison Projected.

In 1907 a commission was appointed to relieve the congestion in Sing Sing prison. It recommended Bear Mountain as a site for a new prison, and work was commenced. It went on for two years, and then J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Edward H. Harriman, the Rockefellers, and other rich people got together, bought up the surrounding land, and presented it to the state as a park, with the proviso that no part of the ground should be used for prison purposes.

The state accepted the gift, with the conditions, and that put to naught all that had been done in the meantime in the way of relieving the Sing Sing congestion and made it necessary to begin all over again.

This escape of Green's was more or less of a novelty. The usual course has been to make a rush. But Green, in the most leisurely manner in the world, attacked the two keepers in charge of the dormitory, laid them out, then took out a saw which he had secured somewhere, sawed at a window for 20 minutes, invited his fellow-convicts to join him, was reinforced by four of them, dropped out of the window, and disappeared.

Few Get Away.

Warden Frost said to a Times reporter that in his incumbency there had been six deliveries at Sing Sing, and in five cases out of the six the convicts were caught before they were out of the prison precincts—that was a case in which four men made a rush. In another case, in which two men rushed the guards while they were at work in the kitchen, the men were caught before they had been gone three hours.

The historic instance of an escape from Sing Sing was in 1893, when Roehl and Pallister escaped. It was an unfortunate escape for them, for a few days later one of them shot the other in a quarrel and then committed suicide. But in the meanwhile they had baffled all the efforts of the state to recapture them.

Pallister and Roehl lay in wait for Hulse's partner, John W. Murphy, let him into the death house, and shut on him the heavy, iron-bound oak door that shuts the corridor from sound and sight. Then they pinioned and disarmed him and thrust him into Roehl's cell and locked him in.

After that Roehl and Pallister opened the cell of Carlyle W. Harris, the medical student who murdered his wife, and offered him freedom. Harris declined it. They made the same offer to two other murderers, both of whom refused. In each case Roehl and Pallister, having received the refusal, locked the cell doors on the doomed men.

WRONG IN THAT DIAGNOSIS

Physician's Method May Have Been All Right, but Here He Was at Fault.

We are told that the latest sensation in the medical world is the assertion of a doctor that he is able, by looking into a patient's eye, to make an accurate diagnosis of the complaint which the patient is suffering. But is this really as novel as it is supposed to be? I recollect hearing some time ago of a doctor who said to a patient who was under examination: "I can see by the appearance of your right eye what is the matter with you. You are suffering from liver."

"My right eye," asked the patient. "Yes," returned the doctor. "It shows me plainly that your liver is out of order."

"Excuse me, doctor," said the patient, apologetically. "My right eye's a glass one."

AWFUL BURNING ITCH CURED IN A DAY

In the middle of the night of March 30th I woke up with a burning itch in my two hands and I felt as if I could pull them apart. In the morning the itching had gone to my chest and during that day it spread all over my body. I was red and raw from the top of my head to the soles of my feet and I was in continual agony from the itching. I could neither lie down nor sit up. I happened to see about Cuticura Remedies, and I thought I would give them a trial. I took a good bath with the Cuticura Soap and used the Cuticura Ointment. I put it on from my head down to my feet and then went to bed. On the first of April I felt like a new man. The itching was almost gone. I continued with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and during that day the itching completely left me. Frank Gridley, 325 East 43rd Street, New York City, Apr. 27, 1909. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props, Boston, Mass.

All About It.

To appreciate fully this scrap of dialogue, quoted from London Punch, one should see the two odd characters engaged in it. Apparently they parted satisfied, one that he had imparted some real information, the other that he had received some. Said one man: "D'you recollect old wot's-is-name?" "Im with the collar?" "Aye!" "Wot ababt im?" "Ead to go down"—Jerk of the head—"you know—they give im wot you call it—didn't arf git it, I don't think!" "Reely!" "Adit you 'eard, then?" "I did 'ear somefink, but no details, not afore now."—Youth's Companion.

What About Him?

The talk had gone back and fro, and the youthful socialist had been announcing that no man ought to get his living by cheating, and we all listened to him, and agreed that it was dreadful when men and women did not tell the truth, but tried to make their living by deceiving people. Millionaires, landowners, financiers, we sacrificed all of them who cheat the public. "No one should make a living by deception," said the young man. Then a quiet voice from a woman came from the corner of the sofa. "What about the conjurer?"—London Chronicle.

Planning a Desperate Revenge.

"How naughty, imperious beauty handed him back his ring. "Now that all is over between us," she said, "I suppose you will buy a revolver and put an end to your wretched existence?" "Worse than that!" he hissed, being careful to introduce the necessary sibilant; "far worse—see! I shall steal a revolver! And I shall shoot your measly little sore eyed puddle!" A wild shriek burst from her lips. She fell upon her knees and— But he had gone.

Church Utility.

Richard, aged five, was being interviewed in regard to his school work. "And where do you go to Sunday school?" was next asked. "To the Episcopal," he replied. "What have you learned there?" "Honor thy father and thy mother," he said. "And do you know, I went down to the Methodist church the other day and they were teaching the same thing there!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

That observation which is called knowledge of the world will be found much more frequent to make men cunning than good.—Dr. Johnson.

PARROTS KEEP HORSE BUSY

Contradictory Commands Given by Escaped Birds Worry Beast Caged on Ship's Deck.

New York.—When the Panama steamer Zarapa, from Santa Marta, Colon, and Jamaica, came up the bay the other day, the busiest object aboard was a rufous colored parrot, Pedro by name, which was driving the deck with chips heaved from his cage, at the same time swearing in Spanish. This parrot and a rascal friend were responsible for an unusual disagreeing incident during the voyage.

About two o'clock one morning there was a tremendous commotion on the main deck aft, where a Chilean horse stood in an improvised stall. Raucous exclamations in Spanish filled the air. Steward James Watson buried on deck and Pedro out of his cage and the other parrot also loose, having been released by Pedro. On each side of the stall of the unhappy horse sat a bird. Pedro was loudly bawling "Góddap!" in Spanish, while the green villain rasped "Whom!" in the same tongue. The perplexity of the horse was manifest. He jumped alternately back and forth, varying the performance by jumping up and down when the orders came too fast for execution.

It took Steward Watson two hours, with the help of some of the sailors, to get the mercenaries back in their cages.

Milk Thief Is Bear.

Marquette, Mich.—Felix La Cross, a farmer, met with a rude surprise the other night. He had missed milk and had determined to catch the thief, and lay in wait for him.

When La Cross saw a dark object crawling through the window he made a grab for it. To his amazement the intruder proved to be a cub bear. The animal escaped and when the farmer started after it he stumbled on to two more bears—an old one and a young one.

All three bears got away while La Cross returned to the house for his gun.

GAZE AT UNDRAPED STATUE

Many Washington People Admire Reproduction of Miss Natalie Barney—Police Offended.

Washington.—Reposing in the garden of Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney's residence, 551 North Sheridan circle, is a marble nymph, cold and chaste, with a fern worthy of Diana and an utter lack of drapery.

Mrs. Barney's lovely daughter, Miss Natalie, was the model, posing in the altogether for her sister, Miss Laura Alice, at the latter's studio, 2 Rue de Vienna, Paris. The sculptress sister evidently sent the statue here to adorn the interior of her mother's house, but Mrs. Barney is in Paris and her servants are leaving the nymph in the garden, where it is admired by the throngs who gather daily to gaze upon its unadorned loveliness. It seems too large to enter the house by either door or window, which may account for its sojourning in the open air.

The police have notified Mrs. Barney's representative that the statue must be draped or removed.

OFFERS CARGO OF ANIMALS

Trapper Attempts to Get Rid of Grizzlies, Cougars, Wolves and Cattle of Birds.

Seattle, Wash.—This city often has opportunities to see strange sights and people, but it is doubtful if a more unusual spectacle was ever anchored in any harbor than a home-made cedar log scow, with its deck covered with crude and homemade cages filled with wild animals, which a small launch dragged in this week.

One of the largest circuses on the road was advertised to exhibit here a day or so after we strange scow arrived in the harbor, and its owner, who said he was Jacob Voegel, brought his "pets" here to offer them to the circus management.

If he went away disappointed no one will know, for the scow of cedar logs is still in the harbor, but the wooden cages are gone, and so is the circus.

Voegel said he had two young grizzlies, four full grown cougars, three wildcats, two black bear cubs and one full grown brown bear in the large cages.

ON A JAPANESE WARSHIP

Quick and Intelligent Work Is Demanded of the Sailors of the Mikado.

The life of the sailor aboard the fighting craft of Nippon is one of much hard work and very little recreative opportunity. The American sailor, for all his characteristic energy and enthusiasm, would doubtless prefer to be "serving time" in Moyamensing. A writer in the Morning Post describes the active energizing from early morning till the night watches aboard a Japanese cruiser:

"We were bowling along with deserted decks and the slop of water creaming beneath the chrysantheum on our bows. Suddenly the sharp staccato notes of a bugle rang from the navigating bridge, and in 60 seconds the continuous stream of little brown men, pouring from every nook and cranny, had resolved itself into small groups at their appointed stations. The desert-decks were dotted with ounces of sock-shod sailors—silent, gazing about. The steady drone of engines alone broke the heavy stillness.

"For a moment the groups stood like carved images. Then another bugle shrilled, and the groups fused into a mass of ordered chaos. Diminutive figures sprang up chains into the outthrusting boats, canvassed them against splinter by shell, and swung them inboard; awnings, ensign masts, stanchions, chains, loose gear and ropes disappeared as if by magic; muzzles plugs, gun cloths and a hundred and one other things that litter the deck in piping times of peace fled with the rapidity of a magician's art; signal flags, ammunition, stretchers, gun-sights and range finders popped from secret places, sped hauled through the air by unseen hands, disappearing in fighting tops and other unexpected places. For a few brief moments the ship took unto herself the appearance of a beehive. Then, within seven minutes, the clustering masses melted, until the decks again lay silent and bare but for the knot of bridge officers and men about the smaller guns. All were at their stations—half a hundred tiny townships

connected by electric nerves and speaking tubes to the central authorities in conning tower and fighting top.

"Bad, very bad—I told you so," said the commander sadly. "The snails have taken seven minutes to clear for action. Now, on the Mikasa or Sarushima we do it in under five."

"Personally I thought seven minutes a miracle of speed in which to change a ship from a yacht into so wicked-looking engine of war, and told him so.

"Ugh! we are a pleasure ship," he granted in disgust."

WOMEN SAILORS

Women sailors are employed in Denmark, Norway and Finland, and are often found to be excellent mariners. In Denmark several women are employed as state officials at sea, and particularly in the pilot service. They go out to meet the incoming ships; they climb nimbly out of their boats; they show their diploma, and they steer the newcomer safely into the harbor. It is the same in Finland.

BETTER HEALTH WILL RESULT

To the thousands of persons who suffer from ailments of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys or Bowels, and who therefore, feel half-sick all the time, we want to urge an immediate trial of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. We know from past experience that it will be of great benefit to you and bring about an improvement in your health. It is for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Malarial Fever. Try it today.

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