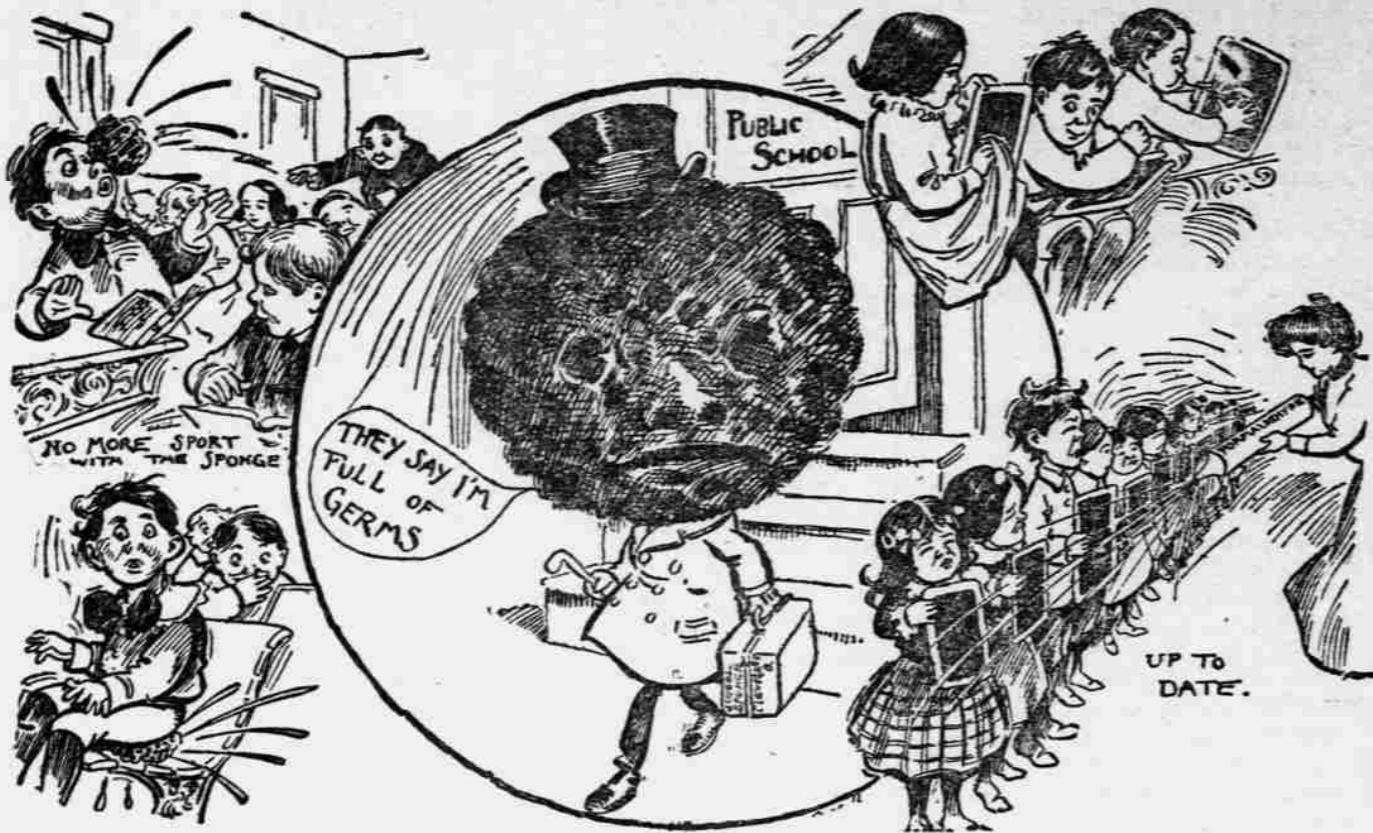


THE SPONGE MAY SOON BE BARRED FROM CITY SCHOOLS.



The sponge is coming into disfavor in the St. Louis public schools. "There are excellent grounds for the objection, too," says Chief Dispensary Physician Jordan. "They are a good carrier of germs, and extremely liable to be unclean."

"The make-up of the sponge shows the possibility of its retaining germs. For that reason the use of the sponge has been largely abandoned in surgery and absorbent cotton used instead. I should recommend the use of a cloth. One of the most dangerous practices in connection with the use of sponges is by children spitting upon a sponge. Diphtheria, tuberculosis and other communicable diseases may be spread by this means. Especially if the sponge were passed from one child to another. Something less expensive and oftener destroyed, like a cloth, would be less dangerous, I believe."

"The use of the sponge is passing in the public schools," stated Assistant School Superintendent Murphy. "The sponge in its very nature is unclean, and, of course, children cannot be made to keep them clean. For several years we have been discouraging their use."

THE SNOWDRIFT.

When night dropped down, the fields were dark and dun,
Storm sprites were out—we heard the north wind blow;
Then when arose the slowly wading sun,
Morning came mantled in a robe of snow.

White grew the landscape; every field and knoll
Shone forth transfigured by the snow-storm's spell;
The trees and fences stood in motley droll,
Half dark, half whitened by this miracle.

But where the stone wall held its Parian weight
Of snowdrift, like some Alp or Apennine,
We saw a sculpture man could not create,
Smoothed off and chiseled by some touch divine.

Mute wonder of the myriad molded snow,
Pure as the stars that sentinel the sky,
What art could improvise and fashion so,
Unless some godlike power sped precient by!

Here plinth and cornice, architrave and frieze,
Lift up a beauty to the day and sun,
Amidst the silver of the tinsel trees,
That never Phidias or Canova won.
—Country Life.

A ONE-SIDED WOOING.

HE was a big-limbed, brown-faced man, and somehow he looked awkward amid the glittering artificiality of a ballroom. He was just the sort of being one associated with big game hunting and the wild regions of the earth. He seemed as much out of place at a dance as a rice pudding in a Parisian menu.

"Miss Bainbridge?"
"Mr. Carlyon?"
The man's voice was apologetic, the girl's frankly amazed.
"Fancy finding you at a dance?" the girl went on, after the first flush of surprise had died a natural death.
"Yes, it's not much in my line. But the fact is—well, I came to see you."

"To see me?"
"Yes, I wanted to ask your advice on a subject that has been worrying me a great deal. You're about the only girl I know whom I thought I could tackle without fear of being laughed at. Can you give me a dance?"
Miss Bainbridge could hardly help smiling at the almost boyish manner in which the suburban young giant voiced his semi-apologetic avowal.
"I shall be delighted," she said, sweetly. "What shall it be?"

"O, I don't care—I mean I do care, only I can't dance, so it can be polka, waltz, or what you will. But I know you're a good dancer, so it had better be one you don't mind sitting out."
"Shall we say number six, polka?"
Number six arrived in the course. By that time Millicent was devoured with curiosity to know what Carlyon could possibly want to ask her advice about. How big and handsome and frank he was! So different to the usual run of men encountered in a London ballroom.

Carlyon bore his partner away in triumph to a secluded corner of the conservatory. As soon as they were seated he burst out:
"I've fallen in love, Miss Bainbridge. I've known you a good long time, and I want you to tell me how a fellow is to make sure of getting a girl to return his affection."

Millicent's face went crimson. Then the color ebbed away.
"Does the girl know you are fond of her?" she said, after a slight pause.
"She hasn't an idea," answered Carlyon emphatically. "And I'm such a rough sort of fellow I don't know how to begin. Supposing you were the girl,

now, how would you like the fellow you were going to marry to behave?"
"O, that is soon told," answered Millicent. "In the first place he must be attentive, my knight. He must be ways courteous, always ready to interpret my every fancy. He must send me flowers and sweets, take me to theaters—"

"Must every man do that sort of thing?"
"Every man who wants to win a woman must be prepared to make sacrifices. Then my lover must study all my whims. He must be able to read me like a book, to be loving and yet masterful, manly yet tender."

Dick Carlyon groaned audibly. "Then it's all up with my ever having a shot at trying to make a girl care for me. I can't do any of the things you mention. I can only be a great clumsy idiot, all right on a horse or behind a gun, but no good at making a girl happy."

"But don't be so downcast, Mr. Carlyon."



"After all, I've only given you my view. Perhaps the other girl—"
"There is no other girl!"
Again Millicent's face became scarlet.
"Why, what do you mean?" she cried.
"Well—I—O, what an ass I am! I thought I hoped perhaps you'd give me a lead. It was you I'd fallen in love with, Miss Bainbridge!"
Millicent could hardly keep from bursting into a peal of merry laughter.

"Why on earth didn't you say so at once, Mr. Carlyon?" she cried roguishly. "It would have saved such a lot of trouble. Why, there's the music for the next dance."
Carlyon rose somewhat heavily.
"Ah, well, he cried, "I've made an idiot of myself for nothing."
"For nothing? Am I nothing?"
The young man paused. Something in Millicent's dancing eyes awoke comprehension in his mind, absolutely unused as he was to the bewitching coqueries of the sex capricious.

"You're not laughing at me, Millicent?" he asked soberly.
Millicent grew grave in a moment.
"No, you dear, darling old simpleton," she answered in a voice that made Carlyon's pulses quicker; "there, how does that strike you for a lead?"
"And that was all Dick Carlyon's wooing."—Chicago Tribune.

Proud of His Position.
One of the Scottish regiments in South Africa has for its regimental pet a huge male ostrich, which has proved itself on several occasions a friend indeed. Its first appearance came about in this way. A party had been sent to destroy a farm house that had been the hiding place of the assassins of several of the men, and when the house had been emptied of its occupants, the horses and cattle driven off, a fearful noise was heard coming from a little

outhouse at the other end of the house. On opening the door, out stalked the huge bird quite bewildered. Some proposed shooting it, but by general consent it was to be allowed to go. It followed the party, and at once installed himself as one of them. They fed him with part of their own rations, and patched him all round. He loves to march at the head of a party of the regiment, and if the regiment is on the road he is sure to be at the head of the column.
On outpost duty he is a valuable scout, and gives timely warning of approaching danger. Twice has he saved the regiment from being cut off, and he is looked on by all as a real hero.
He had been christened by the name of "Bobs," and knows his name well. The regiment does not know what to do with him when the war is at an end, but hope to bring him home.

IT NEEDED NO PALMIST.
An Observing Eye Could Easily Tell Some of Her Faults.
She was very young and very pretty. She was stylishly gowned and her hat was a "dream." The man who was with her evidently found no charm wanting. But the woman who sat on her other side, being an observant, critical stranger, noticed several things as the car sped on that masculine blindness failed to detect.

She noted, for instance, that the blue velvet stock about the girl's neck was pinned on. From the side on which she sat one of the pins—just the common article—was plainly visible. Then—such a little thing, but it counted so much in the other's estimation of the girl—a wire hairpin had been carelessly stuck into the golden coils of hair among the pretty ones of shell. There was a button missing from one of the gloves, too. It showed only once, when the girl happened to raise her hand, but the other woman took it in at a glance. When the girl leaned forward in her seat, moreover, this keen observer saw a part of a safety pin just visible below the narrow belt, and she knew that the smart skirt had been hastily adjusted.

Then a bit of girl's conversation floated over to her.
"Now, you know," the pretty young thing was saying earnestly to her companion, according to the New York Times, "I'm not a bit superstitious and I don't believe in fortune tellers or any such nonsense. But I went to one of these palmists and had my hand read the other day, just for the fun of it. And what do you think the woman told me? That I was awfully careless about my things. That I hated to mend or sew and never could keep my room in order; that I always mislaid my gloves and little odds and ends and had a time finding them when I was going out. She said I always left everything till the last moment and then rushed about and dressed in a hurry. And, do you know, it's so. That just exactly describes me. Now, don't you consider that remarkable? How on earth could she have known?"
The man seemed deeply impressed.
The other woman smiled.

He Could Wait.
"Here's the devil to pay," exclaimed the old man, coming in with a handful of bills.
"Don't worry about him, dear," said the wife. "He knows that you'll settle with him hereafter."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Freak's Failure.
"What's the matter with the sword swallower?"
"Why, some smart person brought in a blade of grass and asked him to swallow it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Warning from Insurance Men.
New Orleans insurance experts warn the people that the city may be burned down any time if the present careless methods of handling oil are tolerated.

BEST TIME TO MARRY.

WHEN A REASONABLY COMFORTABLE HOME IS ASSURED.

Modern Young People Wait Until Too Late in Life—Nearly All "Self-Made" Men Wedded on \$1,000 a Year or Less.

Why should lovers defer their marriage a day longer than the time when, as far as we mortals can discern the future, the prospect of a comfortable home is reasonably assured? asks Cyrus C. Adams in *Ainslee's*. It is senseless to wait for the coming of affluent days. Their lives should be united, and each in his way should help to bring about the advent of easier times if they are ever to come. It is as foolish to wait for a larger income than is really required as it is for parents to slave and drudge that their children may enjoy a degree of affluence they have never known. This is the rock upon which the French nation has split. They are a frugal and a thrifty people. It is interesting to know that many of the tasteful, artistic and costly products of France are made almost exclusively for the foreign trade. Two-thirds of the best chinaware of Limoges, for example, comes to the United States. A well-to-do Frenchwoman is likely to use a preparation of rice flour as a cosmetic, leaving the delicate perfumes and other toilet articles of Paris for her American and British sisters who are willing to spend more money for such things. But the rich father, unfortunately, conceives it to be his duty to leave his children richer than himself; if, on the other hand, he be a poor tiller of the soil, it is disgraceful not to educate his son to a trade or a profession so that the family name may have a higher place in the social scale. This deplorable ambition fixes upon the family a burden almost too great to be borne, and parents deliberately restrict the number of their children. In large districts, particularly in Northern France, families of more than two children are rare. Many of the young people, seeing the hard lives their parents lead, defer their own marriages in order to better their fortunes, till at last even the desire to marry is extinguished. Parents and children of all lands may well heed the lesson in sociology that France is now teaching.

Nearly all our self-made men, leaders in the professions and in business, married young and on very moderate incomes. Many assumed, without the slightest trepidation, the responsibility of supporting a wife on \$1,000 a year or less. These men usually have very pronounced views on the inadequate knowledge of the value of money and how to take care of it possessed by the majority of young men and women. The views of these young persons as to the amount of income upon which they may prudently marry vary, of course, according to the circumstances in which they have lived. Many an intelligent girl who works in New York kitchens has no doubt whatever that she and the steady, industrious fellow she intends to marry will have a comfortable home on \$12 to \$14 a week. A penniless German school teacher who came to Philadelphia when a young man and who in his old age lives in New York on the rentals of apartment houses bought with \$300,000 he earned slowly in manufacturing asserted the other day that \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year in New York would give to young married couples of refinement a comfortable home, books, music and amusements and everything they might need for the rational enjoyment of life. This gentleman has the German ideas of thrift. There is scarcely any doubt that any man and wife, gifted with an ability to disburse dollars to the very best advantage, would be able to realize his idea of comfortable married life on a small income.

LEFT AND RIGHT HANDEDNESS.
Explained by Anatomical Reasons for Same Quality in Eyes.
It is a well-known fact that the stronger activity of the nerves of the right half of the body (for not only the hand is concerned) must be ascribed to a preponderance of the left side of the brain, whose finer development, especially as the seat of the center of speech, is a matter of common knowledge, says the London Optician.

In a paper by Dr. Luddeckens in the *Allemeines Journal der Urmachekunst* valuable information regarding the causes of the unequal working of the two hemispheres of the brain is furnished. A sketch touching on the history of evolution leads from the original symmetry of the organism to a subsequent disymmetrical arrangement of the heart and the large blood vessels, from which it follows quite naturally that the two halves of the head are not placed on an equal footing as regards the distribution of the blood, and consequently of the blood pressure, and that, on the contrary, there must be, under normal conditions, a stronger pressure on the arteries of the left side of the head.

This theory is borne out by well-known experiences of anatomists and pathologists and a series of interesting observations. Of especial interest is the effect of the higher blood pressure upon the left eye. Dr. Luddeckens found in the latter, as compared with the right one, in a surprisingly large number of cases, a narrower pupil in consequence of a more filled-up condition of the vessels of the iris, and upon closer examination a shorter construction of the eyeball. This furnishes reason for the fact that in a large number of persons the left eye is the better one. Thus the finer development of the left half of the brain is explained very simply by the fact that it is better supplied with the blood, and the question why it is the seat of the center of speech, and why most people are right-handed is solved in the most natural manner.

It is striking how true a reflection of the conditions described is afforded by the examination of left-handed persons. In many cases a redder color was noticeable on the right side of the face; the right eye was built shorter, its pupil narrower; in short, everything points to a better blood supply on the right side of the brain, which, in con-

sequence, imparts to the left side of the body the preponderance over the right one, a condition styled left-handedness. In close connection thereto is the habit of most left-handed persons to sleep on the left side in the unconscious endeavor to relieve the right half of their brain, which is more charged with blood during the day. For right-handed persons the position on the right side is the normal one for the same reason.

Writers Who Speculate.
Stories of the successful speculation of writers in popular resorts on "tips" received from the patrons are often true; but there is the other side—that of losses. Said Philippe at Delmonico's: "If one of our waiters constantly speculates on 'tips' sooner and failure are certain to come sooner or later. As in the case of Beau Brummel's neckties, one never hears of the unsuccessful, and their losses. It generally happens that a waiter is successful at first. If he puts the money he makes into real estate he prospers; but let him continue to speculate and he generally loses his all. I have had some good winnings, but prefer investment in real estate."
"Stock speculation really distracts a waiter," continued the Philippe, according to the New York Times, "and he cannot properly attend to business. As soon as we find a waiter getting too engrossed in speculation we discharge him, as he cannot keep away from the ticker, and confuses his orders. One poor fellow nearly went crazy here last winter in consequence of his stock speculations. He would forget his orders and call for one Western Union when he should have said 'one steak underdone,' and so on, until we had to discharge him. I do not know what has become of him, but expect to hear he has landed in the insane asylum."

Sheer Nonsense.
Joakley—Queer thing about that tall man over there. All his intimate friends call him "Short."
Coakley—Just because he is so tall, eh?
Joakley—No, because that's his name.—Philadelphia Press.

They Didn't Dare to Notice It.
Although the late ameer of Afghanistan was bow-legged, nobody dared to allude to the fact until after he was officially declared dead.
This shows what it is to be a successful autocrat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Clash of Brains.
The man of staid and studious turn will struggle day and night to learn; And rival seers will try to show That all his knowledge isn't so.—Washington Star.

Every man hides his deformity. We are all caught oftener than we imagine.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Yeast—I see a Philadelphia composer has written a quickstep. Crimsonbeak—Yes, and I hear they are using it in Chicago for a funeral march.—Yonkers Statesman.

Just Begun.
Mr. Figgitt—Are you almost through writing that letter?
Mrs. Figgitt—Dear me, no! Why I have only got to the postscript.—Ohio State Journal.

Equity.
The uncle (who has just bought a picture)—Now, Billy, how about this pastel—will it last?
"Well, Uncle Tom, it will last longer than the check you gave me for it!"—Life.

His Price.
Judge—So you voted twice! What did you do that for?
Erastus—Fo' a dollar, Judge.

The Other View.
"It seems to me," said the lady with a severe glance, "that the newspapers print some dreadful things."
"Yes," answered the reporter; "it often makes me sad to think that people insist on doing shocking things and compelling us to write about them."—Washington Star.

Violent Cases.
Gothamite (referring to Stock Exchange brokers doing business)—What do you think of them, uncle?
Uncle (from Podunk)—Worst I ever see! Where dew they lock 'em up nights?—Puck.

He Wondered.
Mrs. Whyte—She learned to speak French in six weeks.
Mr. Whyte—I wonder how long it will take the folks over in France to learn to understand her.—Somerville Journal.

Mixed Breed.
X.—That dog is a pointer, isn't he?
Y.—Gad, no! He's a disappointment!

Had No Cause for Fear.
Her Father—He claims to love you and yet is afraid to speak to me. What sort of a goose is he? I was not afraid to ask for your mother.
She—Yes, I know. But—but you see, she did not have the same sort of a father I have.

Just About.
Uncle Jason (at the seaside hotel)—What's the difference between the American and European plans, John?
Galey—Oh, about the same difference as between embezzlement and robbery.—Puck.

Unsophisticated.
Jack—That little girl I'm in love with now is a perfect little wild flower, fresh as a daisy. Why, she's never even been waltzed with.
George—Well, well!
Jack—That's true. Never been anything but engaged a few times.—New York Weekly.

Afraid to Look.
"Are you looking for work?"
"Looking! I should say so! In dees troublous times a feller has to keep his eyes peeled for work or he'll run right into it!"

The Desired Result.
First Chinese Diplomat—The foreign diplomats are holding another conference to-day.
Second Chinese Statesman—Well, let us hope they will reach a misunderstanding.—Puck.

She Would Do the Following Then.
"I could follow your footsteps all my life long, dearest!"
"Oh, yes; you say that; but when we are married no doubt you'll always walk about ten feet ahead of me, just like all other husbands."—Stray Stories.

Barred Out.
"I have decided to be a hospital nurse," said Amy. "I saw it stated that 75 per cent of the unmarried men fall in love and propose marriage to the women that nurse them through severe illnesses."
"I saw that statement, too," added Mabel; "but my recollection is that it said pretty nurses."—Stray Stories.

A Baid Assertion.
Barber—Your hair will be gray if it keeps on.
Scantylocks—Well, I hope it will keep on.—Baltimore World.

Effect on Different Faces.
Mrs. Myles—That hat makes your face look very short.
Mrs. Styles—That's funny. It made my husband's face look long.—Stray Stories.

A Familiar Illustration.
"Now, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "you may tell us what a prophet is."
"Why," replied Johnny, "it's a fellow that's always lookin' for a chance to say 'I told you so.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Will Be Glad to Hear It.
Bobbis—I see there's a movement on foot to coin half-cent pieces.
Slobbs—That will be good news for the people who have been putting pennies in the collection basket every Sunday for many years.—Philadelphia Record.

The Man-Who-Didn't-Get-Off.
"For deep-laid, underground, doubly-dyed contrary meanness give me a woman."
"Goodness—what do you mean?"
"They always go to cleaning house just when a man is thinking of going fishing."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Point of View.
"Britannia rules the waves in war," we said to the Boer patriot.
"Indeed? I thought Britannia waived rules in war," responded he, with some bitterness manifest in his speech.—Baltimore American.

Was Disappointed.
"He said he would kill himself if I wouldn't marry him."
"Well?"
"He didn't do it; the mean thing."

A Timely Hint.
The women should quit wearing white feathers in their hair. No one admires the white feather, even when it is shown in a whim of fashion.—Atchison Globe.

Too Bad.
"Do you know, Miss Frisbie," said the large-headed young author, "my most brilliant thoughts come to me in my sleep."
"It's a great pity that you are troubled with insomnia," added the young lady.—Detroit Free Press.

Free Bathing.
"Did you notice, Weary, dat some English doctor says we bathe too freely?"
"I'm afraid dat hits me, Limpy. I never paid a cent for a bath in all my life."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Golf.
"The pastor said this morning that we should go to church, no matter how bad the weather is."
"Why, that is the only time I can go. Then there's nothing else to do."

Poor Sufferer!
Philadelphia Man—Can you do something for me, doctor? I am dreadfully troubled with insomnia.
Physician—I am sorry to hear it.
Philadelphia Man—Yes, some nights I cannot get to sleep after 9 o'clock.—Somerville Journal.

Good Taste.
Dramatist—In my new play the hero gets killed in the last act.
Manager—That's a mistake.
Dramatist—Why?
Manager—He ought to be killed in the first act.

Competitive Examination.
Mr. Hopkins—What would you do if a Boston girl quoted Emerson at you?
Mr. Simpson—I'd ask her to name the Presidents of the United States.—Detroit Free Press.

Uncle Eph's Crushes a Doubter.
"For all your pretending to be so wise, Uncle Ephraim," said the colonel, who dwelt in the big house on the hill, "you don't know how to bring up children. Look at that young rascalson of yours that's always robbing my orchard."
"Dat don't make no difference 'bout a man's wisdom, cunnel," said Uncle Eph, austerely, "how he done brung up his chillun. King Solomon hisself raised a boy dat turned bad."—Chicago Tribune.

Both Kinds.
A Boston "funeral director" displays in front of his establishment a sign which reads: "Undertaking—wholesale and retail."
Why Not?
Judge—You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?
Intelligent witness.—The dog.—Stray Stories.

Her Dearest Friend.
May—Jack was saved by a bullet striking my picture, which he carried in the breast pocket of his tunic.
Lucy—Is that so? Well, I should say your picture would stop a four-inch shell.—Stray Stories.

To the Astronomers.
Still survey the heavens
For all that you are worth.
We may have to hunt a planet
When the trusts own all the earth.
—Washington Star.

Man's Dress \$80 a Year.
Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt's statement that a woman can dress well on \$300 a year caused a tailor the other day to discuss the annual cost of a man's dress.
The average man, he said, had two suits, a winter and a summer one, that last him at least two years, and two overcoats, one for fall and one for winter, that last him three years. The suits, at \$30 each, divided by two (the number of years of their endurance), and the coats at \$50, two pairs divided by three, would cost \$10, two hats \$7, and a moderate amount of linen and underwear about \$30 more. That makes the grand total of the average man's annual expenditure for dress only \$80, and the tailor said he thought many persons got through on even less.

The rich man who goes out a good deal will spend often \$1,000 or more a year on his clothes, and the tailor mentioned, says the Philadelphia Record, the names of two young millionaires who each lavish from \$2,500 to \$3,000 annually on their wardrobes.

Some smiles look as though they had been soaked in vinegar.

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION.



The E (for: "Your story — s excellent — and w'd — give you \$11 for it — when it is printed in 1907."