

# 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 SNOWDRIFT.

When night dropped down, the fields were dark and dun, Storm sprites were out—we heard the north wind blow.

White grew the landscape; every field and knoll Showed forth transfigured by the snow-storm's spell; The trees and fences stood in motley droll,

But where the stone wall held its Parisian weight Of snowdrift, like some Alp or Apennine, We saw a sculpture man could not create,

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

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

## A ONE-SIDED WOOLING.

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 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?"

Milliecent Bainbridge could hardly help smiling at the almost boyish manner in which the sunburnt young giant voiced his semi-apologetic a rowal. "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 due course. By that time Milliecent 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 Carlyon here 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."

"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,

how would you like the fellow you were going to marry to behave?" "O, that is soon told," answered Milliecent. "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. 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 petted 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. I 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. "Here's the devil to pay," exclaimed the old man, coming in with a handful of bills. "I don't worry about him, dear," said the wife. "He knows that you'll settle with him hereafter." —Atlanta Constitution.

"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.

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

Heard Little Girl. "Dear little girl," of the sister, and sent both her love. After a few moments she left the young American again alone with the King.

"Again I did not know what to say," he remarked. "I had read something of the royal jewels having been moved a short time before from the Tower of London to Marlborough house. I had the audacity to ask King Edward to let me see them. He hesitated a second, then assented.

"We went into a smaller room on the side, and then I saw the jewels. Queen Victoria's crown, which weighed thirty-nine ounces, was there, with its sapphire that is supposed to have come down from Edward the Confessor, and also the sword of Edward the Black Prince; the crown of Mary II; the sword of Excalibur of King Arthur of the Round Table; and many other wonderful relics. It took us some time to view them, and during this time the King said not a word.

"When we got back I wanted to get away. I was afraid it was not right to take out my watch, but I did so. It was five minutes past 4. I had been with the King half an hour.

"Well, I said, 'I've got to get back.' The King said 'Good-by' pleasantly, and hoped that I had enjoyed the visit."

Cheap Dinners in London. A company has been formed in London, the promoters of which propose to provide the laboring classes with dinners at the rate of four cents each.

# A BOY VISITS A KING.

FINDS EDWARD OF ENGLAND AN AFFABLE MAN.

Lad, on Camera Tour Is Forbidden to Take Picture of Marlborough House, but Is Given an Interview by the Kaiser and His Queen.

A Washington high school cadet, who, without influence or introduction, recently had a talk and lunch with King Edward in his palace, thinks the British monarch is almost as democratic in his manners as the new occupant of the White House.

This lad is Wilbur Johnson, son of a Washington storekeeper. He set out alone on a camera tour of England, and incidentally came to Marlborough house, King Edward's residence.

"I handed the guard a piece of silver," remarked the cadet, in telling his adventures, "and went inside the gates. Securing a good view, I planted my tripod and got the focus, when I was startled to see an elderly gentleman standing directly in front of me.

"Hello, sonny. What are you going to do?" he asked.

"He told me I could not take a picture of Marlborough house, that the camera must be stopped somewhere, and that they drew the line at the King's palace."

"I fancied he was a clerk, and, handing him my card, I asked for his. Then I nearly dropped for he said: 'I've handed a card; I'm the Duke of Argyll.'

"Well, when I had recovered, he asked me if I wanted to see the King. That, I assured him, was just what I most desired. He smiled and said he might be able to arrange it. I was to present myself at Marlborough house at 3:30 o'clock. At that hour I handed my card to one of the two guards. He disappeared, and a moment later was back again, bowing and calling my name, 'Mr. Johnson.'

"That room was the most beautiful I ever saw. All mosaic and gilded chairs, and beautiful furnishings. At the far end of the room a long way off to me stood a man in a black Prince Albert coat alone. I looked at him, and my first thought was 'a big burly man.' Then, when I got to thinking that this man was at the head of all the British empire, I became nervous.

"As I walked toward him I was at a loss to know what to do. I had to decide in a hurry, so I just raised my hand and saluted him as I would salute any officer of our cadets.

"The King's face was very pleasant, and he smiled a little. He returned my salute and extended his hand to me. We shook hands, and he said: 'I see you are an officer,' began the King, 'in some military company?'

"No, sir, I am only a private," I answered.

"Ah, I thought you were an officer," then I explained to him that our officers wore shoulder straps. He asked me all about the high school cadets, saying that he'd heard of our companies, and I told him.

"The King smiled now and then. He seemed interested, and asked many questions about the cadets.

"I was terribly upset, for I had no idea what to do when with a king. My face was burning red, and I was always afraid he was going to ask me something I could not answer. He asked me how I liked London, and I assured him that I could not complain.

"At last the King leaned forward and tapped a little silver bell. A servant in gorgeous livery appeared and bowed low before his Majesty. Then he bowed to me. The King ordered tea, and the man brought it to us. It was served in the smallest kind of cups, and without milk or sugar. I was about to ask for these, when I thought that some people don't use them and that it might not be just the right thing. That tea was fine.

"Just after we had tea—the King and I sat on a very beautiful woman entered. It was Queen Alexandra, but she did not look at all like any of her pictures. She is far better looking, now, I hadn't expected to see the King, and to meet King and Queen both was a trying ordeal. My face became more red than ever, I suppose, for I did not know just the right thing to do.

"The Queen held out her hand. I walked to her, kneeling, bent over it, and I knew better than to kiss her hand, for I had read something about that in books. I took her hand in mine and kissed the back of my own hand.

"The Queen 'raised me,' as you might say.

Young Johnson admits that he was in great confusion, and heartily wished himself safe back in his hotel. The Queen, however, asked him a few questions, and he told her of his little sister and brother, who admired her greatly, he asserted. The Queen said:

"Dear little girl," of the sister, and sent both her love. After a few moments she left the young American again alone with the King.

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The company has built an extensive, complete and central steam bakery and kitchen covering more than an acre of ground, and connected with the principal railroads. Here meat, flour, eggs, vegetables and fruit will be received direct from the farms. Prime joints will be sold to consumers. The boiling parts will be converted into dressed provisions, soups, and beef teas to compete with the large importations of foreign meats. The kitchen will prepare family meals in the form of stews or pies, consisting of a pound of meat without bone, six pounds of vegetables, cereals and dried fruit, sufficient to provide a savory dinner for six persons at a cost of 24 cents. The meats used are beef and mutton only. The vegetables range from potatoes to spinach. Of cereals there are twenty-three varieties, including several American breakfast foods. The service of the dinners will be on lines similar to those which workmen have already proved to be successful.

ODD INSURANCE CASE. All Hung Upon Which One of Two Died First.

Southwell inheritance case, which was tried in the Supreme Court in Buffalo several months ago. Peter Southwell and his second wife were found dead in bed at their home in Austin, Pa., one night in January, 1900. They had been asphyxiated by gas. Southwell left an insurance policy for \$3,000 issued by the Royal Arcanum and made payable to his second wife. He left two children by his first wife, Johanna and George W. Southwell. They claimed they had inherited the insurance money, but relatives of Mrs. Southwell No. 2 also claimed it. The administrator of the estate, John R. Gray, refused to turn over to either of the sets of claimants until the courts decided who was entitled to it. Then the Southwell children brought suit in the Supreme Court to collect the money.

Everything hinged on the question of which of the asphyxiated couple died first. If Mrs. Southwell died first, she could not have inherited the insurance that was made payable to her; it would then have reverted to Southwell's next of kin, his two children, but if her death occurred even a single moment later than that of her husband, then the ownership of the money must have passed to her, and upon her death to her next of kin. These next of kin contended that the husband had died first. Southwell's children held that Mrs. Southwell had died first.

Each side produced numerous medical experts at the trial to prove by the disclosures of the autopsy on the bodies that the particular side they represented was right. The result was that when the trial was finished, the question of survivorship was still a very doubtful one, and the delicate task of settling the case was left to Justice Kenefick. He spent much time on it and surprised some of those interested by the manner in which he disposed of the case. He decided in favor of the Southwell children, holding in part, as follows:

"It would serve no useful purpose to discuss here the reasons assigned by the various medical witnesses for their answers to this question, inasmuch as the court, after careful consideration, has reached the conclusion that it would be mere conjecture, surmise and speculation to essay the decision of survivorship in this case upon such testimony. This controversy must be determined, therefore, upon the assumption that there is no proof to decide which of these individuals predeceased the other. Under such circumstances the civil law indulges in presumptions based on age and sex to aid in determining the survivorship of persons perishing in a common disaster. The common law, however, recognizes no presumptions on the subject. In the absence of evidence the fact is assumed to be unascertainable, and a rule of distribution has been adopted whereby property rights are disposed of as if death occurred simultaneously.

"Under the certificate of incorporation of the society as well under its constitution and laws referred to above, this fund was intended for the widow, children, relatives or dependents of the insured; it was not in the power of the insured to designate as beneficiaries the person represented by the defendant. Yet the practical effect of sustaining the defendant's claim would be to divert the fund from the insured's children and pass it directly to the relatives of the beneficiary. Judgment is directed for the plaintiffs accordingly, but without costs."

Time-Saving. A new time-saving appliance for the embarkation and discharge of mails and baggage at Dover, England, and Calais, France, the terminal points of one of the cross-channel mailboat services, has been installed. It is an electrical gangway, and is constructed upon the system of an endless platform. It conveys packages of any weight ashore at the rate of one in fifteen seconds, when working at normal speed. Even the heaviest sacks of mail and baggage are brought ashore with remarkable celerity and facility. The saving in transshipment is more than half the ordinary time.

Beware of Needless Words. Don't write "photo," "photo only," "printed matter," "calendar" or any other descriptive phrase on mail packages unless you desire to pay first-class postage rates. Most people do this without knowing that it increases the rate. Packages should have no indorsement whatever on the wrapper except that which strictly pertains to the return card and address.

Spanish Income Tax. The new Spanish income tax schedule is based on the idea of taxing business profits wherever found. Banks must pay 15 per cent of their income to the government, besides 5 per cent more on all dividends paid, while ordinary corporations must pay 12 per cent on income and 8 per cent on dividends.

And the Best. "Why do you call them 'beauty' and 'the best,' when he seems such a nice sort of a fellow?" "Because, you see, he's a literary fellow." —Philadelphia Bulletin.

Why do the people take so much interest in marrying stories?

# 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. Crimsoneak—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. 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.—Aitchison 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. 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. "It is bad form to dip your bread in the gravy." "Yes, but it's good taste, mamma."

A Better Way. 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'm 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 rascalion of yours that's always robbing my orchard." "Dat don't make no difference 'bout a man's wisdom, cunnell," said Uncle Eph'm, austere, "how he done bring up his chillun. King Solomon himself 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 stars 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 a similar figure divided by three, would cost \$50. Two pairs of shoes 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.

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 Bald 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.

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# A STUDY IN EXPRESSION.



The Editor: "Your story is excellent and we'll give you \$1 for it when it is printed in 1904."