

Why You Shouldn't Sleep on Your Back.

The health and lives of hundreds of thousands of people in this land are daily injured and destroyed by the position in which they are permitted to sleep.

This dangerous position is that of lying on the back. It will be found that a majority of babies either take it voluntarily or are placed in it when put to bed. The great mistake made is in putting them on a bed which enables them to take this position, instead of the natural and healthy one of lying on the side.

The injuries arising from lying on the back are of several kinds. One is the hindrance of breathing by the pressure of the palate against the back of the throat. The other is the collection of mucus and other unwholesome substances in the throat. From these two injurious conditions there result many diseases of the throat and respiratory organs, as well as a general weakening of them.

The remedy is a very simple one. It is to put the child to sleep on a fairly hard bed. Then the position on the back becomes practically impossible, and it turns naturally on its side, which is the proper attitude for sleep.

A French physician—Dr. Madent—has recently made some interesting investigations on this subject. He emphasizes his conclusions by some very striking pictures showing the evil results of sleeping on the back, from an anatomical point of view.

When the head is in an upright position there is a considerable space between the palate, or uvula, and the back of the throat. It is through this space that the air must pass on its way from the nose to the windpipe.

Put a child to sleep on its back, and the palate tends by its own weight to fall toward the back of the throat. It may go so far as to make breathing impossible. Then the child is forced to open its mouth and breathe through it, which, as every one should know, is unwholesome and unnatural.

When the child lies on its side the palate has no tendency to fall backward, and remains in nearly the same position as when the head is upright.

The position on the back also tends to increase the effects of injurious secretions. If during sleep the nose secretes mucus it is permitted to flow into the throat; whereas, if the position on the side had been taken, the mucus would have remained in the nose.

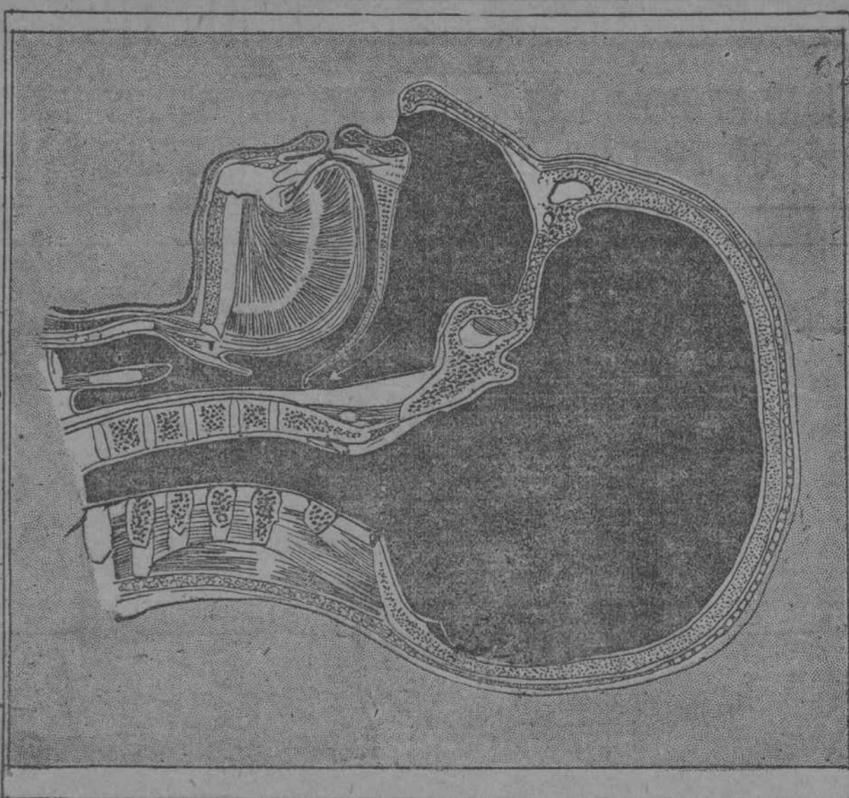
A person who has a severe cold in his head finds his lips red, swollen and cracked on account of the passage of mucus from his nose. In the same way, but to a higher degree, does this injurious secretion affect the delicate skin of the throat; when it is allowed to enter there.

Positions of the ear, the internal passage of which opens in this region, are also facilitated by the same cause.

Dr. Madent noticed that diseases of the nose, ears and throat, so common in Europe, are very rare in Algeria. The reason of this he attributed to the fact that the Arab mother put her child to sleep on a mat, with one or two light coverings. The hard couch was made necessary by the climate, but it also served a valuable purpose in obliging the child to sleep on its side, and not on its back. Else it stood a better chance of growing up without weakness or disease of the nose, ears and throat.

The American child is in this respect less well off than the half-civilized Arab. It is usually put to bed on a pillow of down or feathers. Then, more than not, it lies on its back, turns up its little face, and is in a fair way to develop the terrible diseases mentioned.

In this country grown-up persons have happily discarded the unwholesome feather bed to a greater extent than in Europe; but when the seeds of disease are laid in infancy they develop in maturity.



How the Palate Drops Down in the Back of the Throat, Closes the Wind Passage and Makes You Breathe Through Your Mouth.

A Regular Bank that Is Conducted by Children.

The most unique banking institution in the world is located in St. Louis. It is the W. C. Lindsey & Sons Banking Company, and no one connected with it in an executive capacity, except the president, is over nine years of age.

Robert T. Lindsey, the cashier, is the youngest official of that sort anywhere. The institution is conducted on as strict business principles and its finances receive as close and keen attention as if its capital was \$1,000,000 instead of \$1,000.

The president of the bank is W. C. Lindsey, father of the cashier. A little over a year ago Mr. Lindsey conceived that it would be a splendid idea if he could devise some scheme whereby his boys could be taught to save money. After mature deliberation he conceived the banking scheme. He decided to form a little bank for his children, teach them all the intricacies of banking, and inculcate the desire to save money into their minds, so that when they grew up to be men they would be sure to hang on to some part of whatever of the world's goods they succeeded in getting their hands on.

So interested did he become that he began to agitate the plan, and one of his friends who heard of it while on the way to New York outlined the scheme to a newspaper reporter. A small item was printed about it in the papers, and in a few days Mr. Lindsey began receiving applications from the parents of little ones in various parts of the country, asking that their children might be allowed to take stock in the juvenile bank. He readily consented, and on February 1 the W. C. Lindsey & Sons Banking Company was formed, with a capital stock of \$100 on the basis of \$1 a share, and an office at No. 507 Washington avenue, St. Louis.

Like most promoters, Mr. Lindsey, who for years has been cashier for a large wholesale house, installed himself as president. Young Robert Lindsey was made cashier, and Louis H. Lindsey vice-president. The Board of Directors, consisted of these three officers and Richard W. Lindsey, W. C. Lindsey, Jr., Harrison Owens, Columbus, Ga.; Martin Hardwick, Springfield, Mo.; and Everett L. Ains, St. Louis.

Everything was immediately placed on a business basis. The boys were soon taught the ins and outs of the commercial maze so that they understood it better by far than the majority of grown people who have not a speaking acquaintance with bank accounts. After that Mr. Lindsey's position became merely advisory. The bank has never done any speculative or investment business. It has confined itself to loaning money at an enormous rate of interest to clerks in the wholesale houses along Washington avenue and in the immediate vicinity.

They charged on all loans 5 per cent a month or any fraction thereof. If a young man wanted to take his best girl to the theatre he could apply to the W. C. Lindsey & Sons Banking Company and get the necessary funds to do it with by paying 25 cents for the privilege. Security on real and personal property was required, so that losses were guarded against. At such a rate it can readily be seen that the bank was a paying institution.

There are stockholders in twenty States of the Union, as follows: Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas, Georgia, Illinois, Florida, Kansas, South Carolina, New Mexico, Missouri, New York, Tennessee, Alabama, Kentucky, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Colorado, Washington and Oklahoma Territory.

It is agreed that none of the stockholders can draw his money until he has reached the age of twenty-one years. He may sell or give away his stock, but the money must remain in the bank's possession until the persons to whom it belongs become of age.

BUSHMEN STILL IN SLAVERY.

People who have hearts capable of that old-fashioned thing known as "human sympathy" read with a deal of feeling the story in last Sunday's Journal about the Bushmen who are held in slavery on Coney Island, and who in return for their very meagre board give an exhibition of boomerang throwing.

It is a pity that the night following the exhibition a Sunday Journal reporter visited the Bushmen's tepee to learn whether there had been any change in the lot of the unfortunate. The show was on that time. A young man called "Boss" said: "Don't let Fross see you and those fellows, for if he does he'll beat them to death."

"Does he often beat them?"

"There is nobody to stop him when he feels like doing it."

"Did he beat them to-day?"

"I don't know what he did to-day, but a few days ago he gave a terrible beating to Billy, who kept crying like a fool. 'Go good, Boss. Me be good always, Boss.'"

suspecting at the moment that all he said about Fross and the Bushmen might be published, which would undoubtedly cost him his position, the youth became very cautious in all his answers regarding his employer's treatment of the men.

The Bushmen were in bed asleep when the reporter called at the boarding house to which they have lately been removed. They said they were not beaten by Fross, probably because he had not read their story in the Sunday Journal. "We tearfully asked him for some money," they said, "but he gave us a quarter only and told us not to bother him for a cent hereafter."

The British Consul, whose offices are at No. 24 State street, said that, after reading in the Journal about the Bushmen, he had sent the Vice-Consul to investigate their case and see what measures could be taken for their emancipation.

The Vice-Consul was told by Fross that he was under a \$5,000 bond to the authorities of Townsville, Australia, to return the men to their native land when they felt like going. The Vice-Consul learned also that the men were badly treated, and noted as East Indians and Africans brought over by American showmen have been.

"I have drawn up their affidavits," said the Consul, "and sent them to the New York Charities Organization. If they take any interest in the case and express an intention of supporting these people in case Fross turns them into the street, then I will immediately commence legal proceedings against the employer."

"In case the Charities Organization shows indifference, what other steps will be taken?"

"Then I should scarcely know what to do. If we take action against Fross he may turn them into the street, and they will undoubtedly become chargeable to the United States. All the fault lies with the government of Townsville, which accepts bonds of men unknown and representing themselves to be what they are not, and does not take the trouble to collect the wages to which these people are entitled."

"We here have no funds to pay for their passage, and if we advanced any money for that purpose, we are sure that the Townsville government will not refund it."

"If the Journal should undertake to secure positions for these men, in case they are turned into the street by Fross, what steps will you then take?" the reporter asked.

"I will sue Fross and compel him to pay their wages and their passage back to Australia," answered the representative of Her Majesty.

CHANGES IN MAN'S DRESS.

A great revolution in the ordinary clothing of the ordinary male human being has taken place. It has not been sufficiently noted and understood. The purpose of this article is to call attention to it.

It has become a habit with writers to speak of the sombre, dull, colorless and unornamental character of modern dress for men. These characteristics have almost passed away, but the clothing philosophers have scarcely perceived the fact. It may be worth trying to write a new "Sartor Resartus."

There never was a time when more colors and more brilliant ones were to be seen in man's dress than to-day. It is true that gold and lace, velvet and feathers have not yet been restored to the male wardrobe, but they are only materials. All the colors used in those periods when dress was most rich and decorative are in fashion. It is hard to realize at once that this is true, but it can easily be proved by a little careful observation.

Take, as an illustration, a young man whom you are likely to meet on the streets of New York any day. He would generally be considered well dressed and his appearance would excite no great surprise or hostile demonstration, as it would have done a few years ago.

To begin with, he wears a straw hat with a band of red, white and yellow. Next we note a shirt of faint purple stripe, with a white collar. This collar is high and donned over, and therefore quite elaborate compared with the simple linen bands that once were usual.

But it is in the necktie that we catch the most dazzling vision of color. Dark green, yellow and crimson chase one another over its surface in a fantastic pattern. Such neckties may be seen in all the most fashionable shop windows, as well as on the bosoms of the most fashionable young men.

The suit is dark purple in color, with light red stripes, making a most impressive check. The material is sturdy. The waistcoat is double-breasted, and the pockets have lapels.

The youth's shoes are brown, and his socks of the same color. Already we have seen in the composition of his attire yellow, purple, white, crimson, brown and several shades of green and of red.

This is a fair example of what one may see on Broadway. It is by no means a remarkable case, either of loudness or of good taste.

The colors mentioned might be varied infinitely. In neckties, shirts and handkerchiefs there is hardly any limit to them.

Fashionable tailors say that the favorite materials are olive, green, brown and purple cloths, of a large checked design. A dark green cloth, with yellow stripes forming the check, is much admired.

Further variety is introduced by the wearing of flannel and linen suits in the city, which is not now unusual. One can imagine a man of thirty years ago suddenly restored to life walking down Broadway and believing that he has strayed into a comic opera. In his time respectability still entailed a black broadcloth suit, with a frock coat and a stovepipe hat.

Another great change has recently been introduced into man's dress by bicycling, golf and other sports which do not agree with trousers. One would not feel comfortable wearing rowing and certain other athletic costumes on the street, but the wide golf breeches are the height of comfort, and the wearing of them now excites hardly any attention. The colors of the golf stockings add much to the brightness and gaiety of the scene.

A POSER FOR PRIESTS.

The so-called miracles of Tilly-sur-Seulles have started all France. So remarkable are they that the locality is now called the "Field of Apparitions." The visions are miraculous to all observers.

That is why the Societe des Sciences is going to investigate, for when the good Abbe Brettes, its president, sees things that disturb his scientific mind, it is surely time to investigate.

Abbe Brettes lost no time in acquainting the society with what he saw. The features of his story, however, were two incidents which to the ordinary mind seem possessed of far greater mystery than the alleged miracles of the Virgin's appearance.

The heroine of the first of these incidents is a "Woman in Black," who is known in the neighborhood by no other name, and who promises to soon become as legendary as the "Woman in White." The peasants know nothing of her nationality or home.

One thing is certain, and that is that the "Woman in Black" is not a "voyante," like the others. The first time she approached the miraculous elm, apparently for the purpose of making her devotions, she was heard speaking to a woman who was devoutly imploring the Virgin's aid for her sick daughter.

"Unhappy one, what are you doing here? Get away quickly! Your daughter will not be cured!"

A short distance from the elm twelve candles were burning brightly, all offerings of the faithful. The "Woman in Black" had hardly ceased speaking when a large, black butterfly flew in among the candles and extinguished five of them, and these were the very candles Mme. B. had lighted for the restoration of her daughter's health. They were re-lighted, but the large butterfly immediately reappeared and extinguished them once more. You can easily imagine the commotion this has created throughout the neighborhood, and the "Woman in Black" has so far vouchsafed no explanation of the strange phenomenon.

The Abbe met this enigmatical person a few days afterwards in the miraculous field, and announces the fact that she was faithful to look upon. Her features were so convulsed with suffering that you were moved to pity on looking at her.

"What do you see?" he asked her. But she made no reply. The Abbe then pinched her arm and still she remained motionless.

"Does the crowd annoy you?" insisted the Abbe. "Send them away!"

"Yes; send them away!" the strange creature sobbed forth.

The Abbe begged the crowd to disperse, and then continued to question the stranger.

"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I command you to tell me what you see."

"Legion!" she cried out in agony. "I see Legion!"

This is the name of a formidable demon, but unhappily he remained invisible to the Abbe's eyes, otherwise he would have been only too happy to have unmasked him.

The other incident is more on the divine order. Marie Laine, who first saw the miraculous vision, in a recent apparition saw four letters written on the Virgin's robe—"U. S. P. Q." She could not understand their meaning, nor could any one to whom she repeated them translate their meaning. From a letter which was awaiting the Abbe upon his return to Paris the following interpretation was given: The meaning of the four mysterious letters had just been revealed to a child in a dream. This child, who is entirely ignorant of Latin, affirms that the four letters signify: "Unum scilicet, plium quosque"—"A clun pul, if you please."

THE SCIENCE OF SMILES.

The gentle art of smiling is the latest thing which science has been meddling with; tracing back to its very beginning, and pointing out with something like a sneer how this facial expression first came to adorn the face of primeval man.

Mr. Edward Cuyler, in a recent lecture in Paris before the Societe d'Anthropologie, stated that our smiles, however winning to outward seeming, are simply records of our very remote ancestors' selfishness, greediness and pugnacity.

The passion that dominated all others in primitive man was the desire for food. The animals of those days were huge and fierce, and the implements of hunting were crude. The naked hunter, therefore, was forced to go offtimes with a empty stomach, but when he made a kill he gorged himself with meat. The antipathy of approaching satisfaction of his hunger caused him to open his mouth, and show his teeth, partly through pleasure, and partly through an instinctive impulse to get himself in readiness for the immediate stowing away of his food.

With the progress of civilization this facial contortion grew to other pleasurable things, and sound of audible laughter.

The graceful smile of the modern man, however, is merely an inherited expression derived from a savage progenitor who anticipated a good time when to dinner—or for dinner.

Again, the open smile of more open pleasure is simply a survival of the gaping mouth with which the ape-like man prepared to tackle roast grandmo

THE TALE OF PRETTY ANNETTE'S GAUZY SILK BATHING SUIT.

Annette is young. Annette is beautiful. Every curve of Annette's body, every tone of Annette's delicate coloring, show that Heaven made Annette to be kissed. You feel that as soon as you look at her. There is no coquetry in her bearing, no challenge in her eye, and yet your lips tingle at the sight of her. There isn't a shade of impudence in the thought, it's simply a natural impulse—a duty almost, like picking a ripe peach.

When Mrs. Gatehell, of Philadelphia, saw Annette in Paris, she at once perceived Annette's exceeding kissableness. As a rule, a woman is slow to recognize the sweetness of another woman. But Mrs. Gatehell, of Philadelphia, is not a catty person. She has two very red lips of her own, and two of the prettiest little children in the world. She is one of the women who can afford to admire other women.

As soon as she saw that Annette was made to be kissed, she began to be sorry for Annette. For Annette was a very good girl without a penny in the bank and without anybody to give her a "dot."

In France, no matter how good and how pretty a girl is, she cannot get a husband unless she has a "dot." Mrs. Gatehell knew this, and she didn't see how Heaven's plain purpose of having Annette kissed a great many times every day was to be carried into effect. And then she suddenly remembered that her two little children were always kissing her and kissing each other and kissing everybody in sight. Here, plainly, was the answer to the riddle. And Mrs. Gatehell engaged Annette to go to Philadelphia and wash her children's faces, and brush the children's hair, and run up and down the green alleys in Fairmount Park with the children.

When the Philadelphia Summer began to be too generous Mrs. Gatehell and her fortunate husband, and the two fortunate children, and the fortunate Annette, came on to Bath Beach, Long Island, and descended at the Fort Lowery Hotel.

Every day Annette stood at the water's edge watching the children roll about in the white foam, they would call back in their droll Philadelphia French: "Oh, aren't you ever coming in with us, Annette? Oh, please come in, Annette! Oh, do come in, Annette!"

The young men, and the elder men, too, for that matter, could hear the children's shrill voices, and they would all look at Annette to see what answer she might make.

Day after day Annette would give a little shiver and reply that the water was still too cold. But day by day the shiver grew smaller, and day by day Annette seemed less sure that the water was too cold.

At last there came a day, only a few days ago, when the water under the moonday sun glistened as smoothly hot as a great, fat, hot plate of purple majolica, when it seemed to have even gathered heat from the yellow moon of the night before. It was almost too warm a day to romp, and the children lay on their backs, like helpless young turtles, basking in the silent water. When they began to beg Annette to come into the water she could not shiver, she could not say it was cold, and she ran up the beach to the hotel, up the stairs to her room and opened her little French trunk and dragged on of one of the corners at the very bottom of the box, her bathing suit, which she had brought from France. And with the parcel

THE TALE OF PRETTY ANNETTE'S GAUZY SILK BATHING SUIT.

under her arm she hurried back to the children and bade them be very quiet until she joined them in the water. And then she went into the bathhouse and shut the door.

The rusty hinges of the bathhouse door creaked with a loud sound, and every one who had stared stared the harder. A figure flashed out through the door, a patter of swift feet sounded along the planks, the end of the diving board bent down for a moment and then shot up again and shook itself in the empty air. There was a splashing and a little ring and the blue water was rippled by one ring after another.

Annette had taken the plunge. There she was with only her glistening hair and shining eyes above the water, swimming in shore toward the children, while the children shouted: "Oh, dear Annette! Oh, sweet Annette! Oh, come and kiss us, Annette!"

At a few yards from the shore a ladder springs from the water and reaches the platform along which Annette had flashed so swiftly to the diving board, and when she had kissed the children she climbed the ladder and balanced herself at the end of the spring-board ready to make another dive.

She had been in a hurry the first time, for she had been afraid that the water might not, after all, be so warm as the children said it was, and had rushed to her plunge to have done with it as quickly as possible.

Her bathing suit was made in the French fashion, made with short skirt; made of simple, inexpensive gray India silk, so inconspicuous of color that when it was wet and lay close to her skin, the young men, and the elder ones, too, for that matter, could hardly have told where the suit ended and Annette began.

Everybody drew his breath, or her breath, for there were women on the beach as well as men, and the women were staring quite as hard as the men.

It was the first time a candidly French bathing suit had ever been seen at Bath Beach.

Annette took her plunge. Annette swam out a hundred yards, swam back again and entered her bathhouse, dressed herself in her demure little French frock and came out on the beach again and kissed the two fortunate children. They love to have Annette kiss them, those children, and they love to kiss Annette. And because Annette was dry and they were wet, they kissed her all the more.

All the young men sighed, and the elder men, too, for that matter, but the women did not sigh. They whispered to one another. And that night some of them whispered to the manager of the Fort Lowery Hotel, and he in his turn whispered to his housekeeper, and his housekeeper in her turn whispered to Annette.

And it was thus that Annette learned that the fashions of Trouville in the matter of bathing dress are not the customs of Bath Beach.

Annette is of the opinion that if you must wear an ulster, and a newmarket, and a fur-lined cloak, and a few more such things, it is better not to go into the water at all. And Annette has not gone into the water again. The young men, and the old men, too, for that matter, squat in long rows on the sand at the bathing hour.

They sigh when they see the children kissing Annette, but the diving-board is empty.

