

HERE'S A LITTLE



Pointer for You

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and urgently request young ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

Young ladies who are in public service should be reserved and polite.

F. B. Don't think that you are "all of a" simply because one chances to compliment you.

Some friendship is like new clothes, made to wear out.

L. E. You allowed your friend to know too well how much you thought of him. Men like to seek rather than to be sought.

Mabel. Because a person does wrong, don't think that he will always do so. Many a man goes to degradation and shame, simply because he is so dreadfully abused at his first wrong doing. A little gentle talk and reasoning some times, goes further than abuse and is far more lasting.

C. C. Don't attempt to write a speech or run a column, except you can write a composition on common sense.

"Some folks have a way of declaring that the first year of married life is the most trying," writes Edward in the October Ladies Home Book. "But where one gets a close knowledge of several families the conviction is brought home that the trying period lies beyond the first year. I should sit rather at the third year, when the pretty trousseau is showing wear and needs replenishing, when the wedding presents have lost their lustre, and this thing has won out and that thing has to be replaced; when a little family is growing up and doctor's bills are introduced into the family reckoning. That is the trying period when interests are apt to become very close. Likewise calculations. Then it is that the saving of the comparatively care-free and less expensive first year of married life comes in handy, or is sadly missed if the income was then lived up to in unnecessary buying and foolish entertaining. A great deal of happiness in this world is wrecked by debt, and generally the debt could have been avoided if a little more care and common sense had been exercised."

Amee. You should always be careful in your talk.

E. M. It is to be regretted that your sorrows multiply. Hope on and keep in touch with true and reliable friends.

E. T. Don't allow yourself to be used by any one. Then again don't believe every thing people say to you. Have some judgement of your own.

E. F. The moment some people are convinced that they can't use you to their own advantage, they will seek some others for friends.

Don't permit a young man to smoke in your company.

M. M. Let dressing be an incident to your livelihood.

Ida. A prudent girl will save her earnings and keep in touch with those who are her best friends. It is a dangerous thing to change old friends for new ones.

In a letter written by Miss Alcott in 1862 to her "Laurie," which is one of many published for the first time in The Ladies Home Journal for October she thus describes an interesting event of that year: "We had a grand Masque in March, when 400 people appeared in fine costumes and had a merry time. \* I was a Monk, and no one knew me even after we unmasked for a black beard and made changed me into a jolly friar and made great fun. The boys called me 'sir,' pushed me round in the dressing room, and asked me to tie and pin them up, supposing I was a man, and the girls flirted in earnest till I took off my beard, when they shouted."

It is unwise to impose upon a good friend.

Nellie think kindly of your mother. Don't take sides with those who dislike her because it is wrong. She must be a deceiving girl to betray the confidence of a mother no matter what she may be.

T. M. The best girl in the world may be deceived, no matter how careful she may be. You should always be on the look out no matter how pretentious one may be towards you. False friendship comes in the form of the false pretense.

R. M. Be positive and resolute and then you will be respected.

L. T. It is not the so called friend that you must trust. A good friend never tires.

E. O. You can always tell how much you are respected, by the opinion of the sex. You can readily find out the moment one comes in your company.

Always watch the over polite man. One who always has something to tell you, should be watched.

Don't be talkative but a good listener. Don't dress like a peacock.

A becoming hat will look well always.

Keep your home cheerful.

Don't go in suspicious places and see who will not have your name de-

scribed on familiarity from any one.

Be on your guard no matter how

well they are treated.

Be honest it will pay the long run. Young girls should keep away from fresh married women.

Some married women rather have the company of young girls. Don't trust them.

TOO YOUNG TO ELOPE.

Chicago Girl Invokes Magistrate's Aid in Dealing with Her Impetuous Swain.

According to the Chicago American Amelia Gustella, a pretty, dark-haired Italian girl, gazed in anger upon Louis Frank and explained to Justice Dooley that the young man had sought to induce her to elope. Amelia, however, has no desire to leave her happy home, and so told Frank.

"I love you desperately," the young man is quoted as having said. "I here declare my love for you, and I want you to flee with me to-night."

Amelia could not give a decided answer. She would think it over. The



"I AM TOO YOUNG TO ELOPE."

suspense, it is said, proved so great for Frank that he walked up and down in front of the house no less than nine times in as many minutes.

Amelia spoke to her father. The parent became angry. He had once ordered the suitor for his daughter's hand from the house. Frank had boarded with the family, and it was there that he learned to think well of the dark-haired daughter of the host. Finally the proposition to elope came and then two sharp detectives took the unhappy man to a dark cell in the Maxwell street station.

Justice Dooley was told all about it. Frank said he loved the girl, and he believed she loved him.

"The whole trouble is that the father of the girl insists on interfering with us," said the defendant.

"Yes," said his honor. "There are a whole lot of fathers interfering, and I guess many of them are justified. It appears that this girl is but 16 years old. She says she does not care for you and has no desire to become your wife. You will, therefore, let her alone."

"Yes, I wish he would let me alone," said the girl. "I am too young to elope, and I want nothing to do with him."

The justice continued the case.

ILLINOIS SNAKE STORY.

Country Printing Office Invaded by a Reptile Which is Fond of Catching Mice.

Here is a snake story from the Lacon (Ill.) Journal: "Every well-regulated printing office has a watering can in which water is kept to wet the type. For want of a better place, the one in the Home Journal office is usually kept on a window sill on the north side of the room. One day during the recent drought two of our printers were sitting on their stools at this window sticking type, when they were nearly petrified by the sight of a snake



TOOK A GOOD DRINK.

protruding its head above the sill from the outside. The boys almost broke their necks in getting away. Reaching over into the pan the snake took a good drink, and before the startled printers could secure a club with which to dispatch the reptile it had disappeared. The next day at the same hour the snake came for another drink, and that was repeated the third and fourth days, but the last time it was attacked from the rear by a big black Thomas cat that makes its home at Lester's livery barn, next door. It was a lively fight for a few seconds, but the cat was too much for the snake, although it was fully four feet long, and the reptile made a shoot for the rear of the office. The cat was after it like a streak of lightning, but the snake found a hole in the brick wall and disappeared under the building. That was two weeks ago. Before that time the printing office was overrun with mice, but since then there hasn't been a mouse about the place. Any of our readers who are troubled with mice are cordially invited to come and borrow our snake for a few days."

NEW PORTO RICAN SEAL.

Modeled After Old Spanish Coat-of-Arms, But Supplied with a New Motto.

Porto Rico has resolved to mark its adoption as a colony of the United States by the adoption of a seal. To that end a committee was appointed, including the governor and secretary of the island, who in turn appealed for advice and aid to Mr. Gaillard Hunt, the chief authority on the great seal of the United States, and author of the historical monograph on the subject. The old seal of Porto Rico, granted by Spain about the middle of the sixteenth century, presented three leading features: A rock in the ocean, the



THE PORTO RICAN SEAL. (Modeled After the Old-Time Spanish Coat of Arms.)

lamb of St. John and designs of the Spanish flag and castle. The committee wished to retain as much as possible of this historic relic, but was compelled at last to let most of it go. The shape of the shield, however, was retained, and also the rock, after being so remodeled as to copy, with some exaggeration, the contour of the island as it appears to the voyager before entering the harbor of San Juan. Behind the rock is shown the rising sun.

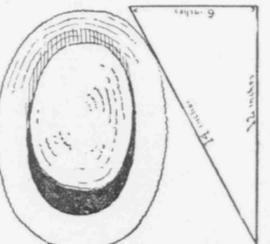
The choice of a crest, says World's Work, presented the next difficulty. No heraldic animal was suggested as having a peculiar local significance, except the game cock, whose present popularity the government is doing its best to suppress. The native flora was thoroughly sifted with a view to finding a suitable tree. The mango was rejected because it too strongly resembles an oak, and the palm because its trunk is too snake-like. The bust of Columbus was next considered, and, though acceptable from a heraldic point of view, it was disappointing in artistic effect. One of his caravels, however, conveyed so happy a suggestion of his work and made so striking a figure above the shield that it was adopted without more ado.

When it came to the motto the committee decided that Spanish was out of the question, since the new official language of the island was English, and English, because it was such an unknown tongue to most of the people, so, following the prevalent practice in armorial achievements, Latin was chosen. Mr. Hunt entered into correspondence with several of the most eminent Latinists and general scholars in the country. Of the mottoes submitted by them the most popular had for its central thought the idea of a star shining brightly in the heart of the sea; but this was open to the objection that the star is with us the recognized symbol of statehood, a condition to which Porto Rico has not attained. The successful suggestion presently came from a Washington woman, and almost simultaneously, from Dr. David J. Hill, assistant secretary of state. It is from Ovid: "Prospera lux oritur," literally, "A happy day is dawning." It is especially appropriate to the device of the sun rising over a flushed sea.

AMUSES GOTHAMITES.

The Uhl Estate, Said to Be the Smallest Real Estate Holding in the United States.

What is said to be by all odds the smallest real estate holding on record is a tiny triangular piece of ground at



INTERESTING DIAGRAM. (Showing Comparative Size of Straw Hat and Uhl Estate.)

the corner of One Hundred and Fortyninth street and Third avenue in New York city. It measures exactly 6 inches by 12 inches. So small is the property that an ordinary straw hat will cover twice as much space, and yet an offer of \$600 has been made for it, while the executors of the so-called Uhl estate, of which this is the principal asset, are holding it at a figure of \$1,000. The tiny lot was created by the widening of One Hundred and Fortyninth street, which cut off practically all the Uhl lot, leaving only this minute triangle. Much of its present value is purely fictitious, being based on the desire of an advertising firm to get possession of the spot for the erection of an advertising pyramid. At present the so-called Uhl estate is one of the chief centers of interest in the borough of Bronx. Everybody knows the exact location, and many strangers come across the Harlem river to get a glimpse of it.

HUMBLE SANCTUARY.

Where President Roosevelt Will Worship While in Washington.

Grace Reformed Chapel, with a Seating Capacity of 125, Will Be the Presidential Church for Some Years to Come.

The little chapel on the rear of a lot at the corner of Fifteenth and O streets, N. W., has been selected by President Roosevelt as his church in Washington. Rev. John M. Schinck, D. D., will be his pastor. The president is a member of the Dutch Reformed church. The congregation which worships in the little chapel is of the German Reformed denomination, but there is no difference in the tenets of faith of the two organizations, and there is no Dutch Reformed church in the city.

President Roosevelt attended service at Grace Reformed chapel, as the church is known, on the only Sunday he has spent in Washington since his inauguration. When President Roosevelt lived here as civil-service commissioner and as assistant secretary of the navy he did not know there was a church of the denomination of his belief in the city. How he came to learn there was one is best told in the language of Dr. Schinck, who, in discussing the subject, said:

"After the election, as I was reading the papers about the congratulations extended to both the president and vice president, I was struck by the fact that they were all from politicians and business men. None were reported from the clergy. I at once sat down and wrote each a letter of congratulation. To Mr. Roosevelt I communicated the fact of the existence of our little church, and welcomed him to worship with us. His reply was most hearty and cordial. He said he had believed there was no church of his faith in Washington and that he should accept the invitation to attend.

"On Sunday after the inauguration the vice president and his family came to the service in the chapel. I have called on him since and he has indicated that he will make the church his spiritual home in Washington."

The services in Grace Reformed chapel are conducted in English. The



REV. JOHN M. SCHINCK. (Pastor of Grace Reformed Chapel, Washington, D. C.)

edifice will seat but 150 persons, and the regular congregation taxes it to its full capacity. Since Dr. Schinck became pastor of the church, in February of last year, he has been actively at work in an effort for the construction of a new building. The congregation owns the lot and the parsonage property adjoining. It is the desire of Dr. Schinck to erect a one-story structure covering the entire ground space 50x100 feet, which will provide a seating capacity for 500 persons.

The estimated cost for the new building is \$30,000, and so far Dr. Schinck has pledged for a little over one-third of that amount. It was the plan to have the corner stone laid next May, when the Classis of Maryland—the ecclesiastical government of the denomination—will hold its annual meeting in Baltimore. Since the death of President McKinley Dr. Schinck is receiving many letters from clergymen and others urging him to press the matter of a new building, so that the church may accommodate those who will want to attend.

Dr. Schinck's eyes moistened as he discussed this point. "I have answered," he said, "that I can't take advantage of the death of President McKinley to build up my church. The matter will have to take its regular course. As soon as the way is opened we will build."

Dr. Schinck, the pastor, is a scholarly man, 53 years old. He is a native of Richmond, but his college and theological education were obtained in Pennsylvania.

An Unexpected Honor. The story is told of three Protestant ladies who walked into a Catholic church in Ireland during high mass. It was raining, and they had gone in for shelter. The priest, one of nature's gentlemen, recognized the ladies, and, stepping down, said to an attendant: "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies." It was a kindly thought, but the priest must have wished he had never thought it when the man stood up in the church and shouted: "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" It was over in a minute—the cheers were cheered and could not be called back; but it was one of the most uncomfortable moments in the good priest's life.

Automatic Weaving Loom. The new automatic weaving loom, invented by a mechanic in Burnley, England, is more of a revolutionizer than was at first reported. One person now operating four looms can easily attend to eight and at the same time produce 12 1/2 per cent. more per loom by the obviation of stoppages than un-

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JOTTINGS OF THE POETS.

The Rules That Failed. He longed to live a hundred years, And turned from dissipation; He managed daily to indulge In proper recreation; He never drank nor smoked nor chewed, He husbanded his powers And never varied from his rule Of keeping proper hours.

He made a study of the forms And mysteries of diet; He shunned the busy marts of trade, To live in peace and quiet; He wore hygienic hats and shoes, Hygienic shirts and collars— He'd ne'er have slept without fresh air, For twenty thousand dollars.

He might have lived a hundred years, As he so much desired, If he had not lain down one day And suddenly expired. They rubbed his hands, they called his name, Alas! he would not rally— He and a sturdy William goat Had frolicked in an alley. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Nature's Voices. No false note ever strikes in Nature's music, Pure melody in every tone, the strain Of harmony in its depths, the sweetness Of break of wind, and patter of the rain.

A drowsy sense of comfort in the lapping Of waves upon the beach. A grand, deep strain Of organ in the long, majestic clapping Of thunder, rumbling in the lightning's train.

The hum of bees, the insects in the meadow Beating their wings in tones as sharp and shrill As tree toads utter in the falling shadow, The happy songs of birds; all charm and thrill.

A thousand voices touch our hearts and senses. From faintest echo in a cave, to roar Of ocean rushing in bewildering fury To gather in his arms the waiting shore, —Claire K. Alden, in Farm Journal.

Peace. The heart where peace abides is like the ocean, Whose depths the surface storms can never move, But still abides in deep, unruddled quiet, For all the foam-flecked waves that roll above.

The heart where peace abides is like the heaven. The limped dove where clouds in sullen might May come and go; but through each rift appearing The blue shines forth the same serene and bright.

Oh, send our hearts this blessed peace, great Father! That thus endowed and cheered through Thy dear love, This life becomes to us, Thy faulty children.

A foretaste of the better life above— —Miss E. H. Warner, in N. Y. Observer.

Harvest Song. Summer all is pleasure past, Summer charm is a tale that's told; Days of reaping have come, at last, Days of ripeness and days of gold; Down the meadow-way, glad and strong, Love comes singing his harvest song.

There is peace with the golden sheaf, Brown and bright, and the golden sheaf, Master strong in the golden sheaf, Lord of pasture, and plant and tree; Treasure-burdened, he plods along, Singing brightly his harvest song.

And in answer the autumn breeze Sings a pleasant and fair refrain, Through the boughs of the orchard trees, O'er the fields of the waving grain. Hark, the echoes about him throng— Nature's singing her harvest song. —Frank Walcott Hunt, in Farm Journal.

Causes of Comfort. Patted Wife — This old-fashioned chair is delightfully antique, but very uncomfortable. I don't see how your mother could like it.

Husband (mildly)—I presume she was usually tired when she sat down. —N. Y. Weeklv.

Cynical. "I wonder if there really is any honor among thieves?" "Certainly not. Thieves are just as bad as other people."—Philadelphia Press.

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