

HERE'S A LITTLE



Pointer for You

By Miss May Clematis.

Many Marriages are dangerous a this time.

Nettle. True friendship should be tested.

Anna. Be careful and do not allow your heart to be misled.

Sarah. Happiness lasts about six months now. The husband wants to get the clubs after that time.

N. T. Don't imagine that you can hold a friend by indifferent actions.

Eta. You are bound to lose your friends. Your actions towards him will force a separation. You will regret it when it is too late.

D. M. If you are doing well take my advice and remain where you are.

N. L. You should have notified your friends. No young lady can hope to remain a friend by selfish actions.

R. I. You have time for music lessons but not for business. I hope you are not making a mistake.

Kida. If you show a spirit of dependence you will not retain the respect of your escort. No young girl should follow a young man any privilege, neither should she let him know that she is in need of his company.

E. M. You should not forget your friends. It is the positive and sedate girl that commands respect.

Ida. You should read more and be careful how you express yourself. A girl must be educated now Beauty will not carry you through life, it fades like a rose.

Deception is soon found out. You will regret it some day, when you think you are deceiving others you are deceiving yourself. If you are true to your self you will be true to others.

E. Music is an accomplishment that no young lady should be without. She should be able to do other things as well.

A. You should never make promises that you have no idea of keeping. You should know your own mind. You talk too much and tell too much of your business.

Lie. You should not be so careless with your English. May be you will be able to connect the evil some day.

L. S. You should be one thing or nothing. You cannot have the same mind and appreciation.

Isadore. Perhaps if you were not so selfish you would be better understood.

Miss Estel. Black is becoming. You will win admiration by the sedateness and your friendly spirit.

Roda. Don't be too fast in receiving introduction to strangers. You ought to know the result.

Ida. The noblest woman in the world is one who is satisfied with small things. Be careful what you accept from a stranger and sometimes your friends.

Tillie. The best house keepers are the girls who are not ashamed of work. No young lady can hope to keep a husband who cannot keep a house.

Kate. Don't allow yourself to be carried away with dress. It is the ruin of any young girl. Dress does not always make the lady.

Mabel. Late dances are vulgar and ill timed. From six to ten is long enough for fashionable people.

Bessie. If you know what you are doing alright. Do not be hasty, you have time to find him out.

Too much familiarity will lessen a man's respect for you.

Smoking in your company should not be permitted.

Loud laughing in a street car is vulgar.

Don't tell all you know to appear wise. You convince who previously had a good opinion of you, that you have lost something.

Tight shoes are dangerous to the feet.

A flashy dress will not become a lady.

Nettle. Do not practice deception with your friend.

Do not allow others to talk about your companion.

Be a good listener always, you may learn something.

Do not tell your neighbor that you do not work. It shows that you are a lazy girl.

Speak well of every one you do not know to whom you are talking.

Do not tell stories to your friends or those who have confidence in you.

If you appreciate true friendship endeavor to keep it.

The loss of a good friend is the same as the loss of a good mother.

True friendship is a gem. It is hard to keep.

Momentary friendship does not last. Some people admire your dress and tell you. Such admiration is not lasting.

Coal Famine in Chicago

It Affects Both the Middle Classes and the Very Poor. A Harvest for the Owner of Steam-Heated Flats. A. A. A.

Much like the fabled cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" when there was no wolf, has been the cry, year after year, of a coming coal famine in Chicago, and much like the climax of the old fable the famine came after the public had ceased to fear it, and has found those on whom it falls the least prepared.

There is some anthracite coal in Chicago at the present time, coal that is for sale—to the right parties; coal that is for sale at a fair price—to the right parties. To those who are not "right," it is practically unobtainable at any price, and in all probability will remain so throughout the winter.

The way is this. It is the large wholesale dealer who has the coal; the man who ships it from the mine in trainload lots, and who sells it either by the carload or the half-dozen tons to the small retailer or direct to the consumer. The small merchant, the man who buys of the wholesaler and deals not with the mines direct, is practically out of business and has no coal to sell, the wholesaler is providing him with none, and he has no standing with the mines.

Go into almost any portion of the city where reside the working classes; the people who are dependent upon daily, weekly or monthly wages of the stores and factories, and you may see a number of these small coal offices closed up. It is useless for them to keep open; the proprietors have not sufficient coal to heat their own offices; they have nothing to sell at any price. Their trade has been among families whose demands were for heating fuel, the combine of the larger merchants has not allowed them to sell to the factories, and so they have sold but little except anthracite, but now it is almost impossible for them to get even soft coal so great has the demand on the part of their larger competitors become.

What is the result of this so far as the small consumer is concerned?

He goes to the man who has coal to sell, to the man who brings it from the mines, to get a much-needed supply, and is prepared to pay a high price for the necessity.

"What is coal worth?" he asks.

"Eight dollars a ton," is the reply.

The price rather surprises him, it is much lower than was to have been expected.

"Will you send me out about a ton or two?" asks the would-be purchaser of the black diamonds.

"Of whom have you been buying coal before?" comes the quick reply from the man with coal to sell.

"From a man I knew out my way. He used to run a coal office, but he is out now."

"Well, we can't supply you now at any price. We have only enough coal to take care of our regular customers. If you had been buying coal of us before we would be glad to take care of you now, but, you see, we have to look after our regular customers."

Either the would-be purchaser gets some such an answer as that, or he is turned away with the information that the order will be received and the coal delivered some time during the coming summer. In either case he must make the most of an empty coal bin with the thermometer at a dangerously low point.

And so it is that the large dealer is sowing the seed of a fruitful harvest another year. The purchasing public will take no further chances, for a year or two at least, with the small dealer. They will buy from the man who can supply their wants in times of emergencies, should they arise again. In the meantime they economize on the pickets of their back yard fence and hope for an open winter.

There is yet another class on whom the coal famine has fallen with great severity, a class who have never been buyers of coal, and yet who have depended upon it for such heat as they could get. They are the very poor; the denizens of the tenement districts.

The fuel supply of this class has been picked up along the railway tracks and in the streets. They are the gleaners of the city. With bag and basket they travel the railway right of way, or the streets, and watch for each stray bit of coal that has dropped from car or wagon. It is the children of the poor who are engaged in this search for fuel. No bit is too small to escape the eager eye of the half-frozen little girl as she dodges in and out among the railway cars, or takes



Searching for the Crumbs.

A long chance at death under the feet of the truck horses. Her business is to provide fuel for shivering brothers and sisters at her one-room home, and without fuel life is worse than death. In fact it is doubtful if these children of the tenements ever think of the terrible chances they take; death to them has no terrors when compared with a fireless winter's day.

To these little gleaners the lessened supply of coal means lessened opportunities. From every car of coal, from every wagon-load of the fuel, so many lumps must fall, but when the cars come not from the mines, when the wagons stand at the stables for lack of something to haul, the lumps fail to fall and the fires cease to burn.

Along the tracks of the railways coming into Chicago from the east have been favorite gleaning grounds for this class of the population in other winters. But this winter the bumper and jar of the trains fail to loosen the small black lumps and send them over the protecting sides in any considerable quantities for the reason that these roads are carrying into the city but a comparatively small quantity of fuel.

There is, this winter, no diminution in the number of these gleaners, though there is a great diminution in the, at all times, meager harvest, and for this reason the fires are burning unusually low throughout the cheerless tenements.

In every winter one of the greatest calls upon the charitable organizations is for fuel, and this winter the demand is greatly increased through no fault of the city's poor. In fact, of all the charity that is dispensed in Chicago, but little goes to those whose misfortunes are of their own making. It is customary to attribute to drunkenness about 90 per cent. of the poverty met with in the tenement districts, but this is a mistake. The leaders of several of the larger organizations for charity made a careful study of causes of poverty during the past year, and out of 2,418 cases carefully investigated are able to give us accurate information and percentages as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Cause and Percentage. Includes: Inability to secure employment (47%), Insufficient or poorly paid employment (21%), Chronic ill health or physical defect (21%), Death (15%), Accident or sickness (Temporary disability) (13%), Desertion (12%), Intemperance (10%), Old age (10%), Lack of properly directed energy (8%), Preference for dependence (8%).

It is not possible to disbelieve these figures, secured after months of careful research and by competent investigators, and yet they show less than seven per cent. of the total that can be attributed to drunkenness, and only a trifle over three per cent. that may be attributed to indolence.

It is figures such as these that give encouragement to organizations like the Salvation Army, the Chicago Bureau of Charities, the Relief and Aid society, and dozens of others. They show that the organizations are working for the unfortunate, rather than the willfully indolent or the drunkard. And it is not the drunkard, or the drunkard's family, among the poor upon whom falls the shortage of coal in the greatest numbers. Even though provided with the necessary money, this class of people cannot buy coal of the dealers who have it to sell under present conditions, and they must be and are being supplied by the charity organizations who are finding the fuel question the hardest they have had to meet in years of labor among the poor.

But "tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," and so it is with the coal shortage. It is blowing tenants and dollars to the landlords of steam-heated flats.

Just as New York is a city of hotels, and Brooklyn and Philadelphia are cities of homes, so is Chicago a city of flats. More than one-half of the population of the city reside in flats, but for the past year or more there had seemingly been a tendency away from this class of residences, and separate houses were coming more and more into demand.

To-day, because of the coal famine, there is a mad scramble for flats, and rents in the great apartment buildings are soaring skyward. Five, six and seven-room apartments that would have rented last May at from \$18 to \$35 per month cannot now be had for a third more than that. It is the landlord's harvest.

The unhappy mortal who is fated to dwell in a climate where heat is necessary finds it much more pleasant to back up against a heated steam coil in a flat building than to attempt to get heat from a radiator from his own furnace for which he must supply the coal; or to swear fluently at the janitor and order him to dig deep into the landlord's coal bin, instead of digging deep into his own at a time when the replenishing of the coal supply is one of the uncertainties of life.

Altogether the flat dweller is not greatly to be pitied, especially this winter. WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

Pity the Model. Briggs—Where are you going? Diggs—To my drawing lesson. I'm in the dental school.—Harvard Lampoon.

MODERN BANK METHODS.

They Were Not Approved by Old Man Johnson. One of the Pioneers of Texas.

When civilization reached Pine Hill City a bank was established, and one of the first customers, says the Galveston News, was old man Johnson. A few days later he wanted money, and entered the place with a gun in his hand.

"Want some money to-day?" queried the president. "Well, it's ready for you."

"Say, I don't understand," exclaimed the old man, as he backed off. "I'm here to hold this bank up for \$30."

"But you don't have to. Just sign



CAME TO HOLD UP THE BANK.

this check, and I'll hand you your money."

"And I don't yell or shoot?"

"No."

"And the sheriff don't come after me?"

"No. Put your name to this."

"I can't do it—can't do it, nohow," said the old man, with a choke in his voice. "If that's the new way of doing things I'm out of it. I want my money, but I want it in the old way."

"Well, have it the old way, then."

The old man tramped forward to the cashier's window, rested the muzzle of his gun on the ledge and yelled out: "Come down or you are a dead man!"

"Certainly. Here's thirty."

"And—and is that all there is to it?"

"That's all."

"Then I'll be thanked if I want it," he said, and he threw the money back and went outdoors and sat down on a barrel of sugar in front of a grocery and shed tears.

SONNY GOT A LESSON.

How an Ingenious New England Woman Cured Her Boy of the Smoking Habit.

Nearly all smokers remember the time when first they essayed to "be like a man" and smoke a pipe, a cigarette or cigar, and will appreciate the sufferings of the New England lad whose mother caught him in the act of puffing a cigarette.

"My boy," she said, "if you must smoke, why not be manly and smoke a cigar? Come with me." And she led him into the house and bestowed upon him a large, black roll of tobacco and brought him a light and sat down by him while he enjoyed the fragrant weed.

She was with him, too, when his lower lip began to tremble and his eyes to



"I'M G-G-GOING TO D-D-DIE."

grow yellow and a wave of chalky whiteness overspread his face.

"Nice cigar, isn't it?" she said in her pleasant way. "Don't you find it so?"

The boy couldn't steady his voice sufficiently to reply, but he forced himself to take another puff and when his hand with the cigar in it dropped he gave the smoldering thing a glance that expressed nothing but the deepest loathing.

"I always like the looks of these nice, large cigars," said his mother. "They seem so—"

"P-p-please d-d-don't, mother," gasped the boy. "I-I-I think I'm g-g-g-going to d-d-die."

Twenty minutes later he promised in a broken voice that he would never again attempt to smoke until she told him he was old enough to begin.

Automatic Fever Alarm.

A novel contrivance has been introduced in the Paris hospitals. It is a little apparatus which is put under the arms of a fever patient, and so constructed that on the temperature reaching a dangerous height it rings a bell, summoning doctor and nurse.

Stuttering on the Increase.

Stuttering children are numerous in the schools of Germany, and it is thought the ailment is contagious. At present there are 80,000 school children in that country whose speech is thus affected.

ATTENTION LADIES!!!

-Hair Restorer.-

All who are desirous of having a beautiful suit of hair, or if your hair is falling out, you should get a bottle of Hairline, better known as the Renowned Hair Restorer Oriental Complexion Cream, cures all skin diseases and makes the skin like velvet. Price, 25c to 75c per bottle.

Treatment of the Skin and Scalp.

STRAIGHTENING A SPECIALTY.

All kinds of implements and toilet articles for sale.

1304 4th Street Northwest.

Agency at THE BEE Office.

Advertisement for J. H. Dabney, Funeral Director. Includes text about hiring, livery and sale of stable carriages, and contact information at 1102 3rd St. N. W.

JES' HAD TO WALK.

Wanderings of Negro Boy in Search of Booker Washington and His School.

A colored youngster, 13 years of age, by the name of Caleb Joshua McFadden, appeared in the Bayview office of the supervisors of city charities in Baltimore the other afternoon, and asked that he be transported to Tuskegee, Ala., in order that he might attend Booker T. Washington's school there.

According to his story he first heard of the school about a year ago from a



"JES' HAVE TER WALK."

white lady who stopped at his home in Williamsburg county, S. C., where he was engaged in picking cotton and killing tobacco worms. He became fired with the ambition to be a great educator of his race, and one dark night he stole away from home and started on his search for the school. Caleb strolled all over the south, he said, being directed by one person and another, and a few days ago was amazed to find himself in Washington.

In this city, he said, he first learned that the school of learning which he had been seeking was far away in Alabama. He went to Baltimore and visited Morgan college there. The authorities advised him to see the supervisors of charities in the hope that they would send him to Tuskegee. The supervisors, however, stated that they were unable to send him to the school, and the little fellow left the headquarters with the remark that he guessed he'd "jes' have ter walk."

Caleb said to a Washington Star correspondent that he lived on gingersnaps because he could get more of them for 15 cents than he could of anything else in the eating line.

A Case of Telepathy.

A curious case of telepathy is reported from Athens. M. Lazare Lyrites, a Greek sculptor, was quietly talking to his wife, when suddenly he became greatly excited and began uttering incomprehensible phrases. When his excitement had subsided somewhat he told his wife that he had heard a voice saying that his brother's wife was dead. The sculptor and his wife noted the date and hour of this strange occurrence, and some days later a letter was received announcing that the lady in question had died exactly at this time at a place 600 miles distant.—London

Advertisement for 'IF YOU WANT A PLACE TO BOARD' and 'ADVERTISE IN THE WASHINGTON BEE'.

HOLIDAY AT—

JOHN RICKLES' BUFFET

—ALL KINDS OF—

Wines, Liquors, and Cigars.

Heurich's Beer 5c per bottle. Overholt Whiskey \$1.00 per Quart, 10c per drink.

Cor. 6th and C Streets Northwest, Washington, D. C.

Elegant Club Rye Whiskey

J. F. KEEN N

WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER

402 PENN. AVENUE, N. W.

Washington, D. C.

Established 1883.

Telephone Connection.

The Louis Rothschild Co.

RECTIFIERS and WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALS

Sole Distributors of James E. Pepper Whiskey. Proprietors of Silver Creek Rye.

Represented by Sam Rothschild.

Advertisement for Marlin 32 Cal. High Pressure Smokeless Rifle in Model 1893. Includes image of the rifle and descriptive text.

A Beautiful Brooch Free



..SUBSCRIBE NOW..

IF you want a beautiful Brooch, a Hand Painted Miniature Picture FREE and at once YOUR PHOTOGRAPH on Tin-Type and Receive a Hand Painted Brooch. These brooches are put in rolled gold frames. Every one guaranteed. end one dollar for 6 months subscription for THE BEE or two dollars for one year. If you send in your subscription for six months with your picture you will receive one Brooch of yourself or any one whose picture you may send. One Year subscription will entitle you to Two Brooches. Call and see samples or send your Subscription with Photo graph or tin-type to

The Bee Printing Co.