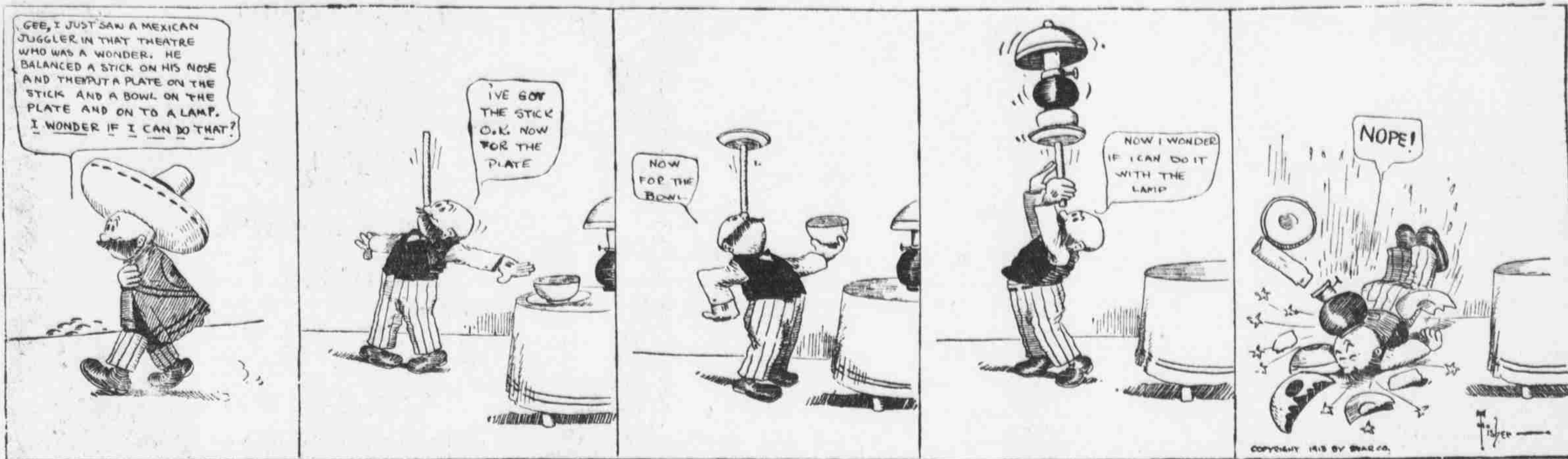




Well, You Can't Blame a Guy for Trying!

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



Minnie Snow and the Letter that Never Came

By WINIFRED BLACK.

They arrested her in Chicago the other day—a faded, wistful, mild little woman, carrying a pet dog done up in a newspaper.

The dog's neck was hurt where he had been tied, and some one told the humane officer, and he took the dog away from her and killed him and had the woman sent to the city jail for ten days.

Poor thing, she will probably be warm and fed for that time any way. She has haunted the general post-office for months, they say, the faded, wistful, mild little woman, always at the general delivery window. Day after day she has crept up to that window and asked tremulously, "Is there a letter for Minnie Snow?"

And day after day the clerk had said, "No letter today," mechanically at first, and then kindly, "No letter today."

"Why," said the woman, opening her wistful eyes very wide, "why, I'm Minnie Snow; you must have heard of my brother, he is very rich. I expect a letter from him with money in it. He loved me when I was little—he used to draw me to school on his sled. And now he is rich and I am poor, and I wrote and told him I was hungry, and when he gets the letter he will be sure to write and send me money, oh, lots and lots of money. He is very rich, he has a fine dairy, as many as six cows, and a house with three bedrooms."

"They say he has a little girl; I wonder if he named her Minnie; he always said he would name his first girl after me, but that," said Minnie Snow, smiling tremulously, "that was just a joke, of course."

Seeing that no one laughed at the poor little old-fashioned joke, Minnie Snow smiled no more, but sighed, shook her poor frowny head, hugged her meager body and went docilely enough with the officers to be locked, up for disturbing the peace.

And yet they say she was peaceful enough in all conscience, only, of course, it was a nuisance to have her always expecting a letter and never getting it, standing there in the sleet and snow and watching the women who did get letters. Young women, pretty women, shabby dressed women—women with bold eyes and lips that had forgotten how to smile as a child smiles—sad women, shabbily dressed, waiting, too, for letters and getting one sometimes, women who looked furtively at every passer by when they opened their letters and read them greedily.

But never any letter for Minnie Snow—never a one.

I wonder where he is, the "rich" brother with the six cows and the fine house with three bedrooms, the brother who used to draw Minnie Snow to school on his sled and fight any boy his size who laughed at him for it?

Was she very pretty, this poor Minnie

Snow—were her cheeks round and rosy, and what color was her hair before it faded? Those poor, gaunt, trembling hands of hers, were they ever little and graceful, and did any one want to kiss them for being so pretty?

Where is her mother today? Asleep, I'll warrant—someplace in some quiet graveyard in the country, where they all lived together when Minnie Snow rode so proudly to school.

Mothers always get time to write, no matter how rich and great they may become. I've known a mother who had a house with four bedrooms who wrote regularly to women no sweeter to see than poor Minnie Snow. Asleep somewhere this poor thing's mother, rest assured of that, or she would have had some kind of a letter some day, somehow.

The "rich" brother, what is he like, I wonder, and did he really love his little sister so much, and was he very proud of her, and did he plan to do great things for her when he grew to be a man? Poor brother, perhaps life isn't so very rosy for him, even with all his "vast wealth."

I wonder if he has a wife—a tidy, sensible, practical woman, who wouldn't even hear of poor Minnie Snow coming to visit them with her ragged clothes and her faded face and her queer ways.

And does the wife make brother go to church with her and hear long sermons about "Rescue the Perishing," and does she lead in the singing and know "Throw Out the Lifetime" from beginning to end? Is she a fine hand with the needle, and does she make clothes for the heathen and help to send missionary barrels far away?

Would she perish of shame if Minnie Snow should find out where the brother, who is so rich and great, lives, and go to visit them and he warmed and comforted and made happy, just because she was Minnie Snow and once had a brother who loved her and was proud of her?

Well, well, who can say? Poor Minnie Snow, I hope they'll be good to you at the Bridewell. You'll tell them all about your rich brother, won't you?—and how handsome he is, and how he loves you and will come after you in a fine "rig." Isn't that what they called it where you came from, poor Minnie Snow?

Do you know what I believe I'll do? I believe I'll send you a letter myself, to the Bridewell, and the one to the general delivery, so when you get out you'll find one waiting for you. That will show that postoffice clerk a thing or two, won't it Minnie Snow? He won't laugh the next time you ask.

Here's good fortune to you and some little comfort, and may the memory of that brother's face never fade in your loving heart. And whisper, when he hears where you are and comes to take you home with him, maybe he will give you a little frisking calf, like the one you used to pet together there in the apple orchard.

What a fellow he was to fight and struggle, and how he loved sugar, too, "just like a human," your brother used to say.

And he'll let you bring it up for a pet, for after all what are you now but a little girl, grown old and very tired, and a little, just a little discouraged?

A Lonesome Business Man

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The business man is an awfully good fellow, so polite, so kind and so—lonesome.

He makes plenty of money, has plenty of time and likes cosy little luncheons and nice little dinners and a pretty face across the table from him.

And his wife won't go with him—she simply won't.

He feels terribly about it—he asks her and invites her, and begs her, and almost commands her to meet him downtown and lunch with him and to meet him uptown and dine with him and to go to the theater with him, and all she says is, "No, indeed!" Not even a thank you, sir, and the stenographer is so sorry for him she doesn't know what to do.

She has written to tell me all about it. "I'm no sentimental girl," says the stenographer, "I've seen something of life, and this man is the fourth one I've known who had just such a time with his wife."

"They've told me all about it and asked me to go with them. I used to do it, but now I'm engaged and I can't, but I'm sorry for this one, just the same. Why will wives be so foolish, so short-sighted? Can't you give them some good advice?"

How nice of you, you good stenographer, and how silly of the wives. I've heard such a lot about those wives. I've been hearing about them for years. Sometimes men tell me about them and sometimes the other woman tells me—the woman who feels sorry for the men and goes out with them herself, just out of gentile pity.

I wish I could see one of these wives

myself, but I never have. Isn't it odd? I know hundreds and hundreds of married women, but I've never heard one of them complain about her husband teasing her life out to go places with him. Maybe they are sensitive about it and don't like to mention it.

All the wives I know who talk about their husbands at all say that the one fearful fight of their lives is to get Husband to stir out of the house.

Theaters he hates, bridges he abominates; musicals, he'd rather go to the dentist's than be found dead at a musical. Lunch downtown, he's always too busy; dinner at a hotel, he hates the very thought of it, so noisy, so crowded, so bright and glary, and so many silly women peacocking around in fine feathers, so many stupid men drinking and smoking right in his very face. He's tired of it; all he wants is home, peace, love, quiet and no big restaurant bills to pay and no waiter to tip.

He wants just one face to look at—the face of the little woman who's bored to death being looked at by just one pair of eyes. He wants home cooking, home talking, home resting. That's the kind of husband the wives keep talking about. Sometimes they cry about it. I've seen them do it.

"I'm so tired of the same four walls," they say—those who cry. "I do wish John would take me out once in a while, but he does hate it so I haven't the heart to ask him. Sometimes I make a new paper shade for the drop light just to make the dining room look a little different, and I read up interesting things to talk about, and all he says is 'Huh.' Lonesome—my husband! I'm the one who's lonesome in our family."

A Matter of Habit

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Habit is all I shall have to report when I am called upon to plead to my conscience, on my death bed," says I; "I was deaf, dumb, blind and paralytic to a million things from habit!"—Dombey and Son.

Habits, which enervate us like barnacles before we are aware of their existence, begin when we are too young to know what the word means. "We are all creatures of habit," we say as we grow older, and expect that admission to serve as an excuse, which is only another bad habit I hope my girls will never acquire.

There are so many million things to which a girl may grow deaf, dumb, blind and paralytic, all from habit. She grows deaf to the tone of authority. In her mother's voice; dumb, when giving her confidence to her mother would be her greatest help; blind to the look of anxiety and protest in her mother's eyes, and paralytic when it comes to little services that only a daughter can render.

By a strange perversion of human nature, these little bad habits are shown first of all to this one who loves the girl

little, sympathetic girl. I'd like to see what you think of the lonesome business man and his hard-hearted wife, and also how you feel toward the sympathetic stenographer who is so ready to be sorry for him, in a smart restaurant with a bunch of roses and a box of candy to take home afterward. The particular stenographer who is sorry for your particular husband, for example, do write and tell us, we'd all be so interested to hear.

most. Unrebuked by one whose love is largely forbearance, the girl's deafness, dumbness, blindness and paralysis grow, and put that habit on a shelf in your mental storehouse. When you are done, and I beg that you be honest with yourself, separate the good habits from the bad, and look at the result of your division!

If it is favorable, take care lest you add pride to the shelf containing your bad habits, and if the division is humiliating, don't put among your bad habits one marked "depression." Go to work to get rid of the bad habits. It will not be easy, I agree, but a conscientious inventory, taken every few days, and a determination to make a better showing in your mental storehouse will make the task both possible and pleasant.

A bad habit is a sort of moral paralysis, if the slow, creeping sort. A girl is forgetful today, careless tomorrow and negligent ever after. In a way that is femininely characteristic, she regards a bad habit as purely an evidence of material untidiness. A binding hanging from a dress skirt, a belt that is run down, a button off, are her conceptions of personal bad habits, and a dressing table covered with dust, an unwept floor and carpet lint in the corners are the bad habits of the homemaker.

Had habits they are but not very bad

compared with the habits of a girl whose attitude in beyond reproach, and to whom a well-kept home is the cardinal virtue.

There are the habits of ingratitude, scorn, inappreciation, thoughtlessness, extravagance in attire and speech, depreciation of others, impatience, whining, fretfulness, greed, fear, sensitiveness, weakness and sickness.

She grows "deaf, dumb, blind and paralytic" to a million things from habit, and these habits, with a mental origin, affect her physical and normal condition till she is no longer capable of defining what a bad habit is.

It is a good thing to occasionally take a self-inventory. One should look one's self over with an unprejudiced eye, admitting that a fault is a fault and not an excusable weakness.

Look yourself over girls, and label every habit you find as dominating you, and put that habit on a shelf in your mental storehouse. When you are done, and I beg that you be honest with yourself, separate the good habits from the bad, and look at the result of your division!

If it is favorable, take care lest you add pride to the shelf containing your bad habits, and if the division is humiliating, don't put among your bad habits one marked "depression." Go to work to get rid of the bad habits. It will not be easy, I agree, but a conscientious inventory, taken every few days, and a determination to make a better showing in your mental storehouse will make the task both possible and pleasant.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Answer It of Course. Dear Miss Fairfax: I received the following letter from a friend, and have been unable to find out what it means. Will you please tell me what it means, and whether I should answer it?

Men Amour, toujours! Vous disiez que vous m'aimiez et vous acceptez mon amour en raison. Vous avez cause me esperances mais je vous aime de toute ma coeur. En cour que vous avez cause. This is a translation, and after you have read you will not delay your reply: "My love always! You told me that you loved me, and that you accepted my love in return. You have dashed my hopes, but I love you with all my heart. From the heart who have broken!"

It is Proper.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A and B wish to know if it is proper for a young man who is engaged to be married to escort a young lady home at night after he leaves his fiancée. Although this young lady is a stranger to his sweetheart, she knows he is engaged.

ALBERT AND BERTHA. If he failed to escort her home, it would be evidence of lack of gallantry. I am sure if his sweetheart does not object, no one else should.

Autograph Letter from the Late King George of Greece

Athens 10th April 1897.



Dear Mr. Johnston

I have received with great pleasure your kind letter dated the 13th of March and the enclosed poem which was written by a student of your university. Will you have the kindness and express my sincere thanks to the student of your university if you for off university.

Walter Norman T. Johnston
Bot 665
University College Toronto



Guelph
Canada

Via England

for their sympathy and good wishes to Greece in her present difficulties, which touched me greatly. With my best wishes for prosperity to you all and your university. I am yours very sincerely

G. Johnston

Dr. Norman T. Johnston, now practicing at Upland, Neb., writes to The Bee as follows: "In the spring of 1897, while I was attending the University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario, a fellow undergraduate, William Alexander, wrote a sonnet, 'To Greece,' which he published in the university weekly, Varsity. The poem expressed sympathy with Greece on the eve of its defeat in the war of 1897 with Turkey."

"I asked the author to send a copy to the King of Greece, and in turn he requested me to do so. I did so on March 13, 1897, and received the enclosed reply on April 7. This, I believe, is one of the very few autograph letters in this country written by the late King George. When the letter arrived I was unfortunately away and the janitor of the university somewhat spoiled the envelope by readdressing it to me."



To promote digestion always serve soup as a first course for lunch and dinner. Delicious bouillon, flavored with beef, (or chicken), vegetables and delicate seasoning, is made in an instant by simply dropping an Armour's Bouillon Cube into a cup of hot water. Grocers and Druggists everywhere. Write for free copy of Armour's Monthly Cook Book. Address Armour and Company Dept. 238, Chicago.

Ask for **Armour's Bouillon Cubes**

GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

By the use of Gold Dust you can at all times have nice, soft rainwater right at your elbow for the asking. Imagine what a help this would be for washing clothes, and for all cleaning purposes!

Just a little Gold Dust added to any water softens it, takes out the mineral substances and brings out the greatest cleansing value.

Gold Dust dissolves dirt and grease, works like lightning, and relieves house work of all its drudgery.

For your poor back's sake, don't try to keep house without Gold Dust.

Gold Dust is sold in 6c size and large packages. The large package means greater economy.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"