

MILLIONS AT THEIR COMMAND

Millions at their command. Wealthy Women of New York Who Manage Their Property.

Jewels that shine at matinees. Fads and Frits of the Fashionable.

Titled Lions of a Social Circle. The Overdressed and Their Manners.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—(Correspondence of The Bee.)—Nobility in New York any longer gives less. That one word brands you as a country bumpkin if you use it in the least to describe what is now called a reception, or still more graphically, a dinner, or a function without special form or meaning. Any hostess at any time could

Miss Breeze, who snaps up the musical geniuses as soon as they set foot on America's shores; a third set wrangle and maneuver nimbly to feature their respective talents with artists, while the greatest number naturally fight to secure the foreigners with handles to their names.

Craze for the Titled.
When the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia was in New York, two months ago, he found on his arrival at his hotel more invitations to the houses of rich and fashionable women than he could have accepted in a month. Not one of the women did he know, but every one had sought and cultivated the acquaintance of the Russian consul with a view of laying pipes for the possession of the grand duke, who only spent one day and a half in this town. The British consul is suddenly pelted and dined because of his facilities for introducing members of his own aristocracy who drift to New York, but often through the women sleuths secure the coveted honor with no other aid than their own having and wit.

There is a tale going the rounds of a

duction, no one shakes hands. It is considered familiar to do so; you incline your head in a slow nod merely, and it seems almost indecent to smile, cringing to be polite and fairly servile to be cordial and hospitable, at least this is the rule among the women whose names stand at the head of the social register and by whom society manners and customs in New York are judged.

Their Big Checks.
With all her faults there is no more capable business woman to be found anywhere than she who is in the smart set in New York. There is no use trying to estimate the number of feminine millionaires who live on Fifth Avenue and its fashionable tributaries, but it is safe to say that most of these women know as much of the value of money and how to take care of their inheritances as the wildest of Wall Street bankers.

Miss Serena Rhineland is one of the oldest and biggest New York estates on her hands, and she keeps the management of it mainly in her own hands. She owns scores of tenement and apartment houses, knows their exact condition and the rental they should yield, and she has performed herself in domestic architecture to be able to examine and criticize intelligently all building and improvement plans for her property. Mrs. Eliza Dyer personally administers every penny of her own big inheritance. She superintends and draws a large revenue from her big Maryland stock farm, deals occasionally in real estate and has by clever manipulation increased her wealth. Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, who will be a richer woman at some future day than she is even now, is her own adviser on investments, her own agent and bookkeeper.

To realize what the care of these estates implies the reader must understand that each and every one of these women is worth in her own right well into the millions. Mrs. Elliot P. Shepard and Mrs. Fitzhugh Arthur house are each worth something over \$10,000,000. Perhaps either of these two women can draw the biggest checks of any women in New York, and next after them, perhaps, comes Miss Caroline de Forest and Mrs. Weyson, who individually enjoy incomes of \$2,000,000 a year, and who, like Mrs. Arthur Dodge and Mrs. Herter, know how and where every cent of their capital is invested. The financial good sense and acumen of these millionairesses is very well attested by the fact that rarely does a rich widow or heiress, so long as she keeps in her own hands the conduct of her property, feel any shrinkage in her fortune, and every one of these women are, in spite of their shrewdness, the most admirable landladies. Mrs. Shepard's improved tenements are among the best in New York, Miss Rhineland has given more land to the site for handsome philanthropic edifices than any one New York man, and Miss Helen Gould, who possesses as fine a row of tenements as any landlord in the city, has never permitted her agent to press a poor lease or evict one, though she has never failed to collect her rents.

DIG GRAVE AND FIND COPPER.
Rich Discovery Made in Idaho While Burying a Dog.
During the last week several of the owners of the big copper mine eight miles from Moose Lake spent their vacation in Butte, reports the Anaconda Standard. One of them told a friend an unpublished story in connection with the first discovery of the big lead twenty-five years ago. It is supposed by many that the mine was discovered only two years ago. To all intents and purposes it was the original discovery. Covers are now out of the state and have been for years and none of the recent dis-

covery at Moose Lake and probably killed the first moose that ever fell at the hands of a white man in that beautiful basin. A quarter of a mile below the lake is a large tree, which the settlers named "Moose Pine." It is said that the moose Feathery killed was hung up on that tree and dressed. The men proceeded on their journey up the middle fork of Rock creek and camped several days among the great crazy peaks of the main range of the Rockies, the towers majestically above the timbered mountains surrounding them, their summits continually covered with snow. This is indisputably one of the wildest and grandest mountain scenes in the state. Its grandeur is indescribable. Mountain lion, bear, coyote, badger, marten, mink and weasel are to be seen. There is an occasional black bear seen playing tag with a chipmunk and chasing a woodchuck. Grouse are not to be found where once they made the hunter's heart glad.

Roaming over the high passes in that district the men found deer tracks and with the instinct inherent in them they followed them. Tower, the pet setter, was right on the spot and as eager as any of them to find the object of the search. In some way the men found deer tracks and with the instinct inherent in them they followed them. Tower, the pet setter, was right on the spot and as eager as any of them to find the object of the search. In some way the men found deer tracks and with the instinct inherent in them they followed them. Tower, the pet setter, was right on the spot and as eager as any of them to find the object of the search. In some way the men found deer tracks and with the instinct inherent in them they followed them. Tower, the pet setter, was right on the spot and as eager as any of them to find the object of the search.

KEEPING THE HAIR YOUNG.
There is No Such Thing as a Real Hair Restorer and Never Will Be.
Human hair has a way of falling out and folks generally, women openly and men secretly, become panic-stricken lest the temporary impoverishment should become permanent. They seek one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand restorers, "warranted to prevent hair falling out and causing it to grow on bald heads, thereby carrying hope and joy to thousands who supposed that they must be hairless the remainder of their days." Miracles don't come out of bottles in this day and time, and generation, and so these hair-shedding humans go from one restorer to another seeking

at all knows that in a way it is a rude exposure of the perturbations of the mind. In extreme joy or sorrow or in times of excitement one unconsciously runs the fingers through the hair or presses the hand upon it. Avoidable and unavoidable influences cause the hair to decay. For instance, uncleanliness, mismanagement, the use of improper toilet, too rich food, poor food, impaired health, anxiety, watchfulness, frequent habits, indigestion, excessive indulgence in the passions, exposure to sudden changes and extremes of climate, keeping the head too hot, undue pressure, lack of exercise and many other things injure the hair and frequently cause it to fall out.

The thousands of hair restorers on the market have done little or nothing to obviate all the evil influences and all the others known to man. But promise is not performance. What these restorers do is one thing, what they do not do is quite another and what they promise to do would fill many books. Some of them are good, but very few, and all the rest are horrid. What is worse, they are frauds. The being doesn't live and never has lived who has invented a tonic that will make hair grow on bald heads, for he would be known to the world over as the richest man on the face of the earth.

A healthy condition of the hair depends upon a healthy physical condition generally. If women would only let this sink into their hearts, instead of going to tenors' hairdressers and quacks when their hair drops out or fades, or instead of stepping into the nearest drug store and buying the bottle of hair restorer which held out the hope on its face, they would consult the family physician. When the blood is impoverished one's hair will not be vigorous: when food fails to assimilate the crowning glory can't be glossy and silky. Every weakness affects the scalp, just as does every ailment of the rest of the body and, naturally, crops out in the hair.

We little dream how many women have their hair restored or its color entirely changed. Those who can afford it, and are intelligent, have this done by an expert. They know of what the coloring matter is compounded and have it expertly applied, almost hair by hair. The process is tedious and costs from \$30 to \$100, but the new color is warranted to wash and really does last a long time, without retouching here and there. But most people cannot afford this and they are the ones who help to swell the bank account of the fine-talking manufacturer of bottled herbs, chemicals and salts.

urb, but the hostess' name was utterly unknown to the recipient. Who could this lady be? Had he ever seen her? No, he thought not, yet the note was on real and the address all right, so, fearing to make a blunder the young gentleman said it was better to accept than to offend someone whom he had probably met in his various wanderings and he would go. The night of the dinner he therefore presented himself at the house designated, but only to find his hosts utter strangers and they equally surprised to see a gentleman who had not been invited. A few explanations followed, to the mutual amusement of guest and host, for it seems the note of acceptance had puzzled the latter quite as much as the invitation had the guest. But, as it pleasantly turned out, both were such in possession of those clues to common acquaintance by which the elect of Boston society hang together, and the "wrong" guest was cordially given the prettiest girl in the party and who happened to be the hostess' niece, to take out to dinner. The acquaintance thus begun is an anti-Bostonian fashion, was continued through the summer and when a few weeks ago a charming wedding took place with this young man and young lady for chief actors the convention and unwritten Brahminical rules of Boston society received a shock that did them a heap of good. Fate sometimes

recorts to devious ways to bring true hearts together and, in spite of it being a selfish, practical age, romance still flourishes in it.

Metal Operators Combine.
PITTSBURGH, Feb. 16.—The Pipe, Machine and Manufacturing company, one of the latest corporations among iron, steel and plate manufacturers, was organized here today. The new combination embraces all the leading tin pipe and spout manufacturers in the United States. At today's meeting representatives of thirty manufacturers throughout the United States were in attendance. The following officers were chosen: President, Charles D. Clark, Peoria, Ill.; vice president, B. P. Odyke, Philadelphia; secretary, Alex. Glass, Wheeling, W. Va.

Hair Clipper Arrested.
CHICAGO, Feb. 15.—John Jorgenson, an anti-Bostonian, who has been known for the last four years, was arrested last night while in the act of cutting a braid from the head of Mrs. Frank. When seized Jorgenson severely cut one of the police officers with his shears. A long braid of hair was found in Jorgenson's pocket when he was arrested. In a letter he confessed that he cut the hair from the heads of 300 girls and women. Jorgenson says his strange mania took possession of him three years ago, after an illness of several months.



WOMEN WHO TAKE CARE OF THEIR OWN FORTUNES.

commit a tea, so to speak, for no reason or any reason.
This season the number of reception teas have been cut down about one-half, and those that are held have their guests carefully selected and invariably denote the exploiting of a hon. Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Belmont, for instance, never announce themselves as merely at home, they specifically invite you to meet between the hours of 5 and 7 some interesting specimen from the ever replenished menagerie of celebrities. The celebrities include every variety of human curiosity, from a cuffed, red-bearded Russian anarchist to the very latest thing in dikes. All this gives a zest and piquancy to receptions, and the wily hostesses no longer have the least diff-

prince and princess of pure royal pedigree who a few weeks ago stopped inog at a New York hotel. A woman of great social position boldly called upon the princess, and, introducing herself, offered her hospitality. The princess seemed about to yield when her would-be hostess ruined her opportunity of bagging this big game by begging that her royal highness, when she came, would wear her coronet and orders. It is needless to say her royal highness reconsidered her own amiability and the woman lost the chance of exploiting one of the largest lions that has been in America this year. It is a pity that New York City can no longer boast the production of the most aristocratic women in America. Some years ago the best dressed, best bred women undoubtedly did hail from this metropolis, but lately the aristocrat has set in and for tasteless overdressing and insufferably bad deportment the daughter of Manhattan wins hands down.

Overdressing.
If anybody doubts the charge of overdressing, let her betake herself to one of the smart morning functions at the Waldorf-Astoria. It may be a dramatic breakfast, or a musical luncheon, for New York women love anything in the form of a matinee, and as they crowd into the big ball room just take stock, if you please, of the jewels alone that she adorns herself with before 11 a. m. A chain of diamonds and turquoise dropping to her knees, a watch and watch pin of star sapphires and diamonds at her belt, a string of pearls with a diamond clasp, from which swing a diamond incrustated locket close about the throat, a huge pearl and diamond brooch in her neck, three diamond and turquoise hat pins, a gold rimmed card case studded with jewels, a gold net purse with bediamonded clasp and a couple of gemmed hangings, is a veritable statement of the articles itemized in the adornment of a woman of vast social position who swept into a dramatic breakfast the other morning in a huge public hotel.

Shades of good taste! you may well exclaim, but she was not alone in her vulgar, inappropriate array. Those who went before and came behind her had also emptied their jewel boxes over themselves, and they all wore white glove gloves, tossing white plumes and embroidered velvet gowns. At the opera and theater matinees they flaunt their sartorial splendor with even greater recklessness. You will see any Saturday slim beauties, such as Mrs. Paget, Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Mackey, in snow white cloth and cream satin gowns sparkling with diamonds, trimmed and coats of white velvet, while carriage women go shopping in black satin slippers and open worked silk hoosier after breakfast.

But if our New York women have lost all equilibrium in dress, they are trying very hard to make up for it in manner. The manner that marks an influential Fifth Avenue would do credit to a bronze statue in its unbending hauteur. With shoulders back and nose well up and eyes set in a freezing stare, that is the approved bearing. The body is held quite rigid and the stare stiffens into a stony glare when a stranger is observed. In drawing rooms, on intro-



TAMING THE RUSSIAN LION.

culty in securing plenty of men.
Every hostess, by the way, has her specialty in lions. One woman, as Mrs. Charles Worthington, for example, Mrs. Levi Morton and Mrs. Hewitt care only for the literary fellows. When well known authors, like Zangwill and Kipling, both of whom are at present in New York, reach the city, they are as diligently hunted and first possession of them as seriously struggled for as if they were special reductions at a bargain counter. Holger Drachman, the Danish poet, is another reception feature of vast importance, but besides the women who give receptions around writers is a coterie headed by Miss de Forrest, Mrs. R. T. Wilson and

SOCIAL LIONS.



CORDIALITY IN THE OVER-DRESSED FOUR HUNDRED.

covers knew anything about the lead until they accidentally ran across it two years ago next May. The story of the original discovery they learned only a few months ago and this is how it is told:
In the fall of 1873 or 1874 Can Corcoran and Joe Featherly left Pittsburgh for the Salmon River country in Idaho. They had two pack mules and a riding horse each. They traveled by easy stages, hunting and fishing along the route. They camped for a

balin for embryonic baldness.
Complex civilization and the curling iron are largely responsible for the tremendous demand for hair restorers, says the New York Sun. Our great grandmothers didn't know anything about them and they considered it a sort of disgrace to buy anything out of a store, as they put it, with which to renew the hair, unless it was a sweet-scented vegetable pomade; and they had beautiful hair, too, but it was all due, so they said, to constant, systematic and prolonged brushing.

"Fifty strokes on each side of the part night and morning" was the invariable rule followed by grandmothers in those days. Those who had made required them to do the brushing, but these who were not so fortunate brushed for themselves. When grandmother's hair began to come out she shook up some sage tea, stimulated her scalp with that and considered it her best hair tonic in the world. When that personal devil of womanhood, the first gray hair, made its appearance she was terror-stricken at first, after the fashion of her sex, but she soon realized that the time for renewed action had come and so she gave up the sage tea and took to using a little weak juice was secretly applied and this for a while, at least, foiled time in its immutable law.
Everybody who knows anything about hair

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