

WHAT GIRLS DO BEST.

AN EXPERT ON WOMEN'S WORK DISCUSSES DIFFERENT TRADES.

High Wages Rare—Trained Nursing, Dressmaking and Unusual Occupations Pay Best—Stenography and Typewriting Not What They Once Were.

Miss Alice Woodbridge, as secretary of the Working Women's society, is acquainted with all sorts and conditions of working women. In the interests of the labor bureau which the society put in operation she has investigated opportunities and wages in a great variety of women's occupations. She considers the question of the best trade for girls a very difficult one.

"Generally speaking," she says, "girls, as I know them, give very little thought to what they are to do for a living. A sister or a friend, perhaps a brother, is employed somewhere, a vacancy occurs, and if one of the girls of the family is fifteen or sixteen she is only too anxious to take the place and give as little work as she can for as much wages as the employer chooses to give.

"Probably the factory worker is better paid than the saleswoman or stenographer. Girls employed in silk mills receive the highest wages of any factory workers. They will average six or seven dollars a week. That's really a high average. Of course they make very much more in busy times, but there are many dull weeks when they make less. The work requires considerable skill.

"The occupation of saleswoman has very little to commend it to the girl who has any choice at all in the matter. There are of course a few women heads of departments who receive twelve to eighteen dollars a week. But I have in mind a very ambitious little woman who is employed in a big city store, who has been working six years for the firm, who is recognized as a faithful, trustworthy, in every way satisfactory saleswoman, and who receives six dollars a week.

Outside of the financial reason for not adopting the occupation of saleswoman, there is the question of health. No matter how unhealthily the factory girl's occupation, the saleswoman's is worse. Women are unfitted by nature for constant standing. Stenography and typewriting were until a few years ago the most lucrative things a woman could take up. But to day I am sure I could hire a whole army of them from three dollars a week up some of them competent too. The average stenographer and typewriter receives about five dollars a week, while the girl who gets twelve dollars regards herself as a particular favorite of fortune.

Remarkably enough, the great reduction in the wages of this class of wage earners is due to a great extent to the woman who is trying to build up a little business of her own. She goes around to the offices where work done by a stenographer and typewriter is needed. She offers to take the dictation and return the typewritten copy at cheaper rates than the employer can get it done by keeping a stenographer in his office. If that does not persuade him to give her the work she proceeds to underbid herself, and being a business man he proceeds to let her do it until she reaches rock bottom. I know a woman who rather than let a job of that sort go will take \$1.50 for work she ought to get five dollars for, and no amount of talking that I can do seems to convince her that she is not only doing herself an injustice but is wronging a whole army of workers as well.

"The best occupation a girl can adopt is something new. If she can originate a trade she can make a good living so long as she can be alone in the field. As her competitors increase the occupation is bound to be less and less desirable from the financial side of the question. The next best thing is to get into a field hitherto monopolized by men. Piano tuning seems to be one of these. I talked a few moments with a piano manufacturer the other day about it. He seemed to think it an occupation for which women's delicacy of touch peculiarly fitted them and he offers to teach a few women. The prices paid are high. The wages earned depend upon the number of orders a tuner can get. This occupation of course would require a quick ear and some knowledge of music. Women have not yet entered the drugstore or the silversmith's shop, both of which seem particularly suited to them.

"Just at present the trained nurse seems to be particularly well off in a financial way. It is a fashionable fad among rich women to have an attack of nerves and to have the doctor prescribe a sojourn at a health resort and a trained nurse. The occupation of the nurse is not yet overcrowded. There is a demand for them, and they receive from sixteen to twenty five dollars a week and board. Those employed in hospitals receive less, but they have a permanent position. This occupation is not open to every girl, however. She must be physically fitted for the wear and tear of it. At Mount Sinai Training school, and presumably at other hospitals, they have difficulty in filling out the classes because the applicants are not up to the physical standard.

"It seems to me, after all, that the old fashioned women's trades of dressmaking and millinery afford the greatest opportunities for a girl. There is always this much to be said in their favor. It is hardly likely that a machine will ever be invented that will design and drape and fold and fit. These offer a girl the possibility of an independent business of her own, and they pay very well, too, even in the larger establishments. Of course I don't mean wholesale dressmaking. Curiously enough that is beginning to make nichities of the girls. Only one special part of the garment is given to each girl. One makes all the sleeves, another the skirts, another the plaiting and ruffles and so on.

DEPEW'S BIRTHPLACE.

The Old House at Peekskill Where the Orator Was Born.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., June 23.—When the Dutch and other pioneers bargained with the Indians of Sachus, as this locality was known among the red men, they found one Sirham, a sachem in authority. Were any analogous election of a chief to occur among the later natives, who so worthy of election as Depew, of silvery speech? In fame and honor he overtops all the sons of Peekskill. His family were of Huguenot descent, and have lived here from the earliest times. The old Depew mansion has been in the possession of the family for about 200 years, having been remodelled from time to time. It is a large, old fashioned wooden house, painted



DEPEW'S BIRTHPLACE.

white, with stately portico upheld by four Ionic pillars. It is set well up on the bank above the street and is surrounded by shrubs and trees that supply abundant shade.

Chauncey M. Depew was born in the upper front chamber, the window of which is seen on the left in the cut. A wide hall with ample stairs divides the main part, to which wings with additional apartments were added by Chauncey's father, Isaac Depew, as his family increased. A most interesting room is the large, well lighted library in the south wing, with its generous windows and wide bookshelves. On its walls hang oil portraits of Isaac Depew and his wife. The faces of father and son bear a striking resemblance, heightened by identical cut of whiskers. Mrs. Paulding, Depew's sister, owns and occupies the old homestead, which Chauncey makes his home whenever he visits Peekskill. She pointed out a small oil portrait of the patriot Paulding, her husband's grandfather, who achieved renown as one of the captors of Major Andre. It was copied from an old daguerrotype, and represents a handsome young man dressed in Continental uniform.

There are about three acres attached to the homestead, most of it lying on a hillside. I climbed the steep hill at the rear of the house overlooking the tennis court, and was rewarded with a fine view of the village, the Hudson and the surrounding highlands. The country about here was the theater of active operations during much of the Revolutionary war. Fort Montgomery, Stony Point and West Point are but a few miles away on the opposite shore. Up in the country four or five miles is the site of old Continental village, where some 1,500 patriots were quartered in barracks, from which General Tryon forced them to fly, whereupon, as usual, he applied the torch.

Iron ore is mined in the vicinity of Peekskill. Directly below the Depew house, in the deep, ravinelike valley through which Magrigrarie brook seeks the Hudson, are clustered a dozen or more iron shops and foundries, where great quantities of stoves, etc., are turned out. The road before the house is the original Main street of the town, which led along and down the same steep cut to the old boat landing, before the days of railroads. Isaac Depew's farm lay across the valley to the south. He was an old line Democrat, and failed to relish the Republicanism of his gifted son. Of the latter, now in his fifty-ninth year, numberless anecdotes might be told. I will allude simply to the strong domestic side of his nature, to his fondness for the old home and the old friends, and to his tender filial regard. On the Sunday just before each Memorial Day his custom is to visit the cemetery of his native village to lay wreaths of flowers on the graves of his father and mother. ALBERT J. POTTER.

To Clean Chamols Skin.

Chamois may be cleaned in a weak solution of soda in warm water. Rub plenty of soft soap into the leather and allow it to soak for two hours. Then rub it well till it is quite clean and rinse it well in a weak solution composed of soda, yellow soap and warm water. If rinsed in water only it becomes hard when dry.

To Whiten the Hands.

Melt a pound of white castile soap over the fire with a little water. When melted perfume slightly with any one of the extracts, and stir in half a cupful of common oatmeal. Use this preparation when washing your hands and you will be surprised at the improvement in their appearance. —New York Journal.

Geo. Cook at Home.

The Crook-Bailey Grocery Co., 218 O Street is now open and Geo. Cook smiling and happy to once more greet his former patrons is always on hand to welcome one and all. The stock is the newest and freshest in the city and comprises everything wholesome and delicious. Telephone orders via 43 will be carefully attended to and promptly delivered. Don't forget to give the new grocery a trial.

All the latest toilet articles will be found at Mann & Hall's 1390 O street.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Children's Day in Old Rome, B. C. 17.

We have just now been passing, in this very year of the building of the city, 757, when the imperial Augustus, emperor and priest, had conducted the splendid secular games—those three festival days that celebrate the close of an old "age" and the beginning of a new one. Now an "age," or seculum, my dear distant islander, as we understand it at Rome, is a period of 110 years. Not a boy or girl of us in Rome but knew what was the mean-



"HEAR US SING."

ing of this festival, which no man could see twice. We had been told how the founders of the republic, ages ago, had, out of praise to the gods for blessings received and for protection granted, decreed that at the completion of each seculum Rome should solemnize the event by joyful thanksgiving, by sacrifices to the gods and by a splendid display.

It was to Apollo and Diana that our special festival, Children's Day, the 3d of June, was sacred; and so we were told by our fathers and mothers and by our tutors and teachers because upon the children of Rome must depend, when they shall have grown to manhood and womanhood, the future of Rome itself, its greatness and its glory, the celebration of Children's Day was deemed by our priests and rulers the most important, the most glorious and the most impressive of the three days' festival.

Hark! do you hear it—the ta-ra, ta-ra-ta? It is the loud blast of the trumpets announcing the approach of the pageant as it comes slowly down the sacred street. Following the vestals come our mothers (mine is there among them, as was my father among the senators); you can count them as they move slowly along, 110 of the best and highest born of the matrons of Rome—sons for each year in the "age" celebrated. And now, following the mothers—do you not hear us singing?—here we come, the children of Rome, the life and joy and flower of this splendid Children's Day procession.

At our head walks one of the most celebrated of the world's famous poets and singers, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, whom all Rome knows by the more popular



"HAIL DIANA."

name, "the poet Horace." And after him we come—two, three and four abreast, twenty-seven boys and twenty-seven girls, the sons and daughters of Rome's noblest patrician families.

Are we not all proud young patriots? And why should we not be? Clad in snow white tunics, crowned with flowers and waving our laurel branches we have walked in just this joyous fashion through the Sacred street and down the street of Apollo, keeping constant measure to the song of victory and praise and supplication which was written for us especially, and for this particular occasion by him who leads us on—the great Horace, "our poet." —Elbridge S. Brooks in Wide Awake.

The Value of the Bath.

We know that a bath is to refresh as well as to cleanse the person. A sponge bath, with a little bay rum or alcohol added to the water, will both cleanse and refresh. The shower bath creates a glow; this can be obtained by the sudden application after the bath of a large towel wet with cold water, followed by friction and gentle exercise. Some people are too delicately organized for such heroic treatment. A half hour rest is no inconsiderable factor in the restoring process, and deserves special attention. If rightly taken it is a magic rejuvenator. —Young Ladies' Bazar.

Collections of Old Shoes.

The fad for collecting old boots and shoes of celebrated people is growing. The queen of Italy is an enthusiastic collector. She possesses the shoes of Marie Antoinette, Mary Stuart, the Empress Josephine, Queen Anne and the Empress Catherine of Russia. Lady Ermyntrude Mallet, wife of the British ambassador at Berlin, has a beautiful collection. They are of all shapes and sizes, from dainty satin ball shoes to boots made for long tramps through the snow.—London Tit-Bits.

Home.

Cherish the home with infinite tenderness. You cannot love it too much nor give it too much time and thought. Remember, life has nothing better to offer you; it is the climax and crown of God's gifts. Make every day of life in it rich and sweet. It will not last long. See to it that you plant no seeds of bitter memory; that there be no neglect and no harshness to haunt you in after years.—Detroit Free

The Learned Blacksmith.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., June 23.—Few finer examples of pluck, indomitable will and high individual achievement can readily be cited than that of Elihu Burritt, familiarly known as the "learned blacksmith." He was born here in December, 1810, in a little old house near the cemetery.

Elihu Burritt was a staunch peace advocate and was possessed of a strong philanthropic bent, which really dominated all other tendencies in his nature. He established missions in the outskirts of New Britain and built that now on Cherry street. In the northwestern part of the city he bought a farm of forty acres and planted an orchard and built a barn. Part of this barn he fitted up as a meeting room and used it as a mission headquarters. He made special efforts to gather in those who were neglectors of religious matters. In his garden near the barn he sought physical exercise by wielding the hoe among his potatoes and cabbages; then would retreat to a little study in the barn to write.

Lemuel Lombardy, an aged colored man, still lives on "Nigger Hill," as the hill has always been called, though slight occasion for the name exists. He was the janitor for Burritt, and well remembers his patron's habits. Heshowed me over the old farm, now in imminent danger of a metamorphosis into city lots, and pointed out the sight of the mission barn. Nothing remains but an excavation. The outlook is slightly, and the gilded dome of the capitol at Hartford is plainly seen. Mrs. Strickland, an aged sister of the scholar and philanthropist, still lives at the Strickland house, where Burritt used to make his home. She possesses many of his manuscripts, several being grammars and learned treatises. S. F. SPOTSWELL.

V. P. S. C. E. at New York July 7 to 10.

The Official route to New York for the Nebraska delegation is via the Union Pacific, the Chicago & Northwestern, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and the New York Central and Hudson River R. R. Through chair cars and sleepers, a short stop in Chicago if desired, a view of majestic Niagara Falls, and a trip along the beautiful Hudson by daylight are but a few of the advantages offered by the official route. Tickets are one fare for the round trip. For additional information or accommodation on the official train apply to J. T. Mastin, C. T. A., 1044 O street, or E. B. Slosson, Gen. Agt. U. P. system.

21 Tickets for \$3.50 at Odell's. The price of board at Odell's Temple dining hall by the week is now only \$3.50, which is as cheap as the cheapest, and the table fare is fully up to its usual excellent standard. Why not go to Odell's to board regular? You get 21 tickets for \$3.50.

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