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THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT

A Description of the White House—Habits of the Chief Executive.

THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

The President's Salary—How the Majority of Our Chief Magistrates Have Struggled With Poverty—Public Life.

[*Written for the Omaha Sunday Bee*]

In the midst of a park between the treasury and the building containing the war, state and navy departments, with the river as its rear view, Lafayette park, in which General Jackson in bronze sits upon an impassible horse, facing it stands the white house. It is 170 feet long, 86 feet wide, and three stories high. The first or basement story is devoted to the culinary and laundry departments. The second story contains a vast vestibule, flanked on either side by waiting rooms, opening respectively into the east room, the green room, the red room, and the state and private dining rooms. In the third story are fifteen rooms, devoted to offices and private chambers for the president and his family. Overhead is an attic, surmounted by a copper roof which continually leaks. Sail up the Hudson on a summer day, and you may count twenty houses on its banks of finer architectural beauty than the white house, fifty better furnished. Yet the path to this house is strewed with many disappointed hopes and ambitions, and a broken heart or two. Resurrect and verify the skeletons of Webster and Clay, of Breckenridge and Douglas, of Greeley and Hancock, and ask them what it is to have run and lost the race for the white house goal, and they will tell you it is to suffer pain, the smart of which burns for life. To be a four years' tenant of this house, rent free, is to be the head of 50,000,000 people, and the only qualifications for the tenancy asked by the constitution are American birth and an age of thirty-five years, fourteen of which must be actual residence of the country. To reach this august personage, to stand in his presence, to grasp his hand, but little ceremony is required. Through the open iron gates on

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

and up the semi-circular flagging, by blooming shrub and flower passes the plain American citizen in quest of the president. Under the pillared porch and into the vestibule hall with a pointed Jefferson quill in hand at one end, he walks unchallenged by any sentinel gun in hand, unmolested by any policeman. The foreigner notices the absence of these functionaries, the American citizen never looks for their presence. His card is requested by an attendant in better clothes and with easier manners than the ordinary door servant, who disappears requesting the visitor to wait until the president is made aware of his presence, and so gracious is the attendant that the visitor feels at home and during the waiting interval peeps in at the east room, charmed with the grand glass, chandeliers, the heavy plate mirrors and the life size picture of Mrs. Washington, "dear Patsey," as her husband's letters always called her. The attendant returns to inform the visitor that the president at that particular hour is engaged; the attendent knew he would be engaged and disappeared simply as a matter of form, for if the president were at the disposal of everyone who called to see him as a curiosity arithmetical calculation will demonstrate his leisure moments during the presidency. To balance the deprivation the plain American citizen is shown through the various colored rooms and emboldened by the liberty granted, he requests to see the bedrooms of the president's private family, which request is politely denied.

The plain American citizen may come with other plain American citizens in a body, called a delegation, from a distant state, to urge the claims of some other citizen for an appointment as postmaster of a country town. At a given hour, definitely appointed by previous arrangement, the delegation, attired in new clothes bought for the occasion, for the event will forever be a marked page in their life history, seek the white house, and are ushered into the private office of the president. A mutual introduction is given by the president's private secretary, with a word of explanation for the interview. There stands the

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

not half as pompous as the chief of a department, not a bit better dressed, worse than thousands of men seen at any hour on Pennsylvania avenue, ordinarily with nothing extraordinary in grace or person to distinguish him from an humble citizen. Then the spokesman of the delegation begins his carefully-prepared speech, the work of days; if from Virginia or Kentucky, it is long and solemn, with nothing left understood, as the nominative sometimes in a sentence; if from the north or west, it is crisp and business-like. If, during its recital, the speaker, abashed, hesitates, the president could suggest the supplying word, like the prompter at the footlights, the cue, for the president has heard the self-same speech a hundred times before. If the delegation imagine that the lurking smiles of the president's countenance means conviction of the reasons deduced by the speaker and construe it into a committal favorable to the result of their errand, it is because the delegation are novices in seeking presidential patronage. He may be thinking of a thousand things other than the subject before him and the smile is stereotyped, only indicative of the desire to make things pleasant all around. At the conclusion of the speech the president receives the voluminous papers, petitions and endorsements, enough to paper the green room, bows the delegation out amid their hearty good wishes for his health and the success of his administration and then—reads the voluminous papers? No; he quietly sends them to the postmaster general, and that officer in due time gives the matter attention. And so go all communications addressed to the president soliciting office, to the secretary of the department in which the office is sought.

On stated days, on certain hours, in order to exhibit himself, to the thousands of strangers attracted to Washington, thereby satisfying American curiosity and democracy as well as economizing time, the president appears in the east room and submits to the greatest of American burdens, hand shaking. One by one he grasps the hands of the crowd assembled, and to the idle looker-on at the show, the scene is a pantomine illustrating the declaration, "All men are born free and equal." To these informal hand-shakings no initiation is necessary, the general public is welcome; cleanly dress and good behavior are the only requisites for admission. Democracy was strained to its utmost on one of these hand-shaking occasions long ago, by the appearance of a cartman in overalls, with checkered jumper, and muddy boots, who grasped the president's hand in his own honest but dirty palm before the doorkeeper could overtake him. During the congressional season from six to a dozen nightly receptions called levees are given at the white house, the number depending on the length of the session. From five hundred to three thousand people attend these levees, which, like the hand shaking reception to-day, are informal, the invitation being general. Each one is presented to the president, and his wife assisted by a few invited friends, by the marshall of the district of Columbia. After

THE HAND SHAKING PERFORMANCE,

guests are free to wander at will through the spacious drawing rooms, their promenade being enlivened by the red coated Marine band, wafting on their strains, mournful memories of Gaetano Canise, the Masis and the Sardos and a score of other Italian musicians who were brought over to America's capital in the early part of the century to found musical art in the organization of a national band, and then thrown penniless on the world with the jurning discords of broken promises in their ears instead of music, because no appropriation was made to establisn musical art at the capital. The Washingtonian is conspicuously absent from these levees unless he have friends from a distance visiting him, to whom he desires to show the sights of the town. The crowds are usually strangers and in their far-away homes for months afterwards they delight listening ears, telling the wonders of a presidential levee, and how they shook hands with the president. Formerly at these levees refreshments were distributed to the guests, but the hospitality proved ruinous to carpets worn out by crumbs pulverized under foot and upholster stained with spilled wine and the custom was abolished, stopping quite a leak in the president's household expenses. New Year's day is open house day at the president's. In regular turns, officially announced, the supreme court judges, the army and officers in full uniform, the foreign legations in court costume, senators and members, and the great American public call upon the president and his household and to the music of the marine band always on hand, wish him joy and happiness to the accompaniment of the usual hand shake. These New Year calls were introduced by Mrs. Dolly Madison, and have never been omitted from her day to this. The sight of the foreign ministers dressed in the full court costumes appropriate to the respective nations which they represent, at these gatherings, is picturesque. On January 1, 1826, the Russian and French ministers with their legations declined attending the presidential reception on account of the promiscuous crowd assembled, and addressed Henry Clay, then secretary of state, requesting him to ask the president to name another day on which they might call to renew the friendship of the governments which they represented towards the United States. John Quincy Adams, then president, declined the request as unreasonable, which expression translated into firm diplomatic English meant, impertinent. Thus America has survived without Russian and French assurances of friendship offered on New Year's day 1826.

For the performance of these multiplied by

A HUNDRED OTHER DUTIES,

the principal of which is the veto or approval of the laws when passed by both houses, the American public up to March 3, 1873, allowed the president a salary of $25,000 a year. In round figures that sum is $2,083.33⅓ a month or $68.49 and a trifle over three mills a day. A goodly salary, say you, from which the president must save enough to die rich. Listen! How can he? At a cost unknown to the public, he maintains the domestic part of the white house, paying from his salary the retinue of servants from the chief in the kitchen to the chambermaid on the stairs. The equal of kings and emperors, he is expected to maintain the greatness of the American people as their representative, by the entertainment of the foreign legations stationed at the capital. State dinners form the medium of this entertainment, about a dozen of which are given a season. No small affairs, these state dinners for the palate of your foreign ministers is a household god fed ever on nectar and ambrosia. The wines must be the choicest, all real, no imitation; the dishes filled with courses of culinary excellence and the service unexceptionable. From $500 to $1,000, according to the number of guests invited and the generosity of the host, each of these dinners costs, the bills of which are paid from the president's salary. Any stint in these state entertainments or indeed in any item of his household expenses, while enabling the the president so economizing to save a portion of his salary has likewise subjected him to the reproach of the people for meanness. Call the roll of presidents and count the names of those dying rich on the presidential salary saved. The public

SERVICES OF WASHINGTON

to his country, both as commander-in-chief and president, entailed only loss, but he died with $530,000. How? His marriage to the rich widow, Mrs. Custis, augumented his own wealth in 1759, $100,000, which carefully invested in Ohio lands and employed as capital in tobacco planting enabled him to die in 1799 the richest of all the presidents. The elder and younger Adams, thanks to Yankee economy, did save something from the white house. On the very Fourth of July upon which Jefferson died, Governor Barbour, at a public celebration, solicited subscriptions to relieve his poverty, and Mr. Rush, in the house, called attention to his needs. Madison sought his estate, Montpelier, and the sale of a tract or two of its land with accompanying slaves, as the occasion required, relieved his most pressing needs for life, but want overtook his widow. Monroe just escaped a debtor's prison in Virginia, and lived the balance of his life and humble pensioner on his son-in-law, Sam Geuverneur, in New York. Jackson exhausted his salary and drew largely upon his private means while president, and his subsequent life at the Hermitage was a struggle against debts contracted for himself and others. According to Clay, Van Buren dispensed "in the noble mansion, one worthy the residence of the chief magistrate of a great people, a generous and liberal hospitality." He was shrewder than Jackson in his estimate of expenditures, and managed to die in comfortable circumstances on his own estate at Kinderhook. Neither Harrison nor Taylor lived long enough to earn the full presidential salary of $100,000, but of their successors, Tyler's early investment in western lands which doubled in value, was his main financial stay after his retirement, and Fillmore was just a little cramped. Polk and Pierce were compelled to

TURN TO HARD WORK

for maintenance after their four years' season in the white house, and Buchanan, well, no one has ever inquired about him, while Lincoln's complications are best told in the pitiful tale of distress in his widow's letter begging a pension. Realizing the inadequacy of $25,000 a year for the support of the president, congress doubled the salary on March 3, 1873, dating its commencement from noon of the following day. This nicety in date was a ruse to avoid the constitutional requirement, forbidding the increase or diminution of the president's salary during the period of his election. He had been re-elected, and the increase was really of his own salary, but his friends claimed that the period of his second term of office did not begin until after his inauguration, and the increase was for another term than the one he was serving. Analytical minds reason clo sely; veryclosely here; just twenty-four hours in the measure of time. Whether American presidents for the next hundred years may grow rich on fifty thousand a year, let the tale of the historian tell. Certainly in the past, life in the white house has not proved money making.

The wife of the president is the most important personage of his household, and by courtesy is called

THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND.

She is the social queen of the country, and her sway is despotic. She is in power a female Jove, whose nod is "the stamp of fate" to many a scheme seeking presidential sanction through the medium of her influence, and many a costly present accompanied by a letter full of rounded sentences from some political aspirant, delicately telling her how beautiful and how worthy of her station she is, finds its way to her presence, and in reciprocation she is expected to tell her husband how sadly the country needs the services of the sender. If she have wisdom with her understanding, she soon learns to grow suspicious of presents and declines them, like Æneas fearing the gift-bearing Greeks. An invitation from her is a command of obedience, taking precedence of all others, and being a sufficent cause to break any engagement of a social nature previously made. Decline attendance at a card party at the house of the chief justice, when invited, if your inclinations suggest, send your regrets to the wife of the secretary of state, stating your inability to be present, as requested, at her dinner, and society will forgive you; but adopt a like course in return to an invitation from the first lady of the land and you commit a sin unpardonable in the social heaven. Another evidence of her power is her exemption from returning any call made upon her. Day by day during the season, from the windows of the white house the president's wife may see carriages rolling along, containing the wives of supreme court justices, cabinet officers, congressmen and foreign ministers, engaged in the duty of distributing cards, in acknowledgement of like favors showered upon them, and, laughing in her sleeve, she thanks the social law relieving her from such dreary drudgery. But for these and a hundred other social immunities the first lady is subjected to counterbalancing annoyances. She has no privacy in her household, for the white house is but a hotel, with the American public as its guests, and she is but the figure behind the footlight for a stare through the opera glass. How she talks, walks, dresses, and eats, her incomings, and outgoings, her slightest look or gesture, all become gossip spread in the journals throughout the land, and what reality lacks in making the article sensational, invention supplies. Woe unto her if she blunders in the slightest form of social etiquette, for then the press in opposition to her husband's administration, deride him through her, while the ladies of the reigning cabinet ridicule her among themselves, envious of her position, superior to theirs. On the authority of Justice Miller of the supreme court, most of the presidents have been men of mediocrity. Their biographers say that most of them

STRUGGLED WITH POVERTY

in their early youth. Happily for the country, such a condition of things was so, for the sturdiness of character acquired in the struggle, developed an independence both of thought and character. Their wives were their helpmates in their early manhood and learned little of the forms of court etiquette to fit them for their future sphere. Hence the mistakes of the first ladies of the land have caused foreign embassadors used to court polish, to howl with indignation. The Martha Washingtons, Dolly Madisons and Harriet Lanes have been rare stars in the white house firmament.

Single ladies listen! If covetous of the honor of being mistress of the white house, you discountenance matrimonial intentions on the part of the average man to await a president's proposal, let us say to you in all sincerity, don't. A four years, at best an eight years reign is brief; your crown surrendered to your successor, you pass into the world unnoticed, and into history unknown but in name, unless by extraordinary talents you have made yourself famous, and should your ex-president husband die in later life and leave you nothing, the influence of your former position may secure you a government clerkship, nothing more.

RELIGIOUS.

The missionary work of the religious tract society of London is carried on in 186 different languages.

Of the 6,436 congregations that compose the American Presbyterian church, no less than 1,201 are reported as vacant.

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon of London, is said to be on the point of separating himself from the Baptist union.

There are only three Protestant churches on the island of Cuba—at Havana, Matanza and Cienfuego—all recently organized.

The Norwegian Lutheran synod has changed the location of their theological seminary from Decorah, Ia., to Minneapolis, Minn.

The conference of Congregationalists and Baptists, for the purpose of promoting co-operation and union, is to be held in London this month.

Rev. Joseph Parker prefers to preach from a pulpit rather than from a platform. On a platform, he says, a man's legs are painfully conspicuous, and his boots have a mean look.

Among the new decorations of the Metropolitan Methodist church, Washington, of which Dr. Newman is still pastor, is a mural tablet erected in memory of General Grant.

Topeka, through the Commonwealth, is offering forty acres of land and $100,000 for the Lutheran college. The contestants for the college are Atchison, Topeka, Beloit and Omaha.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, will sail this month for Europe. He will preach the sermon on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Patrick's basilica in Rome.

There are 400 Mormon bishops in Utah, 2,423 priests, 2,947 teachers and 6,854 deacons. Salt Lake City is divided into wards of eight or nine blocks each, and a bishop is put in charge of each ward.

Rev. John O. Foster, of Chicago, has been re-elected secretary of the association of the United States Christian commission, army chaplains, and Good Samaritans of the late war, north and south.

The Evangelical alliance of the United States assembles at Washington on December 8. Among the speakers will be Chief Justice Waite, Associate Justice Strong, of the supreme court; Bishop Coxe, of the Protestant Episcopal church; President McCosh, of Princeton; Senator Joseph R. Hawley, and Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist church.

Phenomenal Precocity.

"Oh, George!" cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door. I've something the best to tell you."

"No?" said George: "what is it?"

"Why, don't you think—the baby can talk! Yes, sir, actually talk! He's said ever so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him."

George went in.

"Now, baby," said mamma, persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say, 'How do you do, papa?'"

"Goo, goo, goo, goo," says baby.

"Hear him!" says mamma, ecstatically. "Wasn't that just as plain as plain can be?"

George says it is and tries to think so too.

"Now say 'I'm glad to see you, papa.'"

"Da, da, boo, bee, boo."

"Did you ever?" cries mamma. He can just say everything! Now you precious little honey bunny boy, say, 'Are you well, papa?'"

"Boo, ba, de, goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does? He can just say anything he wants to; can't you, you own dear little darling precious, you?"

"Goo, goo, dee, de, di, goo."

"Hear that? He says, 'Of course I can,' just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright. These very brilliant babies nearly always die young."

In another column of this issue will be found an entirely new and novel specimen of attractive advertising. It is one of the neatest ever placed in our paper, and we think our readers will be well repaid for examining the SUPPOSED display letters in the advertisement of Prickly Ash Bitters.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF GIRLS.

Ella Wheeler on the Dangers That Threaten Young Women.

THE VARIOUS ALLUREMENTS.

Towns Wicked, But the Country Not Altogether Moral—Where Parents Make Mistakes—How Young Women Are Tempted.

Written for the Sunday Bee by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.—Copyrighted.

All my life girls have made me their confidante. When I was myself a girl, they sought me for sympathy and consolation. Since my marriage they have come to me for advice and assistance.

It will be impossible in this article to more than touch upon the various phases of temptations to which girls are subjected in this bad but jolly old world.

In fiction and in journalism, the country is always represented as a place morally and physically healthful for girls. The city alone is supposed to teem with temptation for the innocent and ignorant.

Without doubt the town offers more opportunities for folly and wrongdoing. Yet human nature is the same, in its varying moods, its passions, and its weaknesses the world over; and there are phases of and causes for temptations in the rural regions unknown to the city-bred girl.

Youth is youth wherever you find it. Young blood flows swift and warm through pulsing veins. Young hearts long for companionship, young brains indulge in vague sweet dreams of pleasures yet to come. A healthful young girl can no more be content with prosaic duties, without one day of pleasure to brighten her life, than a meadow lark can be content in a cage. To attend faithfully to the most commonplace tasks all day, to hear no word of praise for her labors; and to retire at 8 o'clock on a moonlight evening, is little less than a turture to a girl full of sentiment and undefined longings.

Yet this is the existence of hundreds of country girls.

The parents regard an hour spent in pleasure as so much lost time. They exact industry and obedience from their olispring, invite no confidences, and object to late hours or merrymakings. The young heart seethes in silent rebellion, and learns to hate its lot, and lives in hope that something will happen to give color to life. If the city idler, or the amorus farm hand, or the married seducer happens to find her in that rebellious mood, why then we read in the newspapers an item about the "Strange Disappearance," or "Unaccountable Mesalliance," or "Shocking Depravity" of a hitherto respectable young girl.

The heart-broken parents are crushed with shame and sorrow. They cannot understand why their beloved daughter should go astray. Ah! if they had only shown her demonstrations of their love, they had only sought to know her secret thoughts and longings, if they made an effort once a month to give her a few hours of pleasure, she need not have gone astray.

FEMININE HEARTS

are never satisfied with the love which only bestows food and bodily covering, and finds no tender expression. They crave something more than "good care." The flattering praises of an unworthy admirer often win a foolish girl's heart, which starves in the atmosphere of undemonstrative parental affection.

I personally knew a case which illustrates this point.

A young lady of refinement, but born with that passionate love of music, color, and perfume which is so dangerous to its possessor, was compelled to live the most prosaic of lives. Her mother was a devout Christian, whose only command was that her daughter should attend church Sundays. Her father was a domestic tyrant who desired the lights out at 9 o'clock, and objected to his daughters entertaining company.

One superb summer evening—which the full moon rendered a pallid day—she walked down the quiet street to talk with a young lady friend over the gate.

"I have been in the kitchen all day," she said, "and I am just crazy for a drive in this moonlight. I teased father to take me, but he went off to bed, and told me that was where I'd better go. I knew I couldn't sleep, so I stole off to see you." Scarcely had she ceased speaking, when a handsome stranger passed, driving a fine equipage.

"Oh," whispered her friend, "there is that handsome commercial man again. I saw him down at the store to-day. He tried to flirt with me."

"I wish he would ask me to take a drive," said our desperate young lady. "I would go in a minute."

THE MAN STARED

at the young ladies with bold, admiring eyes. There was something in the excited, passionate face of one which gave him courage to speak. He lifted his hat and said politely: "A lovely evening for a drive. I wish you young ladies would take pity on a lonely fellow, and accompany me."

The calmer of the two girls turned away without replying. The other hesitated; the man saw his advantage, pressed his invitation, and despite her friend's urgent entreaties she drove off with the stranger. She returned in half an hour declaring she had done a terrible rash thing, but that she had broken the monotony of life at least, and "no one need ever know."

But it was found out, of course; the stranger boasted of his conquest, and the girl's reputation was tarnished forever.

Parents, in the country especially, are too much afraid of praising their children. I believe it is better to risk spoiling a child than to starve it to death. I have noticed that children who are freely praised for every task well performed and for every dutiful act seldom bring sorrow into their parents' lives.

Mothers are too reticent with daughters on subjects of vital importance to our sex. Curiosity to investigate the mysterious, causes many girls to read unhealthful books, or converse with unworthy people who excite their imaginations and tarnish the purity of their minds.

In the country, children ramble home from school together promiscuously, and ever creative Nature reveals many of her mysteries to wide open young eyes. If mothers would satisfy the natural curiosity of young girls regarding all these mysteries, and teach them to regard the wonders of nature with reverence, the temptation to personal investigation would be removed.

City streets teem with cheap opportunities for flirtations with unknown men who designate themselves as "mashers." Only the silliest or most depraved of our sex risk lives and reputations by responding to them.

A lady is seldom accosted or troubled by these men in the day-lit streets of New York. A handsome young girl who earns her living by newspaper work, which calls her into all sorts of business offices, recently told me that she had never received an insinuating or embarrasing word or look in all her career.

THE PROFESSION OF AN ACTRESS

is supposed to be more fraught with temptations than other avocations, but I do not know this to be true. In one of our large cities west of New York there was a young lady clerking in a dry goods establishment at the princely sum of $4 per week. Finding this inadequate to her personal expenses of board, washing and shoeleather, she complained to her employer.

"What shall I do?" she asked.

"Well, you know what some girls do to improve their situations," he said, and left her to consider his words.

Without doubt the managers of some theatres do abuse and misuse their power.

Two pitiful cases have been recited to me personally within two years.

ONE PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN,

who had been deserted by her good-for-nothing dissolute husband, resolved to make her really fine voice a means of support. After much hard study and months of constant appearance in a small part, she begged her manager to give her a trial in a more ambitious role. He answered her that she was capable of better things, but he refused to advance her unless she sacrificed her self-respect to him. She is still appearing in her unimportant role.

Another more recent case was that of a young girl scarcely out of short dresses. She was almost born on the stage, and has played youthful parts from her childhood. She is pure as a lily bud, and has blossomed into a lovely young woman who is anxious to make a success of her profession. When she asked a well-known manager to give her his influence he promised to do so on condition that she gave him her honor in return.

Surely no hell fire could be too hot for such men. The girl is an orphan, and obliged to earn her living by the profession in which she was reared.

The most dangerous of all temptations is that which comes through love.

I know personally one case where a young man carefully and delicately won the confidence and gratitude and love of a working girl by the most gentle of actions and a repetition of thoughtful kindnesses. Then, when he had made himself necessary to her life, he gave her the alternative of sharing his unlawful companionship or never seeing his face again. The girl had the strength to send him away, but she never recovered from the shock to mind and body.

Men tempt women through their vanity and affections.

Women tempt men through their emotions or their ambitions. A clever young woman was desirous of living in luxury and respectability. She worked night and day to improve herself, and became a brilliant musician and linguist. Then she threw herself in the way of a man who possessed money, but whose social ambitions were balked by and exceedingly commonplace and uneducated wife. The man made comparisons, and finally fell into the snare. The wife was divorced, and the scheming young woman shortly filled the vacant position.

I do not believe that the Creator made man any more wicked than woman. Both sexes have the same impulses and emotions. Women are compelled to fight against their own weaknesses, and to combat those of men.

Where ten women are tempted, two only fall. Where ten men are tempted, two only stand.

And yet we are called the weaker sex. If the penalties for folly were as severe for men as for women, and if the world demanded as high morality from them, they would be as good as we are.

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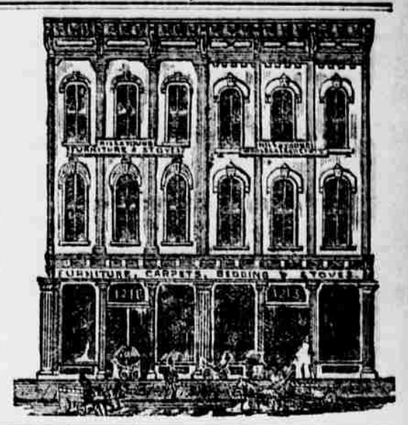

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LADIES, you can send me, or leave your orders whether they are small or large.

I GUARANTEE you courteous attendance and delivery, if needs be, free of charge.

PAYING strictly cash to the manufacturers when I buy, getting large discounts, I save by doing so.

LEAVING to my customers these discounts, is my means of making business grow.

ALL I solicit is a share of your patronage, as in fine boots & shoes, I have now on hand

NOT only all the leading grades, but the finest styles in summer and fall goods that cash can command.

GIVE that excellent hand and machine make gent's shoe of B. C. Young & Co., of Boston, a trial.

SUPERIOR North Star Boot and Shoe Co., Minneapolis, Minn., I have every grade on display.

HAVING but strictly one price, and that the lowest, the boots and shoes you buy of me

ON all occasions are just as represented, perfect in fit, grade and quality.

EVERY time you require Ladies', Gents' Misses' and Childs' Shoes, or repairing done both well and neat,

SEND or call at Philip Lang's Old Reliable Shoe Store, No. 1320 Farnam street.

Every pair of boots or shoes sold by Lang is warranted to fit and to be as represented, or the money will be refunded. Just bear this in mind, and go to Lang, 1320 Farnam, for anything needed in his line.

BEST STOCK IN OMAHA TO SELECT FROM.

Men's Boots	$2 50
Men's Working Shoes	1 00
Men's Fine Congress or Lace Shoes	2 00
Men's Fine Congress or lace French Calf, Machine Make	4 50
Men's Fine Congress or lace French Calf, Hand Make	6 00
Ladies' Full Goat Button Shoes, C, D, E widths	2 00
Ladies' Kid Button Shoes, C, D, E widths, worth elsewhere, $2, at	1 50
Ladies' French Kid Button Shoes, D, E widths, worth elsewhere, $5, at	4 00
Misses' and Children's School Shoes, worth from $1 to $2	1 00
Ladies' Opera Slippers	75c
Childs' Shoes in Kid or Goat	50c

For low prices come to the Old Reliable,

Philip Lang, 1320 Farnam St.