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BOSTON GIRLS SMOKE 'EM.

The Cigarette Habit Prevalent Among the Cultured Hub Ladies.

MRS. STANLEY TO AMERICAN EYES.

An Effort to Reduce the Marriageable Ages—Gossip of Prominent Women—Facts of Interest for the Fair Sex.

Girls Behind the Counter.
If I were asked to give a set of rules or suggestions for girls whose days are spent behind the counter, they would read something like this, writes Kate Tennant Woods in the Ladies' Home Journal:

Remember that all the time spent in the store belongs to your employer.
That courtesy behind the counter wins even the most captious customer.
That gossip about young men, or with them, is unbusiness-like, and, under the circumstances, rude.
Never attempt to instruct a customer; while you may suggest, or politely question, the desirability of this or that.
Do not say, "Here, Sade, hand me your pencil," to your neighbor.

Never say, "No, we haven't got it," in a short, crisp tone; far better a polite "I am sorry to say we do not have it in stock."
Do not thrust a package at a customer as you would a pistol in the face of a highwayman.
Never throw down goods with an air which seems to say, "I don't care whether you buy it or not."
Remember that the purchaser often sees more in the seller than she thinks, and refined young women have made valuable friends for life by their courtesy to an accomplished customer.

Always remember that your duty to your employer demands your best service, and duty to yourself also.
Seek to be a model saleswoman, and some one will soon recognize your merits.
Dress modestly and avoid cheap jewelry; the best ornaments are promptness, politeness, a well modulated voice, and strict attention to duty.
Have your hair neatly combed, your teeth well brushed and finger nails tidy. Customers are often repelled by untidy clerks of either sex.
Remember always that you are superior to circumstances only when you make yourself so. The most selfish, exacting employer will gladly recognize the merits of an efficient clerk.

Frown down with womanly scorn the nonsensical title of "saleslady." It is a grand thing to be a woman anything; if you are a true and good woman, a good clerk is infinitely more respectable than a so-called "saleslady," and the term has a shoddyish ring which is totally un-American.
Out of 300 clerks in a large establishment, the favorite with nearly all of the customers is a young woman who invariably dresses modestly in black and has such charming manners that it is a positive pleasure to visit her department.

To Reduce the Marriageable Age.
Renewed pressure is to be brought upon the legislature at its next session to secure the passage of a bill to reduce the marriageable age of girls to fifteen years. Such a bill was considered by the judiciary committee last winter, but it was never reported. Its advocates were members of the New York and other societies for the prevention of cruelty to

children and other persons interested in charitable measures, says the New York Sun. It was opposed however, by several clergymen and by one or two organizations of women.

The chief reason advanced in favor of the change is a practical but deplorable one which has been repeatedly forced upon the attention of those who deal with the misfortunes of the young. The reason is plainly set forth by Mr. Gerry of the children's society, who is one of the principal advocates of the change. In this case, which he recently cited:

"I know of a case where a man had wronged a girl, but was ready to make reparation by marrying her. The girl was under the legal age, and though she was soon to become a mother, yet a justice of the peace who was asked to perform the ceremony refused to do so, saying that it would be a violation of the law. A bill was introduced last winter changing the marriageable age. It was referred to the judiciary committee, where it still slumbers. Somebody or something should be done to awaken that bill, as it provides the remedy that is needed to prevent a repetition of such cases as that I have mentioned and others could speak of."

A broader statement of the views of the supporters of the pending bill is that they believe that under all circumstances marriage is better than illicit intercourse. Under this theory, probably, England has for centuries maintained the limit at the extremely low age of twelve years. It is argued that in this country of mixed nationalities sixteenth is too high a limit, and that it should be reduced at least a year. Officers of the children's society say that cases continually come to their attention in which the present law has proved a bar to the removal of the stigma of dishonor from the name of young women and of their offspring. For obvious reasons they are unwilling to render public such cases in detail, but they are strongly of opinion that the law in this respect should be changed.

The opponents of the measure believe that a change in the law would do more harm than good. While they are willing to admit, most of them, that the law may work hardships and injustices in some few cases, they argue that hasty and ill-considered marriages of children should be in general terms prohibited. Marriages contracted in extreme youth, they say, are very apt to turn out badly. They make more divorces than any others. To prohibit such unions would prevent many elopements and secret marriages.
The matter will probably have a prominent place in the attention of the legislature and some interesting hearings may be expected in committee. The bill which still slumbers in committee fixes the minimum marriageable age of males at eighteen years.

Even Boston Girls Smoke 'Em.
Do Boston women use cigarettes? The query is often put, and sometimes answered. Generally the answer is in the negative. The fact is, however, that many more women than anybody supposed do smoke, says the Boston record.

They are not found among the shop ladies and working girls, but in the ranks of the more elegant and cultured. Sade, a charming girl a few days ago, said: "If I sit up late I always smoke a cigarette before going to bed. I should not go to sleep for hours if I did not."
"We had such a very jolly time the morning after the — ball," I was told one day last winter by a blonde with the most innocent blue eyes and complexion like a roseleaf. "Nell and Dorothea stopped with me all night because they live out of town, you know, and in the morning after breakfast, which we look about 12, Nell said: 'Has not somebody a cigarette?' Mamma was

there, and she brought out a box and we all sat around the open fire and smoked and chatted, and had the most awfully jolly morning imaginable. Dolly didn't know before that mamma smoked, and was frightened to death when Nell suggested it."

"For ages past it has been the fashion for women to seclude themselves in times of mourning—more particularly when the mourning was for a departed husband. The Hindoo widow today is secluded for life. In the mourning veil worn by widows among our people is to be found a survival of this ancient mode. From being introduced for the purpose of hiding the woman, the veil was modified among the old Romans and Greeks so as to become an article of graceful drapery flowing from the back of the head. Nowadays a further stage in its evolution has transformed it into a more shadowy protection for the face, designed as a preservative of beauty. Oculists say that, even in this shape it is most destructive to the eye-sight."

Peasant Women in Japan.
The peasant woman, clad summer and winter in the same dress of blue cotton, and hardly distinguishable afar from her husband, who wears his hair in a knot like hers, and is clad in a robe of the same color—the peasant woman who is daily seen bowing over her toil in the tea fields or in the liquid mud of the rice swales, protected by a rough hat on her head, and wearing a simple and homely head completely enveloped when the north wind blows by a dreadful muffler, always blue, that only leaves the almond eyes to view—the small and funny peasant woman of Japan, where she may be seen, even in more remote districts of the interior, is incessantly more refined than our peasant woman of the west, writes Pierre Loti in Harper's Magazine. She has pretty hands and pretty, delicate feet; a mere touch would suffice to transform her into one of those ladies that are painted on vases or transparent screens, and there would be little left to teach her of mannered graces, of affectations of all sorts. She almost always cultivates a pretty garden around her ancient cottage of wood, whose interior, garnished with white mats, is scrupulously clean. Her household utensils, her little cups, her little pots, her little dishes, instead of being, as with us, of common earthenware, are daubed with brilliant flowers, are of transparent porcelain decorated with those light and fine paintings that bear witness of themselves to a long heredity of art. She arranges with original taste the altar of her humble ancestors. Finally she knows how to arrange in her own vases, with the least spray of verdure, slender bouquets that the most artistic among our women would hardly be capable of composing.

She may possibly be more honest than her sister of the cities and her life may be more regular—from our European point of view, of course; she is also more reserved with strangers, more timid, with a sort of mistrust and dislike for the intruders, notwithstanding her amiable welcome and her smiles.
In the villages of the interior, far from the recent railroads and from all modern importations in places where the millenary immobility of the land has not been disturbed, the peasant woman has probably changed but little from what must have been several centuries ago, her most remote ancestors whose soul, vanished in time, has even ceased to hover over the family altar. At the barbaric periods of our western history, when our mothers still preserved something of the grand and wild rudeness of primitive times, there lived doubtless yonder, in

horns of paper or wood attached to the crown. It is to this custom that the bible refers when it speaks of having one's horn exalted. The higher the horn, of course, the greater the appearance of dignity. Among the ancient Jews the veil was but little affected, the custom being for women to consort freely with men.

Veils a Survival of Barbarism.
Rene Bache in Kate Field's Washington says the wearing of veils is the survival of the barbarous custom of secluding women. "Chinese ladies are never seen abroad any more than are women of condition among the Hindoos. In Persia, Turkey, Egypt, and other lands similar habits are observed. Among some of these people, however, the custom of seclusion has taken on another phase. The women, when permitted to go out, carry their hiding with them in the shape of a veil. At the beginning this is an opaque cloth wrapped around and around the face and body, ten or more yards often being used for the purpose in the Orient.

"The custom of hiding away women having as its origin the anxiety of the man to keep his treasure for himself, is undoubtedly of Asiatic derivation. It seems never to have been dependent upon degrees of civilization, but merely upon race instinct. It is but a step from Germany, where any respectable woman may walk the streets of Aegity at midnight with impunity, to France, in which country a girl is considered to have sacrificed her reputation if she is seen in the act of taking a stroll at high noon with her own brother. For how, forsooth! is a stranger to know that it is her brother?"

"The Tartars seclude their women, but they do it by wrapping them up, because they are a moving people and must carry the seraglio with them. In Africa the Moors disguise the ladies of their harems in like manner when the latter venture abroad, while in Syria women wear long veils which are elevated above the tops of their heads by what might be called

those isles at the east of the ancient world, these same little peasant women, so polite and so mingling, and also these same little ladies of the cities, so civilized, with their adorable courtesies.

Mrs. Stanley to American Eyes.
The ladies are gossiping about Mrs. Henry M. Stanley and her mother, Mrs. Tennant, in a way that must make their ears tingle, says the New York Press. So much was said about the beauty of the younger lady at the time of her engagement to the great explorer, and American ideas of beauty are so different from those which prevail in England, that disappointment is expressed on finding Mrs. Stanley what I heard her described by a Murray Hill society leader, "a solid-looking Englishwoman, with too much of the color of good health."

But that is the Englishman's special type of beauty. The woman that is strong, robust, and healthy, who sets her foot squarely down on the ground and walks with athletic instead of mincing manner, is just what suits him. Besides, I cannot imagine that after his experience in Africa Mr. Stanley would have selected any pale, ethereal beauty as his wife, or any woman who was not strong and solid, after the English type.

The criticism that she wears her gloves half buttoned at the theater is "important if true," and so shockingly awful that I wonder some of our Murray Hill dames do not rush down to the Everett house and tell Mr. Stanley that he has made a serious mistake in his marriage. If Mrs. Tennant, with her good taste, choose to wear a many-colored scarf to the theater it is offset by the fact that she has bred her daughter with such noble qualities of mind and heart as to win the admiration of all eyes, and that is all there is of it. By the way, while the London papers were extolling Miss Dorothy Tennant's beauty, they seem to have entirely overlooked her sister, who, now that she is on this side of the water, is pronounced the handsome member of the Tennant family.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington.
Mrs. C. P. Huntington, the wife of the capitalist and railway magnate, is a strikingly handsome woman of a rich original type, says the New York Press. She is a brunette with luxuriant hair of satiny sort, magnificent large dark eyes and fine complexion. She is in appearance the type of woman whose photograph might be labeled "An Odalisque" or an "Eastern Beauty." She looks like the most self-indulgent of persons, and yet she is possessed of great force of character and of exhaustless energy. She is a very clever woman mentally and she is often her husband's advisor as well as companion. Their mutual devotion and their enjoyment of each other's society might afford food for thought—and imitation, too—to many a young couple in their honeymoon. The fine new house which Mr. Huntington is building at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street is opposite the homes of Cornelius Vanderbilt and William C. Whitney. When he takes possession of it next year he will enter right into the hot-bed of swiftness, and society will await with anxiety to see if he and Mrs. Huntington will develop any "aspirations." Those who know Mr. Huntington best—but very few people know him at all—say "no" right now, and very emphatically.

General Morgan's Mess Box.
A resident of Richmond, Va., has come into possession of a revolutionary relic in the shape of General Daniel Morgan's mess chest, which is estimated as being 125 years old. The chest is made of pine, heavily ribbed with iron, and is closed by an old-time ponderous lock.

THE TINY LITTLE TOOTSIES.

Petite and Pretty Footgear of Some Well Known Women.

THE MARRIAGEABLE AGE OF GIRLS.

New York's Legislature Will Be Urged to Reduce it to Fifteen Years—Of Interest to the Fair Sex.

Woman will have the world at her feet "till the sun grows cold." Volumes have been written on the feminine foot; it has been carved in marble, stamped on canvas and immortalized in poetry and song, says the New York World. All nations have been to the front with the best foot forward, but the French, the Greek, the Spaniard and the Arabic have been forced to admit that the New York woman has the most classic foot on earth.

Lillian Russell has a trim, slim foot that is shot from an A last. She buys a dozen pairs shoes at a time, for which she pays never less than \$120, and frequently \$200.
When the Duke Alexis handed beautiful Mrs. A. C. Bottner out in the dances he paid her a great many pretty compliments, the prettiest perhaps being this: "Madame, if I had not seen a confirmation of the story I should accuse you of having found the Cinderella slipper."

Of all the Vanderbilt ladies Mrs. Frederick has the smallest and shapeliest foot.
Mrs. J. J. Astor had a most beautiful foot, and her shoes were made from a miss's last.
Mrs. Farnam Stevens' foot is one of her best features. Her ankles are remarkably slender, and she buys her shoes by the dozen—all low cut, pointed shoes, with medium heels, in black silk, satin, suede and hand-glove kid, with a turned sole as thin as paper. Some of these shapely shoes and slippers are embellished with cut jet or metallic embroidery.

Mrs. Admiral Le Roe, who was a ravishing beauty when she lived in Baltimore, has shoes from which many a many a toast has been drunk. She is now wearing mourning for the second time. She lives at the Victoria. She is still beautiful and charming, and her tiny black Spanish shoes are the envy of the women and the admiration of the men.
Sylvia Gerish wears No. 8 stockings, the smallest ladies' size woven, and it is the opinion of dukedom and shoodom that her last appearance was made in the prettiest and smallest slipper that ever entered the Casino.

Mrs. John C. Calhoun has very pretty feet. So has Mrs. Levi H. Morton. Mrs. James Robert McKee has a queerest, best customer in the boot and shoe business. If the cantatrice is going to be married in opera she orders "a few white slippers"—twenty pairs, as a rule. All the rest of the order is for boots—light top button boots made on a No. 2 B last. They are made to measure always.
Most women have their shoes made for their feet. Miss Abbot has hers made for her dresses—a pair for each.
When she is to be measured for a

new stock of shoes she brings a sample for each order and wears never less than three pairs of stockings. The last time she had on six pairs and ordered fifty pairs of shoes to wear in her new opera.

Maud Granges, however, has the foot par excellence. It was she who introduced the gay footgear. Her soles are beautiful, whether dressed in a slumber slipper or a Louis XIV.

Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer comes from Chicago with as pretty a foot as Crispin ever dreamed of. Her boots are made on a Chinese last, No. 14, and her taste runs to red, which she wears with scarlet, rose and crimson, or rich black lace.
The beautiful Sadie Martinot, who has literally tramped on human hearts, has a pair of feet intended for that purpose. She wears a No. 2, AA width, made on a pointed last and made in Paris at an expense of 600. She orders thirty pairs a year—twenty for the stage, eight for evening wear, one pair of Turkish leather sandals for the toilet and one pair of French goat for the street. With white toilettes she wears braided slippers in flower-tinted satin, but her preference is a black hand kid with patent vamps made on a Louis XV. last.

Carmenita's famous feet are dressed by a Havana shoemaker—the one man in all creation who is kept posted as to the newest styles in the art of making dandasses. This slipper artist is a man of excellent taste. He knows the colors that suit the beauty and style of his sinuous customer, selects his own materials, makes them up and Carmenita gets her dancing dresses to match them. She takes a No. 2 A last with a full toe, low vamp and a very high Spanish heel. They are made on flexible hand-turned soles of very fine satin de Lyon, and generally without ornamentation. They cost her \$7 a pair, and she kicks her toes through fifty pairs a year. She has a weakness for carmine-red stockings, with which she wears nearly all her dancing shoes.

When Sargerea painted her portrait he took exception to this whim, but the supple-jointed model only laughed and told her Spanish attendant to say, "I wear what pleases me; he can paint them to please his own fancy." The red stockings, however, went into the splendid portrait. Carmenita has a job lot of old shoes in her trunk, the nates of which have been stolen or borrowed by admirers, artists, advertisers and model-makers. Some of them have been given away, and the tastes that have been offered in the Carmenita slipper would fill a volume and a vat.

Good News for Reading Girls.
The friends of Miss Constance Naden dispute the statements made by Herbert Spencer that her death was caused by exceptional mental development. It was the strength and vigor of her brain which kept her spirits even and allowed her to work without evil effects. She wrote for some hours every day, mostly on philosophy, and rose from her work as fresh as when she sat down. Her health up to within eighteen months of her death was exceptionally good, and the disease which terminated fatally was one common alike to the dull and gifted. George Eliot, to whom Mr. Spencer compares Miss Naden, lived to the age of sixty-one, and, though she suffered from headaches, was no worse than a vast number of women who seldom open a book. Mrs. Montague Butler, Miss Fawcett, and Miss Alford all have ordinary good health. Miss Fawcett beyond the average.

Natural Gas Giving Out.
It is said that the end of next January will in all probability see the end of the use of natural gas for manufacturing purposes, as the supply is practically exhausted.