

ANOTHER MENACING MOVE

Having Taken Most of Man's Attire, Girls Now Covet the Whistles.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS FROM AN EXPERT

The Beauty and Charms of American Women—Dissipation in Boston—Noted Western Workers—Feminine Gossip and Fashion.

Does a woman like to whistle?

Of course she does. I don't believe there is one who has not tried it with more or less success. Most women try to learn the accomplishment behind the kitchen door or in the privacy of their own rooms, and would not be caught for it in the world, because they still stand partly in awe of the old-fashioned saying: "A whistling girl and a crowing hen never come to any good end."

But his high time we discard this old fogy superstition, for in this age of progress, when the girl of the period has adopted her brother's suspenders, cravat, soft felt hat and shirt—what's the matter with her coming out with the bold avowal that she can and will whistle if she wants to? Besides whistling has reached the altitude of a profession; has not our fair American sister, Mrs. Shaw, whistled herself into the good graces of all Europe?

There is a gentleman with gray hair who often passes by, and on whom that man can whistle, and almost equal to a full brass band. On a cold winter's night don't you like to meet a good natured fellow with a good natured whistle, keeping time, time with a sort of rhythmic rhyme to the crunching of the snow beneath his feet? The other day when the whistler was whistling "Hurrah! for the red, white and blue" the ice man suddenly put in an appearance, and the big piece of ice he was so kind as to allow us on such a cold day chilled the surrounding atmosphere so that it nearly froze my whistle. But seeing the whistler smile on his face, I said to myself: "That's all right, Mr. Ice Man; maybe you think a woman can't whistle." On I went with the second verse, for has not woman the right to whistle in admiration for the great national flag? We, women of America never felt the full glow of patriotism as we do today when we can point with swelling pride to the Columbian exposition and the fact that in that great national exhibition we are equally recognized with the men.

But let us return to a woman's whistle, about which there are some peculiar features. She seems to be always getting ready to whistle, sounding only the preliminary notes as it were, drawing the breath in when it should be forced out. But time will remedy these defects. The tongue you will notice regulates the human whistle to a very large extent, and no man has ever complained that we have not a full and complete use of that organ. Indeed, I've heard it strongly hinted that they as a class have a woman's tongue is the only existing example of perpetual motion. But we are not going to notice a little slur like that. We are too conscious of our ability to preserve a golden silence over little and big vexations that would cause our great large brothers to say awfully naughty words. But good gracious! we don't somebody write a new song? "McGinty" was easy to whistle, so was "Annie Rooney." But what woman could capture the "twist on 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-dee-dee'?"

GRACE HINES.

American women are very beautiful and charming, exclaims Harper's Weekly. They know more and talk better than any other women in the world, except the mistresses of France. This class and this has been called the only American aristocracy, and there is truth underlying the claim of each. The tramp is an aristocrat because he is an idler. The college boy is an aristocrat because he has much leisure for sport. The army and navy officers are aristocrats because they are the permanent representatives of the government. But after all, the woman of fashion is the finest and most charming aristocrat in the country. She has a certain grace and plenty of leisure to sleep away the crowfoot of fatigue, it is she, and yet even she has no right to tempt the fates after the manner of the British maid and matron. She has more to do. The demands of our complex society upon the women of the country are greater and more exacting than those made upon the feminine members of a monarchical aristocracy. The American woman of fashion is really a pretty nearly tired enough when she begins to dress for dinner. Besides, with all due respect to our cousins on the other side of the water, we do not care to have her exactly like the English woman.

The weekly round of feminine dissipation in Boston is bewildering. "I am going to have a good time next week," said a Boston girl to a reporter. "My brother calls it a regular giddy swirl of feminine dissipation. Monday I shall spend most of the day at the bazaar for the Home for Aged Couples at Horticultural hall and I'll go in the evening to hear Carroll D. Wright speak on the influence of the old ball game, but more I want to go to that charming ball meeting of the 'Young Ministers' association!"

Mrs. Nat Collins of Great Falls, Mont., is a remarkable woman, though one would not think so to look at her. In appearance she is a blonde, not too tall, but just tall enough, dresses in a picturesque western style, and weighs probably 100. She is a business woman, is Mrs. Collins, and has made a big fortune all by herself. She deals in mules and cows. Mrs. Collins went to Chicago recently unaccompanied by her mules and cows, though she generally has them with her. Her first experience in selling and shipping cattle and accompanying them all the way to Chicago was made last season. On her second trip a few weeks ago she had forty-two head of steers. She saw her cattle weighed, unweighed and sold at the stock yards, and in reckoning up the proceeds when the items of shippers' fees amounting to \$7.50 was reached Mrs. Collins entered a protest against it being allowed, claiming that she was not a shipper and that if there were any fees she wanted them herself. And she got them. She is the only lady in the whole state of Montana, or probably in the west, who has shipped her own cattle and followed them through on the same

train. She is known as the Cattle Queen of Montana.

The excellence of early rising and its inspiring influence on both body and mind have been themes for the most of our song and the sage's sermon. Early rising promotes cheerfulness of temper; opens up new capacities of enjoyment and channels of delight to which the sluggish must be insensible.

It increases the sum of human existence by stealing from indolence hours that would also be utterly wasted, and, better still, unquestionably condones to longevity. All long lives have been early risers.

Now, the habit of retiring to bed at late hours will hardly admit of early rising, therefore the necessity of refraining from the one in order to secure the advantage of the other. From six to eight hours are generally held to be sufficient, and no doubt on the average are so.

Our sleep is regulated much by the season. In winter people lie longer on account, as they say, of its being too early. There is some truth in this, but plausibility in the reason, but the system in cold and dark weather is more prone to sleep than in light and sunny times. Invalids need generally plenty of sleep, but they should procure it by going early to bed.

There is more health and strength to be found in the practice of seeing the sun rise than in looking at it in any other part of the day.

Miss Ella Knowles of Helena, the populist candidate for attorney general of Montana, ran away ahead of her ticket, and would have been elected had the cowboy districts shown the gallantry displayed by city voters. Miss Knowles graduated from Bates college in Lewiston, Me., not more than six years ago. Deciding to study law she became a student in the office of a Manchester, N. H., firm and then went to Montana. She found a statute in that advanced commonwealth prohibiting women from practicing at the bar, and so with unsurpassed energy and skill she went to work and had that law repealed by the next legislature that met. Miss Knowles claimed that she had as much right to be a lawyer as the next one, and she seems that since she opened her office her ability has not been questioned.

Five women, all dames of high degree, have been appointed to the command of crack regiments in the Prussian army by the present young warrior emperor. This, like most of his acts, an entirely new departure, but whether it is a shrewd device or simply one of his peculiar fancies is well calculated to achieve his dearest ambition, the exaltation and popularizing of the army above everything else. Previous to his accession there were only two women colonels in the Russian army, and none had been appointed for nearly a score of years.

The senior woman colonel is the Empress Frederick, who was placed in command of a regiment of hussars at the coronation of Emperor William in 1871. October 18, 1891, Princess Frederick Charles, widow of the famous "Red Prince," ranks second in point of time. She received her colonelcy in 1871. Queen Victoria was made colonel of a Prussian regiment of hussars in 1860. The two first named have often ridden at the head of their regiments, dressed in their full regimentals, and one of the Empress Frederick's most gushing phrases shows her thus attired and armed.

In many of the provinces of Holland there is a marriage custom in vogue which is as curious as any to be found in a year's search through South Africa. When a Dutch swain falls so deeply in love that he feels it imperative to breathe the story of his affections into the ears of his loved one he starts out for her home bearing in one hand a sweet-scented cake wrapped in paper. Arrived at the family residence he enters the living room and, without addressing the girl, he places the cake upon a table near her. If she opens the paper and begins to eat it is a sign that the lover is accepted. But if the cake is left upon the table untouched, then the lover must look somewhere else for a sweetheart. Sometimes the girl takes her lover by dallying with the cake before eating. In case she rejects him she is obliged to eat a portion of the cake herself, and no one outside of the family is ever the wiser.

Mrs. Anna Matilda Maunly, by her will, which has just been presented for probate in Washington, bequeathed to the erection and maintenance of a home for destitute women, as a memorial to her mother. She bought a site in the fashionable part of the city and set apart \$25,000 for the building, and \$15,000 as an endowment fund. She also bequeaths \$30,000 to the Newsboys and Children's Aid society for a building to be known as the "George Maunly Memorial Home," in memory of her late husband.

A happy and vigorous old lady, when asked for the secret of her 81 years of health and enjoyment, said: "I never allowed myself to feel overworked. I cannot help it, I take a nap, and sometimes of them, every day. I do not carry my washing, ironing, dressmaking or baking to bed with me. And I try to oil all the friction out of my busy life by an innocent belief that there is a Brain and a Heart to this great universe and that I can trust them both."

The old-fashioned fringes are revived, and also spiked fringes, with glass passe menterie headings.

The mounting of cut glass pitchers, colored and clear, shows a sumptuousness seen nowhere else. Many of these have frills; frequently they are silver.

Collars and cuffs look well when encased in a new box, made especially for their reception. It is circular, gold lined, and is executed in appica satin finish.

Novelties in jet are shaped like a French peasant's waist, with a strap going over the shoulder and a point to the front and back from which falls a heavy rain fringe.

New passementeries and galloons are made up of heavy silk cords, open meshes and nettings, pendants and Hungarian drops, arranged to give an open lace and lattice effect.

Among the coats particularly adapted for youthful wearers are those in three-quarter princess shape, with handsomely trimmed vest and very full velvet sleeves and girdle.

FASHION'S LATEST FANCIES

Experiments in Personal Adornment by the Women of Swindlow.

FINE FEATHERS MAKE BEAUTIFUL BIRDS

Pretty Women not Prevented—Swirl Gowns at New York (Continued from Front Page)—Parisian Cloaks—That Fetching 1890 Bonnet.

New York, Nov. 21.—(Correspondence of The Bee.)—Swindlow made a great sacrifice the other evening—gave up the Horse show to attend the opening of one of his new gowns, except Colonel, Chaucery Dapow was there, as usual, and spoke of the number of pretty women present. I looked about me. Did I gaze through green spectacles, that I could not discern his reascended vision? I had just before made a mental note of the fact that there wasn't a single pretty woman there—no, not one could I find, although I had gone from room to room, up and down every staircase, peeped into all the cozy corners where beauty might be lurking, and examined critically every woman in the gold and white theater. Perhaps it was because they were more like themselves than they used to be. Powder I could see plenty of, but very little rouge, cream washes and beautifiers.

Another thing that I noticed was the courage of the American woman, as exemplified in that portion of their present. Although the Emperor has been "the thing" for some time past, any number of those women were there, and they were not afraid to wear wonderful quantities. I couldn't count more than twenty Empire gowns, and wasn't able to discover one in the 1830, although that I hardly looked for, it has so recently come over.

To be sure, the reason is still young, but I have seen into consideration it was certainly surprising and disappointing. I was sorry that the women had

of plucked beaver fur and silk crochet buttons of the same dark shade. Camel's hair chevrons, shaggy of surface, now English serges, far softer and much more flexible than the original wavy goods, French chaddis and Barritz cloths are among the winter goods almost unobtainably worn and are sent from looms both foreign and domestic.

It is a favorite fad just now to cover a book with a scrap of brocaded silk, sometimes padding it by a layer of cotton wadding underneath. Two ribbons are attached to opposite sides by which to tie it together, and a dainty gift is formed which is inexpensive but rich in appearance.

A fancy of the moment is for dessert and other plates, no two of which are alike. An artist in china painting has created two distinct classes as well as several different patterns possible. Each one has a distinct design, the only decoration in common being a wide rim in mat gold.

The quaint prettiness of the new old-fashioned long loose gown extended to the spirit hats about the shoulders for full dress is taking in a most extraordinary way, while in the street in Paris the blouse robes may be seen with the addition of a real old-fashioned sponcer of cloth or velvet.

The newest jackets are cut with square corners and reach only to the belt, or in a still newer mode are cut sharp away, and have velvet revers, and, if a still more elaborate corsage is desired, the second jacket or waist may be of contrasting material and have a short front of mousseline de soie or silk.

A favorite device for fur-trimmed gowns is a pointed girdle outlined upon the bodice by one or two rolls of fur. These girdles usually are wide, the upper portion being fastened to the turn of the bust, the lower below the waist an inch or two. They may be pointed both back and front or only in front.

Five hundred hands are at work on the bridal veil of the Princess Margarete of Prussia. The veil is made of 500 different pieces, all the work being done with the needle, and the pieces, each of which requires ten days for completion, are to be joined by the most skillful seamstresses in a pattern which is to appear as the work of the same hand.

In heavy cloaks the straight coats with loose fronts and three capes are the most popular for girls. One is brown beaver, a melton, with brown velvet capes, full over the shoulders, and each cape edged with melton, the other is plain, and the third is in a pattern of plaids over the hips, but in front is plaited in six plaits, three on each side, turning toward the middle. These plaits give decided movement to the front of the skirt. Other styles, by the way, have a row of plaits encircling the form just below the waist line, their fullness flowing into the train at the back. The sleeves are of the red and black satin without the diagonal velvet coat.

A cozy dressing gown is of a pale blue flannel, a woolen web with a soft silk wrap, simply fastened about the waist with a cord and heavy tassels of black. Over the sleeves are full caps of flannel, and a handsome edge with black and above this three rows of leather stitching, one above the other, and each extending up with the sleeve at the point where the scallops join together. Around the neck there is a ruffle of flannel, and a row of buttons, all stitchee in the same way, which frills a little way down the front to the girdle.

Talk About Women. A girl in Cornell college has taken up veterinary surgery as her special study and means to make it her future profession.

In Somerset county, England, ladies have adopted the most popular material, apparently, and if I don't there are any number of boucaine gowns in light colors, with velvet sleeves. White and green were reaching in an equal contest, particularly in all white gowns with very bright green velvet sleeve puffs. Next to the white and green in favor came white and pale yellow; possibly because exquisite in the ball-room was decorated in these two delicate colors. The women that had gowns of these two shades, and a pile of one or two in the dressing room before they came down—there wasn't the usual crowding about mirrors; almost all the girls took one or two into the glass and then turned away. Is it the growing strong-mindedness, do you suppose, that has caused this change? Surely the element isn't creeping into the circles of exclusiveness and gaiety.

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One woman as simply a cloud of white chiffon puffs, sleeves, papiers, etc. Her hair was so pinned that she felt sure she wasn't. One girl looked so well, so graceful and winsome. Her young face looked younger with her short, early black hair reaching to her shoulders, and she had only one pin and then falling as it would. Her white boucaine gown fell in a and a dark green velvet skirt, a long and still felt about her, which she was helpless to control. Her robe was very beautifully trimmed with a magnificent point.

Two Parisian Cloaks. But I was fully repaid for all the weariness of looking and watching that evening when the young man began to run. I saw two cloaks that were most magnificent. They were fresh from Paris, I could see at a glance.

The first one was of pure white cloth, and lined over a rose-colored gown that had a crush velvet Empire belt of pink, a deeper shade. The second was a double-breasted, first cape hanging and extending to the knees, edged with Russian sable, the second very much shorter, edged the same. From the neck fell a very narrow row of bands, each headed and edged with fur; and the fur of the heading went down inside the mantle as well, for a few inches, so that it was warm and clean at the throat. The first was white taffeta, shot with pale roses. The other was very different. It was of a beautiful water-green tulle, with leaf sprays outlined in gold. The cloak, which fell to the feet, seemed to be made of but four straight pieces. Two were narrow and formed the front, meeting in the center. The other two were much wider and formed the back, the sides being cut in the back of the cloak, so that it was far up, so that the dress train had plenty of room to sweep out. But where these pieces touched the front breadths they fell altogether loose, and apart, so that they were like long sleeves. A pretty thing of white quilted silk showed at one side, and a pointed piece of rich green velvet was edged by a wide orbis of fine guipure. An immense rolling collar, also of guipure, stood up above the lady's ears.

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THE LOS ANGELES WINE, LIQUOR and CIGAR CO.

1313 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb.

Recognizing the fact that the Holiday trade will soon demand great quantities of goods in our line, being heavily overstocked and wishing to give our customers the benefit of low prices at a time of year when our goods are most in demand, we have concluded to CUT PRICES all to pieces, without regard to cost of articles mentioned. The goods offered at cut prices are the same quality and purity that we have always sold, and we guarantee their absolute purity. We handle no imitation goods of any description. A glance at the prices given below will convince customers that we have done as we said, viz: CUT PRICES ALL TO PIECES:

WE QUOTE

Table with columns for Wines, Gins, and Key West Clear Havana and Domestic Cigars. Includes items like Pure California Sweet Wines, Port, Sherry, and various cigars.

Table with columns for Wines, Gins, and Key West Clear Havana and Domestic Cigars. Includes items like Pure California Sour Wines, Claret, and various cigars.

Table with columns for Wines, Gins, and Key West Clear Havana and Domestic Cigars. Includes items like Pure California Brandy, Imported Port Wine, and various cigars.

Table with columns for Wines, Gins, and Key West Clear Havana and Domestic Cigars. Includes items like Imported Three Star Hennessy Brandy, St. Louis Export Beer, and various cigars.

Instructions to Out-of-Town Customers: We assort bottled goods, putting in just such an assortment as you may wish. We do a strictly cash business. Do not send in an order without money remittance, as goods will not be shipped until money is received.

Los Angeles Wine, Liquor and Cigar Co. 1313 FARNAM STREET, OMAHA, NEB.