

## Beauty Refreshingly Typified Among Omaha Shop Girls



EDITH CLAPP  
402 SO. 39TH ST.



ROBINA KAMMERER  
1114 FREDERICK ST.



DELIA FOLEY-FIGLEY  
3408 BLONDO ST.



Margaret Greenslate  
1049 PARK AVE.



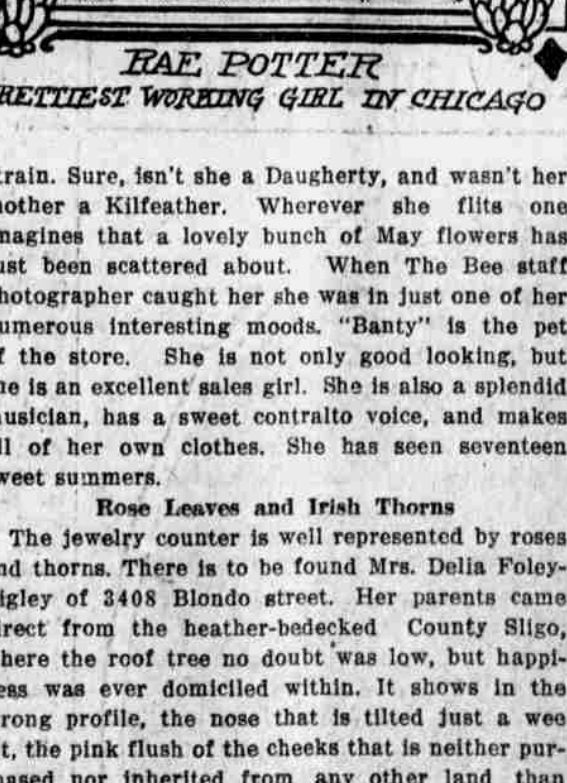
CLARA BIRMINGHAM  
439 N. 17TH ST.



MAE DAUGHERTY  
2009 CHARLES ST.



ESTHER SEGELBERG  
2727 SEWARD ST.



RAE POTTER  
PRETTIEST WORKING GIRL IN CHICAGO



BEATRICE HAYDEN  
620 SO. 39TH ST.

**T**HE prettiest working girl in Chicago recently came to Omaha to demonstrate an article of goods in the Brandels department store. She was pretty, without a doubt, with big soulful eyes, a well rounded chin, a cupid's bow mouth and a wealth of soft, well kept hair.

While all admired her, the more critical and observant ones wondered why it was found necessary to go out of Omaha to select a beauty. It wasn't necessary, for right in their midst was a whole orchard of full-blown peaches. All the curious ones had to do to satisfy themselves was to make a tour of the very same store, and they would have enjoyed a whole banquet of feminine loveliness instead of one choice portion. The hurried, sometimes frantic, and always eager bargain hunter is likely to overlook them in the rush of department store activity, but the peaches are all there, just the same, in the full blush of youth.

Nearly every working girl who half tries is pretty, some, of course, more so than others. The very nature of their daily routine of duty places them in sharp contrast with the languid, bridge-smitten, bonbon-eating, hothouse variety of their sex. All of them have a purpose that sends the rich, red blood tingling through their veins, flushes the cheeks with the pink glow of health, and electrifies the eyes, charging them with the sparkle that denotes keen conception and ready wit. Perchance some are delving to keep aged mothers in comfort, in many cases little ones at home look to them for support, and big sisters have even been known to toll unceasingly behind the busy counters that a big, strapping youth might be sent to college. Then, why shouldn't the working girl be pretty. Her lips, her eyes and her rosy cheeks are her heritage; they are her only fortune, though humble it might be.

### Types Are Varied and Attractive

It is a feast worth while to note the various types of girls and young women in this big store. They are all true-blue Americans, of course, but there are few of them behind those counters who are removed more than a generation or so from the strain and stock of the old world. Indeed, some of them know as much about the lands that gave them stock and type as they do about the new world that gives them an opportunity to work and to grow healthy. The type is indeed there in all its various and most attractive forms.

The Irish girl, the bonnie lass, a veritable rose leaf with a thorn thrust into it, runs deftly through the linens and laces and other things, quoting prices, smiling, adding a bit of sweet blarney here and there where it is most needed, and reciting a litany of girlish woes to her nearest neighbor when custom is slack. Her glossy black hair, her baby-pink cheeks, and her happy, ever changing moods tell of the ancestry from which she comes.

Trickling down through ages is a distinct strain of sturdy, Norse blood, gushing in subdued warmth through the veins of the little Norwegian, or Danish or Swedish shop girl, or mayhap through a combination of any of these two. This is a type! Nearly always fair haired, milky complexioned, modest, assuring, even tempered and sincere.

Toutons of varied genuineness are always to be found among the pretty working girls, and just as often they are as apt at selling goods as they are pleasing to look upon. Maybe they do not move

as fast as other girls, but they are always sure. Part of their beauty lies in their inborn shyness, accentuated by a gift of blushing deep colors. One of the prettiest girls in the Brandels stores is a German, with honest, round eyes and a pleasant and modest smile to set off well defined and striking features.

Here and there throughout the big force of working girls is a liberal sprinkling of beauty that finds its way behind the counters through the steerage cabin of the ocean liners that set out from the tyranny of the oppressed Slavonian provinces. She is the keen eyed, creamy complexioned Russian Jewess. She is as smart as a whip by inheritance from the time she is able to toddle about, always on the alert and eager to pick up every bit of knowledge with the least possible display of emotion or anxiety. Pretty? Decidedly so. In this same group is found the hard working Bohemian girl, and the Polish girl, too, all bearing their distinct type of beauty.

### American Girl Has Distinct Beauty

And, the American girl. They do not bother so much about their ancestry, or from whom they inherited their complexions or temperaments, or their hair, or their oftentimes striking contours. They are always proud to have it known that they are thoroughgoing American girls, and glad to have the opportunity to make their way through the world unassisted. They are business like, capable and progressive, and do little worrying to mar their youthfulness. Therein lies their beauty.

Speaking of the Irish, there is a little rosy cheeked minx among the force of salesgirls at the Brandels jewelry counter. Everyone addresses her as "Banty," because she is so small and wantonly chic, but when she is serious she insists that her name is Miss Mae Daugherty of 2009 Charles street, Irish through and through and proud of it. Faix, an' it a good long when o' years bethune this and the time when her line of Daughertys left the bogs and turfs, but there has never been a break in the

strain. Sure, isn't she a Daugherty, and wasn't her mother a Kilfeather. Wherever she flits one imagines that a lovely bunch of May flowers has just been scattered about. When The Bee staff photographer caught her she was in just one of her numerous interesting moods. "Banty" is the pet of the store. She is not only good looking, but she is an excellent sales girl. She is also a splendid musician, has a sweet contralto voice, and makes all of her own clothes. She has seen seventeen sweet summers.

### Rose Leaves and Irish Thorns

The jewelry counter is well represented by roses and thorns. There is to be found Mrs. Delia Foley-Figley of 3408 Blondo street. Her parents came direct from the heather-bedecked County Sligo, where the roof tree no doubt was low, but happiness was ever domiciled within. It shows in the strong profile, the nose that is tilted just a wee bit, the pink flush of the cheeks that is neither purchased nor inherited from any other land than Erin's Isle. No doubt she comes from a distinguished line of patriotic Patricks, Michaels, Malachys, Murthas and so on (God rest the souls o' them).

Robina Kammerer is another of the girls who attract more than a passing glance from the surging customers as they pass by the notions department, of which she has charge. Miss Kammerer, who lives at 1114 Frederick street, is a German girl with a disposition, the sweetness of which is encompassed only by her appearance. Well defined features, pretty eyes, even rows of teeth, red lips, all are hers. Miss Kammerer went into the store ten years ago as a cash girl, and has worked steadily and faithfully up until she is now the head of a department. Her ambition is to spend the rest of her life at this occupation, for she likes her work.

Back behind a long show case in the millinery department, where flowers in abundance, a wealth of plumes, and a gorgeous array of hats are on

display, Miss Esther Segelberg, an accomplished young sales girl, is to be found. No, she is a Swede. Esther Segelberg? Why, of course. At least her father is. Her mother is a Norwegian. Sweden and Norway have been unfriendly neighbors for a long time, but Mr. and Mrs. Segelberg get along famously, and are proud of the daughter of their union. Miss Segelberg is an excellent type of Scandinavian descent, full of warmth, and possessing a pleasing disposition.

A splendid example of the true American girl is seen in the suit and cloak department where Miss Beatrice Hayden of 620 South Nineteenth street holds forth. She nearly always smiles, and her pleasant, ever ready desire to go out of her way to meet a customer emphasizes her lines. She is a slender girl of rather aristocratic bearing, but nevertheless democratic. Her round pretty eyes sparkle with good will and a dash of merriment. She is a decided blonde with plenty of golden, wavy hair, and like all American girls knows how to wear her clothes. Miss Hayden is a demonstrator of petticoats, being exceptionally experienced in that line of work.

In the basement is a slip of a girl, dispensing goods in the notions department. She is of pronounced German caste, though she is pleased to have it known that her father is a Yankee. She is Miss Edith Clapp of 402 South Thirty-ninth street, and has been in the department for three years.

The credit department also claims a pretty girl, in Miss Margaret Greenslate of 1049 Park avenue. She is a stenographer, and handsomely sustains the reputation of those of her profession for good looks. Her eyes are blue, her complexion soft and velvety and she possesses a dimple in her strong chin that emphasizes her beauty. Her mass of hazel hued hair adds greatly to her appearance.

### Wanted Fragrance on Desert Air

Hidden back in the receiving department where the admiring public never has access, another pretty girl is to be found, as far from notice as the proverbial fragrance of the rose on the desert air. This working girl is Miss Clara Birmingham of 439 North Seventeenth street. All of those in her department, though, know her, and unselfishly admire her to the slight of the customers who go in a continuous stream through the ordinary channels of mercantile custom. One of these days somebody, probably a big handsome man, will discover her, and then the receiving department must cast about for another pretty girl.

No department seems complete without its pretty girl, and in most every instance she is selfishly regarded as a family pet by those closely associated with her. Little jealousies are seldom known to exist among the fair ones who are compelled to go forth into the world, even at tender years, to make

their own living. Some may sigh lamentations now and then because nature was not as lavish with its gifts as it was toward others, but all toil happily on, each trying to look her best, smile her sweetest and act most pleasant. These are the God-given privileges of every young woman, and her artistic application of them soon lifts her to a class that is akin to beauty. Indeed, it is hard to make a selection between the two feminine divisions.

### Beauty of Intelligence and Genius

The beauty of the working girl is often of the cultivated sort, born of the intelligence, and genius she acquires through viewing things in a broad business way. She has no time to be frittered away with the trifling whims that in a short time furrow the brow, weave a network of telltale lines underneath the eyes or droop the corners of an otherwise pretty mouth. By necessity she must mold for herself a well-rounded, sunny and pleasant disposition, unless otherwise gifted, and she takes as much pride and care in doing this as she did when she made mud pies with chubby, dimpled fists.

The great business world affords them their lost opportunities; it stays the dreaded lines, makes the heart beat faster and strengthens the character. There is nothing more pleasing to look upon than a storeful of busy, cheerful working girls. Their routine day after day may seem monotonous, and perhaps some of them do get weary and fretful at times, but there are not many of them who would give up their positions without serious thought. Proof of this is found in the fact that many of the girls have been employed in stores for years and still retain that gushing beauty of their early teens. Instilled in every one is the pride that makes for beauty. It shows in their bright faces, in their carefully-kept puffs and ringlets (sometimes bought, but that's no shame) and their dainty shirtwaists and ribbons always clean and crisp.

To find a pretty girl one has only to step into a department store and cast eyes upon the first damsel he sees behind a counter. There she is, every business day of the world—the working girl. There are plenty of them; bless them all.