

FIND HOW TO SECURE A WIFE

Manicure Lady at Merchants Hotel Philosophizes on Human Nature and Men in General.

PART OF THE NEW HOSTELRY

Belle Rinkley, Beatrice Fairbanks and Dorothy Snix, have held forth in the public prints for many years, at considerable length and in vast variety upon the important question of how to get a husband.

In spite of Carlyle's famous dictum that "any woman, so she be not an actual hunchback, can marry any man she sets her mind upon," many maidens seem to lack the knowledge or the confidence in themselves.

Misses Rinkley, Fairbanks and Snix have put forth many wise words and concocted numerous ingenious schemes to insure each maid one man to have for her very own.

"Lettie" is exhorted to be cold and distant for a season in hopes that this will bring her dilatory swain to time. "Mildred" is advised to tell her beau that she is expecting a proposal from his rival and thus frightening him into a proposal through fear of losing her.

And thus the list goes day after day with no "testimonials" at hand to show just how the prescriptions worked.

But the love counsellors above mentioned have failed to find the one sure key to the heart of a man. Like most things, when it is discovered it is very simple. Why didn't we think of that before, one asks.

So here is the secret, which was unearthed by an interviewer with the manicurist in the new barber shop of the Merchants.

The Real Way.

How to get a husband—Become a manicurist.

There's the whole thing in a nutshell, or on a fingernail, as one might say.

"A husband!"

Miss Daisy Widener, the manicurist, laughed a lulling laugh that had in it something of amusement, something almost of contempt.

"A husband!"

Her laugh was like the laugh of a man in Newcastle to whom the question was propounded, how to get a lump of coal or a gentleman in Athens, of whom inquiry was made how to get an owl.

"Why, I get two or three proposals on an average every week here," laughed Miss Daisy Widener.

"The worst part of it is to keep them from getting too serious," she continued, earnestly. "That's one of the hard things in this business. You don't like to hurt a man's feelings and yet sometimes you just have to laugh at them, they're so funny."

"But I always try to pass it off for a joke. I tell them not to kid me and all that sort of thing and it usually works out all right."

Miss Widener is decidedly pleasing to look upon—peachy complexion, dark hair worn close to the head a la Cleo de Merode, you know, soft, laughing, hazel eyes, and all that. No wonder, she gets proposals.

The interview took place in the sumptuous new barber shop of the Merchants, while the seven tonsorialists were busy with customers in the seven sumptuous chairs.

Miss Widener is the only manicurist at present, but, she says, if business keeps crushing in as it has lately, they will surely have to add another.

She looks on her profession or art, as more than merely a catering to the vanity of men.

There is a Reason.

"Preponderance of evidence inducted from scientific investigations has militated toward the inevitable conclusion," said Miss Daisy, "that the microbe, sthyraxiacolomenebus, finds its most prolific domicile beneath the human finger nail."

This is Miss Daisy's scientific speech. "You gotta keep your nails clean," says Miss Daisy, the manicurist. "What'll folks think if you don't? And besides it's sanitary. You gotta do it to be sanitary."

The young woman, blushing at the novelty of being interviewed, but anxious and capable to rise to the occasion, between earnestness and giggling, told what she has observed of the advance of her art, science and profession throughout America.

"Now in the east," she said, "you find more manicuring than you do here in the middle west. Lots o' Johnnies back there, you know, that aren't good for anything but getting manicured and barbered and shoe shined all the time. That's all they got brains for."

Helps Men in Business.

"Now, out here in the west, the men that get manicured are men that know how valuable it is to have a good appearance. It helps them in their business. Now out in Fresno and Los Angeles there are more manicurists than there are here in the middle west. I got my training at the Waldorf in New York."

Miss Daisy, who ought to be an advertising manager, then mentioned that some of her Omaha customers had made trips east and had returned declaring that they

couldn't get as good a manicure as she gives in Omaha. At the risk of giving the young woman a free ad this is recorded.

Inquiry was made by the diffident interviewer regarding flirt. Did they bother much?

"Why, how should I know?" inquired Daisy, with that sidelong glance which probably comes from the mood of her mother, which was from the vivacious French nation.

And then she became serious and declared that the flirts are something of a pest, but that "if a girl knows how, she can get rid of them." And Daisy knows how. She says the remedy is just to laugh at them. This is a much better method than the cross crude method of calling a policeman or summoning big brother or heavy-toed father to deal with the undesirable. It always works.

Attitude of Public.

Deprecating the attitude of the public toward manicurists or what she believes the public attitude to be toward the members of her profession, the young woman warmly declared that it is every bit as respectable and eminently proper and correct and on level and a la mode for a girl to make her living polishing up the nails of men as beating their typewriters or beaming their books.

"I don't know why they should look on manicurists like they do," she said.

"Oh, but they don't," the interviewer protested.

"They don't look on them like they do," inquired Miss Widener, with innocent eyes.

"That is," thundered the interviewer, "they don't look on them like you think they do."

"But how do you know how I think they do look on them?"

"This young person would not have been a manicurist. She should have been a lawyer—a corporation lawyer."

The question having been straightened out, she vehemently declared that it is quite as respectable to be a manicurist as to be a typewriter operator and that, perhaps, it is quite possible, manicurists do more to help men along in the world than certain typewriter operators, examples of whose skill, or rather lack of skill, she has seen.

This ought to settle this malicious gossip.

Tip for Manicure Lady.

The next subject taken up was tips. Who are the best tipsters? Unhesitatingly came the answer, "The middle-class men."

"I've manicured some awfully rich fellows," said she, "and they'd wait for a nickel change and take it and put it down in a deep purse and tie a string around it and stow it away in the bottom of their inside pockets. It's the truth. But the middle-class fellow is generally free with his money."

"But I don't blame them if they're not. If a young fellow spends 50 cents for a manicure you don't expect he'll tip you besides that. It's good enough that he is willing to pay that much for the work and I'm perfectly satisfied."

"You can generally give 'em the 'once over,' you know, when they come in and nearly always tell. But I staid up a man once for a tightwad—of course, I manicure them just as well if they're not going to tip as if they were; that's part of my business to turn out good work. But this fellow I staid up for a tightwad and he was quiet and grouchy all the time I was working on him. And when I got through he gave me a \$2 tip. He didn't smile, either—just shoved it in my face."

"Would you rather he'd smiled and not tipped?"

Better a Tip Than a Smile.

"Oh, no," laughed Daisy, "you can get plenty of smiles, but \$2 tips are scarce and far between."

On the subject of marriage the young manicurist became serious. She could have given a lecture before a club of

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Forty-Five-Year-Old Whisky Found in Fixing Up Merchants

Remodeling work in the basement of the Merchants hotel brought to light a barrel of whisky forty-five years of age and 150 per cent proof. It is stated that a thimbleful of this liquor will warm the cockles of the saddest heart.

Gus Anderson, who has been connected with the Merchants bar for nearly twenty years, made this important discovery. The barrel had been placed in an obscure corner of the basement, with the evident purpose of concealment. Mr. Anderson believes the barrel was part of the late Bill Paxton's private stock. It is Anderson county rye and of superior quality.

Proprietor Gaines of the hotel was quite interested when he heard of this find. He intends to reserve this barrel for special occasions, although he lets his friends have a sip occasionally.

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