

Noon Lunch Hour and Those Who Enjoy It



NOON LUNCH AT THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Photographed for The Bee by a Staff Artist.

THE noon lunch! How little it implies, but how much it includes; so much, in fact, that in all the rush and hurry of the busy commercial day there is no time when the toiler is being so directly impressed by his surroundings as during this interval which divides his day's work. Out of the realization of the possibilities of this period has developed a material betterment in the condition of the toiler and opportunities for still greater improvement.

Time was when the noon lunch included little more than it implied, a mere lunch of whatever might be most conveniently carried in a small basket or box, or often a piece of paper, for the conditions under which it had to be eaten were not conducive of any inclination to prolong the period necessary for its consumption, but rather to abbreviate it. A stool behind the counter or machine or a box back in the store room or some other room behind the scenes of the large commercial establishments afforded the only place where the employe might enjoy this noonday refreshment as he sat in silence or spoke in subdued tones induced by the placard which served as the exclusive wall decoration and announced in large-lettered emphasis that quiet must be maintained in that part of the building or that loud talking was absolutely forbidden during the noon hour. When the lunch was finished the crumbs were brushed

off, and if there was no errand to occupy the remainder of the time, work was resumed for want of something better to do.

Change Has Come Lately.

The last few years has seen a general revolution in these conditions, however, and the noon lunch has come to mean not only material food, but mental, moral and physical refreshment as well. To thousands of men and women it affords the only occasion of the day for social intercourse with their fellows and to thousands more it makes possible the efforts of the afternoon, while to a great majority it is a rest and change that relieve the day's work of that element which otherwise might make it drudgery.

In the various branches of the great commercial system, embracing as it does all classes of work and workers, the noon hour means more or less, according to the capacity of the individual to enjoy or improve it, but so far as opportunity is concerned they are divided into two classes, those who go out to their lunch and those who carry it.

"Where do they all go? one involuntarily asks as one watches the hurrying throng of men and women that make up the multitude which fills the streets between 11:30 and 1:30 of every week day. While all understand the occasion for this activity few realize the full, real significance of it. Were it possible to follow

them all one would find that the majority spend the time in about the same place and the same manner every day. The third and fourth-class resorts attract their own and the ship windows and eights of the streets afford ample interest for many, but the large proportion of the workmen and women prefer the clean, quiet places of which every city affords a few and it is from these places that the spirit of self-improvement and organizations for mutual benefit have sprung.

One Modern Institution.

In nearly every city of the land of any size the lunch and rest rooms provided by the various Christian and benevolent organizations for the benefit of these people are the most popular resorts and are frequented by thousands every week, separate institutions being maintained for the men and women. Here, by different systems, good meals are served at a rate at which they could be gotten no place else and for those who prefer bringing a lunch, tables are provided where they can eat it, free of charge. This feature is an attraction in itself and the rooms fairly buzz with the conversation of the groups which surround the small tables. Here the incidents of the morning are talked over and enjoyed and the good cheer supplies the "drib of meat" to many a repast, while the congenial companionship contributes that other element so essential to the completeness of the meal. The accompanying rest rooms are

equipped with comfortable couches and chairs, and for those who do not care to sleep the best of current standard literature is supplied. Games and a piano are not infrequently provided for recreation and the surroundings are made as attractive as possible. Organizations are the natural outgrowth of daily meeting under such circumstances and a wide variety of clubs has resulted. Many of these are of a religious character, the fifteen-minute bible class or song service being held daily. The reading each noon of a chapter from some popular book is enjoyed by little clubs and is one of the most popular diversions of which the limited time admits.

These opportunities are all improved to the utmost and all who embrace them return to their afternoon duties refreshed and prepared to do them justice. Recognizing the value of such diversion and rest, many of the large commercial establishments have provided similar conveniences for their employes, especially the factories where the work and the time do not admit of the help leaving the building at the noon hour, and if all of the advantages of the spiced rest and lunch rooms are not provided most of the old-time restrictions have been removed and to those who carry their lunch the period admits of as much rest and recreation, if not as many advantages, as to those who get their dinners out.

With the arrival of the noon hour the

lunches are all brought out and usually great boilers provide coffee for all. Congenial spirits in groups of from two to six to a dozen seek some comfortable corner and soon the rooms ring with laughter or the hum of conversation. Here the recreation is usually of a more hilarious character, for the surroundings will admit of it, but the tendency of these little gatherings is none the less elevating and they have been the foundation of larger organizations which will forever prevent the return of former oppressive conditions and do much to stimulate their members to the higher possibilities that are daily being placed within their reach. Perhaps no influence is being exerted in behalf of these men and women like that of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian associations. Composed as they are of members from every branch of industry, they realize what is to be done and to a large extent have chosen the noon hour as the time for accomplishing it. Through the extension branches of both these organizations noon hour clubs are affording young men and women advantages of which the necessity of their earnings would otherwise deprive them. Through these clubs thousands are preparing themselves every year for membership in other organizations that are annihilating the distinction between the working class and those who have had time and opportunity for self-culture and self-elevation.



NOON LUNCH FOR THE GIRLS EMPLOYED BY ONE OF OMAHA'S BIG FACTORIES—Photographed for The Bee by a Staff Artist.

Timely Gossip Concerning People Now Before the Public

HENRY CHISHOLM of Cleveland, a graduate of Yale, is working in the rivet works owned by his millionaire father in the Ohio city and earns \$175 a day. Young Chisholm does no make-believe work, but is always on duty at 7 o'clock in the morning, his determination being to learn rivet-making thoroughly. He does not agree with Schwab, the Steel trust man, that education is a bar to progress in manufacturing.

James B. Haggin has increased his great estate of Elmendorf, in Kentucky, by 562 acres, having bought another farm for \$52,000. Mr. Haggin has gradually increased his holdings until he now owns 4,800 acres in a single tract. He is acquiring an estate large enough to accommodate hundreds of thoroughbred mares and youngsters, as well as giving land for the production of food for them. In the last five years he has invested \$500,000 in land in Fayette county. The frontage of Elmendorf is now nearly five miles.

When the great chemist, Chevreul, whose statue was recently unveiled in France, attained his 100th birthday he was entertained

at a public dinner, at which his son, a high official in the Department of Justice, 67 years of age, was also present. The old man made a speech and in telling an anecdote made a slight slip, which his son corrected. Old Chevreul turned around quickly and said in a sharp tone: "Hush, youngster, when I am talking," and the "youngster" held his tongue.

John Morley, talking with a friend about his literary work at Hawarden, said that his labor had been greatly lessened by Mr. Gladstone's personal habits of order and regularity. Through the last sixty years of his career he not only preserved every important letter or document that reached him, but neatly indexed it with his own hand and stowed it away in order of date. Among the papers docketed and stored at Hawarden in order of date Mr. Morley found notes of a speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone at the Oxford union just seventy years ago.

Prof. Rudolph Virchow's eightieth birthday will be celebrated in Berlin on Saturday, October 12, when he will personally receive delegates with congratulatory addresses from various scientific bodies, foreign as well as German. Prof. Virchow is not without a certain youthful vigor, especially in thought. When asked the other day what he thought of Koch's latest pronouncement on consumption he said: "Koch is not a pope. One cannot say because of his views the thing is settled. Roma locuta est (Rome has spoken)."

Mrs. Patter Palmer, whose wit is equal to her diplomacy, was recently asked by a sporty old prince, who meant to be gallant whether she would not guide him to the fountain of perpetual youth, where undoubtedly she must have drunk deeply. "Your highness," responded the American woman promptly, "they who have already attained their second childhood need not to be guided to the fountain of youth."

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It is not generally known that a statue of Lord Salisbury as a Christian warrior appears in one of the niches of the interesting and beautiful niches in the chapel of All Souls' college, Oxford. About forty years ago the premier was elected a fellow of this college and about the same time an elaborate stone screen was erected in the chapel attached to the fellows' house. The sculptor evidently preferred

to make his own saints instead of accepting those canonized by the church, and Lord Salisbury was chosen to fill up the vacant gap, and is therefore immortalized as a Christian warrior.

John W. Bowler, general superintendent and director of physical training in the public gymnasium of Boston has accepted a five-year appointment as director of physical training at Dartmouth college. In the autumn of 1889 Mr. Bowler went to Harvard to assist Dr. D. A. Sargent. In the fall of 1890 he trained the Harvard football team. In 1893 he became superintendent of the Charlebank gymnasium and developed there not only athletes, but a system of class work for small boys and men who did not enter into athletic sports. Two years ago he was appointed general superintendent and director of physical training in the public indoor gymnasium of Boston.

The financial career of Russell Sage, says the New York Herald, is not matched in history and is not approached in standard fiction. Born in a wilderness of absolute poverty, denied in early youth the advantages of a common school education, he yet became wealthy at 29, a masterful

politician at 30, named U. S. president of the United States at 52, was a leader in congress at 56 and after a career of sixty-five years as merchant, statesman, financier, railroad magnate and capitalist, is today at the age of 80 one of the most powerful and active forces in the most stupendous financial and commercial era the world has ever witnessed. His wealth? Certainly \$50,000,000, and it may be \$250,000,000 or more. When Russell Sage was a boy there were no railroads, no steamships and nothing which would be classed as machinery today. Our modern civilization had not yet been born. The child of today who rides to school on an electric car, whose school books are furnished by the city, who has at hand libraries containing thousands of valuable books, magazines, periodicals and papers cannot readily comprehend the prospect before the boy Russell Sage, as he lived on the farm in Oneida county, New York, more than four score years ago. There were no magazines and few papers. He began at \$1 per month and board in a store in Troy. From 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 and sometimes 10 o'clock at night, he worked in the building which yet stands.