

ALLEGORY.

1 A Lineman of the Company
One cold November morn.
Trudged gaily on his duty's rounds,
While to and fro the mirthful sound
Of bustling deeds were borne.

2 His form was lithe, of graceful mould,
His men of noble cast,
The glow upon his manly face
Gave evidence of joy and grace,
Pure index of the past.

3 His home was blest, with ne'er a cloud,
To mar its peaceful realm
A loving wife; whose ardent care
Devoted upon their darling fair,
While he stood at the helm.

4 As sunset from a lofty hill
In radiant splendor glows,
So too when evening shadows fall,
At home, midst those he loved so well,
Our Lineman peace bestows.

5 The order had gone forth that day,
To clear some wires crossed,
To scale the dizzy heights once more,
Adjust the break, free as of yore,
Though clad in icy frost.

6 No thought of danger crossed his mind,
No dream that death be nigh,
His duty taught but to obey,
To climb to where the wires lay,
Twixt frozen earth and sky.

7 'Twas quickly mounted, safely reached,
The mass of wires outspread,
The cause removed, one moment's rest,
One thought of home so truly blest.
"And now for home," he said.

8 The labor done, he turns to go
When suddenly a turn,
A slip, a wrench, he falls: Oh God!
Yet see! His coat's caught an iron rod
Which holds him fast and firm.

9 The crowd below gaze on aghast,
Upon that fearful sight.
A ladder's brought as quickly raised
Midst heartfelt breathings "God be Praise'd,"
His life is spared to-night.

10 I owe my life, my all, he said,
To that assembled throng:
To one whose honest aim has been,
To deal straight forward with all men,
And ne'er mislead or wrong.

11 This coat you see that saved my life,
Was bought at Hellman's Store,
And though the price I paid was small,
His honest goodness made that fall,
God bless him evermore.

MORAL.

If you would purchase of one who always aims to give you value for value on any article go to

W. HELLMAN & COMPANY,

Corner 13th and Farnum Streets.

LIVE AND LET LIVE TABLES

Free Lunch Vendors in Omaha and Elsewhere.

THE FIEND OF THE FORK.

From Terrapin to Water Soup—A Chapter on a Table Which Fed the Impetuous for a Season.

On the Lunch Route.

"Hot lunch all day, schmeer of beer 5 cents."
"Grand free lunch from 12 till 2."
"Hot wieners, and beer only 5 cents."

These are a few of the signs to be seen in front of the saloons of Omaha.

And yet, the Gate City is not a free-lunch town by any means. A citizen of Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or New Orleans and even poor old St. Louis would kick vigorously, were he to enter one of these places and notice the character of the "grab" set up for the patrons of the place.

The average saloon puts up a very "rocky" spread. Some very aged domestic cheese, a little wieners, a dish of raw sliced cabbage, some black bread, and possibly, some very tough roast beef from the anatomy of the animal nearest the arctular, constitutes the layout of this season. In summer, when tomatoes, radishes and cucumbers are cheap, these may be found.

This description applies only to what are known as beer halls or "schmeer-houses," where the patronage is that of men who seldom wear "fried shirts." In the better class of saloons, where an attempt is made to draw patronage by lunch, the class of vittals is slightly better. There will be a plate of sandwiches, possibly a few wieners—surely smoking hot, or a joint of roast beef, with a little salad on the side. The hotels that set up lunch furnish Saratoga chips, salad, sliced ham and cold tongue, with bread, but it is not a lunch after all.

But, O, for a free lunch from Washington or any city in the east, where fried oysters and clam-chowder are not considered any too good for the patrons of the house, where saucers-kraut and smet-kase, with boiled ham and corned beef and cabbage, are piled on the table side by side with roast beef and boiled maccaroni, while terrapin soup with boiled onions is no altogether unknown. The professional "route worker" of Omaha would go insane before such a layout.

According to the best authority obtainable on the subject, New Orleans claims the distinction of having set the first free lunch. It happened in 1857. The old St. Louis hotel, now the Hotel Royal, was then in the business center of the city. The merchants in the vicinity claimed that was too far to go home for lunch and that they did not care to pay exorbitant prices at restaurants. The proprietor of the hotel conceived the idea of setting a light lunch on the bar for his patrons and upon putting it in execution, discovered that his trade greatly increased. His example was soon emulated and, in a very short time, the Crescent City obtained a reputation as the only town in the world

where they gave a man a square meal in order to get him to take a drink. The free lunch business grew up in the east and was taken up in the west until now the leading saloons have a regular bill of fare each day, while even the country taverns give two fried oysters with each glass of beer.

Some of these eastern free lunch houses make a specialty of their spreads, and on the day of Garfield's inauguration a saloon near the treasury building had seventy different dishes on the bill. The regular layout is generally soup of some kind, with fish on Fridays, hard boiled eggs, cold ham, roast beef smoking hot with brown gravy and mashed potatoes, chicken salad, baked spars ribs and sauer kraut, beef stew, etc. Of course this is varied, and stewed kidneys, salted chicken, giblets with rice, stewed liver, dry hash, game stew, fried tripe and all the good things imaginable are set up. Keliasses, such as tomatoes, asparagus and green onions or cold slaw are always included, and dainty indeed is the taste of him who cannot make a meal at one of these places. The usual method is to have a long counter with stools opposite the bar where one is waited upon by the waiter with as much deference as he would receive in a leading hotel. The class of customers are the very best and the price for drinks is usually in advance of that of the ordinary place of refreshment.

But in Omaha how different. Here everything is set upon a table and a half-dozen forks are stuck in a goblet of water and lunch is ready. The first patron is generally an old route worker who knows every place where lunch is kept in the city. He usually has a nickle which he reserves until the food is put up then he buys a glass of beer and begins. He bolts cheese and water-crackers and devours the pickled tripe with an avidity that at once betokens the fact that he has not eaten since the day before. While he is feeding, a gentleman or two drop in and partake sparingly. Perchance, while they are daintily sipping a piece of bologna, a husky driver of a coal wagon drops in and plunges his grimy hands in the nickle boat, then they quit.

Omaha free lunch is meretricious in one respect. It is filling, but the manner of serving is very different from the methods employed in the east. Here a lunch route fend enters any saloon he pleases and gets away with all he can hold. There he stands no show whatever, for unless he has many to put up for some beverage or a cigar he is invariably "fired" by the "bouncer." The latter issue of necessity's children. He is a very necessary agent. Like the business he manages or presides over, he originated in New Orleans. He is generally a professional "bumper" and his duty is to fire any "bum" who attempts to ring in without patronizing the house. The New Orleans men after establishing the lunch-counter soon discovered that a certain class was working up "routes." One day a saloonkeeper kicked one of them out of doors. The man said the saloonkeeper for damages and got them, the court holding that the saloon was not a restaurant, and that all lunch must be absolutely free. Then the saloonkeeper established regulations and hired "carvers," and would not allow their guests to help themselves. The carver is the bouncer, and when a route-worker comes in is always too busy to help him. If he tries to help himself he is kicked out.

Very few are ever kicked out in Omaha, for the price of a beer fixes things. Carvers are few, for there is nothing to carve. Everything is go-as-you-please. Notwithstanding the fact that in our

Omaha lunches the principle of "Live and Let Live" is but imperfectly illustrated, there was a time when a lunch was served in Omaha which was patronized one winter by hundreds of hungry mortals.

The Senate saloon and oyster house had been opened on Farnam street near Fifteenth, where the Dime Savings bank is now located. It cut into the patronage of another saloon on Fifteenth street, in the room where the Adams express office is now located. To counteract the competition the proprietor of the latter place, still in business in this city, established a lunch. At 11:30 every morning there was a spread three feet wide and twenty feet long. On it were piles of doll with pyramids of bread, towers of cake, bowls of crackers and forests of celery. The place smelled like a restaurant. In a rear room a colored deity presided over pads of beans, boilers of soup and rounds of beef, inviting enough to be carried into the dinner table of a merchant prince.

The dinner, for such to many it really was, never went bogging. Indeed, even before it was served, fifty people generally awaited its appearance, and before it closed not less than three times that number departed gorged with a meal which had cost them but the price of a drink.

Indeed, to some, it was even less expensive. The impetuous, the broken down man of other days, the millionaire stood around the board. Many a time the experienced eye of the proprietor behind the bar detected the man from whom he expected not even the price of a drink. But he could not go no further than bestow upon him a withering glance, which, however, the hungry mortal took great pains to avoid. To thrust him from the saloon would cause him too much annoyance, and, as a consequence, during that eventful winter, that saloon man reported many a mortal who otherwise might have starved. People died at his table who had not a penny in their pocket, who hadn't had one for weeks, and who didn't expect to have one for months. People also died with those who expected to be called to have a drink by some more fortunate friend, and who, under this deceit, felt entitled to sample the viands. The more impetuous in this manner before and felt glad of what seemed to be an opportunity to do so again.

Wanted Commission. "Negotiations were easily consummated. My partner went to Cushing, however, before we closed the contract and received assurances from him that these men were all right. Mr. Cushing got only interested himself in their behalf but also said that, for a consideration sufficient to compensate him for any trouble he might be put to, would stand as our representative and insure us against loss. We consented to pay him 10 per cent on all our bills provided he would deduct each month the amount due us before paying the laborers. That proposition satisfied him and he agreed to it.

Cushing Repudiated the Claims. "Everywhere ran along smoothly the first month, and when pay-day came around our checks were cashed without a single protest or word of objection. At the end of the second month trouble commenced. When we wanted our money Mr. Cushing put us off on the plea that his allowance was short. In a few days Mr. Anspach called again, and was given a cold snub. Cushing refused to see him at all. The next morning we knew and about the end of three months, all the imported sub-contractors suddenly disappeared, and Fitzerald & Company had taken the unfinished work into their own hands. As a consequence we were left in the lurch. "Cushing utterly repudiated our claims and said we could whistle for what was coming to us. About that time it was discovered that there were many others in the boat with us. We lost, through Phillips & Kenyon, \$5,000; through Miss Sinton \$100, and Sam Ferguson about \$1,000, besides some smaller sums, making in all \$9,000. H. L. Billwell, Henry Knost, F. L. Ab

CUSHING'S CROOKED COURSE.

He Beat Iowa People Out of Ten Thousand Dollars.

HIS PROMISES BELOW PAR.

How the Democratic Candidate For Mayor Guaranteed and Then Impudently the Grocery Bills of His Employees.

Low Grade Honesty.

CHARLESTON, Ia., Nov. 29.—(Special to THE BEE.)—"I understand," said S. M. Crooks, a leading real estate dealer here, "that Richard Cushing is the democratic candidate for mayor of Omaha."

The question was directed to the correspondent of THE BEE and on being assured that he had been correctly informed, Mr. Crooks continued: "I hope he will be defeated."

An Unprincipled Rogue.

"He is an unprincipled rogue," declared Mr. Crooks, "and more than two score of good men in Page county found that out to their sorrow."

It being his turn to speak again, Mr. Anspach said: "Yes, he beat us out of \$9,000. How did you happen to get caught?"

"The facts are these: In 1880 John Fitzerald & Company took a contract and built what is known as the Humston & Shenandoah railroad. They were at work on it nearly two years. The grading and bridge construction was sub-let by them to numerous parties. J. M. Boatwick, now dead, and Richard Cushing were the company end of the firm, and Cushing said here as resident manager of the enterprise. After the work started most of these sub-contractors came to us and made arrangements whereby they men could get provisions on time. Mr. Anspach and I were then conducting a general merchandise business together. We had made some money in this manner before and felt glad of what seemed to be an opportunity to do so again.

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butt, and several other leading farmers, living along the line of this work, were mentioned as having been deliberately swindled out of thousands of dollars for hay, corn and oats, furnished to the graders for their teams. They held Cushing responsible because he gave them his word that they should have their pay before the laborers—Cushing's Worthless Promises.

"We learned later on," said Mr. Anspach, "that the absconding sub-contractors had been taken away by Cushing and put to work on another contract with firm held, in Wisconsin. Not having been secured only by Cushing's promise to protect us, we could do nothing."

C. L. Vance is another of the victims who was swindled by your correspondent. He conducted a grocery at the time and was left in the lurch for bills aggregating \$1,000. "On the account of this swindle," said Mr. Vance, "I agreed to take Ferguson's orders and let his men have supplies. I took a chattel mortgage on his shanties and tools but in addition Cushing insured me that if Ferguson did not pay the bill he would. When I wanted to draw a portion of the account after it was paid, much to my surprise I discovered that a stupendous swindle had been perpetrated and that I was only one of twenty-five victims."

Try Other Victims.

Cushing at first put me off on various pleas, but finally refused to talk with me at all. Then I started out to seize the property, only to find that the shanties had been torn down and the tools in Cushing's possession. Ferguson had disappeared and was working for the same firm in Wisconsin. You can say what security, except Dick Cushing's word, a man to be elected mayor of Omaha. I would like to be there and help defeat him."

Wasn't Fitzgerald constant of these swindlers?

"He must have been, but Cushing conducted the business. Fitzgerald was an ignorant sort of man, though he had the money and Cushing

Did all the Scheming?

"T. J. Brackley, who keeps a book store was the next man interviewed. "Through Phillips & Kenyon I lost \$1,100," said he, "and I almost broke me up."

"Did you furnish supplies, too?" "No, I bought time checks of the man and paid 50 cents on the dollar for them."

"What security did you have that these checks would ever be redeemed?" "Cushing's security, except Dick Cushing's word. He told me that it would be all right. When I asked him for a settlement, however, he put me off the same every body else on the excuse that his estimates were short, though repeatedly assuring me that the men were good and I should get my money. After Phillips & Kenyon

Left the Country.

I went again to Cushing, but he would have nothing whatever to do with me then. "Do you think Cushing stood in with these sub-contractors to swindle you people?" "There is not the least doubt about it in the mind of every man who knows anything about these transactions. If not, why did he keep them employed for the firm in other parts of the country? He brought them here and under his orders they left." This most

distressing case of fraud treatment was that committed on James Harrington, who took a contract to grade one-half mile of road near Page Center. Mr. Harrington was an enterprising young man, in the grocery business at Clarinda, and believing that he saw an opportunity to make a few dollars, concluded to try his hand as a contractor, and took a job which he had to be made. When the work was about half completed and he had expended nearly all of his own capital, a smallpox epidemic struck the community, and for want of men he was compelled to stop operations. Under the contract Mr. Harrington obligated himself to have the job done within a certain time. The smallpox and cold weather rendered it absolutely impossible for him to fulfill his obligation. Cushing had in telling his story, a contract not only took the contract away from me but refused to allow me one cent for what work I did, in consequence of which

I Was Left Penniless. It took everything I had in the world to pay my laborers."

Mr. Harrington is now earning a living as clerk in a grocery store. He took a contract to grade one-half mile of road near Page Center. Mr. Harrington was an enterprising young man, in the grocery business at Clarinda, and believing that he saw an opportunity to make a few dollars, concluded to try his hand as a contractor, and took a job which he had to be made. When the work was about half completed and he had expended nearly all of his own capital, a smallpox epidemic struck the community, and for want of men he was compelled to stop operations. Under the contract Mr. Harrington obligated himself to have the job done within a certain time. The smallpox and cold weather rendered it absolutely impossible for him to fulfill his obligation. Cushing had in telling his story, a contract not only took the contract away from me but refused to allow me one cent for what work I did, in consequence of which

press strong hopes that wily Richard will be snowed under so deep that his name will never be mentioned again in connection with any public office.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY.

Mrs. Lyman Richardson's Luncheon at the Paxton. It will, no doubt, be a delight to the society of Omaha to know that at last we have found right here in our midst the costliest possible place for a little luncheon or dinner or theater party.

Mrs. Lyman Richardson's luncheon yesterday at the Paxton, where she entertained so charmingly the Ladies' exclusive club, proves this conclusively. Covers were laid for thirty-three guests. The latter comprised Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Tower, Mrs. Cowin, Mrs. Benham, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Summers, Mrs. Kitchen, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Duane, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Hanscom, Mrs. Ramsey, Mrs. McKenna, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Wharton, Mrs. Spalding, Mrs. Pritchett, Mrs. Shelton, Mrs. York, Mrs. Barkalow, Mrs. Cottant, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Wakeley, Mrs. Wessells, Mrs. Lacy, Mrs. Mellon, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Peabody, Mrs. Hornbach, Mrs. Barkalow, Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Patrick.

The long table extending from one end of the cafe to the other was most attractive with a wealth of fruit and delicate trays of ferns and smilax. A hearty leaven of bonhomie and bright talk abounded. This sociable company soon assured the hostess of her success and put spurs to the appetite for the good things that followed. The menu was as follows:

- Bouillon.
- Oyster Pate.
- Huitres a la Creme.
- Fresh Fish, Flutes.
- Frozen Eggroll.
- Quail on Toast.
- Lettuce.
- Ice Cream, Cake.

Each course was an added pleasure, and it is not amiss to remark, the surprise and the satisfaction experienced by so many in the knowledge that we have the ways and means to carry out successfully our efforts in this direction.

After luncheon the guests went above stairs to Mrs. Richardson's charming room, so well calculated for the reception of her friends, where, with a keen relish, they began the contest at cards.

The Guards' Ball.

The Omaha guards gave another of their delightful dances on Tuesday evening at the armory. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Squire, Misses Colburn, Hartman, Johnson, Cook, Richards, Smith, McConnell, Wiley, Halley, Murdoch of Loganport, Ind., Pierce of Indianapolis, Church, Messrs.—Farnsworth, Colfax, Gibson, Fushner, Sherman, Clark Redick, Chat Redick, Bert Cook, McConnell, Foye, Goodman, Gackert, Morrow, Dr. Warren, Lethrop, Webster, Nye, John McCormick, George Miner, Johnson, Moores, McElfit, —Hughes, McCann, McLoucal, Smith, Bryant, Hyman, Reed, Rosen, Stiller, Acheson, Gumbler, White, Wilford, Shannon, Hain, Moore, Lewis, Bedford, Young, Fuller, Parker.

Mrs. Colpeter's Luncheon. Mrs. Colpeter gave a very charming luncheon on Friday in honor of her guest, Mrs. Mayer. The invited guests were: Mrs. William A. Paxton, Mrs. Thayer, Mrs. Durfee, Mrs. Linsinger, Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Cornish, Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. Ditts, Mrs. Shelton, Mrs. Austin and Mrs. Feunze.

A Thanksgiving Dance.

The Florence social club gave a very enjoyable dance on "Thanksgiving" evening. Most of the enjoyment seekers were present. A fine supper was served at 12 p. m. Excellent music was furnished by the Fort Omaha string band, under the leadership of Prof. A. W. Dusham.

Personal Paragraphs.

Miss Brown of Evanston is the guest of Mrs. Hussey.

Mrs. D. J. Wheeler, Jr., has issued cards

for an afternoon reception on Friday, from 5 until 6 o'clock.

Mrs. Druen returned to Fort D. A. Russell on Saturday.

Mrs. Victor Caldwell will give a luncheon on Tuesday at 1 o'clock.

Dr. Frank J. Ives, U. S. A., and wife are at the Paxton for a fortnight.

Miss May Clark of St. Louis and Miss Kate Fay, formerly of Omaha, are visiting Mrs. W. A. Bish.

Madame Sophia Love, her daughter, Mrs. Smythe, and Miss Edith Smythe are the guests of Mr. Frederick Love.

General and Mrs. Wheaton have issued cards for a "Kaffee klatch" on Thursday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, from 3 until 5 o'clock.

Miss Pierce, who has been visiting friends here for the past three weeks, has left for Des Moines where she will visit friends before returning home to Loganport, Ind.

Miss Murdock, who has been visiting friends here for the past three weeks, has left for Des Moines where she will visit friends before returning home to Loganport, Ind.

Miss Lindsey gave a delightful dancing party Friday evening at her residence, 2,908 Capitol avenue. The party was given in honor of Miss Murdock and Miss Peirce of Indiana.

The second Happy Hour club party was given at Masonic hall Friday evening. It was one of the most enjoyable of the series and was attended by about sixty ladies and gentlemen. Prof. Hoffman furnished the music. The next party will be given at the same hall January 3.

Last Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Swobe celebrated in an entirely informal and quiet manner the twenty-first anniversary of their marriage. They entertained a few intimate friends who called on them in the evening, very pleasantly and received many kind wishes for a long continuance of domestic felicity.

ROCHE WON'T RESIGN.

He Promises to Remain Sober During December.

County Commissioner W. J. Mount was asked last evening why he had voted to withdraw his charges against Clerk D. C. Roche, after he had himself preferred the charges.

"Well," said Mr. Mount, "Roche placed his resignation in the hands of the county attorney, and promised to behave himself, and as that is all we could have accomplished by pushing the matter, I agreed with the rest of the board that we might as well draw the charges."

"There is another thing," added Mr. Mount, "I am glad to see you have the courage to prefer charges against Roche. He is not a fit man to be in any office. I see him around town in a beastly state. I would then pull out my pencil and say, 'That's good; let me have your full name, please.' That settled it; they would hurry away, saying, 'Oh no, I don't want to get mixed up in that thing,' and that's the way it goes. They are glad to see someone else do the dirty work, but won't take part in it themselves."

Commissioner Anderson said he was opposed to having the charges withdrawn as he thought they were true and could be substantiated. As he put it, "I am no boy, and don't believe in playing with a thing of that sort."

Lodge oforrow Today.

As is their annual custom the order of Elks everywhere will today observe the lodge of sorrow, and at 5:30 o'clock hold appropriate services in their various meeting places throughout the country. Omaha lodge No. 39 has arranged an excellent programme for the occasion, and every member who possibly can is expected to be present and invite one or more of his friends without charge. The lodge is being beautifully decorated in the southern emblem of mourning for departed brothers, Dwight G. Hall, Zachariah Thomson and Willie Clark being those who have passed away.

Hon. J. M. Thurston, Rector McKay of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Council Bluffs, and other speakers will address the lodge. In addition the best vocal music to be obtained has been secured.