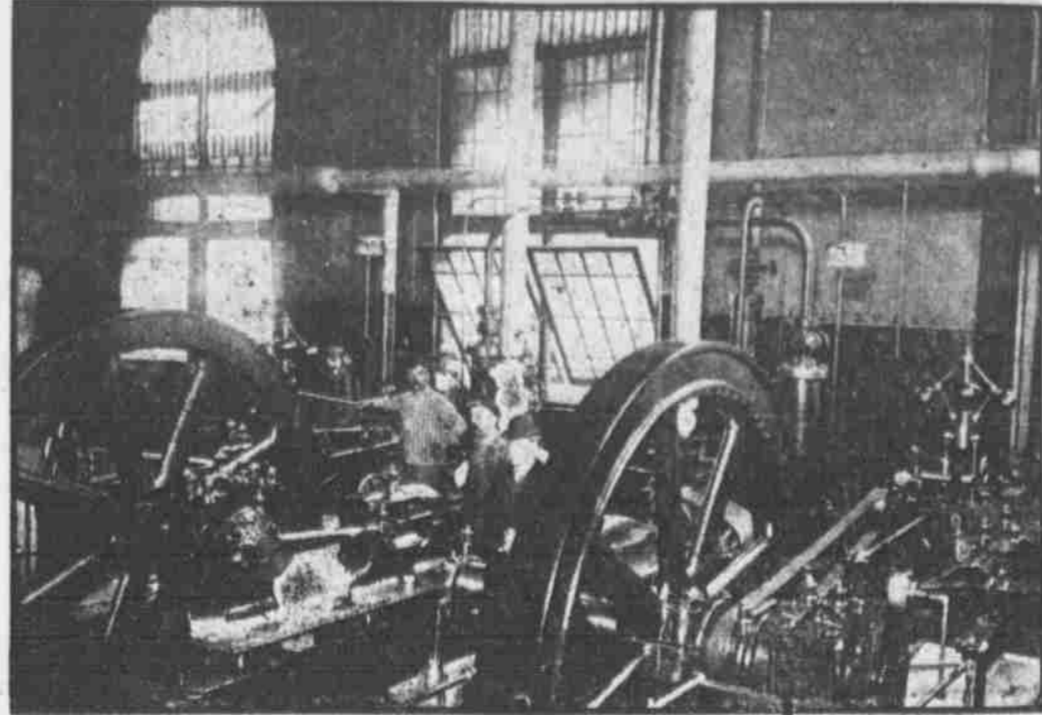


Preservation of the City's Food Supply Against Heat and Cold



"STORAGE" WATERMELON STANDS A TEST.



ENGINE ROOM IN COLD STORAGE HOUSE.



SOME OF THE STUFF THAT IS STORED.

COLD is the absence of heat. On this simple old theory of physics has been built one of the most extensive industries of the city. In one of the chief cold storage warehouses in Omaha goods valued between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000 are constantly on hand. Some of this stock is kept for six months; other products more frail and perishable only pause for a few hours. Each article is kept at that exact degree of temperature which experience has taught is best for it. Meats are for a time exposed to a wintry climate of 3 degrees above zero. Eggs are preserved until the mercury at 31, while beer only needs the thermometer at 40.

Where there is cold on a warm summer day one looks for ice. Its only semblance, however, is the tiny crystals of frost that cling to the pipes lining the wall. These crystals once hid from sight the incognito of moisture in the air. The flight of the heat, literally sucked from the surrounding ether, left the crystals surprised and stiffened in the sight of men. For the cold comes about, not through any positive presence such as snow or ice, but owing to the vanishment of its eternal adversary, heat. The principle of liquefaction of gases with their surrender and subsequent absorption of latent heat is here revealed as told and accepted in the school books.

How it is Accomplished.
One plant where Omaha's perishable freight is mostly stored is a \$70,000 exemplification of the truth which the careless schoolboy scans as a faraway and obscure phenomenon. Each rod and casing of the intricate machinery is chosen with exaggerated care as to its worthiness, as a breakdown might bring to ruin thousands of dollars' worth of goods. Engines, boilers, pumps and pressure tanks make up as

expensive an outfit as any known to mechanics. An additional precaution each piece of machinery is duplicated so that there may be no possible chance of a rise in temperature through accident. There are two sets of engines and boilers, a double system of piping through the chambers and all is in readiness to turn the wheels on one set when the other for any reason ceases to act. One set is run one day and the other the next in order that each may be ready beyond any doubt to respond to the call of a moment. Thus \$3,000 worth of machinery is constantly lying idle.

Care is Increasing.
The care exercised in keeping the temperature absolutely unvaried in each chamber is ceaseless, day and night. The machinery must keep moving twenty-four hours a day and every two hours an attendant takes the temperature in each chamber. This record is preserved and properly endorsed so that it may be produced as a bit of legal testimony at any time in the future.

The storage companies do not guarantee to keep goods from spoiling. They simply undertake to keep them surrounded by a certain temperature every hour in the day. Any deterioration aside from this feature is the owner's misfortune. If he protests that due diligence was not exercised then the warehouseman produces his sworn statement of temperatures.

Storage Has Its Seasons.
Each season brings to the cold storage warehouse its own peculiar class of goods. The whole industry is founded on the theory that there is a flush and scant period for each commodity just at present. Provident hands are storing thousands of dozens of eggs in no other packing than simple cardboard partitions. The surround-



PIPES ARE ALWAYS FROZEN.



WHERE MEAT IS STORED.

ing air is kept at exactly 21 degrees and the frost comes forth more or less fresh after months of confinement. Freakish hens who lay now with alacrity, but are miserly with their favors in January, will find their eggs stored up against that day. Cows likewise may meet their produce disguised as butter, some months after they supposed the foaming pail had fulfilled its mission.

Fancy Lines in Storage.
A custom which the warehouseman does not encourage in spite of profits involved is the cold storage of furs. A freezing temperature provides beyond all doubt against the ravages of the moth, but the houses do not boom this end of the trade. "When a burglar can carry away \$50,000 worth of goods in one wagonload," said one proprietor, "the risk is a little too great for the facilities we have for protection. The goods we ordinarily handle may be no less valuable in bulk, but their very bulk protects them. It would be a difficult matter, for example, to steal 500 carloads of coats."

Probably the most fragile wares that go in cold storage are Easter lilies, which are preserved for a considerable period before the end of Lent. Fruit trees are also kept for months at a time in order that they may not send forth sprouts before the appointed time.

A categorical list of all the articles kept in storage for preservation may be given as follows: Butter, eggs, poultry, fresh meat, cider, apples, nuts, peaches, pears, plums, celery, oysters, dried fruit, oranges, lemons, cabbages, fresh fish and onions. Most of these products are kept in separate chambers separated by heavy airtight doors. One Omaha establishment is provided with thirty-three huge rooms, with a large additional nearing completion. There are four floors, two of them under ground,

the thick walls and devious passages being reminiscent of a medieval fortress. As the visitor passes the round form of a cider barrel in a subterranean vault he unconsciously looks to see whether a drunken archer or well fed monk may not be loitering near the spiral. The ammoniac cold and the Arctic halo about them bring one to a chilling realization, however, that he can hope to mingle in no such historic pastime.

High Wedding Record.
More couples were married at the New York city hall last week than during any similar period in many years, sixty-two weddings being the remarkable record. The average number of marriages at the city hall annually is about 2,000. Of course, a large number of the couples have been persons of foreign birth. Their desire is to get the civil certificate, have it duly authenticated by the consul here, and send it across the sea for registry. Many want to send it for reasons involving property in their native country.

More Italians are married at the bureau than persons of any other nationality, and the French are second. No line is drawn even as to color. The negroes furnish the most fun. Now and then the bridegroom will borrow enough money to get uptown. There is no fee required of any one for the uniting process. The ceremony is performed after the usual church order.

The chief reason of the number of Italians and French being married at the bureau is that they, seemingly more than others, look forward to the time when they will return to their fatherland. Their desire is to get the civil certificate, have it duly authenticated by the consul here, and send it across the sea for registry. Many want to send it for reasons involving property in their native country.

Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid

Anti-Marriage Man Capitulates.
I took a pretty girl to "bust" the only trust in the world that defied President Roosevelt, reports the Chicago Inter Ocean.

When Archie C. Tidelle, banker and president of the "bachelors' trust," led Miss M. Loretta Cantwell, one of the social leaders of the West Side, Chicago, to the altar last week, her victory over the trust was complete.

Tidelle was president of the "bachelors' trust," an organization of prominent young men of the West Side, professed enemies of Dan Cupid.

He organized the society seven years ago, and made a provision in its constitution that the penalty for a member marrying should be the payment of \$500 into the club treasury.

He was obliged to fulfill the agreement which he has imposed with much satisfaction upon eighteen former bachelors.

It was through one of these victims that Tidelle's marriage resulted.

Clara Owen, former secretary of the organization, invited the banker to a "small supper" at his house a few months after his marriage.

At the table Tidelle was seated next to Miss Cantwell, daughter of Thomas A. Cantwell, 723 West Adams street. The young woman is a graduate of the Yonkers school on the Hudson and of Northwestern university. She is both vivacious and pretty. Owen knew this and Tidelle soon recognized the fact.

The rest was merely a matter of a few months.

Since the trust loses its president, Dr. R. J. Cruise, 1550 Jackson boulevard, who is treasurer, will act as head until a special election is held.

Mr. Tidelle does not regret the fact that his heart has been captured.

"I never paid out money with a lighter heart than that \$500," he said.

With the banker's marriage the club will give a dinner to its present members and the members who have been dishonorably discharged.

Reunited by Telephone.
One of Cupid's queerest pranks was in reuniting Carroll A. Dunn of Parkersburg, Pa., to Mrs. Lillian Mae Yeager of Waverly, Md. They were married at Pottstown, Md. They were sweethearts some years ago, but drifted apart and did not see or hear from one another for some years. All this time, however, Cupid was only waiting a chance. The opportunity came a few months ago at Boyertown, Pa., when both were talking over the telephone to each other, but not intentionally. In some way lines got crossed and the voices of the former lovers were the only ones left on the wire. Several "hallos" passed between them, and then each wanted to know who was at the other end of the line. They found out, and this was the beginning of the courtship. A place of meeting was arranged and developments followed rapidly and the date was set.

Then Cupid jumped over to Baltimore and to show that he keeps up with the times he used a photograph to help a couple to get married in secret. The groom was George N. Vetro, Jr. and the bride was Miss Lillian De Shields. They had known each other for just ten weeks. They both came from Virginia. Vetro being a graduate of the V. N. I., and while both were working in Baltimore they met in a boarding house. After ten weeks they decided to go to Towson and be married. They wanted to fool the others in the boarding house—so they decided to run away. The photograph was started, and while the others were listening they went out—and when finally, after an hour of the amusement, some one put in another photograph record the machine started the company by saying: "Mr. Vetro and Miss De Shields have gone to get married."

Frank E. Campbell of New York went up into the Catskills to spend his vacation. Cupid just him up in the mountains, where he wandered for hours. Miss Margaret Klutz, a beautiful girl of the hills, found

the city man and guided him to his hotel. Before he would consent to be shown to the hotel he asked permission to call, and soon she discovered that she had saved a man and lost a heart. They were married and live in Brooklyn.

Voting Contest Weddings.
There was a double wedding at the Little Chateau in the Corner, New York City, August 4. Miss Martha J. Wickerham, of Pelee, O., was married to John J. Blair, a banker of the same town, and Miss Amelia Enadinger of Cynthia, Ky., became the wife of Sidney Fielding Sprake, a most prosperous miller of Cynthia, Ky., who is now in the employ of Dr. Houghton, rector of the church, tied both knots, and then the two couples and the witnesses went over to the Gleisley house for luncheon. Last evening Mr. and Mrs. Blair and Mr. and Mrs. Sprake started for Niagara Falls on their honeymoon.

The wedding followed a trip to Europe which Miss Wickerham and Miss Enadinger took at the expense of the Commercial Tribune of Cincinnati. E. O. Eshelby, publisher of that paper, arranged a voting contest in Ohio and the boys' counties of Kentucky to determine the most popular young woman in each county. The successful candidate in each county was to make a five weeks' tour of Europe. Something like half a hundred young women arrived here about six weeks ago in charge of Mr. Eshelby and sailed on the Calcedonia.

Among them were Miss Wickerham, who was the victor in the counties of Adams, Clermont and Brown, Ohio, and Miss Enadinger, who won out in the Kentucky county of which Cynthia, Ky., is the garden spot. Just after the contest began, Mr. Sprake was presented to Miss Enadinger, and the same thing happened to Mr. Blair over in Ohio. Each proposed and each got a provisional yes. The condition named by each young woman was that if she were the successful contestant she would marry her suitor on her return from the European trip, at the Little Church Around the Corner, in little old New York. The condition imposed was readily accepted, and thereafter Wickerham in Ohio had a cinch.

With a banker in one state and a rich miller in the other supporting them both young women won in a walk. They became acquainted on shipboard and it wasn't long before the learned that there was a mutual bond of sympathy between them.

When the European end of the trip was over Miss Wickerham and Miss Enadinger continued their travels up the Rhine and over the Alps and returned to New York on the Columbia, which arrived on Sunday. Mr. Sprake and Mr. Blair, not knowing each other from the side of a house, were on the pier to meet the ship. So were seven young women who had been members of the Eshelby party and who had carried in New York to await the arrival of Miss Wickerham and Miss Enadinger. The girls knew all about what was going to happen and spotted the miller from Cynthia and the banker from Pelee.

When the girl from Ohio and the girl from Kentucky tripped down the gang-plank there were introductions all around and the Cynthia miller and the Pelee banker were properly flattered. Then the whole crowd went up to the Gleisley house, where the stopped over night, and the details of the weddings were arranged.

Dancing Mad.
Alleging that his wife, Mabel Enors MacColloch, is dancing mad and cannot resist the temptation of tripping the light fantastic regardless of domestic conditions, James B. MacColloch, a Lake Shore railway attaché, residing at Elkhart, Ind., filed suit for divorce. He says she cannot control her inclination for dancing. In his complaint he alleges that she is such an inveterate dancer that when he was injured in a railway collision and confined to his bed with four fractured ribs, she refused to nurse him, but instead went to dances. He also says she danced so much she neglected her household duties, leaving him without proper attention and meals.

Gossip and Stories About Noted People

A Story of Lamont.
AN INCIDENT in the career of the late Daniel S. Lamont as secretary of war army officers are fond of recalling. It happened in 1885.

Senator Harris of Tennessee was in Secretary Lamont's office, when Paymaster General Stanton entered and began his explanation of the financial condition of the service, referring particularly to the lack of funds for the month of June. Secretary Lamont asked what amount would be necessary to pay off all the June salaries.

"Oh, something like \$50,000," replied General Stanton.

"If you could borrow that amount," said the secretary, "would it be sufficient?"

"You get me the money, Mr. Secretary, and I'll make the payment all right," said the paymaster.

"Well, I'm thinking about advancing it myself," replied Mr. Lamont.

"There was a group of abolitionists from General Stanton and Senator Harris.

"I mean it," continued the secretary. "The army ought to be paid, and the sooner they get it the better."

"I can only say, Mr. Secretary," said General Stanton, "that if you find me the money, I shall make arrangements to pay off the officers and men who did not receive their salaries for the month of June."

Mr. Hay's Sense of Humor.
An eastern insurance man tells this: "I was taking lunch about a year ago in the Pennsylvania station at Jersey City and

was seated on a stool at the lunch counter, when the Congressional limited came in, and among other passengers was Secretary Hay. Rushing into the lunch counter he seated himself next to me and ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee. On the other side of the secretary was a typical American, who had not the slightest idea that his neighbor on the left was the American premier. Mr. Hay's face was a study of amusement when he was suddenly jabbed in the ribs by the elbow of the man, who at the same time addressed the secretary after this fashion: 'Say, sport, ferry over to the confectionery, will ye? The interesting part of it was that John Hay passed the sugar.'"

It Worked Both Ways.
When some of the newspapers were printing funny stories about William Loeb, private secretary to President Roosevelt, during the last campaign, alleging that he was the "champion blamemaker in America," because he was always so willing to assume responsibility for anything that went wrong at the White House, Mr. Loeb laughed with the very men who wrote the yarns.

But one day his patience was taxed, relates Success. The president's train had been delayed seven hours between Philadelphia and New York while he was going to Oyster Bay. The next morning one of the New York dailies had these flaming headlines: "President's Train Water-bound—Loeb Not to Blame."

"See here," said the secretary next morning at Oyster Bay, "that's going too far. 'Very well,' said the reporter who had written the story, 'I'll correct it tomorrow and say you were to blame.'"

A Pessimistic Admiral.
The Russian naval commander, Admiral Rogojewsky, has always been looked upon by his friends as one of the most pessimistic men in the navy. His morbid feelings were exhibited in some verse written by him in the album of an English girl, at her request. He sent the well known little French poem, "La Vie est Breve," and wrote this paragraph of it:

La vie est bete,
Un peu de bete,
Un peu d'ennui,
Et puis—bonne nuit.

"Life is stupid. A little gayety, a little weariness, and then—good night."

Taken at His Word.
During a visit in a Massachusetts town Jacob A. Hill was asked by a gaunt, funeral sort of a chap what he should say by way of introducing him to the assemblage. "Oh," replied Mr. Hill, in a spirit of levity, "say anything you like. Say I am the most distinguished man in the country. They generally do." Whereupon his serious friend marched upon the stage and calmly announced that he did not know this man Hill, whom he was charged to introduce, and had never heard of him. "He tells," he went on with never a wink, "that he is the most distinguished citizen in the country. You can judge for yourselves when you have heard him."

Tersely Told Tales Both Grim and Gay

Effect of Adrift.
An insurance adjuster was sent to a Massachusetts town to adjust a loss on a building that had been burned.

"How did the fire start?" asked a friend who met him on his homeward trip.

"I couldn't say, certainly, and nobody seemed able to tell," said the adjuster, "but it struck me that it was the result of friction."

"What do you mean by that?" asked his friend.

"Well," said the insurance man, "friction sometimes comes from rubbing a 100,000 policy on a \$5,000 house."—Boston Herald.

Willing to Marry Anybody.
This is given by the Boston Herald as the favorite story of a noted actress: A colored "geman," name unknown, but called "Culpepper Pete," who, being enamored of some dusky maiden, and not having the courage to "pop" face to face, called up the house where she worked and asked her over the telephone. When he got the proper party on the line he asked: "Is dat Miss Johnsing?" "Ya-as." "Well, Miss Johnsing, I've got a most important question to ask you." "Ya-as." "Will you marry me?" "Ya-as. Who is it, please?"

Tears Over Stuart Robson's Check.
"My father was a personal friend of Stuart Robson, the veteran comedian, now dead, and was fond of telling anecdotes of the man whom he considered the greatest actor on the American stage," said Louis G. Hammel to the Milwaukee Sentinel. "According to one of them, Robson once sent a check for \$100 as a wedding present to a friend who was to enter the hymeneal state. His theatrical engagements precluded his personal attendance at the ceremony, to which he sent his daughter as a representative of the family."

"My father was conversing with Robson when the daughter came home from the wedding, about which Robson asked many questions."

"When your friend saw your check," said the daughter, he was so overcome with emotion that he cried."

"So he cried, did he?" said Robson. "How long did he weep?"

"Oh, about a minute," said the girl.

"Only a minute," shouted the comedian, with that curious squeak in his voice that made him famous in the character of Bertie the Lamb, "why, I cried half an hour after I signed the thing."

Why the Treatment Failed.
"I tell you," said a negro bootblack in a West Side barber shop yesterday as he rubbed a customer's shoes, "woman is a peculiar thing. Yoh gotta know just how to handle huh or yoh goin' to get the worst of it. Lots of times she'll get 'asperated at yoh en then yoh gotta talk to huh—that's the way to masteah huh. She won't stand fo' no beatin' or nothin' like that. Talk to huh. That's the way I handle ma wife."

Another negro working next to him looked up. "Wha' did yoh git that black eye yoh got?" he asked.

"Well, ma wife done it, but—"

"Why didn't yoh talk to huh?" asked the other with a snicker.

"How could I?" came from the first. "She had me by the throat an' had ma wind snuff off."—Kansas City Times.

He made a gesture expressive of bitterness and sorrow.

"Did any of the editors compliment me? No. Did any of the reporters? No. The only response that my column evoked was a letter from a Conshohocken Josher. I had written that during the summer months a baby died of cholera infantum every three minutes, and this letter quoted my paragraph and added:

"Please give this baby's address as if it is still dying I want to take my wife down to watch it for an hour or two."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Pinned to the Limit.
Lieutenant Governor Bruce of New York says a small headstone in a cemetery in the western part of the state is pointed out to visitors as one of the sights over the grave of a widower who, while not lacking in love for the departed one, was penurious to a degree. He ordered a small stone because it was cheap and told the mason to engrave on it this inscription: "Sarah Hackett, Aged Ninety Years, Lord, She Was Thin." The stonemason said there was too much inscription for so small a surface, but was told to go ahead and "squeeze it on somehow." Here is the inscription as "squeezed": "Sarah Hackett, Aged 90, Lord, She Was Thin."

Trained for the Job.
In his lecture on "The Model Husband," William Cumbuck of Indiana, who died the other day, used to tell a story of a speech made by an Indian accepting the nomination for the lieutenant governorship. "I congratulate you, gentlemen," said he, "upon the wisdom of your choice. I am unusually qualified for the office of lieutenant governor. For thirty years I have held that office unchallenged—in my own household."

A Double Hardship.
The following anecdote is told of a prominent Baptist minister, celebrated for his caustic wit.

He was speaking once at a dinner given to commemorate an important event in the history of New England, his text being "The Pilgrim Fathers." "I have always," he said, "felt the deepest sympathy for the Pilgrim fathers, who suffered such extraordinary hardships in establishing a foothold in this country. But, sorry as I have felt for the Pilgrim fathers, I have not still sorrier for the Pilgrim mothers; for not only were they obliged to endure the same hardships, but they had also endured the Pilgrim fathers."—Harper's Weekly.

A Long Time for Increase.
Hon. Francis Baylies, a historian of note, on returning from meeting one Thanksgiving day met Nicholas Tillinghast, one of the most humorous and eloquent of the members of the Bristol county bar, in the sitting room at Atwood's hotel.

In the course of the conversation which ensued Mr. Baylies said to Mr. Tillinghast: "I have deposited a 10-cent piece in the contribution box, to be placed on interest until I reach heaven."

Tillinghast replied: "Ah, yes! That will amount to a large sum."—Boston Herald.

Another Man Money Mad.
John Skelton Williams of Richmond, Va., one of the foremost bankers and railway organizers of the south, says of Thomas Fortune Ryan, the new head of the Equitable: "I have known Mr. Ryan six years and in that time have been associated with him in enterprises in which we were mutually interested and opposed to him in struggles for the control of properties. It was difficult for me to understand that a man could be capable of violating pledges and promises, deliberately and solemnly given, and afterward of looking me calmly in the face, expressing friendship and appreciation of the results of his unscrupulous—not even angered—when blinly told my opinion of his conduct. Mr. Ryan has the tendencies which, if his lines had been cast in a humble and contracted sphere, probably would have made him a kleptomaniac. His strongest impulse is to acquire money."

Go Bathing but Don't Drown

SWIMMING natural, and could all people swim without learning if not frightened? Before the civil war I made a trip up the rivers of northern Maine and employed Indian guides to propel my canoe. These Penobscot Indians owned all the islands in the rivers and living by fishing, hunting and lumbering were mostly upon the water. They told me that if their children fell into the river before learning to swim they would paddle about until pulled out and not sink and drown like white people. A few years ago my wife and I were down on the shore of our home pond with two of our children and a Collie puppy. For the amusement of the children we tossed the dog into the water to let them see him swim out. Turning to go to the house we failed to notice that our baby boy Eddie, in reaching for a flower upon the edge of the pond, had lost his balance and fallen into deep water. Our little girl saw, and with frantic efforts made us look to our surprise he was not frightened or making an outcry, but dog-fashion paddling for the shore. We pulled him out and after a bit we asked him what he was doing. As well as he was able to talk he told us he was swimming out the same as the puppy had done. Our boys are all expert swimmers now, and Eddie, why he is a genuine aquatic professor with a swimming hobby. He has taught the other boys to swim and declares that the easiest way to learn is at first to paddle in the water dog-fashion until one learns to sustain themself, before attempting the more artistic frog motions.

The loss of life each summer from drowning is fearful and in most cases it occurs with help at hand to save life if they had means of immediately locating the body. We have felt so much concern for our children while playing in the pond that we have devised a pull-me-out life preserver which we cause them to wear. We take a small cotton clothline cord about twenty feet long and this we attach to the child's waist in a manner it cannot slip, fastened to the other end of the cord is a light piece of board that will float. Now if anyone with this attachment accidentally steps into deep water and disappears from sight the float immediately locates the person, they can be pulled out



LITTLE FRUIT PICKERS WITH THEIR PULL-ME-OUT LIFE PRESERVES READY FOR A SWIM IN THE FARM POND.