

Plan your wedding trip via UNION PACIFIC



Where to go—and what it will cost you

Colorado
\$17.50
ROUND TRIP
June 1 to Sept 30

Colorado's climate is a most healthful summer tonic; the air is always light and cool. This is the place to spend an ideal wedding trip, or to go for a summer vacation.

Round trip rates will be good during the above period to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

We have a very interesting booklet on Colorado and its summer attractions, which you will enjoy looking over and which we will send free on application.

California
\$50.00
ROUND TRIP
June 8 to June 15
June 22 to July 6

This is your opportunity to make the trip to San Francisco and Los Angeles at this remarkably low rate.

Round trip tickets will be on sale to the above points. These tickets are good in either Pullman palace or tourist sleeping cars and offer all the advantages of our through train service. No wedding journey will be more delightful than the trip through California. The climate is delightful at this time of the year.

Send to us for literature about California.

Northwest
\$50.00
ROUND TRIP
June 20 to July 12

You can go to any part in the Northwest—to Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Bellingham, Everett, Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster—for one fare for the round trip. Here is an unusual opportunity and a chance to see a most interesting part of our continent—the section which is showing such rapid and impressive development. Tickets may also be secured at slightly higher rates permitting you to go one way through California and return through the Northwest.

Write us for full information and booklets regarding this trip.

Take a trip worth while remembering a lifetime

INQUIRE AT

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1324 FARNAM ST. Phone Douglas 334

BEGINNINGS OF THE COCKTAIL

Origin of a Popular Concoction Traced Back to Revolutionary Times.

A Connecticut Yankee, versed in revolutionary lore, contributes to the New York Sun an account of the origin of the "American Cocktail," a mixed drink of considerable renown, taken from an ancient booklet entitled "Cocktail Stories." The account follows:

"In the days of the American revolution one Patrick Flanagan, a jolly and very popular Irishman, enlisted as a soldier in a company of Virginia horse troops. He had but recently married an Irish girl who was intensely American in her sentiments, and who was determined to go with her Patrick wherever she could. The officers of the troops were informed of her intentions, and more in the spirit of fun than anything else encouraged her, but she took it in earnest, and was found as close about the

company as she could get, and always making herself useful in many ways. She soon became recognized as an adjunct of the company, or rather, perhaps, no objections were made to her presence with it. In a short time Patrick died, whereupon the soldiers and officers expressed a great sympathy for her, and the colonel asked what she would do now that Patrick was gone, when she promptly replied:

"I'll stick wid yees until we gits our independence, just as Patrick would."

This so pleased the officer and the bystanders that they promised to see what they could do for her in this particular. In a few days she was informed that she might act as sutler to the company, but as orders had been received which would take the company to New York, and as she might not like to go so far away from home, they would endeavor to get her a similar place in another company which would most likely remain in the south. Here Betsey (for that was her name) squared herself in front of the informant and indignantly replied:

"To the devil wid yore other companies,

I go wid Patrick's one, and to the end of it, too."

This settled it, and in 1771 "Patrick's company" wintered at a place in Westchester county, near New York, named "Four Corners," between White Plains and Tarrytown. At this point Betsey set up a tavern, which she kept very neatly, with sanded floors and convenient little stalls and rooms, where the American and French officers met frequently and played cards and enjoyed a new sort of drink compounded by Betsey, which became very popular, and which she called a "Bracer." Indeed, her tavern became famous for the "Bracer," and Betsey was tempted by many a good offer from other tavern keepers for the secret of this delightful drink. But she was beyond the reach of all such seductive influences, and gave the secret to but one soldier, who was a great friend of Patrick's, with a sworn pledge that it should not be made public until after her death. It is understood that this pledge was sacredly kept.

In the neighborhood of Betsey's tavern, or, as it became finally known, "The

Bracer Tavern," lived an Englishman, who kept a pack of hounds, fine horses and splendid poultry, all imported from the mother country. He was an intense loyalist, and was, of course, an object of hatred to the American soldiers and of suspicion to the people themselves who favored the cause of the colonies. Betsey Flanagan was fiercely hostile to this gentleman and his family and talked loudly against them, and made dire threats of what she would do to them when "General" Washington came on. She was always promising to feed the American and French officers upon the fine fowl that was in the loyalist's grounds, and from time to time they would tease her about her duty in carrying the promises into effect.

One night when there was an unusual attendance of these officers at the Bracer, and after they had teased her more than usual about the English fowl, she invited them into her dining room, when there was spread before them a beautiful feast of chicken, done in all ways and styles known to the Flanagans and those as-

sisting in the Bracer tavern keeping. The work was done. The chicken coop had been raided by someone. The Englishman was furious, but powerless. Soon after he left the country and found refuge in England.

Among the Englishman's poultry were several cocks of superior breed and size and of unusual beauty, sporting tall feathers of great height and of graceful curves and of the loveliest colors. They were much admired by the people of the neighborhood, and it is said some very fair verses were written by a local poet about the stately magnificence of these birds.

Betsey had not thrown away the trophies of her capture, damaging as they were as evidence against her, but she had spread them tastefully over the dresser, as she called it, upon the shelves of which stood bottles of various sizes containing the delectable and now renowned "Bracer."

After the chicken banquet was over Betsey invited the guests into the tavern bar, and with great pride pointed to these feathered decorations. The surprise was complete, and the event recognized by three

hearty cheers for Betsey Flanagan, the cause of the colonists and the discomfiture of the Englishman. The "Bracers" came off those shelves in a great hurry, and the remainder of the night was passed in that barroom amid the "cocktails" and the inspiring "Bracers."

"Give us some more of those 'cocktails,'" was the frequent order. "Here's to the divine liquor which is as delicious to the palate as the cock's tails are beautiful to the eye," was one of the toasts; "Vive la cocktail!" sang out a French officer. This was the keynote to the now celebrated name. It stuck.

If you have anything to trade advertise it in the For Exchange columns of The Bee Want Ad page.

Colonel Bryan's Expansion.

When in Vermont the other day, Mr. Bryan commented to get on the scales, and he was surprised to ascertain that his weight is now 344 pounds. When he entered the presidential campaign in 1896, says the Washington Herald, the Nebraskan tipped the beam at exactly 152.

Mr. Bryan's age was then 30. "In eleven years, therefore, his avoirdupoise has increased sixty-nine pounds, an average annual increase of only a little more than six pounds. Apropos of this comparison, a Washington newspaper man recalls a story that illustrates the democratic quality of character that not many people credit Mr. Bryan with possessing. Mr. Bryan had just arrived at the town of his birth, Salem, Ill., after his nomination at Chicago. Thither rushed an army of newspaper men from all parts of the country to write about him. The one involved in this story had received a telegram from his editor instructing him to ascertain and wire immediately Mr. Bryan's height, weight, size of feet, the number of his hat, etc. The correspondent turned over to the nominee the editor's telegram of instructions. Mr. Bryan read its contents aloud, giving the desired information as to the size of his hat, he smiled and inquired: "Does your editor mean before or after?"

Bee Want Ads for Business Boosters.