

WHAT WORK CUPID FAVORS

Question Whether He Offers Better Chance to Some Girls.

DOES OCCUPATION HELP ANY?

Most of the Young Women Working for Their Livelihood Agree They Do Not Intend to Continue at It.

Ask any woman who is engaged in earning her livelihood behind a counter in one of the big shops of Omaha if she intends to make the occupation a life work, and she will tell you, "No! No! Not at all." This is a rule to which there are no exceptions. Lottie the saleslady is only there pending what time she sees herself in crepe de chine with real or near-real lace trimmings and wears an "only ornament."

The same answer will be heard from all the fair stenographers, the cashiers, millinery apprentices, factory and office girls, and all the host of those who earn their own living, provided that she be not of what is absurdly called an "uncertain age."

This being the case an inquiry as to which occupation soon leads to the hymeneal altar will have almost a sociological value, and if it should be found that the domestic leads, announcement of the fact might even go a long way toward solving the servant question.

Not, of course, that any girl who wishes to get married would take any overt steps toward that purpose. The idea is, of course, base, unworthy, despicable, on the part of the rash man suggesting it, but it would be interesting to know whether more salesgirls marry than stenographers, or if the cashier has anything on the hello girl.

Cupid Likes the Nurse. Careful research, study of census returns, the wedding license book in the county clerk's office, inquiry of department store managers, switchboard superintendents and hospital matrons leads to the irrefutable conclusion that the nurse has the best "drag" with Cupid. Long ago old Sir Walter noticed "when pain and anguish wring the brow," etc.; and the "mistering angel" role is still successful and bids fair to be so to the end of time.

For second place it is a close race between the cashier and the telephone girl. The former occupation is at an advantage because restaurant proprietors, in particular, always pick as comely a maiden as possible for the position, well knowing that their masculine patrons are more apt to return if the girl who hands back the change has an abundance of feminine charms. But selecting a pretty girl with malice prepense, these same restaurant men have no right to complain—though they do just the same—that they simply cannot keep a girl long.

Of telephone romances there are many. The daily papers are persistently narrating the nuptials of an hello girl whose soft and low voice has incited masculine curiosity as to its owner and thus paved the way to a fee for the parson.

Girls Who Wait. Although men have long been alleged to be won by an appeal to their stomachs, it does not appear that the average domestics who change from "Missis" kitchen to their own is above that of several other occupations. In fact the waitress runs a shade higher, and besides this sometimes culls a cute little sum every week in tips. To the discredit of the other sex, it must be admitted, however, that male waiters get more and bigger tips than do women, chiefly for the reason that nobody gives a tip except because he feels himself expected to and this is the case more often in cafes where men wait on table than in the hotel dining rooms where girls are employed.

Women who enter professional life rarely marry. Many of them, indeed, could if they would, but won't. They are often in earnest when they assert that they are wedded to their work. Actresses do marry frequently, but alas! do not always stay married long. The stage is, of course, one of the best matrimonial bureaus in the world, and for the Laura Jean Libby wedding it has everything else in its own obnoxious. Here is where most of your King Cophetua and beggar-maid affairs take place, the dashing chorus girl easily vanquishing everybody but helmsman in capturing Lord Saphheads and is in a class by herself when it comes to snaring Pittsburg millionaires.

Problem is Complex. While it is demonstrable that some occupations give a girl the best opportunity, or at least proportionately more of one vocation wed than another, the prospect on a whole is a shade too complex to dismiss it so easily. Some wed no matter what they did for a living; others would be condemned to old maidhood no matter how tenderly they soothed the anguished brow in the hospital ward.

All things considered, it may rashly be asserted that the girl who gets married is the sweet young thing who "clings," who appeals to masculine vanity by making him fancy himself as the sturdy oak round which the affraid sweet young thing twines itself, the so-called womanly woman, who is only too often the brideless woman. Hence the injunction to be the clinging variety of peach.

But ask the girl who has not married and she will answer: "The girl who gets married first is the one who takes the first man who comes along."

Minor Poem. A thought once stole by mistake into the mind of a minor poet. It was a very little thought and it was frightened at the vast empty spaces, and covered timidly into a dark corner, where it hoped to escape observation. But in a moment the poet had discovered

It and straightway he pounced upon it avidly and mused, jammed, cut, squeezed and otherwise tortured it. The thought suffered greatly, but the poet did not desert until he had achieved his purpose, which was to grind out another sonnet and keep himself before the public.—Puck.

TIRED OF AN OLD BARGAIN

Strange Contract Entered Into by a New England Town and a Citizen.

Because of one of the strangest contracts ever entered into by the town fathers of a New England community and one of its citizens, Mrs. Lyman Jennings and her daughter, Mrs. Herbert L. Stratton, both of Orange, Mass., will receive an annuity from the town of Athol as long as they live. Each year when the pension is set aside by the selectmen of Athol the latter have occasion to lament the bargain arranged between the town and Lyman Jennings thirty-one years ago.

"The Jennings annuity," as the gift is now known, has become the source of much interest and discussion among the financial experts of the state. Thirty-one years ago Lyman Jennings, then 59 years old, went to the selectmen of Athol, where he then resided, and proposed to give \$2,000 outright to the town on the condition that Athol pay him 5 per cent interest as long as he lived, and continue after his death to pay his widow \$150 a year, and each of his three children \$120 a year, an amount equal to that which Jennings would receive yearly during his lifetime.

The town fathers agreed to the bargain, their decision being based upon the figure of an insurance table as to the average longevity of the five beneficiaries. But much to the surprise of the shrewd according to the table of statistics, Jennings continued to draw the annuity of \$200 until last year, when he had exceeded the life insurance longevity by sixteen years.

The town had returned to the old man during his lifetime for the \$2,000 loaned the sum of \$18,200, and this year the sum of \$300 had to be set aside for the widow and his one remaining child, now 50 years of age and in the best of health.

Still bound by the contract, Athol will be hereafter compelled to continue to pay \$300 per year in addition to the \$15,200 already paid, as long as Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Stratton live.

Herbert Stratton, son-in-law of the late Jennings, believes that Athol could possibly lose, and that at the current rates of interest since the money was given, the town is several thousand dollars to the good.

Judge Charles Field, now living in Athol, drew the contract. It has been figured out that had Jennings put his money in a savings bank he would have had a smaller return in interest, but would still have the principal. On the other hand, many of the Athol experts declare that the town gains, since it has paid 5 per cent interest for thirty years on a principal that never will have to be paid, and a smaller interest on that unreturnable principal for a longer time.

While the peculiar bargain with Athol made the name of the late millmaker famous for his shrewdness, otherwise the old man until his death possessed the reputation of being the hardest worker in the county. To make up for his slowness in turning paths he often worked fifteen to eighteen hours in the factories at Erving and Winchendon.

Last year, just before his death, occurred the date of his sixty-fourth wedding anniversary, his widow being now 87 years old.—Boston Journal.

PRIZE FOR 83-YEAR FUTURITY

Close of a Remarkable Tontine Property Scheme in Thrifty Connecticut.

A futurity race in New Haven, Conn., which lasted eighty-three years, with at least \$250,000 for the prize was settled September 30, when the death of Deacon Lucius Wooster of Westville was announced. Now the seven final heirs to the Tontine hotel property are left and the estate will be decided. In 1820, 300 persons subscribed \$100 each, making a pool of \$30,000, with which the Tontine hotel, one of the best known in New England, was constructed. It was finished in 1825 when the race began.

According to the terms of the original agreement, every shareholder had a right to nominate any person for the futurity. The property was to be kept intact until only seven survived.

The nominees were in most cases babies in the cradle, care being taken to make nominations of persons who were of families with a record of longevity. The Connecticut legislature granted a charter for the company and the hotel began doing business as the chief hotelery of New Haven. As time passed on its site on the New Haven green became exceedingly valuable and the land it owned near the hotel became the site for other valuable business blocks.

The hotel continued to prosper under the tontine association, and some financial experts place the value of the property and the surplus at \$250,000. The charter granted by the legislature permitted complete secrecy in the financial operations, and no report has ever been made of the funds held, or the payments made by the officers of the company. Indeed, the nominees and the shareholders have never been announced.

Deacon Fitch, one of the most prominent alumni and former officials of Yale university, was the eighth nominee surviving. This was learned a few months ago, and the care taken to prolong the lives of the survivors in the hope that each would exist until after one more of the number died has revealed that described in Robert Louis Stevenson's book "The Wrong Box," in which a similar tontine race is described. The contest for the futurity for several

weeks has been a battle of trained forces and doctors, and the elderly people who have been left in the race have practically led lives in glass cases.

The annual meeting of the tontine association will be held in about two weeks. At that time steps will be taken to wind up the affairs of the tontine company. The corporation would be criminal now under the laws of Connecticut, but it has been thought best not to disturb the association, but instead to allow it to continue until it wound up its affairs in a natural way.

It is known that three of the surviving nominees are Mrs. Beale Ives, Mrs. H. W. S. Whipples of New Haven, and Mrs. Sarah Coan of Chicago.

Deacon Fitch was 83 years old. He was for many years treasurer of the tontine and was for two years its treasurer.—New York Times.

ROSE KING OF AMERICA

Immense Establishment and Vast Business in American Beauties.

The rose king of America has his principal place thirty miles up the Hudson from New York City, directly in the seat of fashion along the Albany post road. There are roses to right of him, roses to left of him, roses in front of him and behind him, all told, nearly 150 acres of roses. It is common for him to ship to New York City 20,000 roses. You scarcely would know that one had been taken. In the miles of glass houses there are hundreds of thousands more. About 7,000,000 are sent away each year. All are American Beauties.

The king is Paul M. Pierson, who, for the last twenty years, has raised nothing but this variety of rose. How vast his output is may best be judged from the fact that last June between 500,000 and 750,000 long-stemmed American Beauties were sent out to be decorated with at his headquarters and commencement exercises in just three cities, New York Philadelphia and Boston. The king and his brother, Frederick H., have not resorted to the very frequent modern custom of handing their vast plant by managers and a board of directors, but conduct it in the usual fashion of the enterprise personally.

In the open air American Beauties cannot be raised successfully. One thing that means their death is the heavy dew. "Unusual condensation" is the technical term that describes this. Too much moisture on the leaves causes the black spots to appear, and when this comes it is all over with the roses affected, and they have to be dug up and destroyed. Too much moisture about the roots is the cause of another of the American Beauty rose's deadliest enemies. The roots begin to rot, almost in a day, and the work has to be done all over again.

"Sunlight is our capital," says Paul Pierson. "If we didn't have plenty of that rose growing would be out of the question. June is the month of the year in which the conditions for rose culture are the most favorable—the ideal month. June is the month, too, when most roses are used—it far leads all the others, even the winter months, when entertaining in the big cities is at its height. You see, there are more weddings in June than at any other time of the year. Then there are the commencement exercises that take a vast number of roses. Aside from these the increase is principally due to the number of people embarking for Europe at that time.

"Yes, during June we frequently send away 20,000 beauties, and even more, in a single day. Another reason why these roses are used so largely in June is that they cost less to raise than any other month of the year. They touch the top price about Christmas time, and we generally get \$1.50 apiece for them from the big florists in the great cities. How much they sell them for I don't know.

"Did you ever know that a rose needs sleep? It needs sleep just as much as a person. But less of it, curiously enough, in the summer than in the winter. We have been making some experiments with some of the new artificial lights to see if we cannot fool the roses during the winter into thinking that the days are twelve or fourteen hours long. I do not think it would be practicable to try to force American Beauties or any other roses by attempting to grow them under a combination of artificial light and sunshine without giving them any rest at all."

American Beauties are graded into six grades: "Specials," "fancies," "extras," "firsts," "seconds" and "thirds." These terms are used to designate the degrees of perfection in the blooms that are hardly apparent to anyone not an expert. Each has a different price from the "specials," which are most perfect in every detail, down to the cheapest, "thirds," which have the most defects. This is the way they are bought by the dealers. When they are bought by the general public the grading is not used. As a general thing the biggest dealers buy only "specials," the magnificent long-stemmed varieties. The others go to the grades down the line.

"No attempts have been made," continued Mr. Pierson, "to change the color of the American Beauty. It can be made a little brighter by keeping the temperature of the greenhouse a little lower than is customary, but the little more is too much of a risk. If the temperature gets a shade too low it starts all sorts of things."—New York Press.

DYNAMITE IN THE MAKING

Workmen Who Are Enraged by Death in Cans, Kegs and Tons.

So thoroughly deceptive is dynamite in the making that you are apt to be disappointed on viewing the surface of things. You could more readily fancy thunderbolts leaping and crashing from tender blue skies than that the most fearful forces in creation are hidden under such a peaceful exterior. Nitroglycerin, a cupful of which would distribute you over square miles of landscape, is diligently mixing around you in hundreds and thousands of gallons.

It is making itself in big iron retorts, cascading down leaden gutters and merrily tumbling in minute Niagaras into immense vats, where the deliquescent yellow peril pursues its journey powderward. Out of one receptacle it fares furiously through special lead coils, driven up by cooling blasts of air, and is drawn off like draught ale and piped on to the next perfecting stage. Gaze with the nitroglycerin expert into one of those big cauldrons. The interior is brilliantly illuminated by electricity, the only illuminating agency permitted in or about the danger houses.

Around you are long storehouses packed with pulp in tons of innocent whiteness. Presently this pulp will assume a tan color under the nitrating process, and then, suddenly becoming carbonic, red cross, hercules, fudson and giant powder, fornic, or what you order, it develops the quasi virtues of dynamite—dynamite or blasting gelatine, in which more natural forces are condensed, to the cubic inch

than exist anywhere else in creation. Death, curbed and sleeping, enriches you in gallons and tons. Annihilation threatens at every turn, in the form of potential pulverizing forces. But the man and the mercury are there also, alert, responsive, reliable.—Leslie's Weekly.

BOSTON'S BAKED BEAN BILL

Puts Up Ten Million a Year for Millions of Quarts of the Favorite Delicacy.

There was a noticeable scarcity of beans in Boston recently, due to the fact that last year's crop had become pretty well exhausted, while the new crop was late in arriving from the west. The wholesale price went up over \$1 a bushel, thereby greatly lowering the margin of profit on a 10-cent plate of this favorite dish.

But there is no danger of a famine, as a plentiful supply is assured for the coming year. Beans will be little cheaper, too, which is cheering news to the bakeries.

In that section of the market district where the raw beans of commerce constitute a large and important staple of trade, wholesale dealers in them say that the new crop, while not large enough to be classed as an actual record breaker, is a good sized one, far ahead of that of 1907, which was very small.

Boston draws the supply of raw material for its baked bean output very largely from New York, Michigan and California, so that this season's bounteous harvest in those three states means much to Boston, the great metropolitan metropolis, where the consumption of beans is the largest on earth, running away up into the millions of quarts annually, with thirty-five quarts as the estimated quantity eaten every year by each of the men, women and children making up the nearly 600,000 population.

Five hundred thousand bushels of beans are received and consumed in Boston each year. That is equal to 16,000,000 quarts. But these figures are for the raw, uncooked beans. The actual consumption is really double that, or 32,000,000 quarts of baked beans, for a quart of beans put into the oven in the process of baking that one quart will actually make two quarts in bulk.

Taking the sale of beans by the wholesale dealers, the prices paid for them by people who bake beans in their own homes, the great bakeries, the big hotels and big bean packing establishments that supply hotels and restaurants, and the price laid down for a plate of them by those who indulge their appetites in this frugal fare in patronizing the purveyors of baked beans at eating houses, and it is figured out that the yearly baked bean bill of Boston is closely to \$10,000,000. That seems like a pretty large sum, but it is considered a modest estimate of the amount of money that the Hub spends on baked beans every year.

All the bakeries in the city turn out baked beans every day as part of their regular business, and in addition there are three or four establishments devoted exclusively to the business of baking beans, and on these very many hotels, restaurants and quick lunch places depend for their supply. One or two of these establishments put out a quart of beans a week.

The dwellers in Little Italy to the North End and the Jewish population of the West End take as largely and as kindly to baked beans as ever did a native son of New England, and they are large consumers of this staple Boston article of diet. In fact, baked beans possess a charm for all nationalities who come to the home of them and get a taste of the genuine product. No matter from what country of the earth a man may hail, when he plants himself in Boston he soon becomes a loyal devotee of the bean pot. That is why the demand for baked beans is constantly on the increase here and a bill of \$10,000,000 Boston will ere long be spending \$20,000,000 a year for beans.

The preparation and baking of the beans is an interesting operation. In those establishments where beans only are baked it is done on a huge scale. There are great kettles that hold two or three bushels of beans and into these they are put to soak and parboil. Then the pots, varying in size from one quart to two gallons, are ranged around on tables and filled from the big kettles for the ovens.

The ovens in which the beans are baked are huge brick affairs, glowing red with heat. The capacity of some of them is enormous, holding fully 2,000 quarts each. Filled with the loaded pots they present a sight well worth beholding. There floats out, when the oven doors are open, an odor so delicious that beside it the famed odor of Arab's Biscuit would seem like a cheap 10-cent perfume.

At the regular baked bean establishments the beans are baked over night, removed from the ovens early in the morning and then loaded into wagons for delivery to hotels, restaurants and lunch rooms in time for breakfast.

Saturday is the great day for beans at the bake shops. The demand is the largest then, the beans being wanted for both Saturday evening supper and Sunday morning breakfast, although Wednesday is also a big bean day, when large quantities are called for.—Boston Globe.

COLD FEET A BURGLAR ALARM

Awakened Owner Warned Up by Lively Fight in the Dark.

Charles Bailey, of New York, owes it to the fact that he was sleeping with his feet stuck out beyond the bed clothes that his house was not ransacked. To the same circumstance, also, the police say, is due the capture of one of the most seasoned burglars in the city.

About 3 o'clock in the morning Mr. Bailey was awakened by a cold draught on his feet. Rubbing his eyes he saw flashes of light in the dining room. Tumbling out of bed wide awake, Bailey went into the next room and stumbled over a man stooping in front of the sideboard.



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