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OFFICIAL TRAINING SCHOOL UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD FOR TELEGRAPHERS



OFFICIAL TRAINING SCHOOL UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD FOR TELEGRAPHERS

FIGHTERS RELISH GOOD FOOD

Some Know How to Order and Also Eat Too Much.

PUGS WHO FED SELVES WELL

Sullivan Past Master in Getting Away with Heavy Meals—John Morrissey Pioneer in Selection of Fancy Dishes.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—"It isn't at all strange that crack pugilists are good eaters," said the old New York sport last week. "Some of the old time champions knew how to order and lived on the fat of the land. Tom Hyer, for instance, was the idol of the old Washington market butchers and could go as far as he liked."

"Here, Tom, is one of the finest five pound steaks that I've ever cut. I'll send it across to the restaurant and have it cooked to a charm for you," said Bob Bennett, one of Hyer's admirers, year ago.

"It's a grand piece of meat, Bob, but I'll have to get somebody to help me consume it," replied the old champion, who hunted up two broken down sports and invited them to enjoy the feast. Tom never cared to eat alone.

"John C. Heenan was a good liver and always put up at first class hotels. He rather surprised the sports of England with his lavish ways. He was also a new type of a fighting man to them. They had been used to the low-browed fellows with the pugilistic swagger and rough behavior. But Heenan was an American fighter who wore a silk hat and fine clothes and who lived like a lord."

"When John Morrissey first came down from Troy he was a rough and ready chap, but he soon got in with the big gamblers here and learned to eat and live like a royal person, for, let me tell you, the old time gamblers as a class were among the best feeders in town. They wanted the best and were always willing to pay the highest prices without a question."

"When Morrissey ran the big clubhouse at Saratoga with his partner, Reid, he gave some swell dinners. We could always get the best to eat and drink there, even better than at the big hotels where the millionaires stopped. But Morrissey, like many other men of humble origin, would often tire of the fancy French dishes and order a portion of corned beef and cabbage."

"One night we all sat around Morrissey's

table in the clubhouse. There were many prominent politicians there, too.

"Gentlemen, what's your order?" asked Morrissey several times without receiving any definite reply. At last an up-state politician broke loose with this remark:

"I'll order, gents. Give us ham and eggs all around. Morrissey and the whole crowd burst into a hearty laugh at the picker's order and John then said:

"Well, senator, you can have all the ham and eggs you want, but give me a big plate of pig's knuckles and sauerkraut as long as we are getting down to common everyday food." Then the rest of the party ordered a repast that extended from soup to nuts.

"Old Jim Mace when he was in business here with Phil Hargraves in Twenty-third street near Sixth avenue was a robust eater. He liked fine, big mutton chops and juicy steaks with good old ale on the side. Seeing a young boxer eating watermelon and pie one day Mace turned to his partner and exclaimed:

"Hi say, Phil, 'Ow can that blawsted chap do hany fightin' on that stuff, eh? Mace was very fond of eating at the old House of Lords in Houston street, and other chop houses that reminded him of home."

"To 'ell, with these fawncy dishes," he would say. "Give me the good hold roast beef and Yorkshire puddin'. That's the stiff ter make you fight, mb lad." But Mace was always a pretty careful liver and never drank or ate to excess. Today he's 75 and as lively as a cricket."

"When Joe Coburn was the special pet of the multi-millionaire, George Law, he lived at the top notch. Law thought nothing was too good for his favorite fighter and often staked Joe to a couple of thousand and plunks at a time. I saw Law and Coburn many a time dining in the swellest hotels along old Broadway. It was Law who gave away \$50,000 worth of diamonds to some sports and pugilists at Saratoga one day just as presents. It was no wonder, therefore, that Coburn became a high liver with such a liberal friend behind him with an open purse. But this eating and drinking soon made an old man of Coburn long before his time."

"Law gave Coburn a couple of saloons, but they were failure because of the fighter's habit. In his cups Coburn was always quarrelsome, and nothing pleased him more than to wallop a cop. The police, however, finally got Coburn and after beating him almost to death they sent him to Sing Sing for about four years. Law and all his money could not square it for Coburn, who came out of prison a physical wreck. I remember he sparred a friendly bout with John L. Sullivan at the latter's benefit in the garden in 1882. It was a pitiful sight, for all of Joe's skill was gone, while Sulli-

van the year before had won the championship from Paddy Ryan.

"When Sullivan fought that big horse market bully John Flood on a barge anchored off Yonkers one night in 1881 practically all the New York sports believed Flood would win. About an hour before Flood entered the ring, however, he insisted on having a big steak in spite of the protests of his trainer, Johnny Welch.

"I'll not fight unless I get the steak," said Flood. "I want to be good and strong!" So they let him have a couple of pounds of beef, and when Sullivan proceeded to punch him in the stomach in the early part of the battle Flood became ill. Flood knew nothing about ring rules or physical condition and could not understand the idea of fighting on an empty stomach. Sullivan therefore annihilated him in eight fierce rounds.

"Sullivan was one of the greatest feeders I ever knew. In his prime he could eat more than any fighter in the world. One night he went to supper in Brooklyn with his backer, Charley Johnson, and Jimmy Dreyfus, a friend. They each ordered a double porterhouse steak with the fixings. Johnson was a very poor eater and got away with only a small portion of his meat. Dreyfus wasn't very hungry either, and hardly ate a mouthful. Sullivan, however, quickly devoured his steak, after pouring a lot of tobacco sauce on it and then gobbled up the steaks of his friends. When he had finished the whole business, Sullivan looked over at Johnson and said:

"Charley, I'm not feeling very well tonight, or I'd order something else!"

"I'm very glad indeed, John, you're not feeling just fit," replied Johnson. "If you were you'd eat the whole restaurant out! When did you eat last?"

"Oh, I had a fine course supper about a couple of hours ago," said John, blinking, "but there's nothing like a good, solid steak, Charley, you know!"

"When Jack Cusack kept a chop house in lower Broadway Sullivan made it his hangout for many years. One of John's favorite dishes was pigs' head and cabbage. Frequently I saw the big fellow polish his double portion of this kind of food, washing it down with a dozen big mugs of heavy ale. This big eating and drinking knocked all the fight out of the once great slugger."

"When his bank roll can stand it Jack McAuliffe eats at the most expensive places. When he did London and Paris some years ago with Big Tim Sullivan he showed the senator from the Bowery many things about good eating. He also taught Tim a lesson about ordering a high class meal at Coney Island later.

"Jack, just entertain these three friends of mine until I get back. Won't be gone more than thirty minutes," said Big Tim to McAuliffe one afternoon in a restaurant by the sea.

"Sure I will," replied the former lightweight champion as he called the waiter. The senator came back in about an hour and found McAuliffe and his friends in a merry mood. Sullivan smiled and said he was glad they were having such a good time and when it was all over he asked for the bill.

"It's \$50," said the waiter without turning a hair. Tim paid over the coin with an amused expression and then slapped McAuliffe on the back.

"Well, Jack, old boy," he exclaimed, "you certainly can order." But where did you get your millionaire ideas from?"

"From Paddy the Pig," responded Jack. "He knew how to travel first class."

"Another night McAuliffe was sitting on the porch of a Coney Island hotel with Tom Sharkey.

"It's a queer thing," said the sailor, "how every one who goes by says 'Hello,

Jack!' Why don't they say 'Hello, Tom!'"

"Oh, they know you're a tight wad," said McAuliffe. "Loosen up once in a while and the bunch will be with you."

"Loosen up, mon! Loosen up! Why I've blown you off twice already," exclaimed Sharkey in surprise.

"Ah, but that's phony," said Jack. "Why, I took a lady to a little fish dinner last night at Manhattan and my bill was \$7.50!"

"A little fish dinner for two? Thirty-seven dollars and a half? Howly Murder!" cried Sharkey in amazement. "Why, yes must 'a been eatin' gold fish!"

"McAuliffe declares even now that Sharkey was one of the cheapest feeders he ever ran up against. He says that when he brought the sailor from Frisco to show on the road Sharkey on his way east refused to stop at any kind of a classy hotel and hunted up some sailors' boarding house.

"Sharkey, by the way, says that Jack if he had the Standard Oil riches would make a Pittsburg millionaire look like 30 cents."

"Charley Mitchell and McAuliffe had many a good time, both here and in England. They were two very warm birds, I can tell you, whenever they started out on an evening's lark in London. With Squire Abington, the multi-millionaire, behind them they enjoyed an unlimited amount of fine eating and drinking. Another of Mitchell's friends was Lord Cecil, whose father, Lord Salisbury, was the premier. So you see that Mitchell dined and wine with the best, including King Edward when he was the Prince of Wales.

"Poor Fitzsimmons, who was accidentally killed while sparring with Fitzsimmons at Syracuse several years ago, could eat a leg of mutton without the slightest inconvenience. Heardon was training a fighter one down at Coney Island when Paddy Gorman, the Australian middleweight, told the proprietor of the hotel that Heardon could carry more food in his stomach than he could on his back. This so alarmed the landlord that he promptly raised the price of Heardon's board and Con went gunning for Paddy's scalp.

"There is no fighter in the ring today more classy in his eating than Young Corbett. He learned to cultivate his taste for rich food in the lobster palaces on Broadway just after he whipped McGovern for the first time. For two years he went the route that gets them all and didn't take a tumble to himself until he was stone broke. Later, when Corbett and McGovern went on the road together giving boxing exhibitions, they never ate or lived alike. Corbett always stopped at the best hotels and lived on the fat of the land, but McGovern was satisfied with humble fare and a cheap room.

"When Jefferies first struck New York he didn't have much of an idea about good eating. I remember one night after he had whipped Fitzsimmons at Coney Island he invited a few friends to have a bite with him. He was headed for a beausy when one of the party called him aside and told

him that wasn't the kind of a joint for a champion to eat in.

"Why the food is all right, I've tried it," exclaimed Jeff. But the other fellows put up such a stiff argument that the newly made champion consented to be led into a better restaurant. Of course it's different now with Jeff. He has learned something about high life and he can polish off an expensive meal with the best of them."

"Stanley Ketchel a few years ago was a waiter in a San Francisco restaurant, where he learned much about the gastronomic art. When he was training up in Jerome avenue for his recent battle with Jack O'Brien I sat at the dinner table with him one day and discovered that he was quite an epicure for a man of his calling. He knew what and how to order in good form and how to eat it. Ketchel is not such a heavy eater as Sullivan and Jeffries, but puts the food away like a healthy young man with an open appetite.

"Jack Skelly, the former featherweight champion, recently astonished some of the natives of Yonkers by ordering a canvass-back duck stuffed with chestnuts and with a heavy fancy stuff on the side for lunch. When Skelly finished the repast his bill was something more than \$10. Pretty good lunch for a fistic guy, eh?"

"Gun Ruhlin's idea of a substantial meal is a big Dutch dinner with plenty of sauerkraut, limburger and beer on the side. He's a heavy feeder and is growing as fat as a prize porker.

"Take fighters in general and you'll find that they are all good eaters. If they don't know at first what things are good to eat they soon learn from the sporting men with whom they associate. The American pugilists are certainly the best food consumers of their English and Australian brethren never have the chance or the money to learn the art."

Thursday evening, September 2. At the Swedish Mission church, Twenty-third and DuSable, exercises will be held. The graduates are Pauline Rosette Gerock, Hilda Hall, Anna August Martin, Hilda Maria Goranson and Selma Maria Martin.

Funeral of Mrs. Catherine Holmes—The funeral of Mrs. Catherine Holmes, who was one of Douglas county's oldest residents, was held Saturday morning. The services took place at 8 o'clock at the residence of George Holmes, a son, living at 49 South Twenty-ninth street. Many of Mrs. Holmes' old pioneer friends attended. Interment was in St. Mary's cemetery.

Two Brothers Get Into Trouble—About the time Lloyd Tilson, a 14-year-old lad living at 2023 Paul street, was making good his escape from the Detention school his brother Harry, a few years older, was being taken to jail for disorderly conduct. Lloyd, who in company with Ed Harvey, also 14 years of age, escaped, has not been rearrested yet, but his brother is now in the hands of the juvenile officers.

Two Tales of Woe—William Kennard of Detroit told the police that he slept with Robert Doran at the Metropolitan hotel and when he awoke his money and Doran had gone. He is minus \$12. J. T. Cowhill of Chalaba, Kan., regrets that he left his grip in a saloon while seeing the town. His newly found friend, Clarence Vineyard, did the same, but inquiry by Cowhill at the saloon brought the information that Vineyard had returned for his grip and had also taken his friend's.

Widow Sues for Policy—Phoebe M. Ashton has brought suit against the Modern Woodmen of America for \$500, alleging

that a policy left by her husband, F. L. Ashton, has not been paid.

Sues Because Persecuted for Debt—Frank Bankson is suing Abraham Asinake for \$175 in county court, alleging that he has been persecuted by Asinake for a small debt and that suits have been brought against him in Justice Caldwell's court by Von Dorn, acting as Asinake's attorney, after he had confessed judgment and paid his debt.

Resolutions on Campbell's Death—Resolutions on the death of John M. Campbell, who was recently tried for arson, has sued the Columbia Fire Insurance company for \$50,000 personal damages. He declares that the arson charges were brought against him at the instigation of the insurance company to escape paying a \$2,500 policy which he held on \$4,900 worth of goods destroyed by fire at 1706 Chicago street a year ago. He was acquitted on the arson charge after a grand jury indictment and trial last spring.

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BRIEF CITY NEWS

Have Root Print It, Binschert, photographer, 15th & Farnam. Says, photo, removed to 15th & Howard.

E. E. Ambler, Ideal Estate, Loans, Insurance. Phone D. 5322, 415 Bee Bldg.

Equitable Life—Policies, eight drafts at maturity. H. D. Neely, manager, Omaha.

Saving Accounts in the Nebraska Savings and Loan Association earn six per cent, credited semi-annually. One dollar starts an account. 103 Farnam.

Second Coming of Christ—An address on the "Second Coming of Christ" will be given by S. W. Hoagland before the Omaha New Thought society Sunday evening. The meeting will be held in the Bohrbough building at 8 o'clock.

Schroeder to Change Viaduct—Councilman Schroeder will attempt to repeal the ordinance ordering the construction of a viaduct over the Union Pacific and Burlington tracks at Bancroft street and pass a new ordinance ordering the viaduct at Mason street.

Two Teamsters Arrested—Two South Omaha teamsters, Martin Demio and Gabo Acree, Austrians, are under arrest in the Omaha jail on the charge of fast and reckless driving. Complaints have been filed against them. Officer Willis made the arrests and Fritz Miller was the complainant.

Tap Gets Out of Ed Effing Charge—Although police officers affirm they bought beer of G. Y. Tonaka, a Japanese, at 1417 Douglas street Sunday, the Jap has been discharged in police court. He was tried on the charge of selling liquor on Sunday and without a license. A case of beer was seized when his place was raided.

Five Nurses to Be Graduated—Five nurses will be graduated from the training school of the Swedish Mission hospital

THE MAN WHO HAD A FIT

at my old location, can have a better one here now. My Cutter, Mr. Gabe Rasgorshek, and my Coat Shop Foreman, Mr. Henry Rasgorshek—who were both with me at the old stand—are with me now and exerting greater efforts to turn out faultless fitting garments. The man with modest tastes, as well as the one who desires the season's most striking novelties will find many patterns in my shop that will meet his requirements. Every style a new one—no old goods to slip the unsuspecting.

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