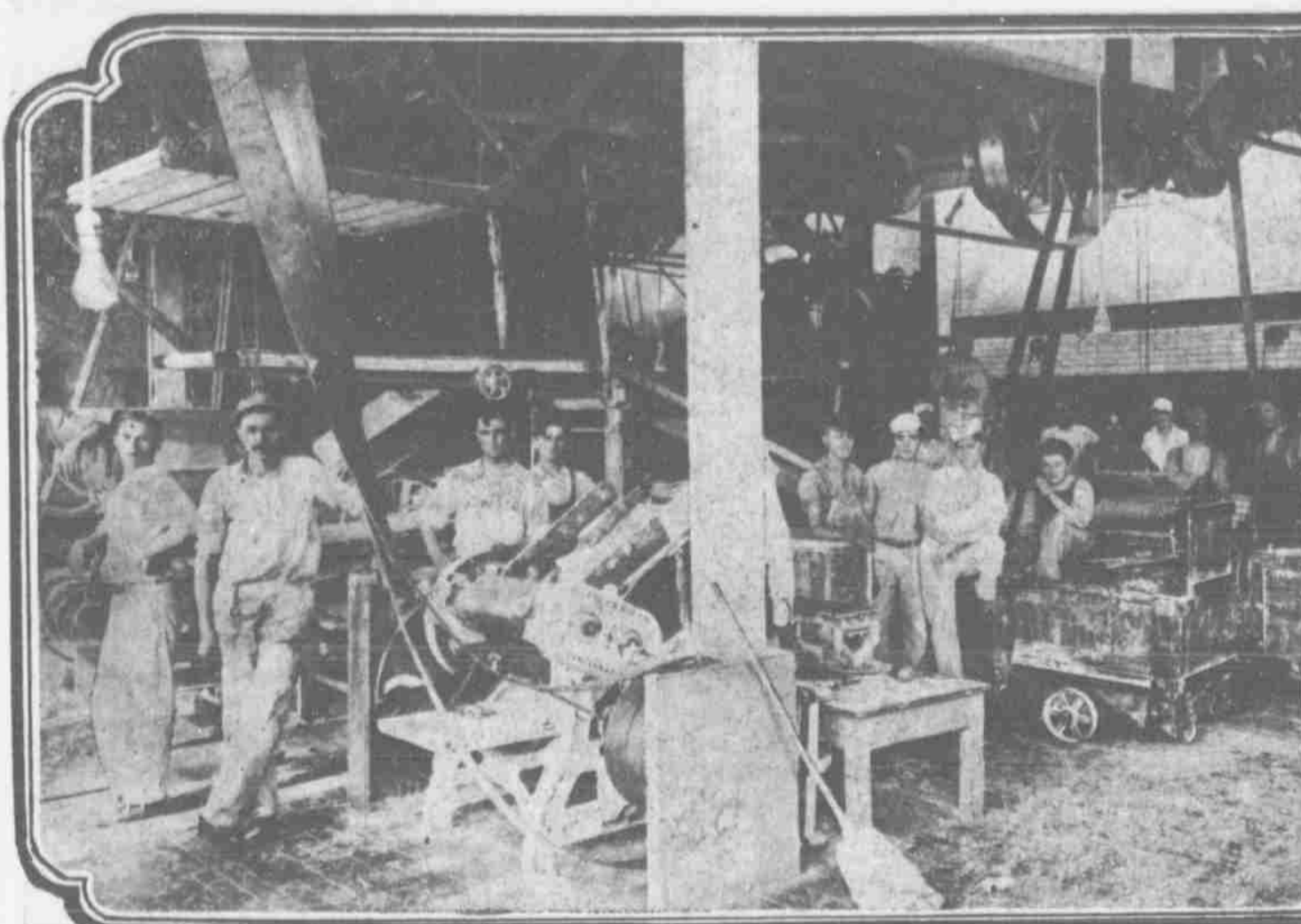


# Baking of Toothsome Biscuits a Great Industry in Omaha



**BAKERS AND OVENMEN WITH AN OVEN IN BACKGROUND**

**S**UGAR and spices and everything nice" always have constituted the heart of cakes, with flour as the solid body, of course. In these modern days the list will have to be lengthened to specify honey, lard, ginger, molasses, currants, nuts, raisins, chocolate, milk, eggs and some other articles. All of these ingredients are used in larger quantities in the biscuit factories of Omaha, and with results so pleasing to the people served that greatly enlarged capacity of production has been made necessary. Within a block of each other are situated the two new plants of the Loose-Wiles company and the Iken company, the first at Twelfth and Davenport and the latter at Twelfth and Capitol.

When these firms opened in Omaha for the making of a full line of "biscuits," as the trade term has it, they secured quarters in the best buildings available, but very soon they began to plan for new and larger buildings that would be put up especially to meet their needs. The Loose-Wiles company has been working in its new home for several months now, and the Iken company will start its first ovens before the close of the year. Mr. Iken has been giving his attention almost solely, since his foundations were in, to supervising the erection of his new plant. He has determined that it must be complete in every detail, and hence his anxiety to watch it grow as he wants it day after day.

### Work Done by Machinery.

In these great modern baking plants human hands never touch the dough or the finished product unless absolutely necessary, at the packing tables and perhaps in transferring the mixed dough from the troughs to the machines that roll, shape, cut and forward it to and through the ovens.

For tomorrow's baking sponge is set this morning and at 3 o'clock, while the city is sleeping and dreaming, the bakers start their work. On the mixing floor are great oblong troughs, clean as a new whistle, and when the sponge and flour have been put in according to rule a trough is wheeled under the automatic mixer. Then a lever is thrown, the paddle wheels of the machine are lowered into the trough and the mixing goes on with a steadiness and a regularity not possible to the human hands. But careful oversight is given the machine while it is doing its work and when the dough is just right, the paddle wheel contrivance is raised and the trough whisked away to the molding machine. It requires but four minutes to mix five barrels of dough.

These latter have hoppers in some cases, through which the dough is fed to cutters, which automatically chop out the desired shape and the softest moist drops in regular order onto a greased pan, one of many carried along at a regular rate of speed. As fast as a pan is filled a man jerks it off and places it on a frame of the revolving oven. Half a dozen of these large pans fill each frame, which then sinks down to the bottom of the oven, heated by coke fed into the fireboxes on the floor

below. One revolution is sufficient for the baking, and as each frame of the heated Perry's wheel appears at the oven door it is lifted out and placed on a continually moving elevator full of shelves. This elevator moves slowly and by the time the pans reach the packing floor the product is cool enough to be handled by the girls at the packing tables.

**Rolling Crackers.**  
In the making of crackers the dough is first flattened out to the thickness probably half an inch. Then it is fed through a set of steel rolls which crush it "as flat as a pancake" and a mat box set on the machine lets down its contents constantly. At the same time another roll is cutting blades in the sheet of dough and cutting it to the proper size. As it reaches the men at the oven they dip very thin slices under the five or six dozen of the molded crackers and transfer them to the oven. It is a fast process and a great many thousand crackers or other forms of biscuit are turned out in a day.

The finished product is not allowed to accumulate or stand exposed to the air; but is packed while warm into air tight cartons lined with a peculiar kind of paper. These go to other tables for wrapping and labeling as fast as they are filled, while the packers are kept supplied with new cartons carried along on a series of moving shelves from a little platform where half a dozen girls are feeding cardboard and paper to shaping machines that make a carton in a fraction of a minute. Every-

thing that can be done by automatic machinery is done, only the filling of the cartons and tin boxes and the wrapping and labeling being left to hand work.

**Making the Sweets.**  
In another part of the factory fillings and trimmings—chocolate, nut tins, marshmallows are prepared. Taking the trays full of cakes, girls cover them with marshmallow or chocolate, or place nuts on top; but here is a bank of dipping machines for our six kinds of cakes. These machines are equipped with steel porcelain, the spines being represented by pins. On these are stuck the product to be dipped and the machine carries them into and through a trough heated by hot water. They come out covered with whatever material is used and move along until cool, when the units are picked off and packed into their proper receptacles. The factory name for these machines is being trolleys and in the new Iken plant there will be half a dozen of these 35-foot long.

Both of these new buildings will stand comparison with any similar factories in the United States. Each one is five stories and basement. Cleanliness and sanitation, light and ventilation, are here found at their highest development. The Iken factory will be the largest of the two, having six of the large ovens against three in the Loose-Wiles plant. It will be called the "Snow White Bakers" in the advertising of the firm, and will deserve the name.

Each factory is also equipped with what

are known as hand ovens, which will later on be utilized for the baking of special goods, such as fruit and pound cakes and other high class products wanted for special occasions or purposes. At present this class of goods is not made by the factories in the west. They are made in the east, and consequently is imported from England.

**Special Kind of Flour Used.**  
Of the special kind of flour used in the making of biscuits, large quantities are used daily in the two Omaha factories, something like 28 barrels every twenty-four hours. This particular grade of flour is not now made in Omaha, but the Updeke and the Maney Milling companies are giving some attention to the possibility of producing it here. The soft variety of wheat required is grown only in Kansas, Missouri, Illinois and Indiana. The hard wheat of Nebraska and Minnesota will not, it has been found, make biscuits that the public will consume and ask for more.

Besides flour, both concerning purchases and use large quantities of butter, beet sugar, New Orleans molasses, kettle rendered lard, in the making of their product, and cardboard, paper, wood, tin, and printing ink, in their packing departments. The cartons and tin boxes are made in the east and brought here by the railroad; and the particular kind of lumber used for the boxes comes from the south.

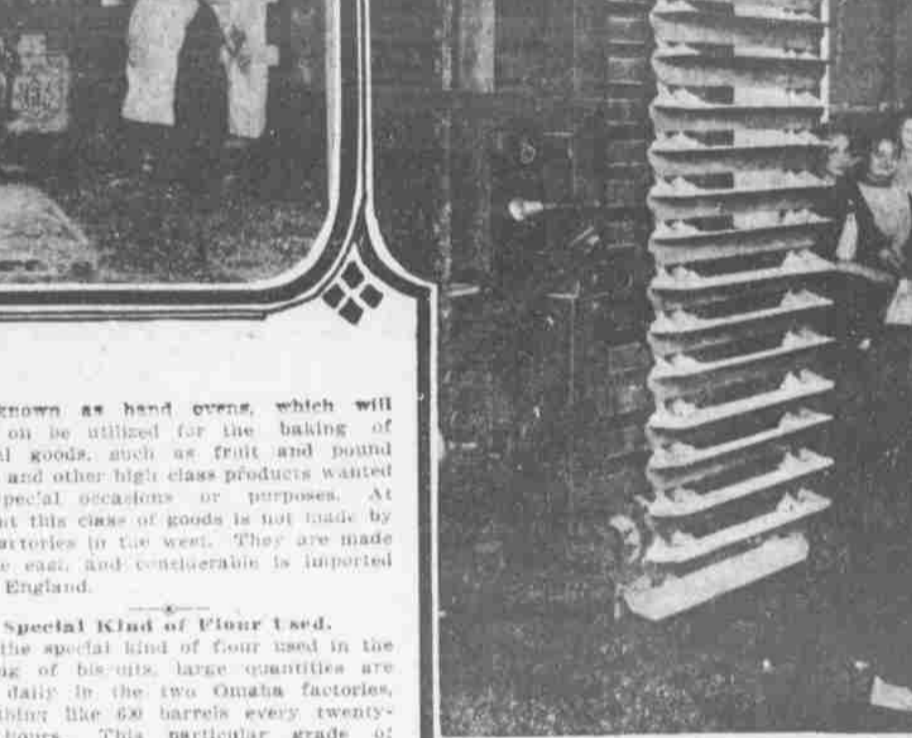
**Figures on Raw Material.**  
Getting down to actual figures, the



**THE HOME OF THE IKEN BISCUIT CO. 1212 AND CAPITOL AVENUE**



**LOOSE-WILES FACTORY - 1212 AND DAVENPORT**



**GROUP IN THE PACKING ROOM**

Loose-Wiles company is now using 25 barrels of flour a day, with 2200 pounds of lard, 500 pounds of butter and twenty pounds of yeast. Every month the factory requires two carloads of sugar, one car of molasses and six cars of boxes. The carton stuff also runs into very large figures each month, as will be readily understood when it is known the monthly shipments from this one plant total between \$2000 and \$3000. When the new Iken factory is opened, with its six ovens, its consumption of raw material and output of finished product will largely exceed the above figures.

The two biscuit factories, when in full operation, will have between 20 and 1000 people on their payrolls. Many of these are women and girls, of course, who work by the piece; and they make good wages,

according to the figures of the firms concerned, especially those of them who are extra fast and handy. The bakers and machine tenders and oven men are all high priced labor.

### All Baking on Top Floors.

For sanitary reasons, to be away from the dust of the street, all the ovens are on the top floor, and from the main floor to the baking floor every atom of dust or litter is kept closely cleaned up. "We're always cleaning," said the foreman in the Loose-Wiles plant, and one could well believe him, as men with brooms and mops are to be encountered at almost every turn. Broken biscuits are ground into cracker flour, for the use of restaurants and hotels, to be used in the

kitchens, and makes the very best kind of "rolling" for divers and sundry palatable luxuries of the table.

Omaha can take a high degree of pride in its two new biscuit factories. No better or more modern plants are to be found in the world. That their product is popular with the consumer is amply proven by the demand for the goods. Increased facilities will make it possible for Omaha-made biscuits to be distributed in a wider territory than at present, and the resulting benefit to the firms concerned will most certainly redound to the benefit of the city. Even the large buildings now occupied will soon be outgrown, beyond any doubt, and if a proper flour can be brought here and ground no man can see limits to the growth of this great industry.

## Gossip and Stories About People of Note

### Williams' Reply to Blaine.

**O**NLY the other day in Barron county, Kan., that sent to both sides in 1861 more than her quota of soldiers, there was a reunion of the Sixth Kentucky regiment of the Confederate army. Only twenty-four veterans who wore the gray were there, and for guests they had but three veterans who wore the blue. Soon there will be no more of that "thin gray line," and a little later there will be no more of that thick blue line on the other side. They are passing fast.

It was called the "Orphan brigade" for two reasons, relates the Washington Post. It had more commanders killed on the field of battle than any other brigade of either army; and it went out, though its state stayed in.

And that makes pertinent an anecdote at the expense of James G. Blaine, who never tired of telling it. John S. Williams, not our own present John Sharp, however, when a captain and a boy of 14 led the charge in Mexico at the bloody battle of Cerro Gordo, and his brilliant feat turned the tide and snatched glorious victory from the jaws of disastrous defeat. He henceforth was known as Cerro Gordo Williams. He says Blaine was senator in congress some thirty years ago. One day the plumed knight came on the floor with a chip on his shoulder, and proceeded to make a furious bloody-shirt speech, in which he remarked, "As for the junior senator from Kentucky, he was so swift to destroy the best government in the world that he went out, though his state stayed in." To that old Cerro Gordo grimly retorted, "And therein I differ from the senator from Maine. He

stayed out, though his state went in."

**What Mrs. Harriman is Doing.**  
Mrs. Edward H. Harriman has now been in complete control of her late husband's estate a year, and it may therefore not be untimely to ask how a woman, thought to be but slightly familiar with business concerns, has acquitted herself of new and manifold duties during that time.

She has managed a street railway and lighting plant and a hotel in Georgia, a gold mine in South Dakota, an iron mine, a dairy farm, a bank and a road building company in New York, a blast furnace in Pennsylvania, and lesser enterprises elsewhere; in addition to which she has attended counsel in Wall street, directed an army of men at Tower Hill, and performed the duties of a mother to her five children.

It is not to be supposed that she has attended to these duties without the best and ablest of assistance. Some of the lieutenants who served her late husband have been retained in her employ, and much of the work for which she is finally responsible goes forward, undoubtedly, as if it were automatically done.

But the fact remains, relates the St. Louis Times, that all these enterprises have flourished just as they did during the lifetime of Mr. Harriman—even the enterprise of caring for her children, to which she might have devoted her entire time in former years.

Another enterprise which has even surpassed its former record is that of the Harriman philanthropies. From the removal of a debt of over \$200,000 on a boys' club in San Francisco to countless smaller benefactions, this woman has been constantly alert and busy.

All this may be cited not so much to prove that a woman has executive ability

when the time comes for her to demonstrate it, but to ask the question: Is it not highly probable, in the light of what has happened during the last year, that it was not really Edward H. Harriman who amassed so large a fortune, but, instead, the firm of Harriman & Co., the company being this amazingly good and clever woman?

**Carriage and the Cop.**  
There's a watchman on duty in the State, War and Navy building in Washington who resembles very closely Andrew Carnegie, and every morning Sergeant Curtis of the White House police force has something to say to the watchman about Carnegie and Carnegie's money.

One morning just before the president left Washington for his summer vacation, relates the Popular Magazine, Curtis saw the watchman going on his way to his post across the street and sang out: "You blasted bondholder! Why don't you come across with some of the money you are hoarding up? There are plenty of people who need it, and I am one of them."

"What's that?" asked the watchman, turning to Curtis suddenly.

It was then that Curtis, much abashed, saw that he had been talking to the real Carnegie.

**Edwin Forrest Worked in Shop.**  
It has been said that the King of Prussia was a landmark, and so it was. Opposite to it was the first Moravian church, another landmark in its time. From both of these structures strangers in the neighborhood were guided. We learn, says the Philadelphia Ledger, that the shop in which Edwin Forrest as a boy worked was next to the King of Prussia. The number, at that time, was 71, and the embryonic tragedian's employers were Baker & Son.

The Bakers were importers of German goods, and the elder member of the firm sadly shook his head at his young clerk, who was accustomed to pass more time in the company of a play book than he was in his duties. It is related that Mr. Baker, who is described as a very worthy and pious man, remarked one day to Forrest, in his own peculiar style and manner: "Edwin, my boy, this theatrical infatuation will be your ruin." The worthy man, of course, intended his remarks to apply to his apprentice's infatuation for theatricals.

**A Democrat Still.**  
The death of the well-known New York democrat, David Bennett 140, death a little space of the campaign of 1862. The democratic national convention was held at Chicago. The money question was a paramount issue and its consideration called forth much fervid oratory, logical and otherwise—chiefly the latter.

Hill and Bryan were the chief exponents of the two sides of the question, respectively, relates the Kansas City Journal. They had a great battle before the committee and Bryan won. Again on the floor of the convention, they clashed, and the Nebraska was victorious again. A well-known Kansas democrat, who was a member of the committee in commenting on the contest later on, said that the reason Bryan outpointed Hill in their debates was because Bryan knew both sides of the question and knew Hill's side better than Hill himself.

The evening after that battle a number of Kansas called upon Senator Hill at his hotel. Senator John Martin of Kansas introduced the victors. Among them was Fred Vandegriff.

"Senator," said Van, "I like your expression. I am a democrat! I think that it speaks hope for our party."

"Which is your party?" asked Hill.

"The democratic party," Van replied.

Hill laid his hand on the shoulder of the Kansas newspaper man and said: "I am a democrat still—very still!"

## Selections From the Story Tellers' Pack

### Judge Parker's Story.

**J**A three-cornered conversation recently, Judge Parker related in it's fact that there are so many German-Americans.

"These solid and industrious men are a great boon to our country," he said. "There are a lot of them, but I wish there were more."

"Oh, my! I wish to Europe one of my neighbors in the dining saloon picked up a card the first day-out and, glancing down it, said to the steward:

"Steward, my wife and I will have a bottle of salt, a half bottle of Niersteiner and a half bottle of Oppenheimer."

"Big pardon," said the steward, "that isn't the wine card, sir. That's the passenger list."

"My friend had imagined he was selecting Rhine wines," New York Telegraph.

### Chief Justice Chase's View.

When Chief Justice Chase chose to understand himself he could be witty as well as wise. At a social gathering in his house, when he was secretary of war, the subject of taxation having been mooted, a distinguished naval officer present said he had paid all his taxes except the income tax.

"I have a little property," said he, "which brings me a yearly rental, but the tax gatherers have not spotted it. I do not know whether I ought to let the thing go on that way or not. What would you do if you were in my place, Mr. Chase?"

There was a merry twinkle in the eyes of Mr. Chase as he answered: "I think it is the duty of every man to live unspotted as long as he can."—Washington Post.

### Nothing to Be Proud Of.

Francis Shunk Brown, attorney for the legislative committee to consider and re-

port on a revision of the corporation and revenue laws of the state has been invited to the written views of every one who may have an idea to suggest toward the settlement of the difficult task.

He has received them by the thousand. All have been given prompt attention. Some have appealed to the lawyer's sense of humor.

One man in the western part of the state desired provisions made for spending millions of dollars for new roads. In acknowledgment the man's letter Mr. Brown advised him that it was impossible at present, because to get the money the state would have to go into debt. He reminded the man that many Pennsylvanians take pride in the fact that the state does not "owe a dollar."

"Neither does a tramp," was the brief answer received from the disgruntled correspondent.—Philadelphia Times.

### Took Them for Insects.

Woodrow Wilson, former president of Princeton, said at a recent dinner in the university town:

"When all the world is well educated, as all the world will be some day, then it will be better for everybody. Some foolish people, though, don't care to see all the world educated. These people want to shine—and to shine, of course, one must have darkness."

"But that is a poor way to look at it. Those ambitious people should rather say, the more education, the more appreciation."

"There's nothing more disagreeable than a want of appreciation, you know. A multimillionaire returned to his native village and erected a marble palace on a hilltop there. One day, after the palace was completed, he said to the postmaster and the

crowd of loiterers in the general stores: "Boys, my million-dollar house up on the hill is simply full of 'Titians.'"

"The loiterers exchanged looks of surprise and horror, and the postmaster exclaimed: "Good gracious! Ain't there no way o' killin' 'em?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Onto His Job.**  
Attorney General Wickersham is a great story teller. He brought the following tale back from the northwest and told it at the White House.

A man there was who was in mortal fear of his wife, especially when he indulged in spirits to excess and forgot to go home until the early hours of the morning. One night he drank until he became hilarious, and it was in the small hours of the morning that he reached his home. He gained an entrance without arousing his sleeping spouse.

Shoeless he climbed the stairway, opened the door of the bedroom, entered and closed it after him without being detected. Just as he was about to get into bed his wife, half roused from her slumber, turned and sleepily said: "Is that you, pig?"

The husband, telling the rest of the story, replied: "For once in my life I had real presence of mind. I looked her hand."—Washington Herald.

**A Realist on Hope.**  
William Dean Howells, discussing realism at one of his Sunday afternoons in New York, let fall a neat epigram on hope.

"Hope," said the famous novelist, "is not really an angel in a diaphanous robe of white, but only the wisp of hay held before the donkey's nose to make him go."—New York Times.