AUTOMOBILES

PARIS ON A SUNDAY OUTING

French Merrymakers at Suburban Resort.

DANCING AT SCEAUX-ROBINSON

Dining in the Treetops—Open Air Cafe-Chantant—A Joke on Cabby —Holiday Diversions of the Crowd.

PARIS, Sept. 11.—It was estimated on one August Sunday recently that some 600,000 persons left Paris on the trams, the Metro, the railroads and in automobiles and other conveyances for an outing in the suburbs. A fair proportion of this crowd went to Sceaux-Robinson, which to the foreigners owes much of its attraction to the fact that the majority of its pleasure seekers are French.

Going by the Metro-Paris subway you choke and gasp and choke and gasp in a way that your countrymen never suffered even in the early days of New York's underground, and when you think that you are at your last gasp the train suddenly shoots into the open and from that moment to the end of your journey you traverse a country that offers features of interest. There are the red and gray roofs of happy villagers—at least you assume them to be happy, for those who salute the train or watch it pass are either laughing or exchanging friendly blows. Many of them are workmen, some in holiday attire, others in clean blouses which reach to the knee and have a holiday stiffness.

Playground of Middle Class.

There are many children here, which differentiates the suburbs from the city, where the sight of a child is a novelty, and at each stopping of the train crowds get on or off. Lovers are frankly affectionate and usually walk with their arms about each other or with firm grip of tangled fingers. There are American students with sketch books and with French companions, and there are families which include a grandma holding a great-grandchild by the hand, the intervening generations escorting the pair and looking out for the faltering steps of both with equal concern and joyous merriment when either faintly stumbles.

Sceaux-Robinson does not attract the fashionable crowds on Saturday, when it is the rendezvous for wedding parties who begin their honeymoon in its wooded attractions, nor do they come on Sunday. But if one desires to see Paris of the middle classes and the workaday element enjoying its weekly leisure you could not do better than form one of the crowd that ascends the dusty slopes that lead from the noisy station.

What it Means to Louise.

In this crowd you will notice the Paris midinettes, the Louises, whom Charpentier has made operatically famous. They have been famous before in other ways and will continue to furnish themes for song and story, just as long as they continue to be good looking and chic. Where the American shop girl would start for her day of merrymaking in a muslin or cotton gown and return after the arduous chase of pleasure as much rumpled as to frock as she is to spirit, the midinette with a truer sense of economy has her fete gown of some soft woollen material, which looks as well when she starts for home as before she accepted the invitation for her first dance.

You need to see her dance in order to appreciate the significance of this compliment. It is an arduous pursuit when you consider that her working hours have been spent standing behind the counters of shops or walking as model to and fro in the tiring round of the showrooms and her leisure hours have been spent in sewing, repairing, washing and arranging for her weekly outing, with such few moments of pleasure as she can snatch here and there, eluding oftentimes the watchful parental eye. For it is not the only fanciful Louise who has trouble with her family. It is noted that a goodly number of the shopgirls having finished their dance return to the family circle, while the masculine escort undergoes a scrutiny when he comes and goes which may imply explanation later on.

But out of the range of that watchfulness Louise flaunts her plumage, dances the twostep with the peculiar wiggly addendum that the midinettes adopt, a sideways motion impossible to describe, and seems never to tire. The orchestra in the frequent dancing halls that sprinkle the path of the slope play with short intervals between the valses and reply good humoredly to the frequent "Bis!" when the time is particularly well marked or the melody one of close acquaintance. "The Merry Widow" waltz is the greatest favorite of all, and from twenty or thirty platforms you hear its alluring notes.

Sit as Long as You Like.

The floors of the platforms are well polished and about them the lookerson take their gurgling refreshments at hundreds of little tables which are never empty. There is here, as in all Paris, the invariable rule that having once secured a seat no time limit prevails. You may sip a glass of mineral water, a cafe noir, and remain for a couple of hours. No one looks as if you had overstayed your welcome. Neither the proprietor nor the waiters hover in your vicinity and force you by wireless demand to order something you do not want, a custom which prevails in some Anglo-Saxon cities and summer resorts.

Here too come the midinettes, after the dances, and with their swthehearts or chance acquaintances, if not in company with their families. They usually call for some innocuous liquid refreshment, which is sippd slowly until are heard the opening bars of the next waltz, when Louise swallows what remains fiercely, for nothing, neither flirtation nor feed nor drink, is as important in her scheme of pleasure as the movement of the dance.

Occasionally a grandmother rises, takes her charge, a boy or girl of 6 years or thereabouts, and the two dance to an accompaniment of handclapping.

After them a fashionable pair or quartet look about as if apologizing for the Bohemianism of the act and whirl toward the other whirling couples.

A couple of American women leave their party, attempt the wiggly twostep and fall flat, while the French dancers smile.

A trio of French artists come and sit at the table near your own. They are utterly oblivious of the scene and their talk is the jargon of the schools. They might be American actors for any interest they show outside of their own professional doings.

What They Said.

One of them says, and you interrupt your watching of a graceful midinette in green, her hat garlanded with tiny pink rose garlands, her frock a dainty confection hand embroidered, to listen.

"When an American artists wants to do something original he paints a red-headed girl looking in a mirror, the French artist paints nude a woman taking a bath," one of them is saying.

Then your glance is attracted by another trio, young business men these or perhaps men of leisure; at any rate they are on a holiday and they are daring each other to attempt a joke. One of them at length accedes and rising carries a glass of foaming beer to the sidewalk, where a caby, fast asleep, his reins in his hands and his horse patiently waiting his awakening, has located himself right outside of this special dancing hall. The young man holds the beer under the cabby's nose and those near enough can watch the dreaming expression change into one of ecstasy. Finally waking with blinking eyes, as if he feared to lose by that act the vision he was enjoying, the cabby, ejaculates his delight when he realizes that for once the fancy has materialized into fact.

The crowd, ever ready to appreciate a joke, no matter how crude, clap their hands, and after drinking his demi brune the cocher whips his horse and in a cloud of dust vanishes from the sight.

At the Shooting Gallery.

After this the march is resumed and your next stop is at a shooting gallery, where a young Englishman with all the hall marks of the territorial nonchalantly smashes with a very indifferent rifle caracoling hares and eggs, which appear and disappear from a fountain in the rear, their motion rather similar to the midinette waltz. The proprietor of the gallery, who separates himself after this feat from three very bad cigars, watches territorial's departure with unconcealed delight.

His feat over a couple of Frenchmen take up an interrupted story. It relates to the shooting experience of an English guest on the preserves of his French host. Accustomed to the abundance of game on his home grounds, the visitor was surprised to tramp for an hour without any sign of life. Finally a rabbit speeds across his path and he raises his rifle, but the gamekeeper cluched his arm.

"Not that," he whispered softly. "That was Pierre; we never shoot Pierre."

The markman desists. A moment later a second rabbit flees in the other direction; again the raised rifle and again the agonized voice of the keeper: "Monsieur pour l'amour de Dieu; that was Gaston! He is never shot at." The third rabbit passes and the wearied Englishman does not attempt to stay its flight. Great disappointment on the part of the keeper, who whispers:

"Why did you not shoot, sir? That was Jacques. We always shoot Jacques."

At the Cafe Chantant.

Then you tarry at an open air cafe chantant, where a red curtain is stretched from tree to tree and the numbers are preceded by tinny notes played on what one of your party denominates "a horseless piano." When your ears are sufficiently antagonized the curtains are suddenly drawn and a stout lady in spangled gown, whose vintage is as certain as her age, sings nasally a semi-comic song. Her custume is low-necked and a long train winds serpentinely along the restricted space and is lost to view in the inner room. She is followed by a woman of about her years and size, with a gown that rises delicately to the ears but leaves the knees exposed.

The song seems to be the same, but you are told by a French scolar that it is not; that while the other spoke of the inevitable unhappiness that rises from the introduction of a triangle into the geometrical simplicity of parallel lines the second on the contrary was all about nightingales and blue skies and love. When you return some four hours later over this same route, the troubles of the triangle, the joys of the nightingale and the solace of love are being sung by the same voices on the same platform to the same horseless piano accompaniment, and a crowd similar in numbers and enthusiasm are applauding.

Soldier Boy is Busy.

Then you walk deftly over yards of confetti thrown by the merrymakers. Some French soldiers in red coats and some in blue, all alike, misshapen and ill fitting, a fact upon which the army prides itself, so you are told, walk by, their arms upholding clinging young women who look with adoring glances that could not be easier to decipher were you strolling on the Strand and meeting Tommy Atkins and his 'ousemaid.

Every once in a while you pass a reserved space near the roadway where serene faced donkeys are being bargained for, and the bargains completed; a procession forms sometimes of children, sometimes of rollicking youths, their feet trailing in the dust or their knees hunched up to their ears. Once a stately English woman with severe tailormade suit goes slowly by on a particularly small donkey, and at her side, similarly mounted, is a short thickset woman sitting astride.

You pass a score of men and women in fantastic costumes with paper caps, harlequins and columbines, pierrots and pierrettes singing songs and throwing confetti and flowers at each other and the crowd. Every once in a while a great omnibus or market wagon is driven by, with one, two or three horses, the reins falling free, and the crowd inside peering out through the web of green boughs with which it is covered.

Soused, but Refined.

A drunken man bars your progress. He is the only one you see—or hear—during the day, and you are assured by the Paris residents of your party that it is almost unheard of for the Frenchman to forget himself to that extent. But even in his maudlin state he exhibits a certain refinement of view.

"Paris is beautiful," he announces, "and its environs are most beautiful of all. That is why"—a low sweep of the straw hat and a corresponding bow of the body, which regains its equilibrium with difficulty—"that is why I choose to remain in the environs."

He allows you to pass on.

You notice few gendarmes, a striking contrast to the over-policed condition of London wherever there is a so-called merrymaking.

The special allurement of Sceaux-Robinson is the privilege of dining in the top of a tree. The big chestnut trees have been utilized for the purpose. On each one in turn is a placard announcing that this is "The True Tree." Veritable houses, with thatched roofs, are built securely on platforms upheld by the big branches. In a cluster of two or three trees a perpendicular row of thatched roofs may be seen, the houses numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and the last from the ground is scarcely visible through the thick leafage.

Dining in a Treetop.

Winding stairways lead from house to house and if you happen to have engaged the topmost one, passing by the others, you perchance note a red cloth curtain drawn and sounds that may be the murmuring protest of champagne corks, or may not. You may see a family party, the heads of the establishment still puffing and blowing from the arduous climb and the children ecstatically pointing out people on the ground below who have suddenly grown insignificant in size. Midway up the final stairway you note the one blot in a charming landscape, a huge building, with narrow, high facades topped by an enormous sign, "New York Garage."

Fastened at intervals in the trees are pulley ropes and at the end of the ropes are circular baskets in which the bottles of wine, bread and other elements of the dinner that will not be harmed by jarring, are deposited and drawn up to the various tree houses. The service of this sort is supplemented by that of fat waiters who puff up and down stairs.

From your lofty perch in the tree tops you gaze down upon a multitude of humanities, all vitally energetic. There are swings that move here and there to dizzy heights, the girls surrounding them shrieking to their escorts to be careful. Seesaws bump up and down and couples dance amid the trees. Diners in other trees some further up in the air, some to be looked down upon, wave glasses of foaming bubbles when your glances meet. Occasionally a breeze blows and the thatched cottages vibrate gently.

When the Twilight Comes.

The dinner is particularly good. There is even cracked ice served, as if each separate piece was a diamond of corresponding size. The garcon tries to illumine the swinging electric bulb over the center of the table, but that is too incongruous and the coffee is taken in the rapidly growing twilight.

It is a twilight which creeps upon you unaware. You see the red roofs fade slowly into rose and that in turn is in a moment a salmon pink with high yellow lights. Suddenly everything is blotted out, the ugly sign of the garage is lost in the shadows, only a patch of ecru stucco here and there shows where a moment before were villas. The fireworks breaks into baskets of falling stars, red, green, golden, blue and white with a crackling sound. The orchestra begins with renewed zest "Boheme"; the "Intermezzo," the "Merry Widow," and the popular twostep. You hear the patter of dancing feet on the platform below; you distinguish the shrieks of different nationalities testifying their superabundant delight. The electric bulbs begin to glisten in the neighboring trees, some of them dimly radiant through the hanging curtains.

The Paris Sunday of the bourgeois of the midinettes of the tourists and of Sceaux-Robinson is nearly over.

Women Fight for Death Giving Bottle of Acid

One Struggles to Kill Herself, While Other Strives to Thwart Her Effort.

Two women fought furiously at 2323 Harney street for the possession of a cup of carbolic acid, which one of them, Marie Buran, 20 years of age, attempted to drink with suicidal intent.

Mrs. Rose Hanson, a domestic at the house, prevented her, after sustaining severe burns on the arms from the spilled acid. The Buran woman is cook at the house, which is a boarding house known as "The Harney" and conducted by a man named Lihn.

"Let me drink it. I want to die," Miss Buran cried as she attempted to raise the cup of poison to her lips and Mrs. Hanson sprang to prevent her. A rough and tumble fight ensued and both were burned by the acid.

Most of the poison being spilled over the floor and the arms of the two combatants, the Buran woman started to lick the acid from her arms in hope the small amount she would get that way would kill her.

A love affair between the Buran woman and a South Omaha man named Hart, Mrs. Hanson says, caused the young woman to attempt suicide.

Miss Buran is being closely watched so that she may not repeat her attempt to end her life.

WOODMEN QUIT AND KEEP MUM

Council Adjourns Without Making Announcement Regarding Building Site.

The executive council of the Woodmen of the World has adjourned without announcing its decision. That a decision has been reached is generally believed, although officially this is denied. The site in question may be Eighteenth and Douglas, where the Air Dome stands. There are reasons, at least, for believing that this corner now has the call. The property is owned by E. A. Cudahy, who bought it last spring from Miss Hanscom through John L. Kennedy.

The council did announce that architects for the new building had been selected, a fact which is further evidence that a decision has been reached. The architects will be Fisher & Lawrie of Omaha and Holabird & Roche of Chicago. The latter firm has the new City National bank building. The Woodmen building will be in the Italian renaissance style. The number of stories is not given out, but it will be in the neighborhood of seventeen.

"The executive council will meet again in the near future," declared J. C. Root "We have appointed the architects and that is far as we have gone."

Harry Tukey, agent for E. A. Cudahy, was the only real estate man who was closeted with the council at its last session. He remained for a long time behind the closed and locked doors which have shut the council from the rest of the building.

SILENT TRIBUTE TO CHIEF

Union Pacific Headquarters and Shops Close All Day in Respect to Harriman.

The Union Pacific headquarters and the Union Pacific shops were closed all day Saturday to show respect to the memory of E. H. Harriman. The headquarters building was draped from top to bottom with yards and yards of black bunting. All trains on the Union Pacific and all work will stop for five minutes Sunday afternoon at the time set for the funeral, under orders from A. L. Mohler, vice president and general manager.

Other Indications.

"Hello!"
"Hello!"
"Is that you, Maria?"
"Yes, John, and you have been drinking again."
"How do you know?"
"By your breath."
"You can't make me believe you can detect it on my breath at the distance of four miles."
"No; but I can hear the wire shriveling."
—Chicago News.

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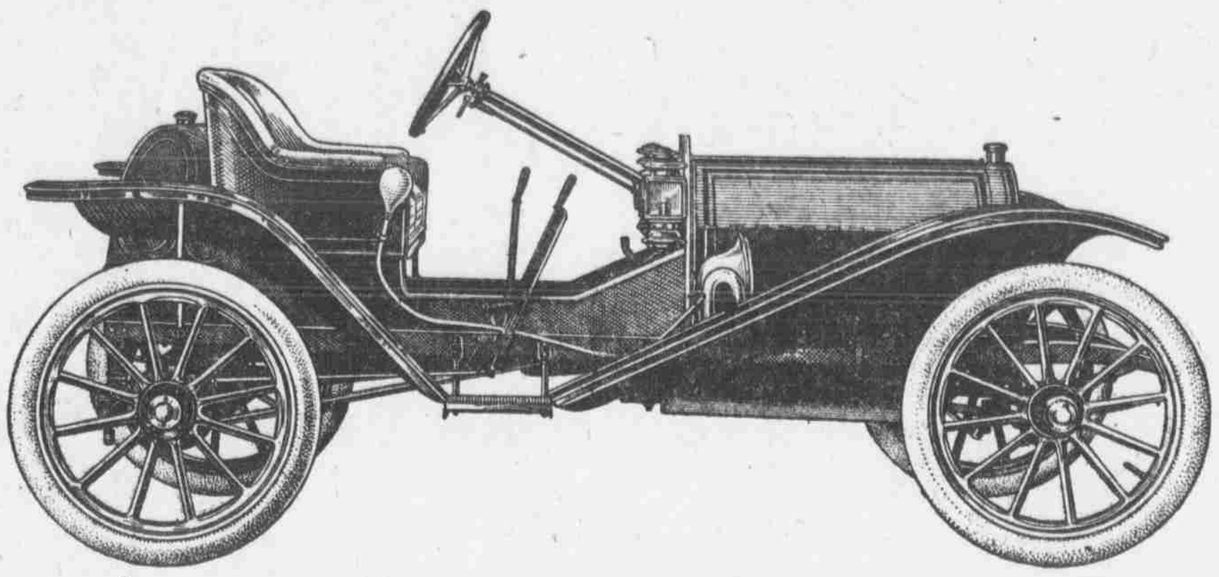

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What people are saying in this community about the Hupmobile they are saying in every other community from coast to coast.

No other car has ridden so quickly into widespread popular approval.

Everybody has a good word for the Hupmobile—and nobody can find any room for criticism.

It is the first small car ever built in this country that is in every way as good as the most expensive large car.

It is the first small car ever built in this country possessing real dash and individuality in design.

Most small cars are makeshifts in material, in construction and design—the Hupmobile is just as good in proportion and just as smart in appearance as the finest big car.

If it were a large car, we could not afford to make it so good.

And you can be absolutely certain, if you see a larger car advertised at an approximate price, that the manufacturer has skimped somewhere—either in material or workmanship.

A finer or better power plant you will not find in any car. Other engines are larger, but none is built of better materials or with more careful workmanship.

Specifications

ENGINE—4 cyl., 20 H. P., 3¼ in. bore, 3⅝ in. stroke; water cooled; offset crank shaft; fan bladed fly wheel in front; Parsons white bronze bearings; noiseless cam shaft.
TRANSMISSION—Selective sliding gears, shifting without noise.
CLUTCH—Multiple disc type, running in oil.
REAR AXLE—Shaft drive.
BRAKES—Two front and two emergency (internal expanding lined with Thermoid on rear hubs.
IGNITION—Bosch high tension magneto.
TIRES—30x3 inches.
WHEEL BASE—86 inches.
TREAD—56 inches.
SPRINGS—Semi-elliptical front, patented cross spring rear.
EQUIPMENT—Two side and tail oil lamps, dragon horn, tools, repair kit, pump.
WEIGHT—1,100 pounds, regular equipment.

The ignition equipment is the Bosch high tension magneto—the same as supplied on the costly large cars. And the Hupmobile is the only small car equipped with this world famous magneto without extra charge.

It is the same way throughout—in the sturdy strength of the axles; the pressed steel frame; the noiseless sliding gears—there is not a single point on which just crticism can be made.

If you can afford to maintain two cars—one of them should by all means be a Hupmobile.

And if you do put a Hupmobile in your garage alongside of your big car you will find that involuntarily you will turn to it ten times to the once you use the larger one.

On the other hand, if you can have but one car, the Hupmobile's obvious adavntages — low first cost and low cost of maintainance—will appeal to you all the more strongly.

See the car.

Arrange at once for a demonstration, and you will realize what a wonderful little car it is.

On the Brighton Beach track, August 27, the $750 Hupmobile defeated two S. T. O. French cars, listing at $2,100; one Allen-Kingston $3,000, and one Mitchell, $2,000, in the six hour race, covering 226 miles.

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Pope Waverly Electric coupe, brand new exide battery	750
Upton, 4 cyl., 30 h. p., 5 pass., very fast	450
Ford Runabout, 4 cyl., 15 h. p., top, lamps, tools, etc.	250
Ford "S" Roadster, 1908 machine in excellent condition	475
Buick Runabout, type 10, 4 cyl., 20 h. p., 3 months old	675
Locomobile Roadster, 4 cyl., 20 h. p., a hill climber	300
Rainier, 4 cyl., 30 h. p., 7 pass., magneto ignition	1,250
Rambler, 2 cyl., 12 h. p., surrey type	350
Kiblinger High Wheel Auto, brand new, fitted with top, lamps, tools, etc.	325
Buick Runabout, 2 cyl., 12 h. p.	475
Cadillac Touring Car, "M", just repainted	400
Winton, 2 cyl., 12 h. p., 5 pass., detachable tonneau	300
Queen, 4 cyl., 30 h. p., 5 pass., new car	950
Holsman High Wheel Auto, perfect condition throughout	200
Rambler, 2 cyl., 5 pass., top, glass front, 5 lamps, etc.	275
Winton, 4 cyl., 30 h. p., KIV, fully equipped	850
THOMAS LANDAULETS, 4 cyl., 30 h. p., machines, nearly new. We have just purchased a consignment of these machines. We can offer them at the exceptional price of	$1,000

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