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LOOKING A LITTLE AHEAD.

The transformation during the past week of the general postoffice in New York City into a sub-station of the new general office back of the Pennsylvania station is of more than passing interest as showing what one of the New York papers calls "the gradual concentration of postal facilities at the city's greatest railroad terminals."

Perhaps we are anticipating somewhat, but this, it seems to us, will eventually be the deciding factor for the long demanded and much needed union station for Omaha. The intimate connection between the postoffice and the distribution of the mails by the railroads makes it essential to economical and efficient postal administration that the two be tied together and centered in one place rather than in two or more places.

So, looking a little ahead we see in the not distant future a new consolidated union passenger depot and postoffice for Omaha. We see it erected at the point of greatest serviceability for the purpose of traffic distribution. We see the conversion of our up-town main postoffice building into quarters for the different federal activities having branches here with only a small space, if any at all, retained for a postal sub-station. We believe that by pushing along this line, Omaha will hasten the arrival of these public improvements.

Frogs Held Up as German Allies.

No more fantastic tale has filtered through from France by way of Berlin than that accredited to Franz Rosner, commonly referred to as "the Kaiser's press agent." In this the defeat of the French at Chemin des Dames is ascribed to the croaking of millions of frogs, whose combined bellows drowned the noise made by the Huns in moving their artillery. We have long done homage to the goose that saved Rome, and know full well the tales of how many an occasion a dumb animal has preserved his master by giving timely warning of impending disaster.

Ebullient Youth and "Reconstruction."

First reports from an American reconstruction hospital should help to reassure those who dreaded the necessity of restoring interest in life to the broken battle-wrecks. Instead of finding this task difficult, those in charge of the hospital have been compelled to resort to the expedient of hiding clothing of patients in order to keep them from showing too great interest in the big world. Young men who have lost hands, feet, and other portions of their anatomy, realize all that is being done to "restore" them, but apparently do not appreciate the need of it all. They are learning to weave baskets and do other things that will make them self-supporting, but more or less under protest, for they resolutely refuse to think of themselves as being out of the big game. Mental and physical vigor of these wounded and dismembered men astonishes surgeons and nurses alike, accustomed as they are to the effervescence of American youth. And here is the most encouraging vision that has come in connection with the sober reflections that must accompany the war. Ebullient youth declines to lower its colors to misfortune, but cheerily scoffs at foreshortened prospects, with a courageous optimism that means the future is safe. Reconstruction work will go on, just the same as planned, and will be extended as experience shows the way, but it has been completely robbed of its most somber attributes by the spirit of the boys it has to deal with.

Keep hammering it in that Omaha's remarkable growth and business expansion are due not to the artificial stimulus of war industries and army contracts, but to the uplifting pressure of the steadily developing natural resources of the tributary territory.

Scattered summer showers may not undo the irreparable damage brought by June, but they are helping the crops that survived the trials of that month, and are therefore doubly welcome.

Views, Reviews and Interviews
How Paris Used to Celebrate the Nation Fourteenth of July Fete Day

As particularly appropriate to this year's double celebration of our American Fourth of July and the French national holiday, I am giving here an article I wrote for The Bee in 1891 describing the Fete as I then witnessed it.

Victor Rosewater

The people of France celebrate the birth of the republic on the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. For more than 100 years July 14 has been to the Frenchman a day of general jubilation, in which all the features of our Fourth of July, Decoration day and Thanksgiving are combined.

This year the 14th fell on Tuesday. Already on the Friday and Saturday preceding active preparations were begun and by the following Monday the whole city was gaily decorated with many-colored flags, banners and devices. The tri-color in itself forms a handsome material for such ornamentation, but the French do not confine themselves to their own flag. All the leading nations were represented and mingled their colors with those of France upon the festive occasion.

According to the official proclamation, the first noteworthy event was to be the opening of the new Avenue de la Republique on Monday afternoon, with exercises presided over by President Carnot. Inasmuch as the president's platform was located in such a position that comparatively few people would be likely to find accommodations for viewing the ceremony, I made use of a pleasant Sunday afternoon to inspect the street in advance of the morrow's crowd. But what was my surprise, as I walked up and down the entire length of the new thoroughfare, to find at least 10,000 people of various grades and classes engaged in the very same occupation.

On this same Sunday evening I saw a few of the famous Parisian street balls already in operation, though as yet their patronage was not very extensive. Monday the official opening of the Avenue de la Republique passed off smoothly. The barometer of Parisian enthusiasm continued to rise through the evening dances and illuminations, but only to reach its highest point upon Tuesday, the long-looked-for July 14.

The morning opened clear and warm. All the governmental departments and most of the shops and offices had closed for the day, and the streets were very early filled with merry crowds of people. And they seemed to enjoy themselves hugely despite the absence of the deadly firecracker and the dread torpedo. The first number of the official program was the unveiling of a statue of Danton on Boulevard St. Germain. Although a local morning paper had announced that a collision with the red republicans was expected and had warned all except those with Irish proclivities to keep at a safe distance from St. Germain, an overpowering curiosity to see whatever might take place impelled me to take the risk. Fortunately or unfortunately, anticipations proved deceptive. The ultra-radicals had been forwarded by the police, and as the drapery fell from the monument precisely at the appointed time, only a short but appreciative murmur ran around the awe-stricken throng, which soon afterward dispersed gradually and quietly.

To many the free matinee performances at the subsidized theaters proved the greatest attraction. Everything was arranged upon the extreme democratic principle, no tickets whatever were issued, and before daylight groups of from 100 to 300 had gathered about the entrances of the principal theaters and there they waited with good-natured patience till the doors opened for the performance, which commenced at 1 o'clock.

The great event of the day was the grand military review by President Carnot at the hippodrome of Long Champs. Every cab

and carriage, omnibus, tram car and railroad coach was called into requisition by the multitudes flowing out of the city. Although armed with a ticket of admission to one of the reserved stands, I thought that I would display a bit of American enterprise by arriving on the field at least an hour before the time when the troops were to move. It was not yet 2 o'clock as I entered Long Champs itself. With the exception of the ground necessary for the review every foot of space around the race course was black with people, standing 10 and 20 deep, while the branches of the surrounding trees were often bending under the weight of overzealous spectators. Many Frenchmen make a picnic out of the day; they go to the Bois de Boulogne early in the day with their family and friends and repair to the hippodrome in time to see the military exhibition. Even in the reserved stands French enterprise had succeeded in appropriating all of the chairs and left a great room for the comfort of those who arrived an hour ahead of time. According to a rough estimate, there must have been not much less than 200,000 spectators on the grounds. As the members of the French cabinet drove to their place shouts of applause rang in the air but became more general when President Carnot made his appearance. Yet it was only a moderate applause; the people did not seem wild with delight and the enthusiasm must have been somewhat disappointing to everyone who has seen the hearty reception accorded the president of the United States upon all public occasions.

With dusk began the illuminations, and these were not confined entirely to public buildings. I took a walk up the boulevards and Champs Elysees and back to the Place de la Concorde. It was like a scene in fairyland. The cafes and restaurants were all gaily lighted with long rows of brilliant gas jets; in one or two incandescent electric lights supplanted gas. On all the public buildings and churches luminous rows of gas lights traced the position of the cornices upon the background of darkness so that the whole building stood out in fiery outline. The illumination of the ministerial department was still further embellished by large shields formed of lighted gas jets emblematic of the different branches of the government. The Arc de l'Etoile shone as a fiery mass, while the broad avenue leading up to it was bordered on each side by strings of lighted lamps hung between the thickly planted lamp posts. Each light encased in its globe of frosted glass looked like a luminous amber bead. The Place de la Concorde was all ablaze with the same headlike strings of lights hung in every direction and reflecting a mellow glow in the beautiful fountains on each side of the obelisk. Of the statues surrounding the square, that representing Strassburg as if it were a monument to the dead. Portions of this funeral decoration had been sent by various societies in Alsace and Lorraine. The view up the river was magnificent. Upon the Eiffel tower a great electric light changed its color successively to blue, white and red, while the base was encircled at several stages by lines of light. At its side rose the palace of the Trocadero, like a crown of gleaming jewels surrounded by a double coronet. All this but served as a setting for the public display of fireworks—the whole spectacle upon a magnificent and almost extravagant scale. Such a display would scarcely be possible except in Paris, where the government takes upon itself the task of amusing the populace. The expense must be enormous, for there are hundreds of public buildings in Paris. In the Champ Elysees Place de la Concorde alone were no less than 25,000 gas lights.

Numerous street balls had been in operation all evening, but it was only toward midnight that they assumed their characteristic proportions. Anyone who laid claim to the title musician easily found employment for the night at some public square or cafe, and when the supply of so-called musicians ran out polka was called into requisition. The principal dance was held on the pavement of the Place de l'Opera, where the proprietors of a sensational newspaper supplied music.

A Paris street dance is by no means a select affair. It is true that many working people take part, but yet the chief participants belong to the dregs of society. No one insists upon the forms of etiquette, nor is a proper introduction required. The quadrille seems to be the favorite, though it sometimes becomes degraded so as to approximate a mild can-can. The round dances are the ones that afford opportunity for promiscuous embracing. The number of people who took part in these dances was something astonishing, and they seemed never to tire of the sport. All night long the strains of music continued. A repetition on a smaller scale on the night of the 15th was required before the excited enthusiasm of the pleasure-loving Parisians could be dampened sufficiently to cause them to desist.

Paris, July 15, 1891.

Around the Cities

The woman elevator operator has arrived in Boston. A rift of smiling light brightens the gloom within a Chicago cemetery. Over the gate this sign welcomes the weary wayfarer: "The North Shore's Most Beautiful Internment Park."

Kansas City remarks out loud in court that the local power and light company cannot plead poverty as an excuse for a rate of 10 cents per kilowatt. It pays its president a salary of \$18,000 a year.

Six months trial of the vagrancy act vigorously enforced in Chicago resulted in a sharp reduction of crime and a material increase in the number of loafers and crooks interned. Municipal Judge Fry applauds the activity of the police for the common good.

A Minneapolis girl of 19 is said to have chased a one-armed burglar three blocks, deftly tripped him and "set on his heels" until a policeman arrived. The incident suggests a new departure in chest protectors, which might be popularized with little effort. A testimonial from the one-armed burglar would help some.

Down in old St. Joe the high cost of living seems to have hit the doctors in the lower folds of the pocket and produced rising temperature in prices. A consultation of the county medical society resulted in a decision that a 25 per cent boost was the proper treatment for the patient. Mem.: \$3 per visit; \$2 per shop consultation; to be taken regularly.

Grandpa Nelson of Minneapolis gave his life to save that of his chum, 7-year-old Merle Kimman. The little one, idol of his heart, and grandpa were inseparable companions. When an automobile bore down upon them while crossing a street grandpa sought by taking the impact to save the child. Both were crushed. In death they were not divided.

Fuel administrators of Gotham approved the suggestion of apartment house managers for shutting down on hot water four days a week and save coal. How much the tenants save has not yet appeared on the rent bill. Whereat the New York World observes: "Any subterfuge is good enough, any scheme that works is to be tried if only the poor consumer can be made to submit to it in the belief that he is serving a higher purpose than his personal interests."

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES. "How do you like the neighbors in your new apartment house?" "Beat it ever had? We were anxious not to know anybody and everybody is evidently determined not to know us."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I want you to know," bellowed the angry man, "that I'm not as stupid as you think I am." "Sure not," replied his friend. "You couldn't be."—Judge.

"There are a great many tiers in this jail." "Yes, and there ought to be another kind." "What is that?" "Profiteers."—Baltimore American.

"Willie Jones, does your mother know you are learning to smoke?" "No; I want it to be a surprise."—London Opinion.

A little miss was watching the circus parade, and when the calliope came along tooting away and with steam ascending,

she said, "Oh, mamma, hear the booted music."—Boston Transcript.

"Excuse me, madam, but here is a strap." "I thought I had a strap." "No, madam, you were banging onto my ear."—Kansas City Journal.

"Did you tell old Moneybags that he must give until it hurts?" "No. That wouldn't have made any difference to him. Anything he gives hurts."—Life.

CAREFULEST MAN IN THE WORLD. The spring's work's done an' it's up to the sun—all the crops an' the garden sash—

He's banished the cold an' sowed his gold on the fats in the madder grass. Let's raise the flag—better one was never yet unfurled—

But first I want to tell ye 'bout the Carefulest man in the world.

Each Hohenollern battles in a steel-clad limousine.

They're like the bold Jackrabbits an' other tribes accursed.

Who have lightning in their slippers an' the Kaiser's brood is safe an' sound—

It either shirks or runs— He's the only man in Germany with six un-injured sons.

Such caution in a fighter's man was never seen before; It stands the while like a lonesome tale in a book—

He's the only man in Germany with six un-injured sons!

—Irving Bacheller in N. Y. Times.

The acme of Courtesy. The acme of courtesy is to be found in our conduct of a burial service. Our men are trained to respond tactfully to every occasion and our complete, modern equipment guarantees that the service will be of proper dignity.

N. P. SWANSON. Funeral Parlor. (Established 1858) 17th and Cumings Sts. Tel. Douglas 1000.

Hospe Says THE July Piano Drive. Would surprise you if you could see the Pianos going to the homes from the Hospe Store. You would have to agree with us that the people who are left at home require music, songs and dances; and the beautiful Piano Solos, which the Player Piano renders with the hand-played rolls, a reproduction of the artist's own hand playing.

TODAY. One Year Ago Today in the War. French aviator dropped bombs on the Krupp factory at Essen. German airplane raid over London resulted in death of 37 persons. Senate adopted amendment to food administration bill prohibiting manufacture and importation of whiskey during the war.

Just 30 Years Ago Today. H. G. Clark has moved to his new residence at Florence, where he will make his home in the future. The Misses Alice and Carry H. will give a delightful party in honor of Miss Stella McCarthy of Baltimore.

Out of the Ordinary. It is estimated that Australia has cows enough to give each man, woman and child in the island continent three white Argentine cows each better. There are five cattle to each inhabitant in the big South American republic.

Whittled to a Point. Minneapolis Tribune—Kaiser Wilhelm is the chap who put the "con" in conscience. Baltimore American: The French franc is now worth more than the German mark. Money has no country. It follows the winning side.

Signposts of Progress. Of English invention is a slot machine that prints the fact that postage has been paid on letters instead of affixing stamps. Gas and electric light companies in New York have arranged insurance of \$50,000,000 to cover damages from possible bombardment.