

Before War France Was a Great, Gay Spectacle.

By REV. F. W. LEAVITT.

On July 14, 1912, I sailed forth from my little 2-franc room in the Rue de la Grande Charniere, Latin quarter, and prepared to enjoy the Frenchman's "Fourth of July." Two days before I had alighted in London and bounced out as quickly, taking only time enough to get my mail at the American embassy, for the handbills were advertising remarkably low round trip rates to Paris because of the French national holiday. The return limits were so liberal that I managed a two weeks' tour of Belgium and the Rhine country before the expiration of that ticket.

The first meal in Paris was slim. The best I could find at 6 a. m., when I landed hungry from the Calais boat and train, was a cup of strong, black coffee with milk and some hard rolls at a total tax of 8 cents. Later the Oxford Rhodes scholar from Ohio showed me a sweet little room where breakfasts of two fresh omelets a la coque—in other words soft boiled—together with a variety of rolls and a cup of chocolate or coffee could be heartily enjoyed and all for 12 cents, American money.

Didn't Hug Papa Joffre.

The motor buses that carried General Gallieni's army to the salvation of us all at the Marne were loaded on that holiday morning with the multitudes going to Longchamps, the great race course. There all the armies gathered from about Paris paraded before the president of the republic and his gay turbaned guests, the Bey of Tunis and his suite. With them were all the dignitaries of the capital. Doubtless Papa Joffre was on the reviewing stand with Foch and Castelnau and Gallieni, but I had no impulse to hug them then, as I do now.

Every branch of the army marched by, rode by and flew over the 300,000 people that the papers declared to have watched the grand review. The sight must have heartened the fretful spirits of the general staff. We, the mob, had no forebodings. It was all an entertainment, a moving picture; and now, after so brief an interval, those almost endless lines of the first French armies have marched to death or have come back to invalid lives.

Holding my camera up at arm's length I photographed the president and the Tunisian bey as they drove away, and again the splendid lancers, as they galloped from the field. I longed for some good American hurrahs, but there was no special excitement until the dirigibles and the novel planes hummed over. But even then few cheered. The "French excitability" is a myth that the French coolness in war has entirely destroyed.

Paris Full of Music.

The French soldier had not been to a French tailor. His uniform flopped around him, and he marched loose-jointedly. The contrast in this respect with the German companies was striking, as the latter marched with heels clicking sharply and in unison on the pavements of Cologne. "What do you think of the slouchy poulu now? He has the heart of a lion!"

At luncheon I sat at one of the sidewalk cafes, as usual, enjoying the stream of pedestrians flowing all about the tables. It was here I sprayed a casual companion with carbonated water from a fizz bottle, and the man's politeness permitted him not so much as a look of annoyance. Neither did he laugh, as an American might have done. Wonderful self-control!

The Parisians were out in couples, always hand-in-hand, or else in charming family groups, papa, mamma and the children, or one another heartily around their lunch baskets and the trees of every park and boulevard.

In the evening there was a free performance of grand opera and a famous soprano sang the Marseillaise, but before the long line brought me to the door the Grand opera house was "complete," so I mounted to the top of a bus, then another and rode until near midnight all about the city. In every open space a band was playing, and the pavement rough or smooth, the dancers had the right of way over all traffic.

The place of most romantic interest was the site of the great prison, the Bastille, that was torn down on that July 14 when the popular revolution reached its climax and French independence was begun. The towering column that commemorates that event was wound from top to bottom with electric lights in the tricolor of all France, and all around the base the happy people were dancing. Shall this generation see them happy again? How grateful we should be that this monumental city of the world has been saved from the hand of the vandal. God grant that the heroic people who bought their freedom so dearly and have defended it so valiantly may establish their liberties now upon an immovable foundation!

"Backward, Turn Backward, Oh Time in Your Flight!"

Do you remember the time when merchants gave fly swatters away for advertising purposes?

He Was Interested.

She—I understand that you are taking a deep interest in the war.

He—Yes, I read everything I can get hold of on the subject of undersea warfare.

Future Bliss.

Two out-state monument dealers chanced to meet on the rear platform of a street car, and they were soon talking shop. After they had discussed designs and inscriptions for several blocks, one of the dealers happened to notice that a negro passenger was listening to the conversation with apparent interest.

"Turning to the negro, the dealer asked: 'You seem to be interested in tombstones. What do you want on your grave?'"

"Ray, boss," replied the negro, "I don't want none of them stone markers. When I die I want 'em to plant a watermelon vine on my grave and then let the glorious juice soak through."—Indianapolis News.



Calligraph

J. M. Gillen, manager of the Chamber of Commerce industrial bureau, felt a thrill when he introduced typewriters into The Bee editorial rooms in 1892.

"I was reporting the Methodist conference in May of that year," he said, "and I had so much writing to do that my hand got tired. I had to do something, so I rented a Calligraph, got some instructions from Mr. Van Zant, head of the Van Zant school at that time, and went to work."

"There was only one other writing machine in the whole Bee establishment and that was in Edward Rosewater's office. All the men on the staff laughed at me, but I kept on."

"One day Edward Rosewater stopped as he passed through the room and looked at my work. He inquired about it and I said I found I could write faster and better than I could by hand."

"That's fine," he said, "and I have heard the composers say it is better than hand writing."

"He went over and spoke to Harry Hunter, city editor, and next morning there were six typewriters in the office, and the fellows who had laughed at me weren't laughing any more."

Mr. Gillen has other pleasant memories of Mr. Rosewater.

"One day the managing editor told me I was to go down to Lincoln to be The Bee's correspondent there. I had just bought my home and we were getting settled in it. I protested the robbery from across the street and could identify Morley as one of the men whom he saw through the front window."

"Just then Morley leaned over my shoulder and whispered in my ear: 'H—! That kid's lying. He couldn't possibly have seen us; that window was full of magazines.'"

"And this in the face of his alibi!"

"Yes, I do," he said. I told him of being ordered to Lincoln.

"Is that so?" he said, "Is that so? Well, you stay right here."

Another time, when Mr. Gillen's wife was very sick, Mr. Rosewater saw him working in the office one evening. He told him to go home and not come to work in the evening until his wife was well.

H--l Is Right

Assistant City Prosecutor T. B. Murray's biggest thrill came in the middle of his first case in court after he was admitted to the bar.

"I was defending Charles Morley and Charles Evans, who were accused of robbing the Walnut Hill pharmacy in 1910," said Murray. "Both men had sworn themselves blue in the face assuring me that they had spent the entire night of the robbery asleep in their room at Seventeenth and Cuming streets. Of course I believed them

Unanimous \$10,000

The last and biggest thrill that M. G. Macleod of the office of the clerk of the district court has experienced came when a returned Highland Scotch countryman of his told him that out of three counties in the Highland district where Macleod's ancestry hail from, not a "Highlandman" between the ages of 18 and 45 would return from the war. The district sent every one of its available men to the war in the early days of the struggle and only a few are left of their contingents in the Black Watch and other famous Highland regiments.

Lamplighter

Andrew B. McConnell, vice president and secretary of the Sherman & McConnell drug stores, has a hobby which has always been with him. That hobby is a combination of a clock and an automatically lit gas light. McConnell believes that the Americans are a nation of clock watchers. His idea is to have the clock work automatically, cause the gas to be ignited by means of a piece of flint. In addition to the use of this machine both as a lamp and as a clock, the plans specify that its usefulness shall be extended by means of the revenue which may be brought by an ad upon the dial of the clock. There are a million dollars in the scheme if worked out, according to McConnell.

Gangway!

"He was coming straight for me; I had my gun but was too 'thrilled' to use it; I made a lunge for the nearest shelter and he sped by me—but he furnished the most thrilling moment in my life," acknowledged W. M. Pardee in the office of the clerk of the district court.

Horse-car

"One of the greatest thrills I ever had was when I locked Julius Meyer in a horse car," replied Dr. James Goetz in answer to an inquiry of whether he had had a big thrill. "And I got the greatest licking for it that I ever got in my life," added the doctor with a reminiscent smile.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1918.

BUMBLE BEE GIVES INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT C. T. KOUNTZE

Second in Great Series Which is Attracting the Attention of the Public Nearly Everywhere.

The terrific success of The Bumble Bee's new series of articles giving interesting facts about prominent people proves that this newspaper gives the people what they want.

There are we are continuing the series with interesting facts about Mr. Charles T. Kountze, well known banker.

He has been in Omaha ever since that time except during such time as he was absent from the city.

He does not believe vessels should be spurious vessels. He spends much of his time in the First National Bank.

He never made a public speech. He has never made a public speech. He has never made a public speech.

He is a perfectly delighted. I am as proud as can be," said Colonel Roosevelt when he formed that his son, Lieutenant Quentin, had brought down his first German airplane.

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HERE IS PROOF THAT AIR SEX POSSESS A GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR

What Happened to Bold Man Who Tried to Kid 'Em with Some Phoney Bargains in Silk Shirts.

Charles Gould, manager of the Ford Motor company, is a lover of fine shirts. His drapes his manly form in the most exquisite creation of his maker's art.

And thereby hangs a tale. Recently certain visitors were at his home, whose names, (as Harper's Magazine would say) were Mrs. —, Mrs. — and Mrs. —.

And in the course of the evening the flivver manager went upstairs and brought down a pair of shirts which he displayed before the admiring eyes of the visitors.

"Look at those! Did you ever see such bargains?"

The ladies looked freely and admitted that, indeed, they never had seen such bargains. They estimated the shirts to be worth about \$10 each.

"Why—why," gasped Mr. Gould, "that was just a joke. I never had seen such bargains."

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AGAINS.

The son of the former czar of Russia was killed, again, a week according to reports published in Swedish newspapers.

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ZAMINATION.

"Chile is a very cold country and the inhabitants live in rude huts made of ice," an Omaha schoolboy informs us in an examination paper.

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WOMEN WANTED TO PRESS

is a sign in worth cleaning establishment window.

DRY.

The whole world is toppy-turpy. Nothing seems to run according to the old rules.

COUNCIL.

The city commissioners by another name would be as sweet.

DEEMED PLEDGES.

MY PRICES ARE SO LOW THAT THE MEANEST MAN IN TOWN HAS PURCHASED A COMPLETE OUTFIT WITHOUT EVEN TAKING THE TROUBLE TO LOCK UP AT NIGHT.

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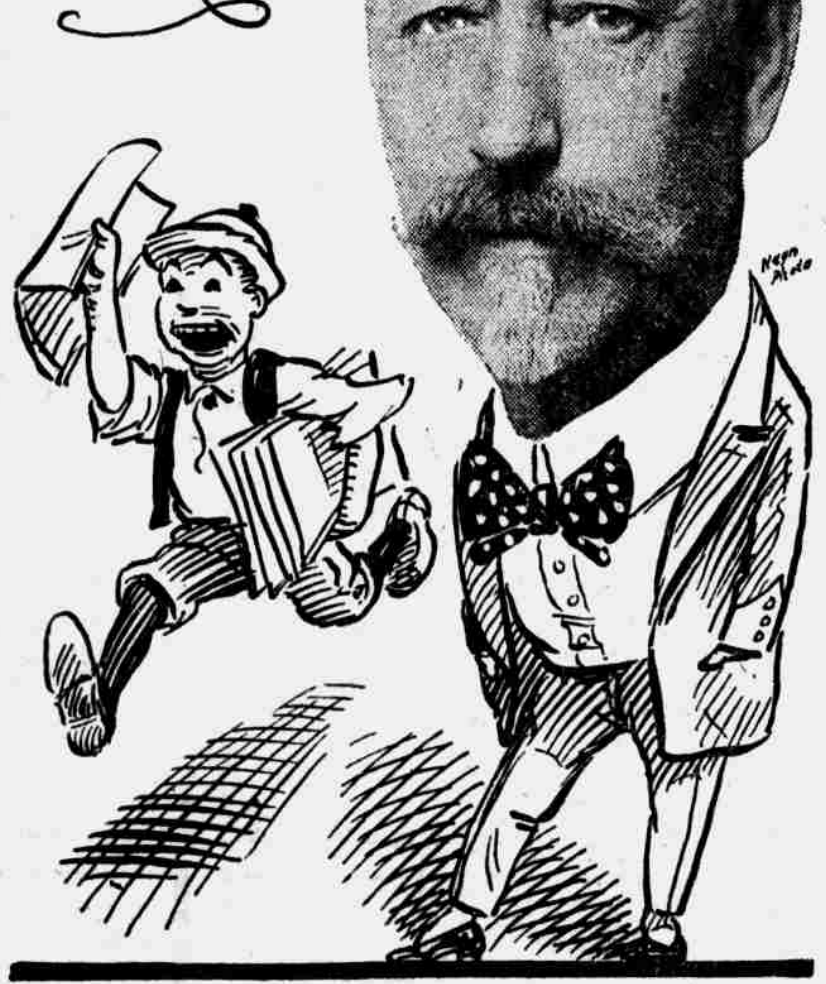
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HOW OMAHA GOT HIM

C. H. Pickens



By J. D. KUYKENDALL.

While he probably did not formulate the idea into any very definite statement of his purpose the real reason that led Charles H. Pickens, general manager of the Paxton & Gallagher company, to come to Omaha, was because he wanted the fun of watching the marvelous development of the most wonderful country on earth.

That the young lad who came with his father from Ohio was determined to make himself a factor in the development of Omaha, and a successful man, is demonstrated beyond any question by the manner in which he started his business career.

Having perfected himself in stenography Pickens took employment in Omaha, Charles Woodman, now president of the Colorado National bank of Denver, and J. B. Haynes, at a later time managing editor of The Bee.

Two other young men studied with him, Charles Woodman, now president of the Colorado National bank of Denver, and J. B. Haynes, at a later time managing editor of The Bee.

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