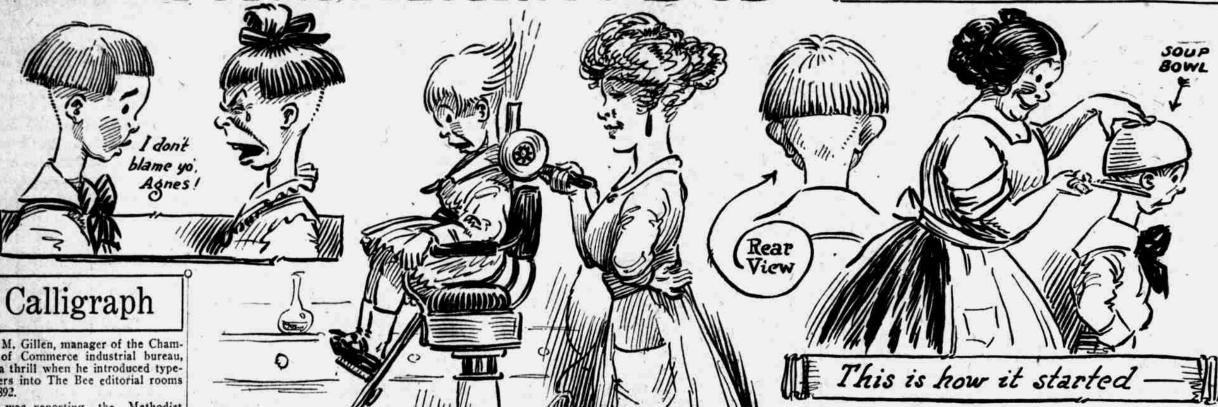
HOW OMAHA

GOT HIM

C.H. Pickens

By J. D. KUYKENDALL.



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

"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 establish-ment and that was in Edward Rose-water'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 compositors say it is better than hand writing.'

"He went ove: 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 and helped them secure witnesses to

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

"'Mr. Rosewater,' I said, 'I understand that you always favored men owning their homes.'

"'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 the mife was well. til his wife was well.

Assistant City Prosecutor T. B. he was admitted to the bar.

in 1910," said Murray. "Both men plans specify that its usefulness shall had sworn themselves blue in the face be extended by means of the revenue assuring me that they had spent the which may be brought by an ad upon entire night of the robbery asleep in the dial of the clock. There are a miltheir room at Seventeenth and Cuming lion dollars in the scheme if worked streets. Of course I believed them out, according to McConnell.

prove their alibi and frame their defense. I confidently expected that both men would be acquitted.

ESCALATOR

"One day the managing editor told "All went well during the case until me I was to go down to Lincoln to be the final rebuttal testimony of the The Bee's correspondent there: I had state, when the prosecuting attorney getting settled in it. I protested that I he had watched the robbery from I didn't like to pull up stakes and go to Lincoln. I went to see Mr. Morley as one of the men whom he saw through the front wind whom he

"Just then Morley leaned over my shoulder and whispered in my ear: 'H-I, 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!"

Lamplighter

Andrew B. McConnell, vice presian automatically lit gas light.

McConnell believes that the Ameri-Murray's biggest thrill came in the cans are a nation of clock watchers. middle of his first case in court after His idea is to have the clock work automatically, cause the gas to be ig-"I was defending Charles Morley nited by means of a piece of flint. In and Charles Evans, who were accused of robbing the Walnut Hill pharmacy both as a lamp and as a clock, the

Unanimous

The Drying Process

The last and biggest thrill that M. G. Macleod of the office of the clerk of the district court has experienced near not getting a certain thrill which came when a returned Highland Scotch countryman of his told him that out of three counties in the Highland district where Macleod's ances- num. He had been making good right try hail from, not a "Hielandmon" between the ages of 18 and 45 would return from the war. The district ha in shape after the tornado of 1913. sent every one of its available men The mail had been accumulating for to the war in the early days of the several days. When at last the rush struggle, and only a few are left of was over and the thousands of Omatheir contingents in the Black Watch hans had been assisted in starting and other famous Highland regi- life anew, Guild began opening his

"And I used to be thrilled every time my old uncle and my father told pany contained a simple inquiry askme tales of the brave old days when the Highlandmen and the clans were in their prime," said Macleod. "My McConnell drug stores, has a hobby which has always been with him. That hobby is a combination of a clock and hobby is a combination of a clock and solutions. The fighting that were always in all all the fighting that was going on. Macleod himself treasures highly a bit of scarf of the Macleod tartan,

which has come all the way from the Highlands. He is a Highlander on both his father and his mother's side. Macleod's son, Lt. George C. Macleod, is in the balloon service. He is at present stationed at Fort Omaha. Seven of his nephews from his birthplace, Prince Edward Island. have served with the Canadians in France from the early days of the war. A niece also is a Red Cross nurse in France.

\$10,000

John Guild, former commissioner of the Chamber of Commerce, came spelled success in life for him, Guild was then commissioner for the local chamber at a salary of \$5,000 per analong and at the critical moment was shouldering the task of putting Omamail. One envelope bearing the mark of the National Cash Register com-

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.

Pardee was a youngster at the time. He had never before been out of New ifornia. He and his-father had been appeared.

"It looked as big as a buffalo, had ears evidently as large as an elephant's and was an inspiring sight," Pardee says. He added: "But it was a real, live, human person, to watch only the first jack rabbit that I had people evolve and towns and comin the sunshine of California, was ever seen." munities grow.

Horse-car

had was when I locked Julius Meyer

doctor with a reminiscent smile. car which used to run from Twenty-fourth and Farnam to Creighton col-time was circulated free and maintain-floor 88x120 feet. lege and there was no one else on ed by advertising. Shortly afterward Meyer in with some rope and when at a rate of 20 cents a week, which A person who saw me told my low rate, parents and I got it."

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

The son of the former czar of The son of the former czar of The son of the former czar of Admitted that, indeed, they never had seen such bargains. They estimated the shirts to, be worth about \$10 cach.

And when they departed they fixed up a pleasant little scheme.

A few days later Mrs.—(again quoting the revered Harper's)

AGAIN.

The son of the former czar of Russia was killed again 'ast week according to reports published in Swedish newspapers and emanating from a Sw The doctor had another thrill when and all business was on the basis of and to employ 438 persons, with a outstanding personality, holding a known that there was only enough food on the ship to sustain the pas-sengers until they reached Liverlarger place in the eye of the public

pool, the doctor got a nice cool thrill. Three thousand miles to go and only one day's rations in the ship! When it was found that a young fellow on the ship was responsible for the notice on the board, which proved false, that certain young gent got several thrills enverytime he encountered a person on deck. Another thrill recounted by the

doctor was that which he got when the first group of those wounded in the Omaha tornado were brought to the hospital. Although he was not unused to wounds, the doctor witnessed a sight which turned him sick.

Violet and Dorothy, 5-year-olds,

today-such men as Judge Briggs and While he probably did not formu- Judge Savage in the legal world; late the idea into any very definite Henry W. Stanley, the explorer, and statement of his purpose the real rea-Bill Nye in the field of journalism.

son that led Charles H. Pickens, gen-Following his period of training for York City and was taking his first eral manager of the Paxton & Gal- life, as a Bee carrier, Mr. Pickens took hunting trip in the mountains of Cal- lager company, to come to Omaha, a position with Clark Woodman in the was because he wanted the fun of linseed oil business in 1879. While shooting quails, and it was when watching the marvelous development employed here he "improved the shin-Pardee had started to retrieve one of of the most wonderful country on ing hour," and helped to oil his way the dead birds that the "apparition" earth. From his statements on the to future success, as it were, by burnsubject he has enjoyed to the full this ing the midnight oil-kerosene, not "passing show" for the last 52 years linseed-while studying stenography, and is glad he came. It is a lot of an almost unknown art in the busifun, you know, if you happen to be ness world at that time.

> court reporter and to him young That the young lad who came with Pickens took his shorthand problems. his father from Ohio was determined Two other young men studied with to make himself a factor in the de- him, Charles Woodman, now presivelopment of Omaha, and a success- dent of the Colorado National bank ful man, is demonstrated beyond any of Denver, and J. B. Haynes, at a question by the manner in which he later time managing editor of The started his business career. His first Bee.

job in Omaha, after he had spent a Having perfected himself in stenogin a horse car," replied Dr. James few years in school here, was as a raphy Pickens took employment in Goetz in answer to an inquiry of carrier on The Bee, when this paper 1882 with Paxton & Gallagher. He when he had had a big thrill. "And was started by Edward Rosewater, did not have exactly a white-collar got the greatest licking for it that with whom Mr. Pickens had a life-ever got in my life," added the long acquaintance. At that time The Bee was printed eral utility man, his duties including "I was a young kid then with a on a Washington hand press-of cleaning up the store several evenings great liking to play tricks. I saw those old backbreakers on which most a week after closing hours. This was Julius Meyer get on the old horse of the literary lights of the land not as strenuous a job as it would be

The story of Mr. Pickens' rise from the car save the driver. I tied it became a regular paper, circulating this lowly position to the general he found it out he was some mad. at that time was considered a very he assumed in 1895, is familiar to all management of the business, which the older Omahans. The business has Nickels at that time were unknown come to occupy a nine-story building

> the garden spots of the world in place of a sterile desert. He has seen apparently unpromising lads grow into men of prominence and ability. who have helped to build this commonwealth. He has seen the golden rule become the dominant law of progress operating in the lives of in-dividuals and communities and if this

isn't good fun, what is, And so he is glad he came to Omaha. Mr. Pickens has come through his half century of life in the west with a firm confidence in folks. He beieves that 95 per cent of them are nonest and want to do the right thing. He believes there is a lot of goodness in a world that is constantly becoming better, and he has tried to have a share in making it better by taking his place in the public and semi-public activities of the community, which became his home so many years ago. While he enjoys looking back at the men and the movements of the last half century, he enjoys still more the activities of the present and

Before War France Was a Great, Gay Spectacle.

By REV. F. W. LEAVITT.

On July 14, 1912, I sallied forth from my little 2-francs room in the Rue de la Grande Charmiere, 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 oeufs a la coque-in other words soft boiledtogether with a variety of rolls and a cup of chocolate or coffee could be heartily enjoyed and all for 12 cents.

Didn't Hug Papa Joffre.

The motor buses thhat carried General Gallieni's army to the salvation of us all at the Marne were loaded on that holiday morning with the multi-tudes going to Longchamps, th. 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

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 foreboding spirits of the general staff. We, the mob, had no forebodings. It was all an entertainment, a moving pic-ture; 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

Holding my camera up at arm's length I photographed the president and the Tunisian bey as they drove away, and again the splendid lanciers, 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 poilu 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 selfcontrol!

The Parisians were out in couples, always hand-in-hand, or else in charming family groups, papa, mamma and the children enjoying 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 "complet," 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 stationed and the people were dancing, be 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 Bastile, 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 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 wartare.

Future Bliss.

Two out-state monument dealers chanced to meet on the rear plutform 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?" "Say, boss," replied the negro, "I don't

want none of them stone markers. When the ever widening vista of opportunity I die I want 'em to plant a watermelon of the future. And so he is glad he vine on my grave and then let the glorious Juice soak through."-Indianapolis News.



OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1918.



THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE Communications on any topic sived, without postage or nature. None returned. NO ADS AT ANY PRICE

HIAWATHA. In the year of 1918 When the awful war was raging And of food there was a scarce-

ness, came sundry regulations, that covered meat and sugar, potatoes, bread and butter, the things that were in the regulations covered; the things that could be

esten
On a Wednesday, on a Friday,
Things that never must be eaten
On a Tuesday or a Thursday,
Posters then, and also biliboards
Asked the people and besought

them To be careful of their eating, Not to waste and not to squanthe wheat to give he

Saved the meat and saved the sugar, potatoes, bread and butter: I their clothes and saved on all things, were half-soles on their trousers. trousers
And thus saved enough of money
To buy thrift stamps, help the
Red Cross
Helped our army and our navy.
So at last we won the vict'ry.

A piece of beefsteak (not on Monday, though). A silce of war bread, loyalty to

Ah, thus we should arrange our An, thus we should arrange our the long delay in shipment.

For thus we all can help defeat deliar each." Of sugar, this we hold, one

stornest stuff.
ting our coffee, perchance
but little sweet,
bus can help o'ercome the
kaiser's bluff.

BUMBLE BEE GIVES INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT C. T. KOUNTZE

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

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

We have not received thousands of letters of commendation from our readers telling us how they enjoyed the first of the series, published in our last

the series with interesting facts about Mr. Charles T. Kountze, well known banker. Mr. Kountze was born on als

He has been in Omaha ever since that time except during such time as he was absent from did not will this war.

He did not will this war.

He has never caten a full recal composed exclusively of dill pickles.

He does not believe vessels should be spurlog versenkt.

He spends much of his time in the First National bank.

The khedive of Emypt is not a personal friend of his.

He never made a trip around the world in a 20-foot motor boat. So they learned the thrifty

He does not play the mouth organ,

He never made a public speech beginning "As I look into this sea of unturned faces." He seldom reads the "Ho hold Hints" department of newspapers.

CALM. The shortage of hard-shell that I was a regular customer and learn us. We are calm out of such bargains and he declared they never had any such clared they never had any such shirts, even when I told him are left alive in the barrel after you had bought some for 75 the long delay in shipment. I was so put out about bringing the cost to nearly a "Why why," gasped Mr.

EVENTS. Three short but eventful years ago we laughed at the "dreamers" who predicted that the nation would be absolutely dry in 10 years. And now it looks as though it's going to be dry in

we may eat, if for them
we can pay,
regulations we must all
colory
then the war's objective is
achieved
come an un-food-regulated
come an un-food-re

WHY? GIRLS WANTED TO PRESS a sign in a West Leaven-orth cleaning establishment in the movies fall down when indow.

HERE IS PROOF THAT I AIR SEX POSSESS A

in Silk Shirts.

his manly form in the most exquisite creations of the shirt maker's art. He ransacks the silk mills of the world for new and startling designs in the most exquisite fabrics.

And thereby hange a tale

quoting the revered Harper's) called Mr. Gould by telephone.
"Mr. Gould, perhaps you won't like what we have done, but we went to — & Co. and inquired for some of those silk shirts at 75 cents and they said they never had any such bargains. So I went straight to Mr. — and just told him an examination paper. Another that I was a regular customer promulgates the information

Speaking of shirts, much sympathy is being expressed for Messrs. Louis Meyer, Frank Selby and George Engler, It is reported that their wives are making their shirts as a war economy measure.

onomy measure. The whole world is topsy-tur The whole world is topsy-tury. Nothing seems to run ac-cording to the old rules. The grocers' and butchers' picnic was held last Thursday and is didnt rain at all, at all.

JEREMIAD. Let the Omaha club beware! Jerry Howard informs us that he has moved to the house next door to it. "I don't live at

GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR the Omaha club, but I live right next door to it," says Jerry. Jerry lived in Florence up un-til his appointment to a city hall position and he found various things in Florence that didn't suit him—particularly the Who Tried to Kid 'Em with Some Phoney Bargains

Charlie Gould, manager of the Ford Motor company, is a lover of fine shirts. He drapes

And thereby hangs a tale.

Recently certain visitors were at his home, whose names, (as tharper's Magazine would say) were Miss —, Mrs. — and Mrs. — and in the course of the eventual continues at 10 cents per egg.

And in the course of the eventual continues at 10 cents per egg. And in the course of the eve-

"Look at those! Did you ever

"Why — why." gasped Mr. Gould, "that was just a Joke, I changed those labels. I—" But Mrs. — had hung up to hide her laughter.

The city commissioners by any

didn't suit him—particularly the naming of the streets and the 3-cent rate of postage to Oma-ha. Now he may want the Omaha club building removed

because it shuts off the morn-ing sun from his boudoir win-MENU. It has been observed that

And in the course of the evening the filiver magnate went upstairs and brought down an armful of shirts which he displayed before the admiring eyes of the visitors. They were heavy slik of beautiful colors and exquisite workmanship.

On the neckbands of each was a little label, marked "75 cents."

a price which was instituted when eggs were 60 cents a dozen and which has not been changed now that eggs are less than shalf that price. We too have noted with indignation that the price of pie has doubled, while the size of the pieces have been revised downward in the last year. a price which was instituted

promulgates the information that "Luther was born in 1809 and ate a diet of worms." NAMES. We vouchsafe the informs

we vouchsafe the informa-tion that the first and real name of "Mogy" Bernstein, the noted money raiser, is Moses And Rome Miller is named after one of the founders of Rome, his first name being Romulus AD. Here is a sample of adver-tising humor in the early days of Omaha which we ran across

151 Farnham, between Tenth and Eleventh

in an 1872 copy of The Bee: Fellow Citizens and Sinners: LARGEST STOCK OF UNRE-MY PRICES ARE SO LOW THAT THE MEANEST MAN IN TOWN HAS PURCHASED A COMPLETE OUTFIT WITHOUT GRUMBLING, AND I DO NOT EVEN TAKE THE TROUBLE TO LOCK UP AT NIGHT.

HENRY LAUGHLIN, HENRY LAUGHLIN, THAT'S where all the transparence of the complete of the complet DEEMED PLEDGES.

She Knew.

were having a confidential conversation on the subject of seeing America "Wuz you ever in Des Moines?"

"My papa tooked me there once. are," Violet replied.

than do men of probably equal ability

Big Catch

The distinction of catching the largest fish of the season out of the waters of Carter lake has passed to Henry T. Bruce, who lives out on the Prettiest Mile. Bruce made his catch during the morning of July 4, landing a six-pound pike.
Using a boat, Bruce was using an

eight-inch rod and with a fly for a lure, was casting for bass. Out in the deep water along the north shore of the lake, in making a long cast, he got a ferocious strike and he thought he had a whale. Giving the fish plenty of time, he tired it out and then reel ed it up to the boat. Slipping the dip net under the fish, he brought it over the gunwale of the boat and to his surprise, discovered that he had a pike weighing a bit over six pounds That's where all the railroad tracks and a little more than 24 inches in came to Omaha