



Hotel Crillon 'Smelled a Rat' After It Had Died 30 Times

French Servants of the Crillon, "American Hotel of Occupation" Collected a Half a Franc for the Same Defunct Rat Again and Again.

By JAY JEROME WILLIAMS. (Universal Service Staff Correspondent.)

Paris, Feb. 5.—(By Mail)—Operating a one-time French hotel on an American plan is a twenty-four-hour-a-day affair with many tribulations and also many laughs.

It has come slowly and haltingly and in its wake are a number of shattered French customs, but everyone seems now to be fairly well satisfied, even to the gentlemen whose particular missions in life are to catch rats.

The rat captured and slain after the American occupation proved to be a large rodent, with particularly long whiskers. The French servant who proudly bore the animal to the manager's office was given a half franc, and the manager turned the rat over to a subordinate.

States and many discharged soldiers are enlisting in the navy as well as boys, who were too young to serve in the war, but whose desire to "join the navy" has been quickened by the yarns spun by their friends.

Ensign Charles E. Maas will take charge of the United States navy recruiting station in this city tomorrow, February 10.

Goofie At Last Sees Sights Of the Province of Omaha

After Spending a Weary Night Flirting With the Cooties at Hotel de Ringer, Goofie Drops Into the Athletic Club Building.

And Goofie Cook, six-foot-six and lanky, did sleep with the cooties that night, for did not the suppleless Julius take him to a bunk in the Hotel de Ringer? And did not Goofie smoke the judge's flor de rope until he did grow exhausted into deep sleep?

It so happened the following morning that Goofie was still bent on seeing the byways of the province of Omaha. But Goofie was sore of heart, for at no time since his advent into the Windy City did a brass band meet him; nor did the Chamber of Commerce offer to Goofie a remnant of the fattened calf; nor did Sir John W. Gamble donate his services to show Goofie o'er fair Omaha.

Run Down by Car! Hurry! He's Dying, Woman Tells the Police

"Dying, is he?" fairly shrieked the lady telephone operator at the Central police station to a voice at the other end of the line. The other voice was a female voice, too.

Who's Looney Now?

If Briggs was tried and found guilty and restored to duty; and if Danbaum was tried and found not

Bumble Bee Buzzings

In the Old Home Town. (Hazard Correspondence in Leap City and Times.) It is rumored that there will be an attempt made to open a pool hall here in the spring.

President Visits Capital.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 24.—Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States, is a visitor in the capital city. He is accompanied by Mrs. Wilson.

BOOTLEG MARKET

Another break on the local booze market was a feature of yesterday's trading, due to conditions in the police department which ought to make the receipts much greater than in the past.

Receipts for the week were: From St. Joseph, 96,000; from Minneapolis, 8,522; from Chicago, 13,323; from other places, 45,567.

THE "WERE IT" STATE.

There was once a Kansas who admitted that something new and good originated outside of Kansas. He was confined to an insane asylum.

Give Us the Grain—We'll Overcome the Obstacle.

Threshing in this vicinity is about at an end, but the next great obstacle will be in hauling to market the thousands of bushels of grain produced in this vicinity.—Hemingford Ledger.

WE TURN A DEAF EAR TO CRIES FOR MERCY.

C. H. Rock and J. E. Stone are not related to each other. H. G. Sheed doesn't live in one. Ben S. Baker has never been one; neither has Dr. P. T. Barber; nor Dan Butler.

The better we get to know some people, the less admiration we have for ourselves.

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

When They Wooded and Won

"Big Jeff," the new congressman from the Second Nebraska district, did not play a ukelele beneath the window of his sweetheart during the days of his courtship at the University of Michigan.



A.W. Jefferis October 27, 1897, at the home of his bride.

Albert W. Jefferis was attending Ann Arbor at the time the accompanying picture was taken. About 25 years ago he was playing center on the Ann Arbor team and during an exciting game he was kicked in the back.

Two Well Known Towls and Ringers in the State's Public Eye

The names of Towl and Ringer stand forth in other organizations beside the Omaha city council. Commissioner Ringer's brother, Frank I. Ringer of Lincoln is commissioner for the Nebraska Manufacturers' association, which met in Omaha last week.

"Miked" in Horse Race Game, Thinks "Dicks" in With the Swindlers

What detectives are supposed to know would fill Webster's unabridged several times and some to spare, but they frequently are "stumped" when the victim of a confidence game makes a "squawk."

Seek Out the Fat Man But As to Fat Women--Look Out

"Fat People" was the subject under discussion by two eastern delegates to the Transmississippi Reunited congress. They were men of affairs, leaders in the world activity, prominent and influential in their respective fields of endeavor.

See Each Other for First Time Since '82 Through Bee Picture

Pictures do many a queer thing and the picture of the "Wyoming Four" in Tuesday's Bee has an interesting sequel.

Wants Lid on Movies; Husbands Learn to Choke Their Wives

All the wives in one small town in Nebraska (name withheld by censor) are a solid phalanx in favor of a moving picture censorship bill.

God Bless Man They Want to Kill, Good Sons of Erin Pray

Thomas Lynch and Jerry Howard met on a recent day in a public thoroughfare. The conversation veered around to the thought that the Irish are kindly and loving people, even under adverse circumstances.

Eligible Omaha Bachelors

W. Farnam Smith has a seven-passenger touring car in which he likes to buzz around. But his happiness isn't complete unless he has about 37 poor little kids with him.

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