

AK-SAR-BEN IN FRENCH EYES

Correspondent of Le Matin Thinks the Imitation Childish.

COMMENT ON ROOSEVELT'S VISIT

"Aristocratic American Woman in Paris Sends the Greeting to the Bee with Her Views on Matter of Childishness."

A young woman correspondent writes to The Bee from Paris, enclosing the clipping from Le Matin, one of the leading papers of the French capital, which published in its issue of September 23 the following dispatch from New York:

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Quand toutes ces bouffonneries seront terminées, le président donnera ses impressions sur son séjour dans l'Etat de Nebraska et les initiations.

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Mexico in the Centennial Year of Its Independence

(Editorial Correspondence.) QUEVETAROS, Mexico, Sept. 23.—(En route to Mexico City.)

Here we go to Mexico. Viva Viva Viva Mexico.

With this journalistic yell to herald our advance, the international editorial party has been invading the land of the Aztecs headed for the capital of the republic, there to participate in the celebration of the centennial of Mexico's first blow for independence.

We left St. Louis by special train last Thursday, and the first rest stop was at San Antonio, where we were taken in charge by a delegation of the citizens and showered with attention.

San Antonio is a live, bustling city, with at the same time an historic background focusing in the Alamo, where so many brave Texans sacrificed their lives to win freedom from oppression.

The Alamo, as the district feature, is seized upon in various connections. I noticed a sign with the word spelled backward and I had to look at it a second time to make sure that "Omaha" was not merely a typographical error for "Omaha."

The full regimental military post which Uncle Sam maintains here is a fine arrangement and beauty. The biggest improvement would be to have the dry and barren drill grounds covered with green turf, like those at Fort Crook and Fort Omaha.

The International club at San Antonio also volunteered to give us a forenoon luncheon of the various nationalities which we were supposed to crave in impatient anticipation.

Like a good traveler, I am willing to go up against almost any odds. I have no doubt that the tamales and tortillas and frijoles and chili con carne served us were the real stuff; but once it is known, which also holds good for the guisado, if I had to drink pulque for a steady diet for a week or two, I might be tempted to seek membership in the Women's Christian Temperance union.

South of San Antonio the landscape takes on a more tropical aspect. We crossed the border at Eagle Pass, finding a large and mixed crowd awaiting us at C. P. Docks on the Mexican side, including brass band, deputation of officials and all the school children drawn up in squads with their teachers and waving small paper Mexican flags.

The youngsters evinced a persistent curiosity, which was still further aroused when I showed those nearest photographs of two little specimens of young America whom I had left at home.

Our first stop in Mexico was at Torreon, on Sunday morning, although there was nothing in the outward appearance to indicate that it was Sunday. The natives, it was sure, were in gala attire, but that was true generally in recognition of the celebration of centennial week.

Torreon is, we were told, a center of commercial and industrial activity, a market town for the

agricultural territory surrounding it. It has five banks—one German, one British and one Chinese, the Chinese being in no small evidence. It has a most striking and beautiful club house, with a ball room in mirrored walls parqueted floor and upholstered furniture and hangings of silk brocade, that would be a credit to a big metropolis.

It also has a smaller club maintained by the foreign colony. The guest excitement of the moment seemed to revolve about a bull fight scheduled to take place in the afternoon, but we could not wait for that, besides, having a bull fight down on our program for a later day.

A short time was given to Aguacatlan, which we reached about dusk, noted for its baths, for which water is drawn from nearby hot springs through a magnificent aqueduct. In a group of us we started up the street, but when we reached the end of the electric-lighted district we were warned not to go further, because "bad men" might get us.

The next day brought us to Guajuato, about 16000 inhabitants, a delightful mining town, running around the hills in picturesque quaintness. The development by American capital of a water power site on the other side of the mountain, furnishing electric power for installation and reduction, has rendered an ancient industry, made doubly productive by application of the cyanide process. The output of the silver and gold mines where ores are reduced at Guajuato has been averaging \$1,000,000 a month, and its prosperity naturally depends on the mines and the stamp mills.

Under escort of an official committee we made a tour of the city, inspecting reservoirs, parks, mills, churches and a magnificent theater. The street cars, each drawn by three or four fiery steeds disguised as mules, are, I feel certain, the identical cars which were still running twenty-five years ago. As they clattered up and down the narrow streets, often plumb against the curb, the people stood scattered as if before a fire engine.

I should not forget to mention, too, that Guajuato has a base ball park and four fine, who play one another with as much zest as do those in our country. The little Mexican boys, having no proper phrase in their own tongue, call out "one strike," "two strikes," as if they spoke English.

Twenty, when, in fact, those are the only English words they know.

Still another and most unique possession of Guajuato is a municipal cemetery, with accompanying hall of mummified horrors. Our mule-power conveyances left us at the bottom of a hill on one side of the town, which we had to climb for ourselves. On top is a walled burial ground, a few handsome monuments over individual graves, but on two sides enclosed with catacombs. These catacombs are simply tiers of masonry pigeonholes divided like the letter boxes in our postoffices, only

seven feet in depth and eighteen inches in width and height. The coffin in each case is laid in and the front sealed up with a slab of marble duly inscribed.

It is so queer, however, in that some bear the words "Ad Perpetuam," while others omit this and are marked only with the letters "R. I. P." The interments of the first-class cost 30 pesos and give the corpse permanent tenure, while those of the second-class cost 20 pesos and carry only a five year occupancy, after which the caddy hole is cleared out and rented to another tenant.

Opening up these graves for contributions to the humanitary fund disclosed the fact that conditions of atmosphere and temperature here cause certain bodies to mummy instead of to disintegrate, and the best preserved of the mummies are placed on exhibition in a subterranean gallery—subterranean, yet supplied with light on one side, affording a plain view through the glass doors. There they stand as silent sentinels on each side of a long corridor—all ages, sizes and sexes—each clad in flowing white robe caught around the neck and bearing an identification card reading who, when and what.

As the jaw drops after death, the weird row is open-mouthed. "They must all be inorganic," remarked "Bill" Street, and the benefit of Victor Murdock, as the latter gazed in rapt admiration. The child mummies have a bit of color in the robe, and one sandy-haired youngster of apparently about 7 years, is near the front row. We have a "poet of passion in our party in the person of George Sylvester Viereck, and we tried to get an attack, as the latter said, "Whose little girl art thou?" or "Who crowned that golden lock," but up to date the muse has refused to move.

Seriously, nothing could impress me more strikingly with the transitory nature of earthly fame than this ghastly chamber, identical in its aspect to the human drama as it is staged. A few years of life filled with joys and sorrows, five years in a niche in the catacombs, a short shift in this hall of mummified antiquities until crowded out to the dust heap by fresh exhumits. How soon are we forgotten! How long will the monuments we build for our departed be intelligible to those who come after us?

Our entertainment in Guajuato climaxed in a luncheon served in the club house. If an eight-course repast, with five different kinds of wine, is a luncheon in this country, I have been wondering, would they do if giving us a banquet it goes without saying that the luncheon afforded room for more oratory in both languages, bidding us welcome to Mexico, with appreciative responses by our spellbinders.

We were to have departure at 1 o'clock, but it was nearer 4 o'clock when the train pulled out. Such are the comforts of travel in a country where hospitality has no limits and punctuality is unknown.

VICTOR ROSEWATER.

Another Man Who Has Made His Way in the West

Fires and similar misfortunes have never daunted W. F. Burton, head of the Burton Implement company of Ogden, Utah. He is a native of Utah and has had thirty-three years' experience in the implement business.

In March, 1906, he established the present Burton Implement company, but on May 22, 1906, the establishment was entirely destroyed by fire. Immediately Mr. Burton began the erection of a building especially suited for his business and now has one of the most complete establishments for the handling of vehicles, implements and farm supplies that there is in northern Utah.

"The country's development has just started. With the start we now have the next five years should show more improvements than were made in the last twenty-five. The greatest improvements will be along agricultural lines, although other lines will follow the lead of the agricultural development of the country. Thousands of acres which are now in sage brush will soon be under cultivation, some under irrigation and the balance under dry farming methods of cultivation, and all in splendid, rich land. The new reservoirs which are being erected will quickly increase the number of acres which will be brought under irrigation and I predict a wonderful increase in the agricultural wealth of northern Utah within the next decade."



W. F. BURTON. These opinions of Mr. Burton are based on personal observations and his close investigations justify him in making the predictions.

VANNUTELLI MUCH PLEASSED

Impressed with the Way Omaha and the State Received Him.

TALK OF THE NEW PROVINCE

Method to Be Followed to Make Omaha the Head of an Archbishopric—Army at Reception Places Prelate.

Cardinal Vannutelli left Omaha delighted with his treatment here. Again and again he expressed to members of his suite and to his Omaha hosts his pleasure with arrangements.

"What most pleased the venerable prelate was the appearance at the reception in his honor of the military and civil arms of the government.

"How different from my own Italy!" exclaimed the cardinal as he glanced across the parlor of the Paxton at the glistening full dress uniforms of Brigadier General Smith and his staff and the less glittering apparel of Governor Shallenberger and his colonels. The cardinal had reference to the unbridled gap between the Pope and the Quirinal, which would have prevented such a demonstration in honor of a prelate of the church as the United States Army and the sovereign state of Nebraska were happy to make at the Paxton.

Cardinal Vannutelli and the other foreigners were astonished when they made their call Friday upon General Smith at the headquarters of the Department of the Missouri. The visitors had expected to see such military pomp and formality as prevails in Europe at similar headquarters, where every corridor and every door way is guarded by rigid soldiers in uniform and heavily armed.

Some of the visitors expressed their surprise to Monsignor Colaneri, who told them "this is America, a democracy, where superfluous fuss and feathers are avoided."

Talk of Archbishopric. Relative to the talk of Archbishopric being made the city of Omaha by the church with an archbishop at its head, this much may be said: When the time comes when an appeal is originated for such a division of the Dubuque province, of which Archbishop

Wealthy Speeder Escapes Penalty

Because B. C. Bradford Was Not Identified, Though His Machine Was, He is Dismissed.

Charged with having broken the speed limit, B. C. Bradford of the Bradford-Kennedy Lumber company, was discharged by Judge Crawford in police court Saturday morning. Although Bradford offered no defense to the charge and maintained a passive attitude toward the whole proceeding, the court discovered that the man had not been properly identified as the driver of the automobile when the offense was committed.

Prosecutor Dickinson and Detective Davis and Pattullo displayed a high degree of disappointment over the court's decision, the attorney delivering a lengthy argument asking for a penalty upon the guilty motorist.

"Dick" detectives testified to identifying the machine by its number and presenting witnesses who testified to having seen the machine speed madly down Farnam street from Twenty-fourth street to Twentieth in the space of ten seconds.

"Of course, it would be impossible to identify the occupants of the machine when it was going like a streak of lightning," declared Dickinson. "What is the use of having speed laws and license numbers on autos if they don't count for anything at times when they are absolutely necessary?"

Work is Rushed on Hill Depot

Expect to Have the Outbound Freight House Ready for Use by Christmas.

Before the Christmas rush of freight begins the Burlington road expects to be using its new outbound freight depot, now in course of construction. Work of all kinds is being rushed on the job and wonderful progress has been made in the building.

At present all the piers are in for the foundations in two sections and over a third in the third and last section. The end walls and one fire wall and wing walls are built in the first section and cement work on the piers progressing at the rate of 25 cubic yards of cement from each of the two machines each day.

"The steel columns for the first section will be here Tuesday and a stiff leg derrick raised by then and as fast as columns and two trusses are raised we will proceed with the brick work," stated J. T. Corvin, superintendent for the B. & O. Leaky company, contractors, building the depot.

"I have been able to get on much faster than I expected and have an extra gang on the cement work now, so as to get the cars back to the mines for more stone as soon as possible. Mr. Phelps, the resident engineer, located here, and W. H. Saltbury, the Burlington inspector, have sided me greatly in matters that came under their part of the work," he continues.

"A week from today we will have all the concrete done and about two-thirds of the floor joists. Up to date there has been a little delay in the joists, as they had to come from Texas, but otherwise things are going nicely. My plan is to rush it as fast as possible and I am advertising for brick contractors now."

DRAGNET TO CLEAN CITY BEFORE THE FALL FESTIVAL

Chief Donahue Expects to Make it Warm for All the In-

The annual cleanup of the city before Ak-Sar-Ben, in which the police try to get all undesirable out of the city, will begin next week. The purpose of the movement is to make Omaha as uncomfortable a place for all petty criminals that they will not try to make it a headquarters while the crowds are here. Sioux City is now having a fair and the chief expects a number of "dips" and "snaks" to come from there when it next is up.

Coyote Invades Some Hen Roosts

Pet of the Household Escapes and Now the Neighborhood is Seeking Him.

A pet coyote, belonging to the Foley family, at 2113 South Eleventh street, hitherto as proper and behaved as any self-respecting house dog, ran away from home the other night and has since been satisfying his predatory instincts by breaking havoc in the chicken houses of the neighborhood. Several have stayed up all night with shotgun waiting for the coyote to put in his appearance, but as yet they have been unable to get a shot at him.

When you have anything to sell or exchange advertise in The Bee Want Ad columns and get quick results.

Chinese Prince Saves the Seeds of Rocky Fords

Is So Impressed with the American Delicacy He Will Grow Some at Home.

Prince Tsai Hsueh, who passed through Omaha Thursday evening on his way to the east, was disappointed in his hope of being able to reach Niagara Falls by daylight Friday, so as to see this great natural wonder. Instead he reached there at 8:15 but the disappointment was not so great, as he was able to view them by a bright moonlight.

The Union Pacific managed to bring him into Omaha four hours ahead of the schedule time, arriving here at 7:30 p. m., and the Northwestern expected to be able to get the train in Chicago by 8:30 a. m., but did not reach there until 8:30. The Lake shore road, which took him from there to Niagara, was unable to do it any better than eleven and one-half hours for the 331 miles.

Mr. Claude Stockham of the Union Pacific, who came to Omaha from the west on the special train carrying the prince and his retinue, is telling an interesting anecdote of the trip. This member of the Chinese royal family took a great fancy to the Rocky Ford cantaloupes served on the train and sitting in his car and enjoying them. He took so great a fancy to this American delicacy that he carefully dried a number of the seeds of the melons and intends to take them back to China and try the cultivation of melons there.

Switchman Hit by Buckets. Lou McMillan, a switchman, was struck by a swinging line bucket while riding on top of a stock car in the railroad yards in South Omaha late Friday night and seriously hurt. He was standing on the running board of the car when it went under the leading dock of the Omaha Packing company and one of the buckets used in loading the line refrigerator cars knocked him down. He was struck after he fell by other buckets and severely lacerated. He was taken to the South Omaha hospital and it was found that no bones were broken. His injuries are probably not fatal.

Dresher Bros. Clothes Restoring System. Newer--Better. More Scientific Cleaning and Dyeing--HERE. A Suggestive Price List. Write for a complete List with new Dresher Booklet. Includes a table of prices for various clothing items like coats, dresses, suits, etc.

Thomas Kilpatrick & Co. Announce the result of most careful and experienced preparation to be the exhibition of the largest and most varied assortment of Perfected Women's Apparel--Suits, Coats, Waists, Dresses--it has ever been their pleasure to show. Includes a list of items and prices.

Stars and Stripes Bottled Beer. The only beer brewed from pure spring water on the market. Order a case for your home and get the best. Includes contact information for J. S. Cross.

OMAHA'S FAVORITE Metz BOTTLED BEER FOR FAMILY TRADE. Includes contact information for W. J. Bockhoff.