

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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SEPTEMBER CIRCULATION: 54,663

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss: Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average circulation for the month of September, 1915, was 54,663.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 1st day of October, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Thought for the Day: Character teaches above our will. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The glad hand awaits William Hale Thompson, mayor of Chicago. "Welcome to our city."

King Ak-Sar-Ben is the one royal potentate whose glory is in no way dimmed by the big war.

A liberal consignment of Indian summer will put the weather man on the sunny side of general prosperity.

Another jitney passenger has been seriously hurt. And we may before long learn how much financial responsibility there is behind a jitney operator.

Yes, but how long is that good hundred-cent-to-the-dollar judicial salary, for which so many democratic lawyers are yearning going to waste while the president is making up his mind?

A Nebraska jury has brought in a verdict of guilty against a lawyer for accepting bribes as a public prosecutor. Wonder if the bar will take cognizance, and do a little housecleaning?

Omaha and Douglas county have spent enough money in the past to have twice as many good roads as we have. We are willing to spend the money, but do not want it thrown to the winds.

Independence backed by the goods insures the success of the Omaha butter market. Elgin is a very nice, bustling place, but it requires more butter and less nerve to hold a place on the butter map.

A former bad man and recent politician of Oklahoma projects a religious revival in New York City. The big city is fortunate in being able to draw from the middle west efficient men to blaze the trail to salvation.

Nebraska's harvest moon beams upon the largest wheat crop harvested in the state. King Corn is driving under the wire with a bumper crop. The year's productive record puts General Optimism in the saddle to stay.

What Americans can do industrially when driven to it will be shown at the coming exhibition of home-made dyestuffs at New York. In this particular line native skill met opportunity half way and is well on the road to success.

Canada sends more sturdy men to Europe this year than immigration has brought in. The number of settlers from the United States has fallen to 40 per cent of the high record of 1913. The consequences are seen in development brought to a standstill and the collapse of innumerable speculative booms.

Thirty Years Ago: This Day in Omaha. All is in readiness for the first annual regatta to be given tomorrow by the Omaha Rowing Association at Crescent Lake. Entries include for junior singles: T. W. Blevins, C. H. Hendricks, W. P. Gurney, W. J. Carlson, H. F. Winston, W. E. Coombs. Senior singles: J. H. Clarkson, A. A. Newell, J. R. Ringwalt, P. N. Connor, J. Coble, C. H. Gordon. Tub race: W. H. Creary and Lucien Stephens.

The school board took up the question of furnishing the pupils with free books, the proposition being presented by Member Coburn, which was referred to a committee.

Sarah Brandegee gave an enjoyable party last night at her residence on Pleasant street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Rakovec of Cleveland in Omaha on their bridal trip. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. Mandelberg, Mr. and Mrs. L. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Ike New, Dr. and Mrs. Kemper, the Misses New, Reigson, Newman, Annie and Minnie Rothschild, Alpin, and Messrs. Meyer, Fisher, Oberfelder, Brande, Schiff and Rothschild.

The fifth annual opening exercises of the Omaha Medical College took place at its building on Mason street. Dr. Mathewson delivering the principal address.

Candidates for sheriff in the hands of their friends include William Coburn of the Quartermaster's Department at the corral; Edward H. Crosswell, present deputy sheriff; Councilman Ed Leeder, Tom Piermont of the police force; I. N. Pierce, county post farm superintendent; D. N. Miller, present incumbent, on the republican side; and on the democratic side Councilman Pat Ford, Henry Grebe, present deputy sheriff, and George J. Guy, the loafer.

Mr. Wilson and the Kaiser.

Negotiations between President Wilson and Kaiser Wilhelm are again under such tension as may result in breaking diplomatic relations if one or the other does not yield. Mr. Wilson made a flat statement of his position on the sinking of the Lusitania, to which the American people gave almost unanimous assent. This was followed by an even more positive declaration of the views of the American government. To these communications the Kaiser's spokesmen have returned evasive and unsatisfactory replies. Not only have the notes from Wilhelmstrasse failed to meet squarely the request of Washington for disavowal of and assurance against a repetition of the acts complained of, but the sinking of the Arabic came either as a gross blunder or a deliberate defiance of the United States.

Following the Dumba incident, which Vienna designed to notice only when compelled to save its ambassador from possible expulsion, Count von Bernstorff was clothed with extraordinary powers to represent the Kaiser's government in final negotiations as to the Arabic. It was suggested from Washington that this would lead to a disavowal in such a form as would be entirely satisfactory, but the event shows that the Kaiser's ambassador, to use a slang phrase, has been merely "stringing" the president along.

Germany, and the rest of the world, must be astonished at the halting of the president and his administration in upholding the rights of American citizens at home and abroad. "Rolling his fist in his pocket," as the Germans say, will not help the president out of his predicament. He must follow up his former pronouncement or back down entirely.

Ak-Sar-Ben Crowds and Traffic.

Omaha is accustomed to entertaining large numbers of visitors each day in the year, with great throngs during the Ak-Sar-Ben period, and has always met the problems of caring for them with success. The dual attraction at this time has resulted in the presence of an unusual number of visitors in the city, making the crowds on the streets especially dense. Omaha's broad streets and wide sidewalks reduce the possible congestion of traffic to the minimum, but at a time like this, more than usual care must be exercised. It is incumbent on pedestrians and drivers alike to show some consideration for each other at all times, but when the traffic is so heavy they must give even greater assistance in the effort to avoid accidents. "Safety first" is always a good rule, and it is doubly a duty during Ak-Sar-Ben week.

The Stimulus of Debt.

The mountain-high debts that have been piled up in all of the warring countries of Europe, and are every day being piled up still higher, are causing much wonderment as to how the people of these countries can be expected to stand up under the colossal burden. With such a staggering load to carry folks are asking how can these nations recover lost ground, and make progress even with an uninterrupted period of peace?

All history teaches, however, that the most debt-burdened people of the world have also been the most progressive people of the world, and that the accumulation of tremendous public debts has always been accompanied by the most rapid and marvelous advance of civilization. In other words, it would seem that the burden of debt operates, in fact, as a stimulus and not as a death-knell to industry, not only with individuals, but also with nations.

When France at the close of the war of 1871 was compelled to pay an indemnity to Germany, the amount was so great, according to the standards of the time, that it was considered extremely doubtful whether it could take on such an obligation. But its payment had no noticeable effect upon the progress of the French republic, and French investments abroad, as well as at home, continued to increase right along. The United States came out of our civil war with a gigantic war debt, but the country never halted in its forward march, industrially, commercially and financially, although, of course, it might possibly have gone along faster had it been free from the debt drawback.

When peace is restored, the necessity will rest upon the European countries to dig themselves out from under the debt load they are shouldering, and if history repeats itself, the experience will be a stimulus to extraordinary exertion to meet the new conditions.

Forehanded for Once.

Even the British learn by experience, and in the present Balkan crisis they appear to be putting some of their recently acquired knowledge to use. Lashed by the Manchester Guardian and other influential journals of the United Kingdom, the British government has taken such steps as will forestall in some degree a repetition of the embarrassment experienced with Turkey. While the voice that has spoken to Bulgaria is the voice of Russia the hand that holds the sword is that of England. That Greece has been prepared for entrance into such warlike activities as the quadruple entente might desire is made plain by the landing of French troops at Saloniki, well timed with the declaration of war. In the meantime, Bulgaria must at once declare which side it proposes to take, or recede from its warlike attitude entirely, at pains of having war declared against it by Russia.

That Bulgaria categorically denies all that has been alleged of its activities does not weigh in the present aspect of the case. The Allies are not so much concerned as to the entrance of Bulgaria into the war as they are to secure another position from which to attack the central powers. This way is provided through Macedonia and Serbia. The movement presages merely a little wider projection of the all-absorbing strategy of the war, and does not promise much for its early settlement.

The University of Kansas adds one more to the many beneficial uses of corn. Laboratory tests brought an oil which gives to pie crusts the golden glow that mothers produced with lard. With the pie belt annexed to his domain King Corn has ample warrant for stepping high.

The September statement of the national treasury shows a deficit of \$10,000,000 between income and outgo. By the time congress assembles the holes in the figures will be large enough for statesmen to roll free sugar barrels through them.

Are the Negro Women Making Good?

Mrs. Booker T. Washington in The Independent.

A FEW weeks ago, I was returning from a country school, where I had gone to help the teacher raise money to finish the school house, which had been burned some two or three years ago. It was a cold, dark afternoon and one would have expected every woman, at least every country woman, to be close up to the fire. Country people love to stay near their hearthstones, at least my country folks do. But as I drove on slowly, Topsy, my little black horse, who takes me all about among my country friends, pricked up her ears. I hated a moment and in the distance I heard the soft, plaintive tones of a dozen or more women, as they sang, as no other women can sing:

Don't call the roll till I get there. Don't call the roll till I get there. Oh Mary, oh Martha, don't call the roll till I get there. I want to answer to my name. I want to answer to my name. Oh Mary, oh Martha, I want to answer to my name.

The country woman expresses herself generally in song, whether she is sad or happy. This afternoon these women were—shall I say happy?—well, they were content. Once inside the building, I was not long in finding out that I was in a woman's club, a real club, where subjects of vital interest to a community were being discussed, not something these women had read about, for not a single one of them could read an ordinary book or newspaper, not a subject that some lecturer had discussed in their church, for lecturers do not usually spend their time with this sort of people, in this sort of a community—if they would—but these women, some young, more or less, had for that meeting the subject: "How to make hard water soft." This is a limestone district. These women work in the fields until Friday night or Saturday noon, when they go down to the creek to do their week's washing, and the hardness of the water is of the greatest interest to them. It had set them to thinking, and where a community of women begin to think there is sure to be action, the result of which will be their general intellectual development.

There are 500 or more mothers in the little town where I live who hold four meetings a month, at which any one who feels like it should present and who is moved by the spirit prays; any one speaks upon the subject given. It is a free speech meeting. At one of the recent meetings the question was thrown out: "How many little babies have been born in my community in the last twelve months and where are they?" Another was "How shall I keep the affection of my husband?" One woman laughed good-naturedly and said: "The women ought to go to all the conventions and things our husbands go. They travel, they read, they study and we should do this, too, or fall behind them." Another one spoke up and said: "Don't let us be so tired all of the time when he comes home." One of these women has bought a nice four-room cottage, painted it, has a good cow, a good horse and buggy, always makes her own garden, and more than all, has remade her husband from a cobbler into a real respectable carpenter. Others of this organization are following her example. Where will it all end? No one can tell, except to say that the revolution has begun, regeneration has set in and these women who have gone through trials and tribulations are going to take their stand at no distant day with the great American Womanhood, and share their part of the responsibility in increasing the nation's efficiency.

There are more than 2,000,000 negro women in this country in plantations, in small towns and in the cities. We are seldom heard from, and not always considered as a factor in the solution of the great problem in which our husbands and brothers figure so largely. The home and the family is the starting point. Since the spirit of the age demands that the mother should have a wide knowledge of all matters pertaining to the moral, spiritual and intellectual training of her children, we women must meet the demands by using our organizations as avenues of help to the better way.

We club women have made a beginning in laying a foundation as a means to an end. The work of such organizations as I have described influences not only the women directly connected with them, but reaches out to the homes that are not represented in clubs. The incidents given above are typical of the awakening and growing activities of our women all over this country—for our national association is made up of women from every state in the union. The women of each state direct their energies toward some particular local need. Indiana women have for some time been maintaining a tuberculosis camp; New York women, an old folks' home. The colored women of Alabama, some years ago, founded at Mt. Meigs a boys' reformatory, for which they raised out of their own pockets \$100,000 through the energetic lobbying of three women's clubs that had worked hardest for it, the state was persuaded to take it over. But I wonder if there are still those who ask: "Are negro women making good?"

Side Swipes at Sunday

Culbertson Banner: "Billy" Sunday says that hell will be full of church members who pray in church and vote for the saloon on election day that their feet will stick out of the windows. "Billy," we don't believe you know anything more about it than a bob-tailed muley cow.

Friend Telegraph: Rev. William A. Sunday is still ponding at the stronghold of sin in Omaha. Notwithstanding the Ak-Sar-Ben carnival, Mr. Sunday is not dismayed over this affair and asserts that there is room in Omaha for both. Thousands of people from many miles distant are visiting Omaha in order to listen to the nightly discourses of the greatest revivalist of the present time. Already the outcome has been everything that could have been expected. Hundreds are hitting the trail for a better life and for a better hereafter. Mr. Sunday is working with all his might, and great for the success of these meetings is reading the Christian people of Omaha on to his support.

Omaha Examiner: In the use of slang and vituperation "Billy" Sunday has only one rival and that is the editor of The Arizona Klicker. If we were to umpire the game our decision would be in favor of "Billy." The word "evil" was foisted simply by profane lips to do evil. But, in the language of "Billy" Sunday, "to hell with the devil," that's where he belongs.

Aimed at Omaha

Loup City Times: Omaha is not doing anything to get the next national democratic gathering, that is quite evident. It must be that they consider it to be a job, or they haven't got the pie. At any rate Omaha is not warming up to it like the meanest business.

Hloomington Advocate: While in Omaha attending the M. E. conference, Rev. Hurlbut had his pocket's picked containing \$2. Some coin other preachers were served in the same manner. The thieves must have thought the metal was an easy bunch. It shows that "Billy" Sunday still has some good work to do down there yet.

Hartington Herald: The Omaha Bee has incurred considerable censure from certain quarters on account of the extensive notice which it is giving to the "Billy" Sunday revival in that city. It must not however, be supposed that at The Bee is especially in sympathy with the Sunday campaign just because it devotes large space to it. It may or it may not; but that is not the question. The fact of the matter is that The Bee is a great newspaper and it is expressing "Billy" Sunday and his meetings simply and solely because they are his news. A newspaper is not governed by its likes or dislikes, its preconceptions or its prejudices. It is satisfied by the news values of events, and it gives to these events the prominence in its columns which their importance appears to demand.

The Bee's Letter Box

Mistaken Notion of Traveling Men.

Idaho, Oct. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: This is to answer a letter written by V. A. Bradshaw of North Platte. I wonder what this man's idea is of judging an average man's standing? There is always some old stool pigeon sitting around the depot watching the incoming and outgoing trains and when they see a traveling man come to town, they make the remark that there is one more horsehair at large. That is for the simple reason that most traveling men are a good natured sort, pleasant and willing to give any man or woman any information they deem necessary.

Just to give you a little illustration of what some people think of a traveling man. As I was coming down off of the Spaulding branch Friday morning on the early train from Columbus, there was a real feeble old lady going to Washington, Kan. She was routed from Columbus to Lincoln, by the way of the Burlington. She had traveled but very little, and was a little worried in regard to making connections at Columbus. I told her to get off on the left hand side of the coach and step into Green's transfer and he would take her to the Burlington station in plenty of time.

There were two other women on the train that had the appearance of ordinary intelligence, who spoke up and said, "We are going to Lincoln." My answer to them was "very well." In the course of the next five minutes these two particular women got their heads together and started talking about the fresh traveling men. Their idea of me at that time was that I wanted to flirt with them, and break into a conversation. The average traveling man has more intelligence than to flirt with every woman on the train, or on the streets of a town.

Whenever you meet a traveling man that is married, he is not ashamed of it. He is willing to take his wife out on the territory with him at any time or any place and let her meet all his friends. I would much rather trust my wife with a dozen or fifteen traveling men on a trip from here to Chicago, than I would the average old stool pigeon, and a few of the deacons in the church.

I can actually name at least six or eight so-called church members and Christians, that will sneak into a saloon from the back door or side entrance, just to buy a drink and have no one know it. But when a traveling man wants a drink, he goes right in the front door and buys a drink, and right straight out the front door onto the street again, regardless of who sees him.

In regard to the work "Billy" Sunday is doing, I think he is doing a great deal of good. His idea of conversion is not my type, but nevertheless when a soul is converted, it is one more saved. I have never heard "Billy" Sunday, but my intentions are that I shall in the near future.

Interested Traveling Man.

Another Traveling Man's Answer. GRAND ISLAND, Neb., Oct. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: As a traveling man and a resident of Nebraska for the last thirty-eight years, I wish to correct the gentleman from North Platte, Mr. V. A. Bradshaw. This man seems to be quite wise as to the habits of the "66 per cent" element, as he calls us, and poses as a saint himself, without any record as a prophet or ultra divine.

Such knockers can never promote the sensible and moral side of life, and such knockers are, as a rule, far from true pictures of a saint. The traveling man, as a rule, is for facts, truth, common sense and right, and refuses to take every grater's word for the vital things of life, and because he differs from some other man as to the truth of the Bible story as given by "Billy" Sunday, or any one else, is no sign he is a degenerate.

He seems to think traveling a crime, and those who engage in it are little less than his satanic majesty. However, Mr. Bradshaw, you have much to learn as to the real character of the traveling man. We have to combat just such ignorant fellows as you every day, and but for us you'd still be using a cradle in your wheat. But for us you would be waiting three months for an answer to your eastern letter.

Who is it that helps the cripples of your streets? Who buys the lead pencils and shoebristles, who maintains the best hotels? Who supports their families better? Who more loyal to the city in which he lives? Who put the Bible in all the leading hotels? Who is the advance agent of property, and the student of progressive business methods?

Many traveling men are students and thinkers, and do not put in their entire time playing with the little fifty-two pasteboard cards, and they are no more 66 per cent sinners than any other class of men. G. M. PALMER, Aurora, Neb.

"Billy" Sunday's Detectors. COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., Oct. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: The attitude of a number of people toward Mr. Sunday seems strange. Paul says in Romans 14, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servants?" Mr. Sunday must feel highly complimented when he hears himself compared (even unfavorably) to Jesus. He is criticized for calling himself the ambassador of Christ. But we are all ambassadors of Christ in some measure if we endeavor to carry His message to the world.

Mr. Sunday says he has a quick temper. He does not say he is perfect. But he does say if he didn't live according to what he preaches the "boose gang" would show him up. Consider that he has known poverty, hard work, the height of success as a ball player (a thing in itself enough to turn the head of the ordinary individual) and now of being the greatest evangelist of his day, and with this the fact that he is desperately in earnest. Try to see things from his viewpoint and realize that he has been the most powerful factor in cleaning up of many cities. How can women say one word against him?

If after Mr. Sunday is gone all Omaha and suburb could meet for religious service and plan to help the sick and poverty-stricken, how glorious that would be. MRS. RUTH C. WOLFE.

No Monopoly of Villeness. COLUMBUS, Neb., Oct. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: It may be that I am foolish to reply to the unkind remarks of V. A. Bradshaw regarding the traveling salesman. Nevertheless, that he may be informed allow me to say I have known traveling men without honor, low-minded, selfish, and I have known them to sacrifice affection to lust, and to bring dishonor and shame to once happy, virtuous homes. I have known traveling men that were profligate and thoroughly unreliable and entirely devoid of principle, but also of the men of this class as not obtain positions on the road. I am aware that there are dis-

honest, low-minded, unprincipled merchants. I have known doctors, lawyers, farmers, mechanics, bankers, politicians and men in high and honorable positions as vile and devoid of principle and as familiar with vice as any traveling salesman could possibly be. In all the walks of life there are to be found villains, but I am glad that in the store, office, farm, shop, factory and elsewhere we have magnificent, capable, cultured men who love God and man, and are interested in every good work. I am glad there are physicians who bring health to the sick and hope of immortality to the dying and consolation to the bereaved. I am glad there are lawyers who fight for justice, and editors who stand for righteousness. I am glad there are honest farmers, merchants, mechanics, bankers and politicians, and I am glad that the traveling salesman as a class will average with any of these for virtue, integrity, culture and Christian character.

Since "Billy" Sunday came to Omaha I have heard him deliver three most wonderful, wholesome sermons, and I will say of him that I consider him a great scholar and orator, that he is logical and convincing. I believe he is sincere and pure, and that the Lord is with him. I am a traveling salesman and have been on the road for over thirty years. Mr. Sunday's detractors are not all traveling salesmen, and I think if you will investigate you will find that the few traveling men who oppose him are misinformed or are interested in the things that Mr. Sunday condemns. Therefore I consider the unkind things Mr. Bradshaw said of the traveling salesman as a class to be false and should be retracted.

JOHN E. ERSKINE.

LAUGHING GAS.

"I saw lately where two men of high rank, knights of the Garter, did splendid service at a blaze as amateur firemen."

"Why shouldn't they? Isn't it the duty of knights of the Garter to support the hose?"—Baltimore American.

KABIBBLE KABARET

DEAR MR. KABIBBLE: IF I TAKE A GIRL TO DINNER AND TO A SWELL SHOW AND THEN TO SUPPER AND WHEN I TAKE HER HOME, SHOULD I KISS HER? NO—YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR HER ALREADY!

"What is the cause of the rumpus over there?" "A promising young playwright took the mirror up to Nature. Nature took one look and fell in a fit."—Judge.

So, Doctor, you are still sterner. Ah, I fear that you are somewhat of a woman hater. "Nay, no man; it is to avoid becoming one that I remain a bachelor."—New York Post.

FLATTERY.

Clinton Scollard in Judge. I told her she had aster eyes. And lips as crimson as the maple. She looked at me in grave surprise. Remarked my similes were stale. I had her know her foot was light. As in the fable's that woodland roamer. She stated, though I might be right. The saying was as old as Homer. I spoke about her sunnash lips. And of her white throat. Like a lily. Then felt a sudden heart-eclipse. For she averred that I was stilly. But when I whispered that her voice. From trouble was a sweet entrancer. And made the soul of me rejoice. She didn't even deign to answer. I sigh despaired, I will admit; I was downcast, dejected—very. For I'd exhausted all my wit. And almost my vocabulary. But when I clasped her, scoring fear. Grown through exasperation bolder. She murmured, "You are just a dear!" And put her head upon my shoulder.



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