

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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JULY CIRCULATION. 52,328

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of July, 1914, was 52,328.

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No doubt the war cry popular with the Swiss is to chase it.

The box scores on those European battles are rather slow coming in.

Omaha's esteemed ball team fights a good deal like the Russian army.

Just try to imagine how the face of "grim-visaged war" must look by now.

The battle of the billions is being successfully waged by the American farmer.

Every returned European voyager will admit that America never looked better to him.

The real dope on the war has come at last—through George Bernard Shaw, of course.

Again the truth of Gray's lines is visualized. "The path of glory leads but to the grave."

Peter thrice denied the Master just as Lawyer Brome now denies being in on that bribery plot scheme.

The rulers of Europe are not for President Wilson's offer of mediation, but we wonder how their subjects stand.

This war is a godsend to a lot of spotted candidates for office whom it has enabled to keep out of the limelight.

In Mexico or Europe "war is hell" to the man who tries to pronounce all the names of the battlegrounds and generals.

Going over in an upper-deck suite-de-luxe and coming back in the steerage at least gives room to ruminate on the contrast.

"Man proposes, but God disposes." Our democratic administration pulled down the protective tariff and the war lord put it back again.

The Chicago Tribune is running a daily sketch of feminine beauties at the bathing beaches, though the illustrations are not marked "adv."

Italy persists in its determination to remain neutral. All right, let us see how well it can succeed against the determination of the others that it shall not.

Come what may, Holland declares it will keep the peace. Which means that Mr. Bryan will have to go some to beat the Dutch queen to that Nobel prize.

What do members of our nonpartisan Water Board say to the use of taxpayers' money to circulate campaign literature for the pets on the water-marked slate?

Just picture Omaha's tornado sweeping with equal destructiveness over a large part of the most densely populated section of Europe and you may have a faint idea of what is going on over there.

Every right-minded man hopes, of course, that this will be "the last great war." But those with good memories recall that exactly that prediction followed the consummation of the Portsmouth treaty ending the Russo-Japanese conflict.

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

Mrs. W. O. Sanders, Sidney Smith and Joseph Robbins have been elected as delegates to the St. George society convention to be held in Chicago next week. These societies are headed into what is known as the North American league.

Six cases of excruciations, accompanied by the Ancient Order of Hibernians band, went to Blair for an outing under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

P. J. Nichols' special car with J. E. Markel, his son, Pryor, and Mr. Chapman of Council Bluffs, as his guests, went out on the St. Paul branch to make up a hunting party.

Bernard Canfield and his sister, Miss Lizzie Canfield, are away on visits, the former at Glenwood, Ia., and the latter at West Point.

Miss Genevieve Ingersoll has resigned her position in Union Pacific headquarters and will soon leave for New York.

John W. Westberg of the firm of Wing & Westberg has gone east to purchase fall stock.

A. A. Atherton, clerk in the Nebraska and Iowa insurance office, has recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to start on a journey to Dakota, where he will visit his sister.

A Reminder to Republicans. With only a few days remaining before the state-wide primary election, at which all the tickets to be voted on in Nebraska this fall are to be nominated, it may not be out of order to remind republicans that the character of their candidates will have much to do with final success or defeat at the polls. As everyone knows, the time has gone by when a republican nomination in this state was equivalent to a certificate of election. Quite the contrary, the present outlook augurs for victory only on condition that the party is solidified behind standard-bearers who can appeal also to the support of thinking, independent voters. To load the ticket down with disreputable, or self-seekers, or aggrieved statesmen bent on getting even with a particular class or person, will be an extra hazardous risk. Every one such candidate nominated will have to be carried as a deadening load by the other nominees, and may prove just the handicap that loses the race.

Russia Still in the Background. Though Russia pushed into war ahead of Germany, it has thus far figured little in the war news. With characteristic tardiness it has held back the general movement. If this could possibly be construed as a peaceful omen or permanent deterrent, then, of course, it would be welcome, but it means simply that Russia is still as slow as ever. While Japan taught it many things about fighting, it evidently failed to speed up its military locomotion very much. Once the czar's mighty forces are in action they will undoubtedly become a vital factor, but strategists seem to agree that the power of numbers must continue to be offset by deliberation in planning and executing. The world had been led to believe that Russia's chief occupation since 1905 had been preparation for possible war. Here is the war and Russia was apparently over-eager to get into it. The ponderous millions of Russia may yet become the potent factor in the balance, but they are taking their time about it.

Water Board Politics. Three high-priced water board employees drawing over \$30 a day are chasing votes as candidates for primary nominations, apparently with the consent and approval of the water board directors, notwithstanding the express mandate of the law against permitting employees to indulge in partisan politics. If any member of the Water board disapproves this flagrant and lawless conversion of the water works into a political machine let him offer a resolution that will make those drawing salaries either quit politics or quit their jobs. The Bee hereby offers to endorse and support for re-election the Water board member who brings about the adoption of such resolution before the impending primary.

San Francisco's Exposition. Italy announces its withdrawal of official participation in the San Francisco-Panama exposition of 1915 on account of the European war, in which, as yet, Italy is not actively engaged. The announcement cannot be unexpected, nor would it be surprising if other nations followed. It is too early, however, for lugubrious predictions. The war may have another helpful effect. If, as seems reasonable to suppose, the volume of European travel is next year reduced as a result of the war, what would be more natural than a consequent reaction in favor of the exposition? A certain and very large number of Americans simply must go somewhere every season, and those accustomed to foreign travel will be apt to visit the fair on the Pacific coast. Our "See America First" slogan is sure to mean more from now on, anyway, and with the exposition as a special attraction, San Francisco should have the benefit of the 1915 tourist trade.

Boosting the Meat Prices. Who is responsible for raising meat prices to the consumer? The packer says he is not and offers comparative figures in support of his plea. He purports to show that, as a matter of fact, wholesale prices by which he sells to the retailer have been lowered instead of advanced. On Wednesday, for example, according to the packer's statement, the retail butcher bought his meat from 1 to 6 cents a pound cheaper than on Monday, yet the consumer paid more. All we know from the retailer is that his prices have not gone down; rather, they have gone up. We hold no brief for either side, but it seems to us time for the defense to put in some evidence. What the ultimate consumer wants to know is this, if the retailer is getting his meat at a reduction, why is he selling to the consumer at an advance? Perhaps a motion to rest the case there, awaiting the other side, would be in order. In the meantime, merely telling the ultimate consumer that these are "war prices" will not fully satisfy him.

South American Trade. The fact that ten South American nations have been importing \$60,000,000 worth of coal annually from the European countries now at war and exporting to them \$68,400,000 worth of all goods seems sufficient warrant for action upon the suggestion of the eastern and southern coal dealers that an official board of commerce be organized to direct American trade in South America. These coal dealers have 350,000 tons of coal ready for shipment to the southern continent, and it seems to them the psychological time for organized stimulus to all lines of our trade down there.

Pursuing this thought, it might be further shown that South America imports \$500,000,000 worth of merchandise, or one-half its foreign supply, every year from five European belligerents. What is true of coal is likewise true to a larger or less extent of almost every other commodity, many of which are more staple with the United States than any other country. Surely, as The Bee has said before, our merchants and manufacturers will not neglect their opportunities. The coal dealers' proposal has been put up to Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce and John Barrett, director general of the Pan-American union. If it commands approval, the rest is sure. The territory is ours as much as any others, and once cultivated with success, the merit of our merchandise should be sufficient to secure the permanence of our prestige.

Has it not occurred to Johnny Bull to make use of those militants in this, his hour of trial?

The Bee's Letter Box

Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

The Douglas County Fair Removal. OMAHA, AUG. 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: The removal of the Douglas county fair from Omaha to Elkhorn illustrates what time and change can accomplish may bring forth. Fifty-six years ago the Douglas County Agricultural Society was organized at a meeting of citizens of Douglas county in Omaha. This, the first agricultural society in the state, held its first fair September 30, and October 1, 1858 at Saratoga, a point at the time just north of the city limits, and from that date down to the present time the county fair has been held in Omaha or in the immediate suburbs. The removal of the fair to Elkhorn should not disturb the peace of the people of Omaha or the citizens of the county outside of the Elkhorn district. It will cost any neighborhood a considerable expense of money, time, labor and gratuitous attention to build and establish a local fair grounds with the necessary buildings and needed fixtures and appliances to care for a county fair creditably and satisfactorily. The community should be made to feel that this responsibility needs sympathy and encouragement rather than discouragement and ill feeling. The time had arrived when the Douglas County Agricultural Society was forced to do something to save its organization, to maintain a reasonable excuse for its existence. For the last twenty years it has permitted itself to drift toward the commercial idea of exhibition display, at the sacrifice of the prime purposes of the laws creating the county fair, and to the neglect of all influence and encouragement of the individual producer and exhibitor. The creation of the precinct collective exhibit was a mistake, so to speak, put forward by the farmer, the farmer's gardener and the individual exhibitor, in all lines of farm produce and most effectually "sank them to the bottom of the sea."

These precinct displays were highly commendable and possibly have never been equaled at any fair or agricultural show. In variety, quantity and arrangement they never had an equal, and this system of exhibition has been the means of training and putting before the public a half dozen expert exhibitors in Douglas county that we are willing to challenge the world for their equal. But the demand now is for a strict compliance with the law in this reorganization of the Douglas County Agricultural Society, and the sentiment is to give the farmer and the farmer's boy a chance; to get down to a plain county fair premium list and let each resident of the county be on an equal basis with any other.

Douglas county is producing county today in Nebraska in pure bred stock, and is surrounded with a live stock and advertising advantage that cannot be equaled anywhere. There is no reason why Douglas county farmers do not make this the great central headquarters for the pure bred stock industry of this section of the state. Let us have Douglas county fair now with its new blood and new stimulus in location set a high mark for pure bred live stock improvement.

As to the county fair removal being a disappointment and loss to the Ak-Sar-Ben carnival managers, this is certainly a mistake. It will be a saving of \$1,000 to \$2,000 in expenses. The Douglas county fair will stay away from the Omaha carnival because the county fair is being held at Elkhorn. The Douglas county fair was estimated by some people. The great wonder was with the majority of visitors that it was there at all. It was censured for being out of place, wrongly entered, not in its proper classification.

G. W. HERVEY. Gifts for the Melting Pot. NEHAWKA, Neb., Aug. 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: I am so glad that some one ever thought of the melting pot. I have often wondered what I should do with these odd things that have been in my possession for more than a score of years. I am getting along in life. No one knows their history. No one will ever care for them or know why they have been kept. They are practically worthless to any one. So it has been borne in on me that now is the time to try them on the altar to put them where they will bring forth some good to humanity.

Here, and I handle it reverently, is a chain which I used to wear around my neck with a little blue heart attached to it. The chain and the watch were bought from Atlanta, Ga., by a friend of my father's just after the civil war. It belonged to a widow who had lost her husband and was in the rebel army, fighting or what they thought was right. All they had ever owned had been destroyed or stolen, and now she was in need. My father bought them for my sister. A few years after a burglar stole the watch and chain. Farewell, into the melting pot it goes.

This old-fashioned brooch was worn by my mother nearly ever since I can remember. Gold and shrouded with a piece for a picture or a lock of hair. I use the same pin on her in the old-fashioned pictures she had taken. I know she would approve of what I am doing, and so into the melting pot it also goes. These cuff buttons, Roman cross, black lines, once beautiful, were bought by my father for my mother in Mansfield, O., when linen cuffs first came in style and cuff buttons were all the rage. They have been worn by all the girls in our family. Mother would say, if she could speak, yes, send them to the melting pot. They have been east and west and north and south. This is their last journey.

And these are the drops from a pair of earrings. When I was 12 years old I endured the pain of having my ears pierced that I might be in style. My father gave me permission to go to Mr. Eaton's jewelry store and get me a pair of earrings. His store was in Plattsmouth, south of town, where the machine shops are now. That's a long time ago. Long earrings with pendants and set with brilliants, which were as fine in those days as diamonds are now.

And now they are to be a burnt sacrifice on the altar of equality before the law for womanhood. How small an offering. I wish I might walk up as a man does, pay cash and get citizenship papers. But not so, say the lords of creation (self-made); but, oh, the glad day is coming. We see the dawn and welcome it with delight.

MRS. O. KIRKPATRICK. Bull Moose in Washington. Seattle Post-Intelligencer. More than half the counties of Nebraska are without local bull moose tickets for the coming primaries. Doubtless Washington will make such the same showing when the time for filling expires.

FORGOTTEN PAGE of American History in the Heart of Germany as Read by Omaha Visitor.

Unique Duchy of Hesse. While abroad, we came across a page of American history in the heart of Germany—at Cassel, in the duchy of Hesse. In the city square is a monument to the memory of the Hessians troops who fell on American soil while fighting on the English side against us in the revolutionary war. It is a sad commentary on the state of human liberty in Europe a little over 100 years ago—in the time of your father's grandfather—that the monstrous doctrine of the divine right of kings entailed by a thousand years of belief, and sanctioned by the church, was still the only government, and that in the most liberal sense—the life and property of the subject belonged to the king.

Lessing of Soldiers Fruitful. The rulers of the little duchy of Hesse, poor of land and few inhabitants, not half a million souls, found a most fruitful source of revenue in the sale or rental of soldiers, for which there was always a good market in those troublous times. England had long been a good customer for Hessian troops, and so it came about when England needed soldiers to put down its rebellious subjects in America, it turned to its accustomed source of supply and hired from Hesse-Cassel and five smaller German principalities, some 30,000 men, and for seven years our continental troops had to fight from 15,000 to 20,000 Germans, all known as Hessians, and counted among the best professional soldiers in Europe. On our side we had 7,000 French soldiers and 15,000 French seamen, who helped us in the siege of Yorktown and elsewhere when we needed them sorely. The trained Hessian troops, especially the tall grenadier regiment with their artillery, struck with consternation the raw American volunteers, and the easy victory of the Hessians at Long Island and in the taking of New York City, caused them to make the fatal mistake of underestimating our ragged army, and their contempt for our troops was paid for dearly at Trenton one memorable Christmas morning when a certain George Washington, after having crossed the Delaware, made the young nation a Christmas gift of an army of astonished Hessians. There was no end of jealousy between the English officers and the Hessian general, who had but a poor opinion of the English. The fact that the Hessian troops spoke only German put them at a disadvantage, and the bickerings and jealousies between the Hessians and the English furnished aid and comfort to the Americans. An old hand bill gotten out by General Washington offers each Hessian soldier who deserts fifty acres of land, and to each captain who deserts, bringing with him forty men, he promises 500 acres of woodland, four oxen, one bull and four hogs. Here is where we got some of our good Pennsylvania Dutch citizens.

End of Lessing Soldiers. The American Revolution was destined to be the last time that a ruler dared to use his subjects for barter and sale. Even at that time, Frederick the Great of Prussia made heated protest to the Hessian landgrave, not questioning his right to do as he pleased with his subjects, but criticizing his lack of love for his people which permitted him to sell them as "cattle to be dragged to the shambles." Mirabeau—the great French statesman that was yet to be—wrote a fiery pamphlet from Holland, where he was in exile, and addressed it "To the Hessians and other nations of Germany, sold by their princes to England." And, as the great German poet, Schiller, voiced a most eloquent protest in his tragedy of "Cabale und Liebe." The landgrave justified his action on the ground that as a royal relative having married King George III of England's sister, he was compelled to give the English the use of his troops, and pointed to history as warrant from the time of the 10,000 Greek mercenaries under Xenophon, to the Swiss and others of recent times. Moreover, he made an address to a battalion of a thousand recruits, in which he asked if there was any one who felt he was being coerced into going to America, he should step out of the ranks and remain at home. One hundred and four honest but misguided men stepped forth and were promptly shot the next morning. They had four-flushers even in those days. The use of Hessian troops met with spirited objection in the British Parliament, but the majority justified it on the grounds of necessity. The cost to England of these mercenaries was skillfully hidden in the war budget on account of the unpopularity of their use. We know from the treaty with Hesse-Cassel, however, that it cost England \$5,300,000, and the wages of the soldiers and the expenses of recruiting and equipment in addition. They spent \$35 for the rent of each soldier to begin with, and agreed to pay \$5 for each Hessian that was killed, and about half that amount for each one wounded. More than 12,000 of these mercenaries never returned to Germany. It was the French revolution, however, that did away forever with the divine right of kings, and made such outrages and a thousand others impossible forevermore. It was the ambition of these old Hessian rulers to copy the French court and rival the gardens and fountains of Versailles. The best French architects, artists and landscape gardeners were brought from Paris to make of Williamshöhe, near Cassel, one of the wonders of the world. They succeeded to such an extent that it is still visited by thousands today and is one of the show places of Germany. The emperor of Germany has a palace there and the royal family were occupying it when we were there.

Cascades Are Beautiful. Napoleon III lived here as a prisoner for several months after the battle of Sedan, and the place must often have recalled memories of Versailles, especially when the fountains played. Erected on a huge stone pyramid on the top of a mountain in the heart of a pine forest is the great bronze statue of Hercules, reclining on his club. The statue is hollow and the interior has room for six grown people. It can be seen for miles against the background of the sky. Leading down the mountain side through a wide avenue cut through the pine forest is a cascade, built of rock steps, as wide as a street, over which the water runs in a broad sheet from the fountains at the foot of the statue. At the foot of the cascades it disappears in the earth only to reappear again through stone aqueducts, modeled after the ruined ones on the Campagna at Rome, to reappear in artificial waterfalls; then the water disappears again, and we see it for the last time as a single fountain jet shot 200 feet into the air. Midway between the statue and the mountain top, and the city in the distant valley, lies the semi-circular palace with its beautiful gardens and magnificent old trees. The view stretches in one straight line from the mountain top down through the city and out into the country again until it is lost on the horizon, a sight never to be forgotten. In those times old masters were cheap because there were not many art collectors. Among the very little good that may be said of the Hessian rulers of that day, we must give them credit for having not only a discriminating and appreciating love of the fine arts, but a willingness to spend money for the same. So it comes about that the museum and picture gallery at Cassel and the royal palace boast thirty-one genuine Rembrandts, to say nothing of the splendid examples of the old Dutch school and the Italian masters.

Few Think of Loss of Life. Of the thousands of visitors who make a Sunday holiday to look upon and listen to the waters as they flow pleasantly from step to step over the cascades down the mountain side, how many give a pitying thought to the poor Hessian boys whose blood flowed in distant America that this plaything of a heartless prince might be. Long, long ago, the actors of these scenes have passed away, and so this illustrated page of a tale that is told lies in quiet beauty before our eyes.

JEST AND JOLLITY. "I want a paraffin-grey hat with flame-colored trimmings." "Yes, madam. For a garden party?" "No. For a church-burning party."—The Sketch. "Slavish—I always pay as I go. Miss Wersing (singing)—Your creditors have my sympathy.—Boston Transcript. "Madame, the musicians want something more to drink." "Certainly not. Do they think they are paid to make the bottles dance?"—Paris Le Rire. "Dr. Pilem—My dear sir, it is a miracle that you are alive today." "Patient—Yes, that's what my friends said when I told them you were attending me.—Life.

"Why should a married man be paid more than a single man?" "The married man ain't so anxious to get home early, declared the boss.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer. "Rise—Rounder wishes now that he hadn't married a widow." "Rise—Why?" "Dye—He can't use any of the old excuses for coming home late.—Judge.

"So you went in search of a sylvan spot close to nature?" "Yes." "Did you find one?" "No. I went into the country—but I never heard so many plans and phonographs and automobiles in my life."—Washington Star. "What a lot of shabby old schoolbooses your town seems to have." "Well, yes. But you ought to see our new jail—there ain't a hotel in the state that's half as comfortable."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Enter the nurse. "Please, m' will you come in and speak to Master Willie? He won't let me bathe him. He says he's a socialist."—Texas Coyote. Mrs. Bacon—Do you suppose the milk our man-brings us is perfectly pure? Mr. Bacon—Oh, yes. Why, they say he never uses anything but distilled water. Yonkers Statesman.

Auto Demonstrator (who has been trying for three hours to sell the car)—Now I will throw in the clutch. Uncle Eben—If I take the machine, then, I know if I held off long enough you'd give me something to boot.—Puck. "Miss Ethel" he began. "or Ethel, I mean—I've known you long enough to drop the 'miss,' haven't I?" "She fixed her lovely eyes upon him with a meaning gaze. Yes, I think you have," she said. "What prefix do you wish to substitute?"—Catholic Citizen.

MID-SUMMER MUSINGS. August time has come again. The grapefruit and strawberries are scratched from off the bill of fare; So is one that's made of cherries; And ice cold watermelon tempts, And cantaloupe and peaches; And "Please say nothing but the applesauce." The table boarder screeches. August time has come again. The happy "plain clothes" preacher Sans dicky, sans solemnity, Uncle Eben—If I take the machine, then, I know if I held off long enough you'd give me something to boot.—Puck. August time has come again. When the musical muleteer Sings ditties in each doorway ear With cadence ever sweeter; And the batydid's persistent notes Come shrilly to remind me That it's only six more weeks to frost. When vacation is behind me.—BAYOLLE TREBLE.

"I saw a Funny Thing last night," writes a Philadelphia man. "I was in the men's cafe of the... Hotel. A few tables away, and close to a window, was a rather rough-looking man of about fifty. He took a cigar out of his pocket, bit off the end, put the cigar in his mouth, took a match out of the match box, and tried to light his cigar. The match broke in two. He took another. The wind blew it out. With the third, fourth— on up to the sixth—he had similar mishaps. By that time, I had become tired of the spectacle, so I walked over to him, handed him a Safe Home Match and said: 'Here! Try this! It's a REAL match!' He lit it and, in spite of the fact that the wind was coming in the window as hard as ever, lit his cigar." Now the question is this: If one Safe Home Match will do what six ordinary matches failed to do, what is the relative value of Safe Home Matches and ordinary matches? The price is the same. But what is the relative value? Sc. All grocers. Ask for them by name. The Diamond Match Company



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Advertisement for 'The Trey O' Hearts' in THE BEE. Text: "Read one installment of 'The Trey O' Hearts' Each Sunday in THE BEE"