

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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Liberty is "over the job."

A fat pig is equal to a big shell, says Hoover, and experience adds a lot harder to provide.

Winning the war in the wheat fields means co-operation in the kitchens. Do not forget this.

Ships, wheat and hogs supplement men and money in winning the war. Pick your route and go to it.

Von Mackenzen's battering ram hurts, but it has not yet produced results such as have followed Haig's steam roller.

The one possible consolation is that it takes no more effort to stick a 3-cent postage stamp than to stick a 2-center.

A red-headed gunner fired the first shot for America on the battle front in France, showing that you cannot lose the sorrel-tops.

To be sure, no investment carries the security of a Liberty bond, but a judicious purchase of Omaha real estate comes a close second.

Even though they cannot celebrate the victory in the usual manner, the wets in Iowa enjoy the satisfaction of having "put one over" on the dregs.

The dollar is quoted at 83 cents in Copenhagen at the moment, but, as mighty few of our purchases are being made there, this is not cause for much worry.

Lieutenant Colonel Dahlman is listed among the possibilities, thus showing that politics has nothing to do with the organization of the "Lucky Seventh."

The people who pay for the Liberty bonds are entitled to know where the money goes and to know that it goes where it does the most good to achieve the object desired.

Don't let anyone make you believe the kaiser is already "licked." The finishing touches of that job remain to be put on by our boys in khaki after they get across the pond.

Keep cool till you get General Cadorna's story of the fight. Just remember what a change came over the accounts from Verdun after Nivelle and Pétain got time to telegraph from the front.

Too many automobile accidents despite all admonitions, largely because no certain penalty attaches to carelessness. If the path of reckless driving led to jail people would not so lightly take a chance.

An ample supply of coal for all our needs is promised, but that does not make any less cogent the argument for saving fuel. The percentage of wasted fuel in the average American home is greater than the percentage of wasted food.

Notwithstanding our building trades strikes, there is more construction in evidence in Omaha proportionately than in any other city not specially boomed by war-order industries. The beauty of Omaha's expansion, in fact, lies in that it is a normal, natural growth.

A lot of folks would still like to know why the War department strategists at Washington insist on interning General Leonard Wood in the capacity of drillmaster out at Camp Funston instead of utilizing his demonstrated exceptional military talents where they can be of fullest benefit to the army and the nation.

That freak order to close all our public schools during harvest time, against which The Bee vigorously protested, has given way to the common sense plan of excusing from school attendance temporarily only such of the larger boys whose services in garnering the crops can be made worth while. Some difference!

"Lo, the Poor Indian" Housewife.

Several times in recent months The Bee has paid a modest tribute to the advance of the noble red man in the arts of peace, extolling his achievements as a farmer, stock raiser, builder and business man. Now it is our pleasure to say in word of admiring commendation for his helpmeet in her capacity as housewife. Agnes Bone Necklace of Pine Ridge Agency has just been awarded a prize for the best display of canned vegetables, made in a competitive exhibit under the direction of the Indian bureau. We entertain no doubt that these vegetables would have attracted attention and won a prize anywhere, but the wonder will be that it is from an Indian. Madam Bone Necklace has but to look back to her youth to see the women of her tribe devoting their culinary skill to the preparation of prairie dog stew or jack rabbit ragout, by such primitive means as would astonish one on first inquiry. And, failing the prairie dog, the common or domestic variety would suffice. Such vegetables as might be preserved by drying in the sun or in the smoke of the wickup, or tepee, eked out the fare through the long winter months, but the only knowledge of canned goods the Sioux had came from familiarity with the post trader's stock or with recurrent government issue day. Agnes Bone Necklace should be proud, as representative of a race that has leaped in a night the gap that divides the Stone Age from that of the highly enlightened present.

Views, Reviews and Interviews
By Victor Rosewater

IT WAS my privilege to be among the guests at the newspaper luncheon last Thursday given for Lord Northcliffe by Mr. I. R. Kirkwood, publisher of the Kansas City Star, at which I was honored with a seat at the speaker's table that gave me an exceptional opportunity to meet and observe the distinguished guest. It was a remarkable gathering of editors and publishers from Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma and a few from Nebraska and Iowa—nearly 250 altogether—

who, I am sure, impressed Lord Northcliffe almost as much (although in a different way) as he impressed them. From the speaker we had earnest, matter-of-fact, forceful survey of the present condition of the war, with an outline of what must be done to insure success to our arms. He tried to drive in the immensity of the different tasks that need to be performed and especially to show his hearers how the newspapers can help by keeping their readers fully informed of what is happening, of the bad things as well as the good things, so they may realize exactly what they are confronted with.

It is needless to say that Lord Northcliffe sees early ending of the conflict and declines to paint a rosy picture of the job ahead of our troops, though expressing perfect confidence in the eventual outcome. Lord Northcliffe is unquestionably the foremost newspaper publisher the world has produced and today yields an influence through his papers far greater than any other man not invested with official power.

His personality invites study, his facial lines are strong, his manner of speech deliberate, his mannerisms in many respects characteristic. He indulges no mountain-top oratory or sky-painting word pictures, but gets down on the ground level and talks straight from the shoulder in conversational style. To use a slang expression, there is nothing of the "hot air" feature in his talk, but every word is well chosen, carefully weighed and calculated to stimulate the thought of those to whom it is addressed. His Lordship has some peculiarities of dress and action. He was attired in a plain business suit and wore the turn-down flannel collar which has been so often described in connection with that he never wore anything but this soft collar, but that is not correct, for later, in evening dress, he had the regulation starched standing collar, though doubtless annoyed by its discomforts. He uses glasses and wears a wrist watch, but no other jewelry except a ring on his small finger. As he spoke he held a lighted cigar in his hand, from which he kept knocking off the ashes on his plate until it went out repeatedly, whereat he would each time light it again without smoking it and without interrupting his speech.

He proved very approachable and treated all men on an equal basis, and his speech was decidedly democratic. He told me how much he regretted that he could not accept the invitation I had extended him to visit Omaha, because his itinerary had already been definitely decided, but promised to make another western trip shortly and include Omaha along with Topeka and Des Moines, in whose behalf equally urgent requests were made by Governor Capper of Kansas and by Colonel Lafe Young of the Des Moines Capital and Harvey Ingham of the Des Moines Register and Leader, respectively. He was down on the program for the Knife and Fork club banquet, but, feeling that the other speakers were using up the time and perhaps the patience of the audience, he retired to his room while Lord Northcliffe was concluding, evidently thinking he would not be seriously missed. Soon a call was made for General Wood and the clamor for his steady increased, no explanation by the toastmaster sufficing until the general was finally sent for and responded briefly, after which the persistent banquets consented to disperse.

Coming back from Kansas City I had the company on the train of General Leonard Wood and his aides, who had likewise participated in the reception of Lord Northcliffe. The ovation given General Wood here was a most fitting tribute to the high ability of the man, but it was only a counterpoint of his experience the day before. He was down on the program for the Knife and Fork club banquet, but, feeling that the other speakers were using up the time and perhaps the patience of the audience, he retired to his room while Lord Northcliffe was concluding, evidently thinking he would not be seriously missed. Soon a call was made for General Wood and the clamor for his steady increased, no explanation by the toastmaster sufficing until the general was finally sent for and responded briefly, after which the persistent banquets consented to disperse.

Here at our Commercial Club General Wood told of the sacrifices made by so many of the men in the conscripted army at Camp Funston and the plight in which their sudden departure left some of the home folks. He told about receiving a letter from the wife of one of the soldiers who had been snatched from his ranch, leaving no one to take care of the maturing corn crop or look after the cattle and other animals except his aged father, living miles away. The wife said she was practically alone with a very small child, and was looking forward to another addition to the family. She had written to ask for advice as to what she would do. I learned from another source the rest of the story. General Wood verified the information in the letter, sent for the man and told him to apply for a month's furlough and go home and get his corn in and put things in order so he could return to the camp at the expiration of his time. The incident however, may serve to remind us that it is possible even in these days of ruthlessness for a trained soldier to become a great military general without losing a sympathetic feeling for his fellow man or his ability to meet an every day emergency—according to the requirements of humanity.

In the hotel lobby I ran across Frederick Inness, the celebrated bandmaster and cornet soloist, whose name was one to conjure with here in Omaha at the time of our exposition and for years afterwards.

"What are you doing?" I asked him. "I'm on my way to Parsons, Kan., where I will open a concert tour of my band. My route takes me wholly through the south and I am sorry I do not come to Omaha." I asked about the other bandmasters with whom we were familiar when the band concert festival was at the height of its popularity and received some interesting information. "Bellstedt is no longer in the business. He is alive, but has no band. Finney has retired. I think one of his sons has made quite a lot of money. Santelman is still leading the Marine band at Washington, but Sousa, as you know, is heard more through the phonograph records than in concert. Pryor has a band, but the Italian bands and most of the others have practically quit, because the chautauques agencies furnish concert bands of a certain class on short order. I am still leading, but have ceased to play as a soloist for quite a few years now. I thought it better to stop while I was good than to keep on until I broke down. The band business is not what it used to be."

As we were talking Mr. Inness explained that he was waiting to meet a tuba player whom he had never seen and I asked him by what outward signs he would tell whether a man could play the tuba. "I don't know, but we shall see," was his reply. Scores of people kept passing us for perhaps a half an hour, but apparently none of them a likely candidate, until a neatly-dressed man, past middle age, with a gray-black mustache, came sauntering aimlessly. "I think that's my man," said Inness, jumping up from his seat. "I was looking for Prof. Inness," remarked the stranger.

"You see!" exclaimed Inness triumphantly.

People and Events
After trying two home-grown husbands, shaking one on the divorce route and the other cemeteryward, Mrs. Helen Kelly-Gould-Thomas of New York is about to hitch up with a real Turk, Prince Noureddin Viora of Albania. The prince has been hanging around Gotham for some time seeking an eligible princess. Helen has "the goods."

One Year Ago Today in the War. Captain Boelcke, celebrated German aviator, killed in an air collision. British merchant steamer Marina sunk by a submarine off Irish coast. Rumanians turned on Austro-Germans and delivered vigorous attacks all along the Transylvanian front. In Omaha Thirty Years Ago Today. The Swedish Library association will give a ball at Metz hall this evening. George Francis Train lectured to 1,000 people at Exposition hall.



George Francis Train lectured to 1,000 people at Exposition hall.

Edward Cudahy, manager of the Armour packing house, has arrived in the city and will resume the duties of his new position. A disastrous fire occurred in the fair grounds, entailing a \$15,000 loss to the association. The fire originated from a spark from an engine on the Bell line.

Ed Rithmore has deposited \$10 with Ed Rothroy and challenges any 160-pound man in Omaha for a wrestling match. Mo. for the Missouri Pacific Railroad company.

This Day in History. 1800—Artemus Ward, senior major general of the continental army, died at Elbert, Kansas. Born there November 27, 1827. 1851—Cotton planters met in conference at Macon, Ga., to devise ways and means to prevent fluctuations in the price of the staple. 1867—French army arrived in Italy to aid the pope in opposing the Garibaldian invasion.

The Day We Celebrate. Simon Wolf of Washington, D. C., one of the foreign-born leaders of American Jewry, born in Rhenish Bavaria 81 years ago today. Alexander Zaimis, premier of Greece during the recent critical period in that country's history, born 62 years ago today.

Joseph W. Folk, ex-governor of Missouri, now chief counsel of the Interstate Commerce commission, born at Brownsville, Tenn., 48 years ago today. Herbert Parsons, former New York congressman, now a major in the military aviation service, born in New York City 48 years ago today. John Mason, one of the veteran actors of the American stage, born at Orange, N. J., 60 years ago today. Richard Folsom Cleveland, only son of the late President Grover Cleveland, born at Princeton, N. J., 20 years ago today.

Timely Jottings and Reminders. The president by proclamation has set aside today as a day of prayer for the success of the American arms in the war.

In pursuance of a custom inaugurated some years ago by the Prison Reform association, today will be observed a "Prison Day." Rev. Chauncey B. Brewster today will complete his twentieth year as bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Connecticut.

Drew Theological seminary, Madison, N. J., today will begin a four-day celebration in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. Food Pledge week is to be ushered in today with the preaching of 100,000 special sermons from as many pulpits throughout the land.

The most important gathering of Jews in America since the beginning of the European war is to be held in New York City today, to form plans for the continuation of Jewish war relief and for the completion of the \$10,000,000 fund for war sufferers.

Storyette of the Day. A full-blown second lieutenant was endeavoring to display his great knowledge of musketry. Sauntering up to the latest recruit, he said: "See here, my man, this thing is a rifle, this is the barrel, this is the butt and this is where you put the cartridge in."

The recruit seemed to be taking it all in, so the officer, continuing, said: "Put up the weapon to your shoulder; these little things in the barrel are called sights; then to fire you pull this little thing, which is called the trigger. Now, smarten yourself up, and remember what I have told you; and, by the way, what trade did you follow before you enlisted? A collier, I suppose!"

"No, sir," came the reply, "I only worked as a gunsmith for the government small arms factory."—London Tit-Bits.

HERE AND THERE. British Red Cross work is now costing more than \$25 a minute. Every 29th person in the United States is the owner of an automobile. Jack Binns, who leaped into fame as a wireless hero a few years ago, is now a lieutenant in a Canadian instruction camp.

It is calculated that the average speed at which a golf ball leaves the tee is 800 miles an hour—about five times that of an express train. Seventy-five million cigarettes are smoked in the United Kingdom every day, which means an average of four cigarettes for every male person in the British Isles.

The Seven Stars, in Manchester, claims the distinction of being the oldest tavern in Great Britain. It is said to have been in existence as an inn over 560 years. Probably Emperor Charles of Austria has more titles than any other sovereign. He is eight times a king (his kingdoms ranging from Hungary to Jerusalem), an archduke, a double grandduke, sixteen times a duke, a grand prince, four times a margrave and several times a count.

Probably the world's marrying record for men was created by George Witsoff, whose bigamies astounded the world some years ago. His marriages were variously estimated at from 200 to 800 and it was reported that in the space of a single week he went through marriage ceremonies with ten different women.

Wife (reading letter)—"Well, I declare! Here's Jim Brown that I used to know come back from the west with a fortune. Hub—Well, go on! I'm waiting. Wife—Waiting for what? Hub—For you to throw up to me that you might have married him.—Boston Transcript. The Adjutant (to prospective order-room clerk)—"Well, Bitters, you say you're good at figures. Now, if there were four files on this table and I killed one how many would there be left? Bitters—One, air—the dead 'un.—Sketch. "Smith was telling me the other day about his boy's brightness—said he was sure he would go up rapidly." "He has. Yesterday he found a cartridge and worked at it to find out what was inside."—Baltimore American.

"How do the German soldiers get Iron Crosses?" asked Broncho Bob. "They have to win 'em." "Win 'em! I know they were right plenty for 'em. But I had not idea the boys were un' 'em for poker chips."—Washington Star.

"I've just been reading a new style novel." "What is a new style novel?" "You remember the heroine who used to tap the hero roughly on the wrist with her foot?" "Yes." "Well, in the new style novel she cracks him over the coco with her swager stick."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I want to teach all classes." "Good enough." "So, I'll make my appeal to the average man." "Make it to 'our best people and you'll go further, my friend."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Gasoline is likely to be even more expensive than wheat." "Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "Every time my motor won't run I feel a thrill of satisfaction at the way I am economizing."—Washington Star.

"Well, old man, I hear that one of your poems has been accepted. Did you have an inspiration?" "I don't know, really; but I am certain the editor had one."—Boston Transcript.

"There's one thing I will say for our national anthem!" "What is it?" "It's a good thing the tune isn't as hard to remember as the words are."—Detroit Free Press.

"Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." "What's that?" "It's a most enjoyable job," admitted Senator Snooks. "You can make songs right along without offending any important interests."—Chicago Post.

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