

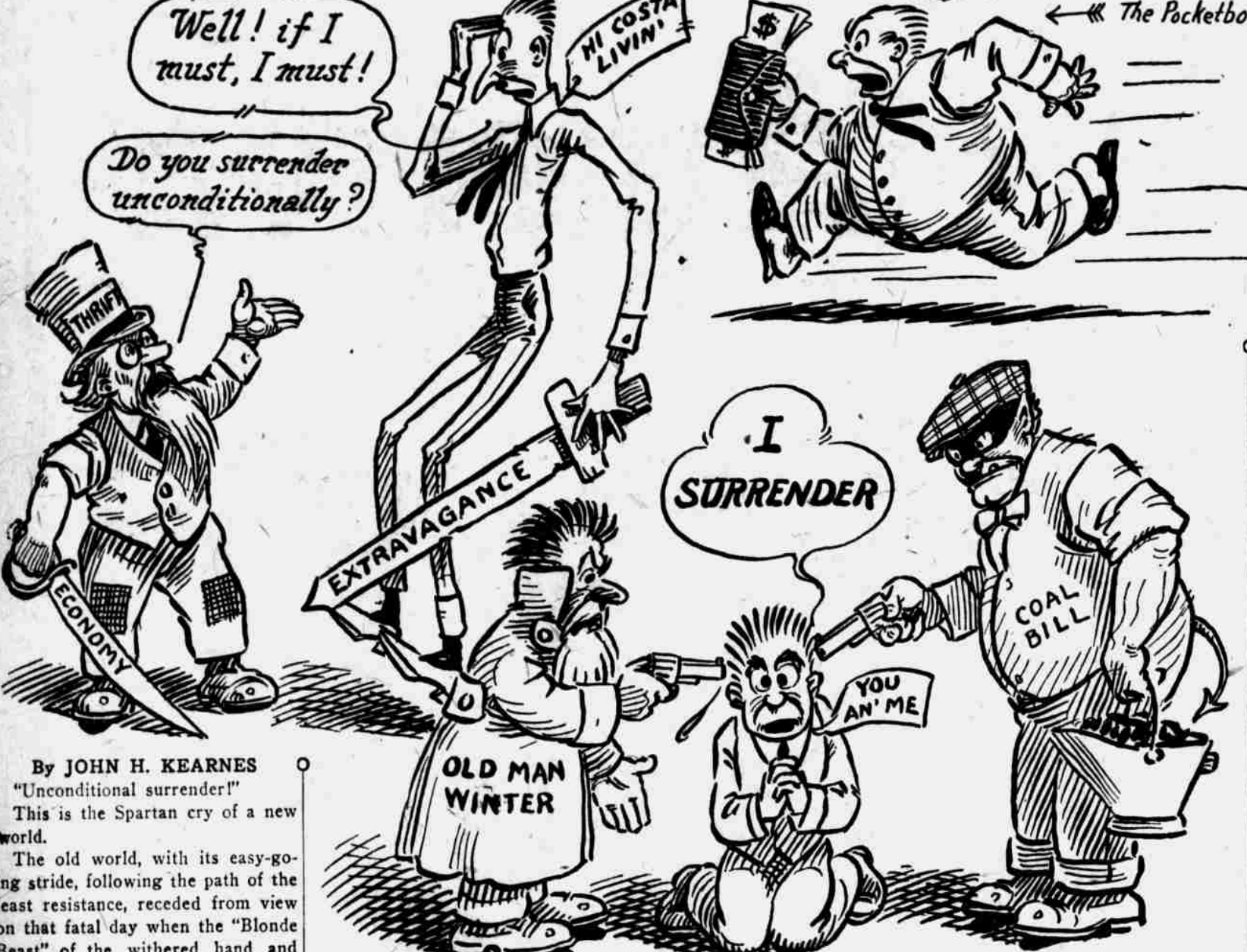
"Unconditional Surrender"

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 20, 1918.

His Majesty Distributes Rewards for Duty Done

By ROBERT J. HORTON
The walls of the castle showed gray against the red flares of the sunset. Hundreds of soldiers stood at attention, the spikes on their helmets splashed with color in the falling light. There was no sound except the occasional sharp spoken command of an officer. All was

quiet 110 miles between the western front.
In a large room in the basement of the castle, protected by the many stone stories which reared above, the kaiser raised his weary eyes and glanced at the crown prince, Hindenburg and Ludendorff.
"How many Belgian babies has Von Butcher added to his score this week?" he asked.
"Two hundred and twelve, sire," was the answer.
"Give him the Grand Order of the Spreading Vulture with two extra wings," commanded his majesty. "Give him a star of approval. A clerk wearing the Iron Cross entered the award of the decoration."
"How many Red Cross hospitals have been successfully bombed?" queried the mighty one.
"Seven, sire."
"And the casualties inflicted?"
"Sixteen nurses and thirty wounded, your majesty."
The great one rubbed his hands in gloating satisfaction. "To each aviator who participated in a successful hospital raid I award the Red Ribbon of the Swopping Hawk," he announced.
The others bowed in silent elation.
"Any ships sunk?"
"Two, sire."
"Women and children on them?"
"On one, sire; on the other, no. There was regret in the speaker's tone as he referred to "the other."
"Were the women and children lost?"
"Oh, yes, sire, yes, indeed."
"And were the lifeboats of the other ship shelled and sunk?"
"Yes, your majesty," was the proud reply.
A smile lit the great one's face, momentarily driving away the hard lines of his majesty.
"Give the noble submarine commander the Grand Cross of the Sneaking Shark with an annual pension of ten thousand marks in addition to pay," he commanded.
"That is all then; no women shot as spies?"
"Not this week, sire," was the apology.
Ludendorff cleared his throat and bowed low. "There is one other thing, sire."
"Yes? What is it?"
"A case of extraordinary bravery; most unusual daring, sire. During the retreat from Cambrai a lone sailor was wounded and left behind by mistake, sire. When the fact was discovered a man volunteered to go back and get him. He went into the storm of bullets and effected the rescue, although he was shot eighteen times and died immediately after."
"And what was the name of this officer who made the brave rescue?"
"He was not an officer, sire, he was merely a German private. I promised the colonel I would mention it to you."
"It is to you,"
The man's mouth a picture of joy as he bowed.
"Send the man's mother a picture of me; one of the smaller ones!"



By JOHN H. KEARNES
"Unconditional surrender"
This is the Spartan cry of a new world.
The old world, with its easy-going stride, following the path of the least resistance, receded from view on that fatal day when the "Blonde Beast" of the withered hand and Berserker soul cast aside the sheep-skin cloak and, in the raiment of the werewolf, unleashed the pack of hell on an unsuspecting world.

back of him for the responsibility. It was on this contention that the case came, up to the supreme court.
But the woman is vindicated, as is also the public, when it takes the stand that beans must be beans. Six of the seven justices said she should have justice, and that there being no other responsible party in sight, she should have it out of the restaurant. It is regrettable that the seventh did not concede this point, but it must be assumed as granted that he recognized the important truth that beans must be beans.
As there must be no shams in food, so must there be no shams now in society. Men are now being reckoned according to their real values. So also are the women. Camouflage is no longer complaisantly admired—sham has unconditionally surrendered and there are now but two strata of society in our country—servant and slacker.

The idle rich can wear this badge as proudly as the sons of toil, and one blessing of this war is the fact that it has not found America decadent and that the strength of our democracy has been so great that it has placed the virile sons of the rich shoulder to shoulder with the virile sons of the poor and in every gigantic test neither have been found wanting.
Social values are changing as rapidly here as they have in France.
French Bride's Dowsy.
In one of the small villages in Picardy a French poulu was leading his bride from the village church, after the wedding ceremony.
Two comrades viewed the procession and one asked the other:
"Has the bride much of a dowry?"
"A rare one," was the reply. "Two tons of coal, a barrel of gasoline and some genuine powdered sugar."
Even in America, with its comparative affluence, these commodities are to be preferred at the present time to great riches.
There has even been unconditional surrender to our political relationships. Jeffersonian ideals have been swallowed up in Hamiltonian practicalities.
Democracy has surrendered its old fetish of states' rights and under flag exigencies is strengthening the federal arm day by day. Municipalities are adopting ordinances originating in Washington. We do this and so because Washington asks it. Moving picture houses, theaters, churches, lodge meetings close for weeks at a time without a grumble on the part of the people or from business men, daily starting financial losses in the face without

Little Journeys to Nearby Towns

By Edward Black

TEKAMAH

If you should chance to visit Tekamah, county seat of Burt county, and wish to let the folks know that you are in town, walk up the main street, and exclaim, "Potash! who will buy my potash?"



Farm Home of Clay Stock near Tekamah, Neb.

While in the northwestern part of Nebraska on a business trip, Show became impressed with the potash-producing possibilities of the alkali lakes. He contended to Jeep, whom he advised to get in early to avoid the rush. With seven or eight other men they organized a company in Omaha. Jeep gathered up all of the money he could obtain and invested \$5,000 in the enterprise. His friends in Tekamah tried to save him from what they believed was financial indiscretion.

lem of handling silt has been treated on a large scale.
This drainage system is 32 miles long, from Blair to Decatur, and has an average width of four miles. There are more than 100 miles of ditches. The main ditch is 100 feet wide at top, 65 feet across the bottom and is 25 feet deep.
There seems to be some foundation in fact for believing that the name "Tekamah" has reference to a battle field.
Poucher, a Live-Wire Mayor.
Tekamah has a live-wire mayor whose name is W. T. Poucher, a brother of Rev. J. F. Poucher, formerly of Omaha Trinity Methodist church, and now in California. Mayor Poucher also serves as the county superintendent of schools. He presides over 72 schools with a staff of 135 teachers. The public school enrollment in the county is 3,355 and in Tekamah it is 558. The school property is valued at \$350,000. Eight rural high schools are maintained by the county.
The metropolis of Burt county is interested in music as well as potash. Every man, woman and child in Tekamah can sing, and they sing the good, old American songs, too. Last summer they held a series of religious and patriotic services in the city park, where community singing, led by Ralph Conklin and W. H. Van Cleave, was the dominant feature. The attendance was from 500 to 1,000 and the music reverberated through the hills which overlook the valley on the west. Among those who raised their voices in song at these popular gatherings were: Mayor Poucher, Edward Latta, A. M. Anderson, H. M. Hopewell, Herbert Rhoades, B. C. Enyart, Miss Marguerite Nesbit, D. C. Sutherland, George Crandell, M. Harrington, James E. Cornish, Frank Reinert, A. R. Kokes, Charles McDonald, M. S. McGrew, R. K. Hancock, Daniel W. Greenleaf, Walter Hopewell and Mrs. James A. Clark. Mrs. Clark is known as the nightingale of Burt county.

Example of Early Worm.
As the potash industry grew, Tekamah people became interested, and many of them invested. Jeep and Show are reported today in Tekamah as being millionaires. Whether they are as wealthy as credited is not generally known, but a man of large financial interests stated that they were offered \$700,000 each a few weeks ago for their potash stock. Jeep lives in a \$40,000 home in Omaha and Show owns a fine home in Pasadena, Cal. They were pioneers of an industry which now receives 80 to 90 percent of its product from this state.
The potash industry is only two and one-half years old in Nebraska. Potash is extracted from numerous alkali lakes in northwestern Nebraska. These bitter-water lakes were the bane of cattlemen in days gone by, but after the establishment of the potash industry, the ranchman who had a lake on his land did not have to worry whether the cows came home.
So Tekamah boys which has caused us to unconditionally surrender our ease, our luxuries, our artificiality, our insular selfishness, is growing a new solidarity and a new nationalism, which may ultimately approximate the brotherhood of man.

Founding of Tekamah.
Col. Ben. R. Folsom founded Tekamah. He was an uncle of Frances Folsom who married President Grover Cleveland. J. R. Sutherland, pioneer editor, told the following story of the founding of this town:
"Tekamah was founded on October 7, 1854, by Col. Ben. R. Folsom and eight companions, who came from Utica, N. Y. They drove their claim stakes on that date and platted the townsite a few weeks later. The county was one of the first organized in this state, and it was named for the first territorial governor. At the election in the fall of 1854, Colonel Folsom was sent to the first territorial senate. On March 14, 1855, Tekamah was declared to be the county seat and has held that honor continuously. Permanent settlement and erection of log houses began in April, 1855, and during the next few years the town prospered as a boom frontier community, with a bank, stores and a newspaper.
"Tekamah was located on an old Indian camping ground or village, the surrounding high hills having been the burying grounds perhaps for hundreds of years. The high point of the bluff, where the city reservoir is located, was used by the Indians as a fire signal station. It was 175 feet high and could be seen for 30 miles up and down the valley. The proximity of a large timber belt five miles east, near the river; the creek with its springs of pure water, and the bench land covered by blue grass, offered forage, fuel and water for the natives who camped here.
Historic Indian Raid.
"When the Indians went on a raid at Fontenelle in 1855 and killed some whites, Ben Folsom went to Omaha and appealed to the governor for assistance. General J. M. Thayer, in charge of military affairs for Nebraska territory, was assigned to go to Tekamah. He mustered into the United States army all male residents old enough to carry a gun. Folsom was named as captain and the company of 24 men hauled logs with which they built a two-story block house 40x40 feet, as protection against the reds. After the Indian scare had subsided the block house was used as a hotel.
"Niles R. Folsom was orderly sergeant in the company of pioneer soldiers. He was the father of Frances Folsom, who was afterwards known as Mrs. Grover Cleveland. When the block house had outlived its military uses it was opened as a hotel by Niles Folsom, and later it was operated by C. K. Conger, cousin of United States Minister Conger, who was in China at the time of the Boxer rebellion. C. K. Conger is 91 years old and now lives in Valentine, Neb. Niles Folsom lives in Santa Monica, Cal. Mrs. E. W. Bryant of Tekamah is second cousin of the former Mrs. Grover Cleveland."

Another Valley of the Nile.
It is not necessary, however, for Tekamahites to leave home to accumulate their share of wealth, for Burt county lies within an area which has been said to be among the most productive regions of the state. An irrigation and drainage expert has estimated that the 60-mile valley stretch, between Decatur, at the north of Burt county, to Omaha on the south, if properly farmed in an intensive manner, could be made to produce enough food to supply the state of Nebraska. He expects that an electrified railroad line will be operated along this valley country after the war, carrying milk, garden truck and other commodities.
The action of erosion has carried much valuable soil from the hills to the lowlands, and an extensive drainage project of recent completion has brought 70,000 acres of farm land to a high point of productivity. The drainage project extends through Burt and Washington counties, cost \$500,000, and is the largest project of its kind having a flood-water diversion system in connection with drainage ditches. The flood-waters are carried through the established channels, such as Silver and Plum creeks. This system has added millions of dollars to land valuation.

First of Its Kind in U. S.
A concrete instance of the effect of this drainage system was observed near Herman, where a 160-acre tract, formerly wet bottom land, yielded 42 bushels of wheat to the acre this year, and the wheat was sold for more than \$2 a bushel. This wheat was second to none raised in the district. The system has 20 settling basins, from three to 360 each, where the waters are impounded for depositing silt and making it possible for the ditches to carry only clear water without being clogged. It is said that this is the first place in the United States where the prob-

DUAL MONARCHY RULER REPORTED BREAKING WITH KAISER
An imposing county court house now occupies the site of the old block house. This administrative and judicial headquarters of Burt county was opened a year ago and cost \$75,000.
Origin of Name Tekamah.
There does not seem to be a unanimity of opinion as to the origin of the name "Tekamah," other than it is an Indian word. Some aver that it means "big cottonwood," while others assert that it means "The Field of Battle." An Indian who formerly worked in Tekamah, and who now resides in Decatur, stated that the Sioux and Omahas held their athletic carnivals on the present site of Tekamah and also toward the north, along Silver Creek. The casualty list usually was large after one of those sanguinary affairs. There also is a story that many years ago during the days of Coronado and the Spanish explorations, a company of Dons traveled up from the south and met a band of Indians who were having their fall festivities under the big cottonwoods on Silver Creek. The Indians had not invited any outside-

Overocean?
This expression "overseas" is overworked and, as a matter of fact, incorrect and a misnomer besides, as we pointed out to one who told us that a certain man is "going overseas."
"Over what seas?" we asked, quick and sharp and incisive-like.
"Why just over one sea," was the reply, injured-like.
"What one sea?" we demanded, pursuing our advantage pitilessly.
"Why, the Atlantic ocean, of course," came the answer, sorta peeved-like.
"Hal hal! The Atlantic ocean ain't no sea at all," we cried in etymological triumph.
In English, etymology and sich we have few equals and no superiors, b'gosh.

JUDGMENT.
How do you say "boches"? We heard a man, the other day, pronounce it "how cheese." And we heard another man, a "highbrow," pronounce khaki like "kai-kai."
The Schoolboy Errand.
George Washington isn't so well known among school children as you might think. One wrote of him as follows: "George Washington was born in 1792, he murdered several hundred men and never told a lie, and bit Washington's monument and wrote the derogation of independents and did in Spain broken-hearted."
Cares.
Even more haughty and aloof than the old-time theater ticket seller, we believe, is the girl who starts the elevators.
MIKE.
Every time we look at Mike Clark he certainly does remind us of a sheriff in the stories or the movies. Mike "looks like a sheriff," and he is one, too, b'gosh.
Achoo!
The Germans may have Spanish influenza, but they have learned by this time that the Americans are not to be sneezed at.
SOFT-BOILED.
A woman down near Hanscom park has a new way of timing the soft-boiled eggs. She puts them in the water and then turns on the Victrola and plays, "When It's Apple Blossom Time in Zululand." When the record in play she takes the eggs out. "And they're always done just right," she says.
"Booglar Army Surrenders," is the way a newsboy at Sixteenth and Farnam yelled the recent pleasing event.

Stories of Wild Cat Bank.
Financially the county stands as a rock of Gibraltar, which recalls to mind stories of the old Bank of Tekamah, a wild cat concern, which was established in 1857 in a 10x12 shanty. That bank had visible assets of \$2,500 and a printing press which, history states, turned out \$90,000 of wild cat bills. H. M. Hopewell has placed specimens of this wild cat tender in a frame on a wall of the office of the Burt County State bank, that "all who run may read." S. L. Campbell signed the notes as president and the name of F. M. Akin appears as cashier.
History relates that Rev. William Brown Young was the young Lochinvar who came out of the east to lend respectability to the bank. He prayed for the success of the institution and after the crash came in May, 1858, many who held the wild cat scraps of paper prayed for the return of their wealth. This bank was operated without a charter. Gov. Mark W. Izard, under date of February 11, 1857, at Omaha, addressed to the house of representatives his veto of a bill to grant a charter to the "Bank of Tekamah."
Tekamah has a group of four-minute spatters led by B. C. Enyart, with Walter Hopewell, Herbert Rhoades and others always willing and ready to boost Liberty bonds, Thrift stamps, Red Cross, or whatever patriotic or worthy occasion may be. A. M. Anderson, another live-wire resident, is chairman of County Council of Defense and captain of the home guards. He came to Tekamah from Oakland, Neb., originally to serve as county clerk.
A clay deposit which was discovered two miles west of the town, has been declared by experts to be suitable for the manufacture of china and porcelain. When this country shall have returned to the normal pursuits of industry, it is more than probable that Tekamah will be the center of an extensive chinaware manufacturing plant. A tile factory is now in operation at another clay deposit.
But they have not yet discovered potash in paying quantities in or around Tekamah.

Overocean?
This expression "overseas" is overworked and, as a matter of fact, incorrect and a misnomer besides, as we pointed out to one who told us that a certain man is "going overseas."
"Over what seas?" we asked, quick and sharp and incisive-like.
"Why just over one sea," was the reply, injured-like.
"What one sea?" we demanded, pursuing our advantage pitilessly.
"Why, the Atlantic ocean, of course," came the answer, sorta peeved-like.
"Hal hal! The Atlantic ocean ain't no sea at all," we cried in etymological triumph.
In English, etymology and sich we have few equals and no superiors, b'gosh.



W. T. Poucher
MAYOR OF TEKAMAH

Overocean?
This expression "overseas" is overworked and, as a matter of fact, incorrect and a misnomer besides, as we pointed out to one who told us that a certain man is "going overseas."
"Over what seas?" we asked, quick and sharp and incisive-like.
"Why just over one sea," was the reply, injured-like.
"What one sea?" we demanded, pursuing our advantage pitilessly.
"Why, the Atlantic ocean, of course," came the answer, sorta peeved-like.
"Hal hal! The Atlantic ocean ain't no sea at all," we cried in etymological triumph.
In English, etymology and sich we have few equals and no superiors, b'gosh.

Overocean?
This expression "overseas" is overworked and, as a matter of fact, incorrect and a misnomer besides, as we pointed out to one who told us that a certain man is "going overseas."
"Over what seas?" we asked, quick and sharp and incisive-like.
"Why just over one sea," was the reply, injured-like.
"What one sea?" we demanded, pursuing our advantage pitilessly.
"Why, the Atlantic ocean, of course," came the answer, sorta peeved-like.
"Hal hal! The Atlantic ocean ain't no sea at all," we cried in etymological triumph.
In English, etymology and sich we have few equals and no superiors, b'gosh.

Bumble Bee Buzzings

BY A. STINGER

Aw, Cmon, Give Us a Bee.
To the Bumble Bee Buzzing:
Being a subscriber to the BEE I feel that I may BE excused, even if I may seem to BE asking a favor of the BEE, if I ask that you print this poem entitled THE BEE. BEING, as I BE, a subscriber to the BEE—and expect to BE for a long time yet—I will be much pleased to see this in the BEE.
B. B. BEEBEE:
He says: "BE you the BEE man?"
I says: "I BE."
He says: "If you're the BEE man, give me a BEE."
I says: "I'm man enough to BE man, but I'm man enough to BE man. Who won't give away the BEE?"
Real Estate.
The north side of the court house square is getting pretty well built up. Liberty loan bank, Tower of Liberty, food sign and Women's War Work building already up. Only a few vacant lots left in this desirable location.
Lines from an old vest pocket dictionary.
If this book is stole by you I will get your can with an old horse in all his joints.
Madison, Neb. ARCHIE DONOVAN, who would have thought, when Arch wrote these lines that some day he would become a member of the Bee staff? Yet such he is today.
TRUTH.
The advancing scale of reliability in war news:
Article printed in Les Nouvelles.
Rumor current in Stockholm or Bern.
Unofficial report.
Semi-official report.
Official report.
Poetry—Fair to Choose.
"I'er gwine to lick de kaiser," said a soldier big and black,
And he took another schooner of beer with a mighty grin and snick.
"I'er gwine ter fight for Uncle Sam and de Allies over there;
I'll not be stopping long in France, nor intermeddled pinta.
I'll give de boche such a scare he'll shake in all his joints.
And when de Allies line 'em up, we'll go right over the top
And give de kaiser a wallop that'll spin him like a top!"
H. L. J.
Keeping Up With the Headlines.
"It was Hindenburg, not Prince Max, who dictated the reply to President Wilson's questionings," said a headline, last Tuesday. But how could that be, when Hindenburg, according to a dispatch from the well known Amsterdam, week before last, "resigned after stormy interview 'ith the kai-er."
Little Nuggets of Wisdom.
You may think you know quite a lot, but do you know that the "i" in "epistle" is silent? And don't pronounce "garden" the way it is spelled. "Gardin" is correct.