

"ROSEMONT" (OMAHA'S HEALTH RESORT)



Rosemont! Poetic name! Sounds much better than pest-house doesn't it? Rosemont as a health resort has other varieties backed off the map. Just think of it—room and board free. Can you beat it in these days of the high cost of living? Two weeks' vacation in the country, all at the city's expense. Situated one-half mile from a grove of trees out on the Center street road, Rosemont obtains a glimpse of Omaha in the distance through a hazy, opalescent atmosphere tinted as only nature knows how. This dissertation will fight shy of condemnatory or laudatory effusions and treat strictly with the aesthetic.

One has a certain amount of delicacy in approaching the subject. Under certain conditions one must sometimes think first of mate and censure than of one's own convenience and under these same aforementioned conditions the city will see you to Rosemont in the city's line, except The Coop, for the insignificant sum of \$3.50—if it can get it. At Rosemont one throws off convention and assumes the simple life. The peasants of the vicinity for some reason or other are not very neighborly and hold themselves aloof, but the guests at Rosemont can be exclusive too. As has been said before, they are more to be pitied than censured.

Unique Beauty.

Rosemont has a unique architectural beauty of its own that reminds one of the Renaissance period, it is so different. The approach is a roadway paved with good intentions and little else. The foyer is of rustic simplicity. Passing through the apartment de cuisine one enters the grand salon where his credentials are examined and his name enrolled on the guest book, after which the butler, with much pomposity escorts you to the left wing and humbly allows you the privilege of picking out your own apartment, which is usually the cot the old man died in, and the furthest from the heating unit. Introductions follow. One

The chief pastime

meets a hand-picked assemblage—Speck, Freckles, Spot, The Chee, Kid and Hap-Big-Chief-Never Wash. There are no union men. They are what one calls a non-union man (example of ultra-aestheticism). Initiation into the mysteries of the brotherhood follows the location of the coal bin, pump and community drinking cup and tooth brush are ascertained. The ritual and password is learned. One is a member of Rosemont Lodge No. 1.

Madam and Pets.

The permanent members of Rosemont are the Madam, the Doc, the parrot, Woody the "Scotch collie," two cats and divers rats. Madam is the nemesis of those ambitious to depart. To get on the good side of the Madam one must approach the tri-daily repeat with an exclamation of surprise and say "Why! We're going to have potatoes!" If this is repeated every meal it insures an early scrutiny of your case and the 10 days minimum is a cinch. The Doc is a smart old codger. You can tell he is a doctor 'cause there is a certificate signed by Gov. Holcomb on the wall. The Doc's profession has sort o' gone to seed and he is now a Mohammedan and chief chore-boy. This ex-partner of Dr. Allison can tell you many a tale. He is a great stickler when it comes to dress and is the original little early riser.

Weekly Dance Exclusive.

Rosemonters have a weekly sport called a rodent round-up. In the mellow glow of a coal oil lamp at 2:15 the sport begins, and when the rosy dawn benamels all the sky the steeple chase dies down and with sighs of weary content M. le Rodent is incinerated and

reigns once more. About once a week the Madam gives a dance, a very exclusive affair, and to the dulcet tune of Itchy-koo they dance the pox trot to repletion. A merry life! Nothing to do till tomorrow. Another favorite pastime is counting freckles or betting on whether the postman will have another fit of indisposition. As a farewell treat one is given an immersion extraordinaire. Within a circle of admiring, envious companions one tries, with the aid of a siphon, to squeeze into the lavatory receptacle and goes through the motions of taking a bath. Your wardrobe is then returned, sweet scented like a defunct cabbage patch, and 10 minutes later a cloud of dust on the horizon is seen as the departing guest beats his back to pascuae and civilization. It's a gay life if you don't weaken.

Bumble Bee Buzzings

BY A. STINGER

The City Hall.
Cover up each cough and sneeze. For, if you don't, you'll spread disease. —Dr. Manning.
Brush your teeth every day. Brushing will keep the germs away. —Miss Townsend, superintendent of school nurses.
Save the juice! Save the juice! Turn off the lights when not in use. —City Commissioner Zimman.

REEL AND REAL.

Who'd ever believe that his real wife would have to get a divorce from him? We refer to Douglas Fairbanks, the lad who's always rescuin' ladies in the movies and climbin' cliffs, leapin' chasms an' hoppin' on ponies at full gallop an' folin' the villains an' is never out of humor like some of the rest of us an' always smilin' like a bolshievist on the way to a massacre. Oh, gosh, these actors!

AN UNFORTUNATE SHERIFF.

A. J. Gercke, deputy sheriff of Cheyenne, Wyo., was in Omaha today in custody of Raymond Hall, negro, wanted in Cheyenne for a murder committed October 13, 1911.

Maybe It "Ate Up the Miles."

The eastward passenger train took supper at this place Friday night for the first time. This is the logical place for both trains to take their meals, as they are due here at meal hours, also because this place has the facilities to give good and quick service, both eating places being close to the track and in direct line. We hope this proves to be a permanent practice.

CALL GAIN.

You are quite right, Pansy. Conducting the Bumble Bee is a delightful occupation. We can think of nothing more charming unless it would be managing a waffle parlor.

LOVING-MANN.

Miss Minnie Loving and William J. Mann were mated in Omaha last week. Minnie is no longer "Loving," but she will always continue loving Mann.

This Sounds Like a Fake.

An unusual sight was observed by many people on Farnam street the other day and is vouched for by a number of reliable witnesses. They saw a well-dressed young woman wearing cotton hose!

WE INSIST ON STYLE.

And now the clothing ads tell us that "the waist seam in men's coats will be the thing this spring" and so we have to throw away all our suits and get some new ones with waist seams.

KNICKERBOCKERS.

If Louis Bostwick, the photographer, would put get some silver buckles to go on the shoes he wears with his short pants suit he'd look like George Washington.

BOOTLEG MARKET

Omaha, March 8, 1919. Aggressive speculative buying, due to reports that national prohibition may cause a material advance in the price of bootleg booze, led to a decided advance in the market here today. The stock was unsettled, with prices from 75 cents to \$1.25 above those of a week ago. When made, after the extracted thieving period, resulted in extra large receipts of Missouri product. The new fleet of large, high-speed automobiles put into service from Minnesota points began delivering this week and receipts from Minnesota were twice as large as heretofore. A sensational rise in specially-stored stock also unsettled the market. Total receipts for the week were:

From St. Joseph	121,858	75,978
From Minnesota	29,778	38,857
From Chicago	15,778	18,859
Other places	15,778	22,959
Total	183,292	136,753

Local quotations follow:

A-1 St. Joseph	\$5.00@5.50 qt.	\$2.75@3.00 pt.
Specialty stored prior to May 1	\$1.75@1.95 qt.	\$1.25@1.45 pt.
Specialty stored (second)	\$1.50@1.75 qt.	\$1.00@1.25 pt.
From Chicago	\$1.75@1.95 qt.	\$1.25@1.45 pt.
Chain Light	\$1.50@1.75 qt.	\$1.00@1.25 pt.

Make Your Own "Cutie."
A Mann and a Gillett struggled together in congress last week.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1919.

San Marino's Army of 120 Valorous But Unrequired

Barber Diplomatic Representative of Smallest Republic in World Assures American Correspondent That He Will Support Wilson's 14 Points.

By ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE, Universal Service Staff Correspondent.

Paris, March 8.—Take it on the word of Luigi Farchy, there will be no just and enduring peace that does not first have the unqualified sanction of the free and independent republic of San Marino. Luigi knows, because Luigi is—or thinks he is, which amounts almost to the same thing—diplomatic representative of San Marino in Paris.

He is also a barber.

While Luigi was shaving me this morning and before he had come to the point of drenching me with 14 kinds of perfumes, he discussed the weighty questions of world peace, the league of nations, freedom of the seas, indemnities and the rights of small nations—all from the San Marino point of view. I did not have the heart to ask him where and what San Marino is. After I had broken away from his chair and washed my face all over again I looked on a map and after diligent search discovered the republic which Luigi has the honor to represent. It's down around Italy somewhere; I cannot be more specific because a large "O" on the map almost blotted out the sovereign realm of San Marino and the "O" did not belong to San Marino at that.

"We, as one of the allies, will have a seat at the council table which is to decide the peace of the world," said Luigi as he put a velvet edge on the razor. "It is our right."

"Indubitably," I murmured through the lather.

Diplomatic Representative.

"Undoubtedly I, as diplomatic representative of my country, will be its ambassador at the peace conference," said the plenary with an air of carefully suppressed pride.

"Charming," was the only comment I could make with propriety. Luigi took the initial down stroke with the hand of a Diarrich.

"I shall support each and every one of your M. Wilson's 14 points," the Machiavelli of Marino continued judiciously. "Though, of course, I anticipate there will be grave divergence of opinion on the subject of the freedom of the seas. England, for example."

"And the navy of San Marino?" I interjected, wishing to show that I was well posted on all this European diplomatic stuff. Luigi's razor almost slipped.

"Mais non, m'sieur. San Marino has no navy. It is an inland republic."

"Quite so; pardon. I was confusing your country with Switzerland for the moment. Purely a slip of the tongue."

And Swiss Navy Too.

"As to the Swiss, I cannot speak of their attitude on the freedom of the seas," the diplomatic barber continued, quite mollified. "But as a reward of my country's arraying itself on the side of the allies—the side of right and justice, m'sieur, against brutality and greed—there should be something; how shall I

say it? A rectification of the boundaries of San Marino, let us put it. "Beyond the shadow of a doubt," I whispered, as Luigi renewed the surface coating of lather compounded of Old Country soap and goose grease. "Your brave army at the Marne."

"Pardon the correction, m'sieur, our army never was at the Marne, though it was at all times ready after the declaration of war to shed its blood for the cause of liberty. Ours is a small army, but valorous—valorous!"

"A division?" I ventured.

"Hardly a division, m'sieur. On a war footing our army numbers 120 men, including the general staff and the newly added artillery arm."

"Artillery? Ah, that sounds business-like."

"You speak the truth, m'sieur, it would be business-like if it had the opportunity. You see, m'sieur, King Emmanuel of Italy gave our army its artillery last year—one magnificent field piece of the very latest Italian model. But"—The ambassador extraordinary held a towel poised as if caught in some sad reflection.

"Truth is, m'sieur, we have no opportunity to use that artillery because it shoots so far. You understand, m'sieur, this modern field piece is of a power most extraordinary; one cannot contrive to shoot it without having the shell go several miles and—"

"But so much the better," I tried to encourage Luigi as he ranged the more valuable.

"Alas, m'sieur fails to comprehend. If we should shoot that artillery in San Marino, the shell would fall on Italian territory and, you comprehend, m'sieur, we would technically be warring on Italy."

There was a long pause, during which time my mouth fortuitously was smothered in a towel. When the impediment was removed I ventured a suggestion:

"Just as an example, supposing your republic should include in its terms of peace an arrangement with Italy for target practice with the San Marino artillery?"

"You take the words out of my mouth—pouff like that, m'sieur," said Luigi Farchy, ambassador of San Marino. "Assuredly, that shall be included in San Marino's peace protocol."

Real Antiques.

"And what is your father's business, my little girl?" questioned the long, lean, lanky miss at the girl's school.

The new arrival shifted uneasily.

"Does what?" to the other.

"Must I tell?"

"Yes; you must give the information to the school board."

"May I whisper?"

"Yes."

"My father makes worm holes."

"Does what?" said the teacher in astonishment.

"Makes worm holes. He works in an antique furniture factory, and he has to make worm holes in the furniture."—Detroit Free Press.

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

When They Wooded and Won

By EDWARD BLACK

J. Dean Ringer, superintendent of Omaha's police department, met his "best girl," while attending the Lincoln High school. He attended this school four years with her and then they attended the state university together. They were in the same graduating class of the high school. She was graduated from the conservatory of music of the university in 1905, and he was graduated from the law department of that institution in 1905.

On the fifth day following his graduation from the university he journeyed to South Omaha, where he established himself preparatory to taking charge of the police department in the consolidated city. But that is wandering far afield from the thought of how and when he wooded and won.



J. Dean Ringer

Engaged Four Years.

He had been engaged four years to the girl of his school days, before he decided one day to declare himself. He took her out skating, and on the way to his home he asked if he might stop at her home to warm his feet. He didn't want to warm his feet, particularly. He had another idea in his mind. He wanted to speak to her father, and he did speak to her father.

"Oh, I was rather matter-of-fact about it," he related reminiscently. "I announced that I wished to speak to her father, and, of course, that included her mother. We all sat around the fireplace, and when I thought the psychological moment had come, I just remarked that we had decided to be married. I led up to the subject by referring to a lot of other things which I lawyers would say are 'immaterial, incompetent and irrelevant.' We had been something of a debater at the university, but I nearly had stage fright on this occasion.

pressed by his prowess on the football and base ball fields, as well as by his declamatory ability.

Going out skating with your best girl, and then returning to her home to break the ice, is a neat situation, according to J. Dean.

Has Lived in Boyer ALL His Life, But Not All HIS Life

When Edward H. Kranz, vice president of a local lumber and coal concern, ventured on a three days' sojourn to an arid Iowa hamlet known in Harrison county as Boyer, he became lonesome as urban folks do when they see nothing but unpaved by-ways and granaries. While parading the one street looking for a partner with whom he might engage in a peaceful contest of ouija guessing or lotto, he happened upon a rustic, chewing Granger and false molars. Ed simply had to talk.

"Do ya live here?" he asked.

"Yep, don't do nothin' else," was the retort.

"Have ya lived here all your life?"

"Waal, not yet," guffawed the rube.

Ed vamoosed for a train before he would start an argument.

Prisoners Wait While Tempo Munny Judge and Ex-Rival Talk Politics

R. W. Patrick was a municipal judge candidate at the November election. Perry Wheeler was also a candidate for the same office. For almost two weeks after the election, Mr. Patrick conceded the office to his rival, Mr. Wheeler also was willing to admit that he was elected. When the smoke cleared away, however, Mr. Patrick was in the lead, much to the surprise of both.

Several days ago Mr. Patrick took Police Judge Fitzgerald's place at the South Side police court. As prosecuting attorney, Mr. Wheeler was also present. The two gentlemen had never met.

"My name's Wheeler," announced the prosecuting attorney extending his hand.

"Seems to me I've heard the name before," murmured the judge, shaking hands. "My name's Patrick."

"A lively but friendly discussion of the fickle election ensued, while prisoners and "coppers" waited expectantly.

"Well, I was Munny judge for a couple of days, anyway," sighed Mr. Wheeler.

"It's a wonder you're not Munny judge yet," was Mr. Patrick's rejoinder, as he turned to the waiting prisoners.

Charles "Daredevil" Wilson Will Give an Exhibition in Omaha

Charles "Daredevil" Wilson, noted the world over for his circus stunt, the "leap for life" from an 80-foot elevation, and an Omaha boy, has arrived in the city to give an exhibition of his act which has made him famous while traveling with the Barnum & Bailey circus.

Wilson's leap will be featured from one of the local skyscrapers during the fifth Liberty loan drive. He also has been booked for one of the opening attractions at Krug park this season. Until the weather opens up Wilson will be employed as manager of a cigar store on Sixteenth street.

The act consists of a dive from 75 to 102 feet, striking with his chest on a board placed at a 45 degree angle, skidding onto a canvas runway and lighting on his feet on the ground.

Fine Arts Society Had Bad Luck With the Speakers It Engaged

Mrs. Louis C. Nash, chairman of the program committee of the Omaha Society of Fine Arts, is troubled. She doesn't know whether the fine arts society stands in the way of the peace conference or vice versa—or whether the program committee is a jumb—whether it was too ambitious in its choice of lecturers—or what's what.

Four international speakers engaged by Mrs. Nash at the outset of the lecture series were forced to call off their lecture dates to return overseas.

One of them was Stephane Lauzanne, editor of Le Matin, who was needed in Paris during the peace conference. Countess Laura Turczynowicz had to go back to Poland to help feed the starving Poles and with two others of the speakers she had engaged.

But the last straw that caused Mrs. Nash to rise up and voice no mild concern was when she read in news dispatches and admiring glances and hearty "Welcome Homes" gadden him on his way.

Next morning Johnny casts wistful glances at the spiffy, pinback suit in which he invested just before he "went to war." The longing to get out of the everlasting khaki gets the better of him and he dons it.

And starts down Farnam street as of old.

No admiring glances, no handshakes, no welcome—the glamor of the uniform is all gone.

And nine cases out of 10, he has to reset the buttons of his coat. It won't come together in the front—no after he has gained some 20 pounds!

Johnny is Not So Crazy About Khaki After All

Before and after—our Johnny comes marching home from camp! Khaki-clad and bearing himself with military precision, Johnny is home with his discharge papers. How like a triumphal march is his progress down Farnam street! Handshakes and admiring glances and hearty "Welcome Homes" gadden him on his way.

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Lad Figures it Must Take Smart Person to Solve His 'Rithmetic

Mitchell Emerson, young son of Dr. Charles J. Emerson, likes most of his school work, but he doesn't like the beginner's problems in addition. Recently his "rithmetic has been worrying him.

One night not long since after Mitchell had gone to bed his grandmother, passing his room, asked the lad if he had said his prayers. "Yes, grandma," replied Mitchell; but something told the old lady that the youthful scion of the Emerson family was "spoofing" her.

"Are you sure, Mitchell?" interrogated grandma. "Because if you don't, God will know."

"He must be a pretty smart man, isn't he, grandma?"—Mitchell.

"Why, Mitchell, you mustn't say things like that," corrected grandma.

But to make such things clear to the youthful mind, grandma said: "Yes, Mitchell, God knows everything."

"Wonder if he can do the kind of 'rithmetic my teacher gives me?" was the next question.

Grandma fled.

CAN BESS RESIST?

I read The Bee last Sunday and scanned it's pages thru, When to my startled gaze appeared My name in print—"his true!"

"Oh! Bess I love your hair so brown, Your eyes so dark and clear; I love you best in all the town, I'd love to call you 'dear!'"

Oh! truly seems 'twere meant for me, With hair and eyes of brown, How good 'twould seem to know That you were loved "the best in town."

But what is puzzling most to me Is how he'd think I'd guess, For there are many girls I know Who're likewise nicknamed "Bess."

There's Bessie S and Bessie D, Bessie Mc and Bessie B, And Bessie F and Bessie C, And then you know there's "me."

Of course I read the column, But I am worried quite To know just how I'm 'sposed to "know"

If I'm the "Bess" that's right, Oh, what a very tactless way Dan Cupid has of doing; Perhaps I'm not at all the "Bess" The poor Bee man is wooing. A "BESS."

Old Town Whistle of Tekamah Now Playing Star Spangled Banner

Ralph Conkling, well known in Omaha, is the siren magician or wonder-worker of Tekamah, Neb. By manipulating the works of the village fire whistle he transformed it from an ear-splitting, shudder-producing instrument of torture to a musical vehicle for patriotic tunes.

When the siren blew for peace day it made the cold chills run up and down some people's backs and they wished that all that whistling might be changed into something that didn't give them irrawaddy chills. When Conkling could stand it no longer he beat it down to the fire house, used his brain a little and in half an hour the whole countryside was hearing the "Star Spangled Banner" coming out of thin air. Residents sheepishly looked at each other to see if the other fellow was "hearing things," too. It seemed he was. Then someone had a happy thought and called up the country information bureau, "Central," and asked her if she was hearing "America" just then. She said "she sure was." Then the town marshal went out to see what had gotten into the siren. Here he found the erstwhile music teacher of the town with a seraphic smile on his streaming face puffing and panting, pulling the lever back and forth on the Doxology. Conkling told about it at Wednesday evening's meeting of the War Camp Community service song leaders' school. Wayne, Neb., heard of Conkling's musical siren and wanted to follow suit, so before coming to Omaha he had an "interview" with this village siren and talked it into the "do-re-me" system. Henceforth it will not belong to the mongrel crew of sirens.

Eligible Omaha Bachelors

"Charlie" Lane is a mighty jolly man, even if he is a bachelor, and therefore ought to be lonely and unhappy. You don't have to be with him more than five minutes to hear half a dozen funny stories and jokes and the number's creations in geometrical ratio the longer you know him.

Charles Jackson Lane is an important man in the business world, too. He is general freight agent of the whole Union Pacific railroad and he has various other interests among which is the vice presidency of the Benson & Myers Co., real estate dealers.

Charlie's greatest delight is to get a number of his friends to a "stag" party in his cozy, comfy bachelor quarters in the Dunsany apartments and there entertain them in the most charming fashion. He is an expert at cooking a number of good things to eat, particularly fish, juicy steaks and pancakes. He has a fine collection of imported china and he is a connoisseur of the finest kinds of china.

He plays the violin, too. And after he has filled the inner man with a fine supper, prepared by his own skilled hands, and after he has added the sauce of good digestion in the shape of a number of funny stories and jokes, all told in his own inimitable way, he is accustomed to take down the old violin and play tunes sad or glad, as the spirit may move him.

Charlie is a New Yorker. Ithaca was his birthplace. But he didn't linger long in the east. He came west when he was only 15 years old and selected the St. Joseph & Grand Island railroad as a good field for his talents. His first position was office boy at \$25 a month.

He put in his spare time learning telegraphy and after about two years he was made night operator at Hastings. His next step up the ladder was when he went to Bios Springs as agent for the Union Pacific at \$60 a month. And in 1882 he came to Omaha and entered the general freight offices of the Union Pacific.

First he became chief clerk and in 1891 he became traveling freight agent. A year later he was made division freight agent and finally attained the limit when he became general freight agent.

It is said, girls, on the best authority, that Charlie is wealthy. Stocks, bonds, Nebraska farms and ranches are his. And his disposition is good and he can cook and play the fiddle.

Playing the fiddle is no great fault, considering all the good qualifications he has. Don't you agree?

Ringer's Secretary "Beat It" When Man With Smallpox Arrived

Harry Silverman, secretary to Police Commissioner Ringer, saw a young man waiting in Health Commissioner Manning's office. He went in to ask him what he wanted and noticed that his face was marked with red spots.

"I think I got the smallpox," said the young man.

Silverman didn't stop to make any examination. He rushed out, closed the door and called Dr. Manning.

Dr. Manning came and quickly made the diagnosis of an advanced case of smallpox.

The patient was sent to the pest house and the health offices were thoroughly fumigated.

Some Reservations.

"Some people," said President C. L. Pack of the war garden commission, "make New Year resolutions with all sorts of reservations and excuses."

"I will not quarrel and fight with my brother." "What have I got a little brother for?"

"I will not go swimming against my parents' wishes at least not till the winter's end."

"I will not put pins on the seat of my dear teacher's chair, for tacks are better."

—New York Mail.



CHARLES J. LANE