

STOCK EXHIBIT HERE INSTEAD OF KANSAS CITY

**Ak-Sar-Ben Governors Tell
Chamber of Commerce Com-
mittee Plans for Exposi-
tion Grounds Ready.**

John W. Gamble and J. E. Davidson, members of the board of governors of Ak-Sar-Ben, presented to the new Ak-Sar-Ben exposition grounds to members of the good fellowship committee of the Chamber of Commerce at noon yesterday.

Mr. Davidson, chairman of the finance committee of the Ak-Sar-Ben Exposition Co., told of Ak-Sar-Ben's plans to make the exposition grounds the finest in the country. "We purchased 130 acres at Sixty-third and Center streets for \$68,000 and have since been offered \$130,000 for it," said Mr. Davidson. "A contract will soon be let for the erection of a huge steel and concrete grandstand, which will cost \$200,000."

Winter 150 Race Horses.
"A race track has already been completed which is said to be the finest in the country. More than 150 race horses will be wintered at the exposition grounds this year. "As a result of these plans for exposition buildings, the American Royal Live Stock association has informally announced that it will have its exhibits here instead of at Kansas City, Mo., as it has done in previous years. This is the largest live stock company of its kind in the country."

Bonds Will Pay.
Both Mr. Gamble and Mr. Davidson expressed the belief that bonds sold by Ak-Sar-Ben Exposition Co. would pay dividends in the course of two or three years, especially if horse racing can be established on the basis it is carried on in other cities. Preparations for an interstate fair, the largest ever held, are being rushed for next fall.

Charles L. Trimble, manager of the exposition company, told members of the good fellowship committee that Omaha would realize more advertising through the Ak-Sar-Ben exposition than through any other medium.

**Commissioners, Says
Council, Should Know
Their Departments**
City commissioners must be prepared hereafter to explain all matters relating to their departments when they appear before the city council, committee of the whole.

**"Don't Go to Detroit!"
War Department Tells
Discharged Soldiers**

"Don't go to Detroit!"—this is the gist of a warning just issued to all discharged soldiers and sailors by Col. Arthur Woods, assistant secretary of war.

Widespread circulation has been given to a report among returned service men to the effect that this city is greatly in need of men and that they can readily find jobs in the automobile industry. As a result thousands of ex-service men have gone there, thereby taxing to the utmost Detroit's housing facilities.

**Pershing and Staff
Donate \$10,000 to
French Orphan Fund**
Washington, Sept. 22.—General Pershing's last days in France contained an incident which is disclosed in a report just reaching national headquarters of the American Red Cross from Paris.

"Gentleman Burglar," Yielding to Impulse to Tell of His Escapades, Writes Letter to Bee, Attributing Success to Fact He Hasn't a Girl

**Bandit Who Has Eluded Authorities for Many Weeks Declares He Has Evaded
Discovery Because He "Works Alone" and Has Been "Wise Enough" Not
to Fall In Love—Fears a Sweetheart Might Gossip In Some Unguarded Mo-
ment—Lauds Bravery of One of His Fair Victims.**

The "gentleman burglar" has finally yielded to that uncontrollable impulse of all criminals "to talk" and, as he himself explains, having no "pal" or woman criminal partner, referred to in thieves' argot as a "fly mull," he unburdens himself to the entire public through a letter written to The Bee.

The letter is a revelation in several respects, showing that he does, as matter of fact, possess many of the attributes of the gentleman, viz: sufficient education and learning to express himself clearly and indulge to a certain degree in a comforting philosophy of life, betrays a sense of humor in his accounts of some of the escapades in which he took part, and a biting sarcasm in his handling of the police.

"What is a Gentleman?"
"Why do you call me a gentleman burglar?" and what is a gentleman?" he asks. And continues: "A wealthy man is called a gentleman, because he is rich; a poor man of culture and learning is likewise a gentleman, though he be out at elbows and his linen frayed and torn. I am not rich, and neither am I destitute—thanks to a sleepy police force."

His continued success in evading discovery he attributes in part to the fact that he works alone and has been "wise enough" not to fall in love with a woman, expressing the fear that "sooner or later the love of one or the other would grow cold, and in an unguarded moment she would gossip." This betrays not only an unchivalric attitude, but a lack of confidence in his own constancy, for only through that could he hope to hold a woman's love steadily.

His Letter in Full.
His letter in full is as follows:
"Omaha, Sept. 17, 1919.
"Managing Editor,
"Omaha Bee.
"My Dear Sir:
"Perhaps I am displaying an over-due temerity in writing you, but I cannot resist the opportunity or temptation, rather, to throw a bomb into the laps of Messrs. Ringer and Eberstein the very respectable and 'efficient' commissioner and chief of police of Omaha."

"Perhaps I had best disclose my identity before writing further and still the curiosity that must obtain in your mind as to your correspondent."
"Here goes—
"I am the Gentleman Burglar.
"Safely Above Suspicion
"Such, at least, is the sobriquet your newspaper writers and detectives and other police officers have accorded me despite that they have thus far failed to apprehend me or come within 100 miles of learning who I am or anything else about me. They rail at their incompetency and at my peccadilloes, chief of which is an inordinate desire to get the most out of life and living in the easiest way."

"Why do you dub me 'Gentleman Burglar,' I do not know."
"What is a gentleman, I ask you?"
"There are many the term fits and perhaps, in a way come inside the meaning of the word. A wealthy man is called gentleman because he has money. A poor man of culture and learning likewise is a gentleman though he be out at elbows and his linen frayed and torn.
"I am not rich, neither am I destitute, thanks to a sleepy police force and a more or less versatility. I have a little learning, some culture and know my way about."

"Why, you ask, do I prostitute my true instincts and training and education to a life of criminality, to entering homes of respectable citizens at dead of night and making off with what is not mine."
"No Feminine Chatterboxes."
"Damned if I know, to be quite frank about it unless, perhaps, it is the excitement that goes with the work. You see I play a lone hand. No 'fly mull,' no anything but me. My wits and skill against all mankind and when I win, and so far I always have (I just touched wood) a sense of pride and satisfaction envelops me in the knowledge that a task set has been well done. My talent, be it only that of a thief, is not buried against a day of reckoning, but is made manifold. When I face the Higher Tribunal I can show I did well of the gifts vouchsafed me at birth."
"As to the ethics of the profession—O damn ethics. Evil is a negative quality and illogical and logic and ethics are bedmates, so why worry. Let Titus Lowe (I go to hear him occasionally), and the other persons decide the question."
"I lay my success in my trade to the fact that I work alone. Nor do I play with women. Did I love a maid, sometime during love's ecstasy I might be tempted to tell her things of myself better left unsaid."

Later she or I might tire of each other and the temptation to reveal these things even though given under the pledge of secrecy could prove too strong any my undoing would be sure."
"So I remain a celibate and take my fill of love through reading what great authors have to say of it. Don't you think I'm wise?"
"Omaha Suits Him."
"I find Omaha just suits me. I spent some time here prior to the war and had I not felt the impulse to enlist might have begun operations long ere I did."
"When fighting ceased and I was mustered out I returned here, am still paying room rent here and intend to remain indefinitely. I have met some nice people, in a social way, enjoy the cuisine of the Athletic club and other clubs I occasionally frequent and though the city is yet but in a formative state when it really grows up and attains true manhood you will have a real town."

"My work is devious. I go into strange places and have queer adventures. Only the other night I entered a home that had all the outward appearance of housing many valuables. I 'jimmied' a back window, came through the kitchen into the drawing room and went to the buffet. I found some good silver, a purse with a little money and was congratulating myself on a prospective rich haul when I espied a work basket, on the dining room table. I rummaged about it in hoping I might come on a ring or two, for women hide valuables in funny places and discover two letters from a collection agency. The letters categorically demanded payment of long overdue bills.
"This set me to thinking.
"The 'Poor Husband'

"I replaced the money in the purse and some other valuables I had chanced upon and left as I had entered."
"I guess the poor beggar who called himself head of that household was in sorrier fix than I. An extravagant wife, I presumed, trying to play the society game without adequate resources and poor father with his nose stuck close to the grindstone to make both ends meet. Again there may have been recent sickness. I had noticed a couple of dolls in a corner. That meant children and—height; one shouldn't allow one's feelings to predominate in my profession but there you are."
"I certainly did enjoy my conversation with Mrs. Kearney of Mercer boulevard. I did not know what was the lady's name until I read it in The Bee. That was a rather good story your reporter wrote of the affair. I know a couple of newspaper men, but not many. That's a police reporter they call Pat. I've seen him occasionally, but never had opportunity to talk with him."
"But to return to Mrs. Kearney. She's got more spunk than most women. She didn't seem the least bit non-plussed when she awoke and found me near her bed. Mr. Kearney only had \$10 in his pockets and I didn't get much else of value in that household, but I did enjoy my vis-a-vis. Is she the woman who said my eyes were blue. I guess I'm getting a little mixed up. Anyway they're not. I mean my eyes. It's impossible to tell the color of my eyes for I always wear a mask when working and the cap I affect is so well pulled over my forehead I defy anyone to positively identify me on the street after having seen me in my "charade" costume."

"Kearney No Hero."
"Mr. Kearney wanted to play an heroic role I know, but a sharp reminder from me when he made a motion that might have meant getting out of bed stopped him. One of the Omaha papers said I had a gun in my hand. That is an error due no doubt to the reporter's imagination or the excitement of those I met that early morning. I did have an instrument in my hand, but it was not a gun. I never show firearms when I deal with women on my prowling. Don't mistake me though. I always go well armed."
"Though Kearney's pants only yielded \$10 I was well repaid for my work. The young daughter displayed as much spirit as her mother. I dare say she considered the whole thing in the light of a big adventure."
"For once the police made a good guess when they ventured the opinion it was I who robbed the home of 404 South Thirty-ninth street. The jewelry I got wasn't worth \$1,000 though. Some of it was spurious, just plain paste."
"I was of two minds whether or not to continue my speculations at 217 Lathrop street when I discovered a tiny baby in the room with its mother. But the mother didn't seem to mind me when she saw I had no desire to harm her or the baby. I didn't get much money

here but the jewelry helped a little."
Ringer a False Sport.
"When the police recently arrested that poor chap and tried to put my crimes on his shoulders I really felt badly and was going to write you then. However they let him go so I didn't. Fie, fie, Mr. Ringer. This railroading innocent

men to jail is not sporty at all. And I understand you used to be a pretty good sport."
"I intend to remain here this winter and from time to time shall drop you a line or two."
"I occasionally engage some of the detectives in conversation and know a few reporters. Little they know they are talking with the Gentleman Burglar."
"Ta, ta, Mr. Editor.
"You shall hear from me again."
"Yours, etc.
"THE GENTLEMAN BURGLAR."

**HERE IS A CHANCE
TO CUT H. C. OF L.
TO 20 CENTS DAILY**
Dr. Allen, Who Introduced
Peanut Diet Years Ago, Is
a Convert.

Chicago, Sept. 22.—Here is an opportunity for every person to reduce the high cost of living and at the same time reduce his board bill to 20 cents a day.

Dr. Thomas J. Allen of Eureka Springs, Ark., is the exponent of the new diet. Dr. Allen, one time president of Eureka college, won fame several years ago when he won the appellation of "peanut fiend," because he subsisted 60 days on a peanut diet.

Dr. Allen, who is a convert to a new diet, believes variety will outdo the peanut in satisfying the "inner man," so he has concocted ways

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and means to solve the high cost of living.
"I find I can do much better work, physical and mental, by living on a simple complete balanced ration of two or three articles of food," said Dr. Allen. "For the last five months my food has cost me less than 20 cents a day."
"For dinner today I had half a loaf of whole wheat bread, about six ounces of whole wheat and half a pound of raisins. A loaf of good bread and a quart of buttermilk made from skimmed milk by means of a dissolved tablet, with two ounces of corn oil made a meal that any working man can enjoy. On such a diet I can walk from 10 to 20 miles a day and do the most intensive mental work."
"I eat but two meals a day, eliminating breakfast. In the morning I take merely a cup of cocoa without sugar, eating nothing else until noon. I eat a cake of yeast before each meal."
"I expect to go on eating this way for the next fifty years. I am satisfied it is my diet which has prolonged my life. If any one doubts the practicability of the near-monodiet, I am open to a challenge of any sort that many serve to establish it."

Omahians shivered when they awoke yesterday morning. It was a real sharp morning for this time of the year, coming after the warm spell. Light overcoats were evidence early in the day, and furs were popular with women. The weather forecaster says it will be warmer today.

**Managing Editor
Omaha Daily Bee
Omaha, Neb**
Here's the address on the envelope of the letter written to The Bee by the "gentleman burglar." Can you identify the handwriting? The letter is typewritten.

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POST TOASTIES



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