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HOME GARDENS IN NEW ORLEANS.

The paragrapher of the Houston Post advises the dwellers in that city: "If your backyard will produce only one measly radish plant and lay it as an offering upon the altar of your country." The advice is good, even if given in a lightsome vein, and should be generally heeded in New Orleans.

The rapid advance in prices of foodstuffs since April first, already at an abnormally high level, should be sufficient notice to New Orleans residents that every penny's worth of food they can produce will be needed this summer to tide them over a period that threatens widespread distress. The exigencies of city life make it certain that city dwellers will feel most keenly the advance in living cost, with fewer resources to meet such cost. While New Orleans has made fine industrial advances, it has few of those industries which call for skilled and high priced labor in war time. Those localities which share least in the enormous expenditures contemplated by the government will bear an undue share of the burden.

Fortunately, New Orleans is a city of small houses, not one of flats and tenements. There are few dwellings without at least a small patch of vacant ground attached, and its suburbs contain extensive garden areas. The people of this city can meet this emergency easily, if they can be brought at once to realize the urgent need of meeting it. They can reduce their own expenses without fear of injury to any established farm or gardening industry, because there will be a demand for everything that can be consumed.

New Orleans should also go largely on a fish diet. The price of all kinds of meats has gone almost beyond reach of the ordinary wage worker; but we have an inexhaustible supply of fish at our doors, and this furnishes an economical and nutritious substitute.

The state department of agriculture, working in harmony with the home garden committee of the Association of Commerce, stands ready to aid the people of New Orleans to produce their own food. Garden plots will be plowed free of charge; gurdenseed will be furnished free and the advice of experienced experts on the work of garden cultivation is available to every inquirer. Don't postpone co-operation in the work of providing your own food supplies. Call on the Home Garden committee for any help it can give you.

While the visit of the joint commissions of the Entente powers is too serious an occasion for social amenities, the dinner the president will tender the representatives will probably be appreciated, considering the food conservation measures which have been in force in the warring countries for some months.

We point proudly to the fact that up to the present writing New Orleans has not produced a single submarine scare.

As chairman of the food conservation committee of the state, Harry Wilson should score a great success. He looks as though he had been practising what he preaches for some years.

Gov. Pleasant has received a report that a submarine base has been established on the Louisiana coast. He should order out the Louisiana fleet at once.

An immense crop of vegetables is naturally expected from the garden district.

We observe that our old acquaintance, Provincetown, Mass., which has not been heard from since the bombardment of the New England coast by Cervera's ships during the Spanish-American War is to be here again with reports of "heavy firing heard at sea."

At the same time, the president may console himself with the reflection that he has had a long run of luck with congress.

Former President Taft is doubtless gratified at the sudden vogue of his "League to Enforce Peace" among the nations.

DIMINISHING FOOD SUPPLIES.

If any warning were needed, beyond the increase in the prices of eatables, that the food supply of the country was diminishing, it would be found in the reports of cold storage holdings just issued by the department of agriculture.

From March 1 to April 7, the cold storage holdings of creamery butter decreased from nearly 16 million pounds to a trifle over 6 million pounds; the stock of American cheese went down from 13 million pounds to less than 9 million pounds; the egg supply showed an increase for the month of March, but a decrease of 37 per cent from April 1, 1916; the frozen beef supply decreased by twenty million pounds in the month of March, and practically all frozen and cured meat stocks declined in proportion.

Statistics are usually dry reading, but they hold a heap of heart interest just now, so far as they relate to the food supply.

Maryland Brewers association, in the interest of food conservation, makes an offer to the legislature to reduce the production of beer by fifty per cent during the war. Not to be outdone in generosity, the prohibitionists will doubtless offer to reduce it by the remaining fifty per cent.

LOUISIANA CONDENSED.

Rev. W. A. Gilson, pastor of the Presbyterian church, has been elected captain of Hammond's home guards.

Dr. J. J. Robert of Baton Rouge heads the State Railway Surgeons association for the coming year. Dr. J. A. O'Hara of New Orleans is president of the coroner's association.

N. T. Bourg, progressive, was elected mayor of Thibodaux Tuesday. No opposition.

State Superintendent Harris has appealed to the public school pupils of the state to aid in the state's food preparedness campaign.

Eddie Smith, a negro, has charged Harvey Wainwright and Blake Kemp, two white men of Hammond, with assault and robbery. Wainwright was arrested but Kemp is at large.

C. C. Carter was elected mayor of Hammond Tuesday.

Patterson has given \$650 to the national Red Cross.

J. L. Sain, a Lake Charles jeweler, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while on a hunting trip Monday.

A company of 120 men has been enlisted by L. S. U. men at Glenmora.

Eighty men of all ages, Mayor Walter Lehmann being among them, are drilling at Donaldsonville.

A number of Morgan City negroes have enlisted for the war.

New Iberia has organized a branch of the National Red Cross.

Members of the State Sunday-school Association sang "America" as they paraded the streets of Monroe Tuesday.

J. A. Troili was elected mayor of Lake Charles and W. W. Whittington mayor of Alexandria Tuesday.

The McCormick gas well in the Lirette field near Houma, said to be the greatest gas well ever drilled, has been capped after running wild three days.

The Louisiana Medical society is holding its annual meeting in Alexandria.

Jennings Woodmen had a special meeting to congratulate Guy Connelly, a member of their camp who has been elected head council.

Shreveport chamber of commerce has adopted resolutions favoring conscription.

A mob of a hundred, traveling in automobiles, visited the Vidalia jail Sunday night to call on John Enterkin, accused of murder, but the sheriff and Enterkin had crossed the river to Natchez.

The L. S. U. debating team won over representatives of the Southern Methodist university at Baton Rouge Monday night.

Emory Carr was shot and killed by James McElwee near Oak Grove. The quarrel arose over an insult to McElwee's daughter.

John W. Armstrong of Welsh was elected eminent grand commander of the Knights Templar at Alexandria Monday.

Gov. Pleasant has received the transcript of the evidence in the Carriere case and all that remains is to fix the date of execution.

The Mississippi river commission leaves St. Louis tomorrow for a tour of inspection down the lower river.

Thomas Sadler's grocery at Clinton was robbed of \$100 worth of goods Monday night.

Sam Smith and G. T. Gross were detected shooting herons and egrets for their plumes at Jackson and are in jail.

Lafayette is to have a commandery of Knights Templar.

Claud C. Rees is the new mayor of Breaux Bridge.

Henry Hamilton, negro is in jail at Lake Providence, charged with the murder of a negro man and negro woman in a levee camp near Henderson. Robbery was the motive.

GEN. SCOTT HAS MUCH TROUBLE IN WRITING HIS INDIAN BOOK

It begins to look as though Gen. Hugh L. Scott would never get that book about the Indian language done. General Scott is chief of staff of the American army, and the highest ranking officer in it. Incidentally, he probably knows more about Indians than anybody else active in the army to-day, and he was spending his spare time in his library at Fort Myer, Va. putting some of the knowledge down in black and white, when, presto! along came a war with Germany, and the book became a thing of the shadowy future.

It's happened to General Scott before. He was detailed to the Smithsonian Institution in 1897, and was just getting comfortably settled to take up the subject of Indians when the Spanish war broke out, and he was ordered to Cuba. Thereafter the Philippines claimed him, and one thing after another has happened to postpone that Indian book.

Scott is a man of few words, and those words to the point. When we first began considering what sort of an army we ought to have, General Scott announced himself. Universal service and not less than a year of it was his dictum, and he has never receded from that stand. The President asked for a Continental army and failed to get it. General Wood suggested six months' training, doubtless actuated by the belief that Congress would be more willing to grant that than to go the whole gamut. General Scott looked across the Atlantic, considered the experience of England and reiterated:

"Universal service—and a year of it."

There is nothing very spectacular about General Scott. He has been in the army a long, long time—was graduated from West Point in 1876. He has lived through the lean years of the army. For more than a quarter of a century after he left West Point his business was Indian fighting in the West. He skirmished with the Sioux and afterward the government sent him to teach the gentle Apache the delights of farming. He did both tasks well. There is a story extant today of Scott's youthful days in Dakota; how he came to the banks of the Little Missouri and finding it bank full called for volunteers to take a rope across in order to establish a ferry. There was some hesitation for the water was cold, and so the future chief of staff peeled off his uniform and took the rope across himself, swimming 500 feet of icy stream. This was the Scott who, while still a "plebe" at West Point, had hauled a companion out of the Hudson, saving the man from drowning at imminent risk of his own life.

Scott was a student always, and because he found it more satisfactory to deal first hand with the Indians than to employ an interpreter, he set himself to work to learn their language. He studied the Indian as a human problem, not merely as a tactical one, though he knew well how to handle him when it came to a fight. The government intrusted him with negotiations of a delicate sort among the Indians, and there is more than one unfought tribal war to Hugh Scott's credit.

Perhaps he owes his habit of little talking to the Indians; he learned how to listen well and speak seldom. From the Indians he adopted the habit of riding unshod horses. It was one of his hobbies. "You say that horse handles himself on the asphalt?" he remarks. "Course he does. Ever see a shod horse put his feet down that way? That horse has no shoes to pinch his feet. Never has had any shoes since I owned him. Feet are leather frogs. Just like aliable leather. Feels the ground with 'em, way he was meant to. That horse can go anywhere I can go on my feet. Feet same as shoes and don't fall off."

Scott went to Cuba as Leonard Wood's adjutant general when Wood became Governor General of Cuba in 1898. He held that job five years and then went to the Philippines as governor of the Sulu Archipelago. His rank by this time was that of major in the regular army. In the Philippines he achieved distinction by breaking up an extremely active slave trade. It was while on the Sulu Isthmus that he was shot through both hands, the result of mistaking a native guide too implicitly. The guide turned out to be an insurrecto chieftain, and led Scott and his men into an ambush in the jungle. Scott, somewhat out of breath from crossing a stream, clasped both hands around his revolver to steady it, and was struck by a volley of slugs which took off one finger and half of another.

But they got the Moro chieftain. Before he was able to use his hands, and while he still had to be lifted into the saddle, Scott let the

hospital and for a month led a party of American soldiers that finally tracked the Moro down.

From the Philippines, after three years, Scott came home to be commandant at West Point. That was a four-year detail. His record since then is exceedingly interesting, as showing how high a value the government placed on his knowledge of Indian affairs. The quotation is from "Who's Who in America":

"On duty, March and April, 1908, settling troubles of Navajos in New Mexico and Mexican Kickapooes in Arizona for Interior Department; again in 1911, for same department, trouble with Beni Indians at Hotevilla, Ariz.; engaged in settlement, for War and Interior departments, of Apache prisoners of war, Oklahoma and New Mexico, 1912. Settled by diplomacy Navajo Indian trouble at Beautiful Mountain, Ariz., November, 1913; assistant chief of staff, April 22, 1914; chief of staff, November 17, 1914. Settled by diplomacy impending conflict on Mexican border at Naco, Ariz., January, 1915. Recovered property of foreigners confiscated by General Villa in Mexico, August, 1915."

For a man whose business is fighting, General Scott has an enviable record in diplomacy and in settling troubles.

General Scott is within a year of the age at which army officers are retired—64. With the country at war, however, and the need for officers as urgent as it is, it is exceedingly unlikely that he will be retired. After the war, well, then perhaps there will be time to finish that book about the Indians.

MCKINNEY'S REPLY TO STATEMENTS

Regarding a statement made by Mr. Curran of the Railways company, former Superintendent E. J. McKinney furnishes the following:

Referring to statements made by Mr. Curran relative to me in connection with the shut-down of the Central Station April 17th, I beg to say that Mr. Curran is in error, stating that I failed to co-operate with the government of the company. As I have always endeavored to give my best efforts in keeping them advised as to conditions in the power department, it is I who failed to get proper support from Mr. Curran and Mr. Sloan. Mr. Curran has on several occasions threatened to dismiss me from the company's service for not taking matters up with Mr. Sloan. I informed Mr. Curran that I had frequently taken up matters of vital importance for the successful, safe and economical operation of power stations with Mr. Sloan, without result, and that the importance of the matter compelled me to take it up with him. This action on my part incurred the displeasure of Mr. Curran.

My chief offence, is for having the courage of my convictions to protest against conditions prevailing, which, if allowed to go on, would cause increased operating costs, and possibly serious damage to plant equipment. I will cite one instance; we were having serious trouble using water from a purifier installed by Mr. Thomas—on July 5th—I made out a requisition for the installation of an 8" artesian well; the use of the water from same I knew would overcome the trouble we were having. Mr. Sloan handed this requisition back angrily, stating that putting this requisition through would be a reflection on the U. S. engineers who were responsible for the installation of the purifier. Failing to get any action from Mr. Sloan, I appealed to Mr. Curran to have him secure a well. No action was taken by Mr. Curran, with the result that the company sustained monetary loss and a most serious interruption of service for 36 hours during the holiday period of the year, all of which could have been avoided had the well been installed when I first requested it. A well was installed during the holiday period at a much greater cost than if installed when first requested. The use of it has restored confidence with the operating force and eliminated one source of anxiety.

When I withdrew my resignation, I did not make any such statements as Mr. Curran gave. What I said was that I withdrew it on account of the condition at the plant and referred to my letter to Mr. Sloan dated September 20th, which cited conditions, and also told him that I did not merit the treatment accorded me by Mr. Sloan. He said, "Keep on with your work and forget about it."

"I have never failed to quickly

GEORGE WRITES HIS IMPRESSIONS OF EVENTS TO COUSIN NICKY

It will be recalled that, shortly after the outbreak of the war there were published as British documents letters interchanged by the rulers of Great Britain, Russia and Germany in which the monarchs signed themselves George, Nicky and Willie.

Dear Nicky: You mustn't think because I haven't written you since they took you out in the woodshed that I have forgotten you. Not at all; but dear Nicky, I simply haven't had the time to write you, who were one of the hardest reigning monarchs in Europe, must know yourself how the cares of state have weighed on me since this war came on my hands. Believe me, Nicky, there are times when I almost envy you your present position, in which you have nothing to do but shovel snow off the Tsarko-Sicilo sidewalks.

I suppose there are lots of unthinking people in the world who imagine that being King of England is a pretty soft billet. They have the idea, which I believe was actually put forward in one of those daily American journals, that all I had done in the war was to fall off my horse. You and I know how unfounded that popular error is. I reign eight and nine hours a day, and sometimes I am so deadbeat when night comes I don't care whether I have any tea or not.

I was saying to Wales just the other day that I hoped by the time I became king there would be some kind of union hours on the job. England is a good country to reign in—as good as any in which they are still employing kings. The living quarters and the service are excellent; there is no better marmalade to be had anywhere, and the fountain pen provided for me to sign my name is the best made outside of Germany.

But, Nicky, I must say this—they even their kings too hard here. This morning I had hardly finished my toast when they sent for me to come and open the subscription to the British War Nurses' War-Aid Society Fund. After that I barely had time to get back to Buckingham Palace in time to receive a deputation with an address from the Royal British Ladies' Sewing Guild to which 150 British actresses had each given a pillow case. I should have had my lunch, but only grab off a lettuce sandwich and jump into my motor car, for I was due at the Horse Guards' pin crosses on some of the gallant lads from the Somme.

Nicky, after reigning like sixty since 9 o'clock in the morning with nothing but a lettuce sandwich can you wonder if I did get the crosses all mixed up and pin them on the wrong men?

Lloyd George came in just as I got back, all beat out, and said if I felt strong enough to sign my name he thought it would be a good idea for me to issue a proclamation thanking my army. I'll say this for Lloyd George, he spares me all the work he can and had the proclamation all written out. He is always doing thoughtful things like that and I never have to do anything to a state paper except sign my name.

I have such complete confidence in him that I rarely even read what I sign because I know it is just what I would want to say if I wanted to say it. You have had your own state cares, too, I know, Nicky, attending openings of the imperial ballet, listening to addresses from ambassadors and dedicating barracks and opera houses, and so I know you will not think I am exaggerating when I tell you that I have had as many as four secretaries reading telegrams to me from the front while I was taking a cup of tea with my hat and gloves on, ready to start to a review, and all of them reading so fast I couldn't understand a word they were saying.

That's the way they reign their kings in this country. As if you wonder we break down and have to hire physically strong men like Lloyd George to take some of the work off our hands?

Nicky, old boy, if in my bluff British way, which is sometimes mistaken for selfishness, I have dwelt more upon my own troubles than yours I know you will not get me wrong. I know how deeply you were attached to your job, much more deeply, I have no doubt, than it was attached to you. It must have been a beastly shock when they lifted you out of the elder-down and you fell your bare feet

on the cold floor. Wow! It makes my toes curl up to think of it, Nicky. But we kings must take what comes. There are only a few of us left and our subjects seem to be getting more and more thoughtless of our comforts. I sometimes imagine even Lloyd George—a terribly capable and businesslike chap, but a democrat, Nicky, a democrat—is not as solicitous of my feelings as he might be. Why, it was quite by accident that I discovered the other day where my navy was. I suppose next I shall be hunting all over the palace for my bally night-shirt. Just between us, Nicky, there are chaps around me here who do not seem to care any more for a king than a two-spot. It makes me wish sometimes I had sent Wales to business school.

Speaking of two-spots, Nicky, what do you hear from Willie? I overheard them say that the Horse Guards that they were going to put the Hohenzollerns to hosing cotton. The way they laughed I fancy it was some kind of ripping joke, but blast my eyes if I could see the point. Do you? I think it must be an American joke—they never have any point. Since the United States came in to assist me in the war my work has been about doubled. First, I had to look it up in the geography to see where the United States was and now I am studying their language which seems to be something like Chaucer's. But Nicky, do you think Willie knows where he is going to get off? There I go, again! That's American—perfectly wonderful the way you fall into their queer patter. Willie is headstrong, I fear, which is something we kings should guard against. I am not headstrong. I let Lloyd George think he is having his own way and the old bear falls for it. (There I go again!)

Nicky, old topper, I must not get writer's cramp for I have to sign my name to a despatch to Haig this afternoon. Be a good Nicky and do what they tell you to do. It's the safest kind of kingcraft in these days and ought to be even safer for ex-ones. If you want to see a king who knows which side of his bread the marmalade is on, watch

GEORGE.

P. S. I heard a perfectly ripping one on you, too, Nicky. They said at the Horse Guards that wait a minute now, it was one of those American ones and finally had to get the hang of it. They said the Romanoff—no, that wasn't the way of it. They said if the Romanoff was off the throne—hold on, now, I seem to have got it backward. They said who was off the throne in Russia? Somehow it doesn't look just right yet, but it was something like that. Anyway, it was perfectly ripping, but when I told it to Lloyd George he didn't seem to get it, but he's Welsh, you know. Oh, I forgot to say the answer was, on and off. It doesn't seem to fit in just right when you look at it, but it's ripping when you hear it told. But you see the point—off and on. Rather neat I fancy—what? G.

AN ENJOYABLE EVENING

Mr. John Jurovich, manager, and Mr. Oliver Montague, proprietor of the Lambert Cafe, 135 Royal street, entertained their many friends to a spaghetti layout, and their chef, what I would want to say if I wanted to say it. You have had your own state cares, too, I know, Nicky, attending openings of the imperial ballet, listening to addresses from ambassadors and dedicating barracks and opera houses, and so I know you will not think I am exaggerating when I tell you that I have had as many as four secretaries reading telegrams to me from the front while I was taking a cup of tea with my hat and gloves on, ready to start to a review, and all of them reading so fast I couldn't understand a word they were saying.

THE END OF HER CAREER

New York, April 9.—Mrs. John W. Springer, once a pet of international society and hailed as "the most beautiful woman in Denver," died a pauper at Blackwell's Island without friends. As the wife of a millionaire banker, she did society on a scale that dazzled the country. For her love one man murdered his two friends, and is now serving a life sentence.

RYAN IS VINDICATED

Galveston, Tex., April 19.—In the tenth district court to-day the case of George Ryan, accused of murder in connection with the death of William Black, an anti-Catholic lecturer, was dismissed on motion of the state.