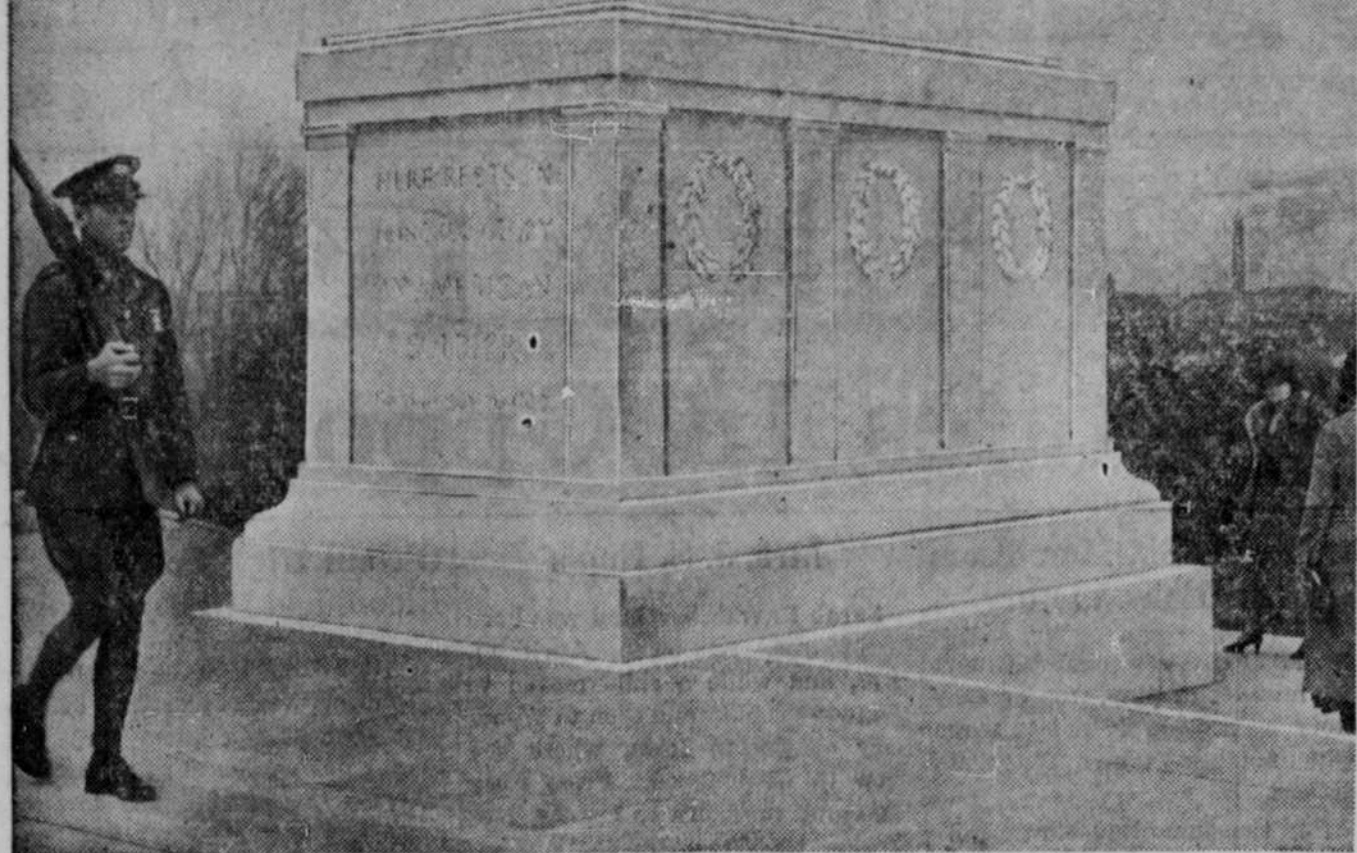


ARMISTICE DAY 1940



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

IN A world aflame with war, the thoughts of Americans on Armistice Day, 1940, inevitably turn to that November day 22 years ago when World War I ended. In Arlington national cemetery near Washington stands the symbol of our participation in that conflict—the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. One of our greatest patriotic shrines, it is not only a memorial to those whose graves in foreign soil are marked "Unknown," but in a larger sense it is also a monument to the 50,000 who gave their lives in that earlier fight against the threat of dictatorial power.

Among them were a few who, unknowingly, erected memorials to themselves which seem destined to be as enduring as the white marble of the tomb in Arlington. For they were the soldier poets who, before a bullet or shell fragment wrote "Finis" to their careers, composed some bit of deathless verse which is now and always will be associated with their names.

In 1936, when Frederic W. Ziv compiled an anthology of poems by poets who were killed in 1914 to 1918, his book, "The Valiant Muse," contained the work of 59 young Englishmen and Americans. All of these 59 are known to a few poetry-lovers; perhaps half of them are familiar names to students of literature; but to the English-speaking world generally four of their names have become as familiar as the names of famous bards who sang in earlier and more peaceful times. They are two Americans, Alan Seeger and Joyce Kilmer, an Englishman, Rupert Brooke, and a Canadian, John McCrae.

Although each of the four wrote considerable verse, in each case there is one poem which is inevitably and invariably associated with the name of its author. To think of Alan Seeger is to think of "I Have a Rendezvous With Death," which was prophetic of the fate of the poet if not of the fate of the poem. Seeger was a young Harvard graduate who was studying in Paris at the outbreak of the war in 1914 and who enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. Wounded in action, he was recuperating in a French hospital when he wrote the poem which made him famous. It was

I have a rendezvous with death
At some disputed barricade,
When spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with death
When spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath;
It may be I shall pass him still,
I have a rendezvous with death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Flooded in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear.
But I've a rendezvous with death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Back in service again, in 1916, Seeger was invited to write a poem and read it at the Memorial day ceremony in Paris which had been arranged for the American volunteers who had died for France. Seeger worked feverishly to finish the poem in time. Memorial day came but it brought no word to Seeger that his application for leave of absence to go to Paris for the ceremony had been granted. Later it was learned that a careless clerk had confused Memorial day with the other American patriotic holiday of Independence day and had obtained the leave of absence for that date.

But Seeger was not destined to enjoy his leave on Independence day, for he had a "rendezvous with death" which he could not fail to keep. On July 4, 1916, there was a burst of German machine gun fire at Belleau-en-Sarterre and

one of the men who went down in the hail of death was the young soldier-poet.

There is a touch of pathos in the fact that Alan Seeger will keep his rendezvous with death for all eternity in an unmarked grave. Several months later his regiment returned to Belleau-en-Sarterre to find that the entire landscape had been so changed by bombardment that not even the "scarred slope of battered hill" where he died could be recognized and all efforts since then to identify the site of his burial place have been unsuccessful.

Like Seeger, Rupert Brooke wrote a poem that was prophetic of his death and that contributed most to his fame. Those who

BALLAD OF BARDS AND ACES.
I wonder in what star-dowered nook
Young Alan Seeger sings his song—
In what Elysium Rupert Brooke
Breathes forth his music all day long.
For from a world that fights with
Wrong
Does Byron dream of Freedom's
sway,
And Keats and Shelley join the
throne;
Where sings each bard of yesterday?
Say, where does brave Resnais soar
Above the haunts of earthly men;
Or where, beyond the cannon's roar,
Great Guyener rides forth again?
Does Luthbery sweep some heavenly
glen
Like Phaeton of ancient day,
And Vernon Castle meet them then;
Where flies each ace of yesterday?
—John M. McGough in the New York Times.

knew this young Englishman remember that, so striking was his physical appearance and so buoyant were his spirits, it was "like a wind from heaven" when he entered a room. Harriet Monroe called him "the lyric Apollo" and his brother-poet, William Butler Yeats, said he was "the most beautiful young man in England." But the world remembers him as the writer of this exquisite sonnet:

THE SOLDIER
If I should die, think only this of me,
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust which England bore, shaped, made aware;
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways
to roam, Lamenting scarred that
body which England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind no less,
Gives somewhere back the thoughts
by England given;
Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as
her day;
And laughter learnt of friends,
and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English
heaven.

Out of the horror of the Battle of Ypres came another poem which has made the name of its author famous. He was Lieut. Col. John McCrae, commander of the medical department of Canadian Hospital No. 3, a McGill university unit. Innumerable times during the 16 days of that battle McCrae watched the burial of the dead and saw the white crosses erected over their graves. Then in the spring he saw the poppies trying to cover the tortured earth with their scarlet glory and he wrote

IN FLANDERS FIELDS
In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place. While in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Unheard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved—but now, we lie
In Flanders fields!
Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from falling hands, we throw
The torch—Be yours to bear it to the
If ye break faith with who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields.

McCrae's poem was translated into every language spoken by the Allied forces. It became a symbol of the determination to "carry on" and before its author's death in January, 1918, this Canadian soldier's neighbors, the Americans, as well as thousands of his fellow-Canadians and other citizens of the British empire had heeded his injunction to "take up our fight." McCrae was stricken with pneumonia at his post of duty and died in a hospital in Boulogne. He was buried in the cemetery at Wimereux, on a sunny slope, facing the sunset and the sea, where red poppies grow among the white crosses, one of which marks the last resting place of John McCrae.

The second American soldier-poet who died in France and whose name is best remembered because of one poem was Joyce Kilmer. It is a curious fact, however, that it was written before he became a soldier and it was not a war poem. A graduate from Columbia university in 1908, Kilmer held various journalistic jobs before joining the staff of the New York Times in 1913. In that year Harriet Monroe's Poetry: A Magazine of Verse printed the poem which was to make Kilmer famous. It was

TREES
I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;
A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Kilmer was paid \$7 for this poem—a few years ago the manuscript of it was sold for \$600. At the outbreak of the World War Kilmer was more sympathetic to the German side than that of the Allies because the former was more unpopular in this country. But he quickly changed after the sinking of the Lusitania and he wrote a poem about this event which was widely reprinted in both America and Europe. Called "The White Ships and the Red," it portrayed the arrival of a new ship among the ghostly hulks of the thousands of vessels that lie on the floor of the sea—only this ship, the Lusitania, was not white but red with blood.

Joining the legion of the lost, the Lusitania declares:
My wrong cries out for vengeance,
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah's ear.
Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away that stain:
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain.

Soon after America entered the war, Kilmer, although married and the father of three children, enlisted in a famous New York regiment—the "Fighting Sixty-ninth." He became a sergeant and although he had opportunities for promotion, he turned them down because they would have involved leaving his regiment for training elsewhere. "I'd rather be a sergeant in the Sixty-ninth than a lieutenant in any other regiment in the world," he wrote a friend.

And it was as a sergeant in the Sixty-ninth that he died—on July 30, 1918, during the five-days' fighting for the heights near the Ourcq river. He had volunteered his services to the major of the battalion leading the advance because his own battalion was not in the lead. Having discovered a German machine gun nest in the woods ahead, he was sent with a patrol to determine its exact location. Two hours later, when the rest of the battalion advanced into the woods, they found Kilmer lying, bent over a ridge, as if still scouting. When they turned him over they found that he was dead. He was buried near the spot where he fell beside his lieutenant who was also killed.



By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK
NEW YORK.—Close in, in the critical diplomatic huddle at Ankara is our John Van A. MacMurray, ambassador to Turkey. A veteran career diplomat, Mr. MacMurray might have been a star reporter. He has a gimlet mind and is a diligent digger and researcher. While our state department may not have much to say about what happens in Turkey and the Balkans, it will surely have the record, when it all becomes history.

As minister to China, Mr. MacMurray studied the country and its people so diligently that his friends said he began to look like a Chinese. There was the matter of likin, or Chinese import taxes. No other western diplomat had worried much about them. Mr. MacMurray completely surrounded them.

He is the world's greatest authority on the subject. When he left his post in China after five years, he had compiled two stupendous volumes on the general theme of "Rights and Obligations of China From 1894 to 1919." These were only small details of his encyclopedic roundup of knowledge of the Far East. That being the case, they shifted him. Which is a reminder that this writer has a friend, a career diplomat, who learned Chinese and amassed such information in eight years in China, and was shipped to Geneva last year to be replaced in Peking by a young man starting from scratch.

With all his grim fact-chasing Mr. MacMurray has, like all good diplomats, a touch of Dale Carnegie about him—that is, he makes friends and influences people. He has a charming, ingenious smile, when his adding-machine mind is out of gear, and he has been happily placed in the gold-lace maneuvers of our diplomacy.

He was born in Schenectady in 1881, educated at Princeton and Columbia and entered the diplomatic service as secretary of the legation in Siam in 1907. He became head of the far eastern division and minister to China in 1925. In 1930 he became minister to Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, and minister to Turkey in 1937. Many big issues of international politics seem to have gone the way of Chinese likin, and of Estonia et al, but whatever they are, or were, Mr. MacMurray knows about them.

WHEN Capt. Henry Harwood defeated the Graf Spee pocket battleship, off Montevideo last December, the home office flashed a message in which he learned he was a knight and an admiral. "Thank you, boys," he wagged to his three British cruisers, as a sporting gesture in which he gave credit where it was due. He had had 37 years in the navy without a swing of the spotlight in his direction. But the victory over the Graf Spee started songs in the Dryden musical halls about "Hadmiral Emnery Arwood"—a natural—and now he's almost the ruler of the king's naves because he took the measure of the big Graf Spee. It doesn't quite scan, but he gets the job as assistant chief of the naval staff, and member of the board of the admiralty.

It was as a lad of 14 that he first climbed the rigging of the old wooden training ship *Britannica*. He moved on up through routine grades and in the World war was a torpedo boat lieutenant. In the years between wars, he was with the fleet in South America, China and the Mediterranean, known as a courageous and resourceful officer, but never in the headlines or in the *British Who's Who*.

He is thickest, square-jawed and ruddy of countenance, planted on the bridge as though he had taken root there and meant to stay. This war hasn't inspired any clanging, inspiring Kiplingesque lines, but Admiral Harwood may yet touch them in staff training. He has two sons in their early teens, who expect someday to "climb the rigging like their father used to do."

AS A "man against death" Dr. James Ewing has been in the trenches for years in the world war against cancer. A medal is conferred by the New York City Cancer committee for "outstanding work during the year in the campaign to control cancer."

He is director of the Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases, a world leader in the battle against the scourge of modern times. He voices hope, but ruthlessly limits his conclusions to demonstration fact.

Winter Fashions Turn Spotlight On Handsome Jewelry Accents

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WEAR dramatic jewelry in a dramatic way and your costume will soar to dizzy heights of chic and charm this winter. The technique for the costume ideal as prescribed by current fashion demands that "clothes" be styled with utmost simplicity of elegant choice fabric to serve as a perfect setting for jewelry that is superbly adornful. After you follow this formula of dress to a nicety you can complete the ensemble with a devastating chapeau.

In selecting your jewelry collection keep uppermost in mind that fashion emphasis this winter is on handsome important individualistic pieces, rather than flashy glittery baubles. The smartest of the smart are finding definite appeal in the idea of a gorgeous clip or brooch strategically placed below the shoulder, preferably to one side, to "show off" on the bodice. To this they match up intriguing earrings, which are vastly important this season, an eye-dazzling finger ring and imposing bracelets. To be sure, a necklace may be added, but "the latest" whim of fashion is to concentrate on the clip of artful design and exquisite workmanship.

The illustration herewith tells a fascinating story of current jewelry trends. To the left above in the picture dull finished gold and platinum leaves set with pale yellow sapphires make an unusual clip worn smartly on the lapel of a brown sealskin coat. A tailored bracelet of the same dull finished gold with jewel-set buckle serves as an appropriate companion piece. The casual daytime dress (favorite two-piece type) is of sheer wool with cartridge tuckings at the shoulder and pockets. This stunning frock in neutral color is one of those tailored classics well-dressed women adore. A beau catcher if ever there was one! She is the cunningly bonneted young girl centered in the group. Bonnet toques of quaint prettiness such as this are the "newest out." The young set like them immensely

and wear them most becomingly. This one is of black broadcloth and has velvet ties under the chin. The suit is of the same woolen fabric used for men's tuxedos. Needless to say it tailors beautifully, and with its braid trimming makes a stunning formal costume for town. It's quite the thing, as you no doubt know, to affect masculine fashions both as to materials bought in men's tailoring establishments and details such as blouses cut shirt fashion, and coats that look as if they might have been filched from brother's wardrobe. At any rate the young miss pictured yields to feminine urge when she wears an eye-impelling single jewelry piece of rubies set in gold.

Appropriate for a young girl to wear for afternoon or dinner dates is the winsome jewelry "set" shown above to the right. The ensemble consists of two flower pins, uniquely positioned one below the other on the bodice together with bracelet and ring of unusual workmanship which are well accented against the black of her simple dress. Soft tweeds, as noted below to the left in the group, make a stunning background for jewels. Here a gold clip with sprays of rubies accents a heather and ruby tweed dress. The bracelet of flexible gold links and gold balls encircled by square-cut rubies is matched by the earrings. For bridge or informal dinners a black chiffon dress as shown below to the right achieves a sophisticated and perfect background for diamond and platinum jewelry. Earrings? Of course! For earrings are a fashion "must." They are tiny hoops of diamonds. A diamond clip brooch together with flexible platinum bracelet with diamond buckle add infinite style prestige. The only note of color is a resplendent cocktail ring of diamonds and rubies. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

New Shape Handbag



Handbag designers continue to present new ideas. Here is the long handbag, low and wide at the base. It interprets a very new silhouette. Inside is a smart detail in the jeweled wire zipper which protects the safety pocket. A bag with the "new" look like this will impart in-finite chic to your winter costume.

Girdle Treatments

New frocks of the slenderizing type have wrapped hips done in gypsy girdle manner. Sometimes the girdle is draped with streamers to the front ending in a deep fringe finish.

Braiding, Quilted Designs Popular

Winter fashions display extreme enrichment in decorative detail worked out in lavish braiding, colorful embroidery and very interesting quilted design. Many dressmaker suits have jackets that are allover braided in soutache. Braided sleeves and pockets add charm to many of this season's sheer wool dresses. Evening sweaters and the new long-torso jerkins are all aglitter with all over sequin embroidery. Very new and chic too are draped turbans of fabric that has been colorfully embroidered.

Late Fall Scarfs Are Voluminous

Voluminous evening scarfs made of tulle or chiffon in vivid color are very charming. There is one the full width of the tissue-thin fabric and more than two yards long. Their effectiveness, thrown over bare shoulders when the dress is black or rich dark tone, and extremely decorative is very lovely. It is a grand way to give your black velvet evening dress a dramatic touch and add the dash of color that flatters.

Tricolor Costume

Tricolor costumes for evening and daytime continue to have the approval of such famous designers as Mainbocher.

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HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Rusty nails put in the soil around a hydrangea bush will keep the soil healthy.

In cleaning gas ovens, put a little ammonia in the water. The cleaning will be made easier and the ammonia prevents the ovens from turning brown.

Never throw away bones left from a roast or shoulder. Put them on in cold water and if cooked several hours, a very good soup may be obtained with the addition of diced vegetables.

Try combining a cup of whipping cream, whipped just enough to hold its shape, with six tablespoons of apple butter, added two tablespoons at a time, blended well after each merger. Heap a fluffy mound of this yellow mixture on your favorite cup cakes.

Relief At Last For Your Cough

CREOMULSION relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.
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Lasting Pleasure
No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.—Lady M. W. Montague.

INDIGESTION

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Gas trapped in the stomach or esophagus may act like a hair-trigger on the heart. At the first sign of distress smart men and women depend on Bell's Tablets to get gas free. No laxative but made of the fast-acting medicines known for acid indigestion. If the FIRST DOSE doesn't prove effective, return bottle to us and receive DOUBLE Money Back, 25c.

Noble Thoughts
They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir P. Sidney.

ADVISES YOUNG GIRLS ENTERING WOMANHOOD

Thousands of young girls entering womanhood have found a "real friend" in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help them get "smiling thru" restlessness, moody, nervous spells, and relieve cramps, headache, backache and embarrassing fainting spells due to female functional irregularities. Famous for over 60 years. WORTH TRYING!

Power to Do
When there's a log to lift, an old man will grunt and a young man pick it up.

Today's popularity of *Doan's Pills*, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of satisfactory use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of *Doan's* under exacting laboratory conditions. These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend *Doan's Pills* as a good diuretic treatment for disorder of the kidney function and for relief of the pain and worry it causes. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often frequent. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warn of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out. Use *Doan's Pills*. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

MODERNIZE
Whether you're planning a party or remodeling a room you should follow the advertisements...to learn what's new...and cheaper...and better. And the place to find out about new things is right here in this newspaper. Its columns are filled with important messages which you should read regularly.