

GRASP AT WARSAW AGAIN A FAILURE

Second Attempt to Strike the Polish Capital Frustrated by Russian Force and Craft.

ERRIFIC ONSLAUGHTS VAIN

Each Trench Army, Under General van Hindenberg, Is Reported to Have Been Moved Further South.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 2.—(Special Cablegram to New York World and Omaha Bee.)—The second German attempt to grasp at Warsaw is now definitely repelled. All the terrific onslaughts of all the armies they could bring into contact will be crowned with victory before dawn.

German Columns Defeated.

Fighting at Inowrod, on the Pillwa, reported in the last bulletin, appears to have terminated in a defeat of the German columns, for they now have attempted to find another direction for their attacks almost entirely in the vast, flat, in the midst of which is Spain, an imperial hunting palace. Here, owned heads occasionally, and lesser forces rarely, have been given opportunities of shooting the last remaining remnants in Europe of the bloom.

Make Attacks.

The Austrians, likewise, made a couple of attacks, both of which were repulsed with loss. One was south of Malograticha and the other at the village of Zakrzew, couple of miles south of Prinezw.

Transfer Energy.

Everywhere new points to General von Hindenberg transferring his energy to plying fresh strength in this area, as even prevailed upon the Austrians to make some stand in the Carpathian area.

The Russian Combined Armies of the East Are Well Supplied.

The Russian combined armies of the east are well supplied and in victorious spirit, for the solid advance position is so satisfactory that military opinion generally agrees with the estimate of the British ambassador, Sir George Buchanan, at the New Year banquet the British colony in Petrograd last night, when he said that he could confidently to the future, sharing the thought that the armies of the allies of the Russians occupied at widely divergent points.

The grand duke's strategic scheme, in fact, remains now what it was three months ago, and the German frantic tactics only ensure the increasing rapidity of accomplishment of that scheme, which is getting nearer in every day. In set Gallia, the grand duke reports the tide continues to develop in lines entirely favorable to the Russian fortified positions. Gallia has been taken by

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COMMERCIAL ENGRAVERS PHOTOGRAPHERS ELECTROTYPERS ALL UNDER ONE ROOF OMAHA-BEE ENGRAVING-DEPT. OMAHA-NEBR.

the Russians in the neighborhood of Ballgrod, south of Ilika.

Bayonet charges inflicted enormous losses on the enemy, while companies being annihilated by charges of the Russians.

All these places are well in the Carpathians, and capture by the Russians cuts the Austrian force, stiffened with German brigades and under German command, into several detached bodies.

The New Army

(Continued from Page One.)

In for inspection; battalions parading; brigades moving off for maneuvers; batteries clanking in from the ranges; they were all simple, free and intelligent, and moved with a lift and a drive that made one sing for joy.

Only three months ago that entire collection poured into Valenciennes camp in pink shirts and straw hats, desperately afraid they might not be in time. Since then they have been taught several things. Notably, that the more independent the individual soldier, the more does he need forethought and endless care when he is in bulk.

Learning Lots of Things.

"Just because we were all used to looking after ourselves in civil life," said an officer, "we used to send parties out without rations. And the parties used to go, too. And we expected the boys to look after their own feet. But we've got wiser now."

"They're learning the same thing in the new army," I said; "company officers have to be taught to be mothers and housekeepers and sanitary inspectors. Where do your men come from?"

"Tell me some place that they don't come from," said he, and I could not. The men had rolled up from everywhere between the Arctic circle and the border, and I was told that those who could not get into the first contingent were moving heaven and earth and local politicians to get into the second.

"There's some use in politics now," that officer reflected. "But it's going to thin the voting lists at home."

A good many of the old South African crowd (the rest are coming), were present and awfully correct. Men last met as privates at between De Aar and Belmont were captains and majors now, while one and who, to the best of his ability, had painted Cape Town pink in those fresh years, was a grim noncom, worth his disciplined weight in dollars.

Made a "Father" of Him.

"I didn't remind Dan of old times when he turned up at the Valenciennes disguised as a respectable citizen," said my informant. "I just roped him in for my crowd. He's a father to 'em. He knows."

"And have you many cheery souls coming on?" I asked.

"Not many; but it's always the same with a first contingent. You take everything that offers and weed the bravest out later."

"We don't weed," said an officer of artillery. "Any one that has had his passage paid for by the Canadian government stays with us till he calls out of our hand. And he does. They make the best men in the far north."

I thought of a friend of mine who is now disabusing two or three "old soldiers" in a service corps of the idea that they can run the battalion, and I laughed. The runner was right. "Old soldiers," after a little loving care, become valuable and virtuous.

A company of foot was drawn up under the lee of a fir plantation behind us. They were a miniature of the army as the army was of the people, and one could feel the impact of strong personality almost like a blow.

In the Matter of Wood. "If you'd believe it," said a cavalryman, "we're forbidden to cut into that little wood lot, yonder! Not one stick of it may we have! We could make shelters for our horses in a day out of that stuff."

"But it's timber!" I gasped. "Sacred, tame trees!"

"Oh, we know what wood is! They issue it to us by the pound. Wood to burn—the pound! What's wood for, anyway?"

"And when do you think we shall be allowed to go?" some one asked, not for the first time.

"By and by," said I. "And then you'll have to detail half your army to see that your equipment isn't stolen from you."

"What!" cried an old Strathcona horse. "Are we going to be with those blanky Queenslanders again?" He looked anxiously toward the horse lines. It is pleasant to hear stann rebuking sin!

"I was thinking of your mechanical transport and your traveling workshops and a few other things that you've got. You won't have your horses stolen."

"D'you mean to hint that Strathconas' ever stole a horse?" he asked.

"No. No more than the Australians," and I got away from those large men and their windy hill-top and slit through mud and past mechanical transport and troops untold toward Lark Hill. On the way I passed the fresh cut pine sticks, laid and notched one atop of the other, to shore up a caving bank. Trust a Canadian or a beaver with gunshot of standing timber!

Engines and Appliances. Lark Hill is where the Canadian engineers live, in the midst of a profigate abundance of tools and carts, pontoon wagons, field telephones and other mouth-watering gear. Hundreds of tin huts are being built there, but quite leisurely, by contract. I noticed three workmen, at 11 o'clock of that Monday forenoon, as drunk as Davy's soul, reeling and shouting across the landscape. So far as I could ascertain, the workmen do not work extra shifts, nor even, but I hope this is incorrect on Saturday afternoon; and I think they take their full hour at noon these short days.

"Every camp thrown up, men one has met at the other end of the earth; so, of course, the Engineer C. O. was an ex-South African Canadian."

"Some of our boys are digging a trench over yonder," he said. "I'd like you to look at 'em."

The boys seemed to average five feet ten inches, with thirty-seven-inch chests. The soil was unaccommodating chalk.

"What are you?" I asked of the first pick-axe.

"Private."

"Yes, but before that?"

"McGill (university understood), 1911." "And that boy with the shovel?" "Aussie's, I think. No; he's Toronto."

to develop certain things in the head and elsewhere, which at first disgust them, but later are accepted as an unlovely part of the game.

It would be quite easy to make bake-houses and super-heated steam fittings to deal with the trouble. The boys themselves stand on brick piers, from one to three feet above the ground. The board floors are not grooved or tongued, so there is ample ventilation from beneath; but they have installed recent cooking ranges and gas, and the men have all ready made themselves all sorts of handy little labor-saving gadgets. They would do this if they were in a real desert.

Incidentally, I came across a delightful bit of racial instinct. A man had been told to knock up a desk out of broken packing cases. There is only one type of desk in Canada—the roller top, with three shelves each side of the knee-hole, characteristic sloping sides, raised back and long about in front of the writer. He reproduced it faithfully, and the thing leaped to the eye out of its English office surroundings.

The engineers do not suffer for lack of talents. Their senior officers appear to have been the heads, and their juniors the assistants, in big concerns that wrestle with unharmed nature. (There is a tale of the building of a bridge in Valenciennes camp which is not bad bearings. The rank and file include miners, road, trawler and bridge men; iron construction men who, among other things, are steeljacks; whole castes of such as deal in high explosives for a living; local drivers, superintendents, too, for aught I know, and a solid greeting of selected machinists, mechanics and electricians.

Unluckily, they were all a foot or so too tall for me to tell them that, even if their equipment escaped at the front, they would infallibly be raided for men.

An Unrelated Detachment. I left McGill, Queen's, and Toronto still dicing in their trench, which another undergraduate, mounted, and leading a horse, went out of his way to jump standing. My last glimpse was of a little detachment, with five or six South African ribbons among them, who were being looked over by an officer.

No one thought it strange that they should have embodied themselves and crossed the salt sea independently as "So-and-So's Horse." (It is best to travel with a little those days). Once arrived, they were not at all particular, except that they meant to join the army, and the lonely batch was stating its qualifications as engineers.

"They get over any way and every way," said my companion. "Swimming, I believe."

"That who was the So-and-So that they were christened after?" I asked.

"I guess he was the man who financed 'em or grub-staked 'em while they were waiting. He may be one of 'em in that crowd now; or he may be a provincial magnate at home getting another bunch together."

Vanguard of a Nation. Then I went back to the main camp for a last look at that wonderful army, where the tin-roofed messes and the French-Canadian officers, and where one sees esprit-de-corps in the making. Nowhere is local sentiment stronger than in Canada. East and west, lake and maritime provinces, prairie and mountain, fruit district and timber lands—they each thrill to it.

The west keeps one cold blue open-air eye on the townful east. Windpipe sits between, posing alternately as sophisticated metropolis and simple prairie; Alberta, of the 1,000 horses, looks down from its high-peaked saddle on all who walk on their feet; and British Columbia thanks God for an equable climate, and that it is not like Ottawa, Quebec, smile tolerantly on the Nova Scotia, for it has a history, too, and asks Montreal if any good thing can come out of Brandon, Moose Jaw or Regina.

Some discuss each other outrageously, as they know each other intimately, over 4,000 miles of longitude; their fathers, their families and all the connections. Which is useful when it comes to summing up the merits of a newly-promoted noncom, or the capacities of quartermaster.

As their army does and suffers, and its record begins to blaze, fierce pride of regiment will be added to local love and the national pride that backs and envelops all. But this pride is held in very severe check now; for they are neither provinces nor tribes, but a welded people fighting in the war of liberty.

They permit themselves to hope that the physique of their next contingent will not be worse than that of the present. They believe that their country can send forward a certain number of men, and a certain number behind them, all equipped to a certain scale. Of discomforts endured, of the long learning and delecting and waiting on, they say nothing. They do not hint what they think they see in their hour strikes, though they more than hint their longing for that hour.

In all their talk I caught no phrase that could be twisted into the shadow of a boast or any claim to superiority, even in respect to their kit and outfit; no word or implication of self-praise for any sacrifice made or intended. It was their right, humility—and, perhaps, most menacing for such as may have to deal with this vanguard of an armed nation.

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STATEMENT ISSUED BY BIXBY

Purpose of Grandparents Partially Accomplished by Preventing Immediate Removal of Baby, Says Letter Signed by F. A. Bixby.

Jo Janisleg Test, 7 months old, motherless baby, concerning whom custody a legal contest was waged between her father, Lieutenant Fred C. Test, and her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bixby of Omaha, is on her way to Santa Fe, N. M., her father's home. She left Omaha in the care of Lieutenant Test and his sister, Mrs. Irene Haughey.

Following his victory in a habeas corpus suit started by him, in which Mr. and Mrs. Bixby were defendants, he spent several days "becoming acquainted" with the baby.

A statement, in which it is declared the grandparents partially accomplished their purpose by preventing immediate removal of the baby, has been issued by Mr. Bixby. It follows:

We have been urged to make a brief statement as to the misunderstanding between Mr. Test and ourselves, relating to the baby, Jo Janisleg Test, in compliance therewith and to prevent misconceptions have decided to do so.

Briefly, the baby was born at Santa Fe, N. M., May 28, 1914. Her mother passed away in that city. Mr. and Mrs. Bixby was brought here for burial. Mr. Bixby, with Fred, bringing and caring for the child, over about three days old. Mr. Test was in Omaha for about one month before returning to Santa Fe. During that time he gave the baby to us without reservation, as far as we know, to raise her to young womanhood.

We had no conception other than this prior to December 8, when we received a letter from Fred, among many things, saying he had decided to take his baby, and that his sister, Mrs. Irene Haughey, would stop for her, along with her mother, and would visit him and his mother, who has been there for several weeks.

Letters and telegrams were exchanged, we trying to show him that he could not care for her as well as we could, and would, but that she was being his baby, he being much alone and suffering greatly from the loss of his wife. During that time he would not have her, and wrote him accordingly.

We also informed him that, owing to the baby's health during the week prior to Christmas, and in accordance with Dr. McLaughlin's advice, it would be dangerous to turn her over to strangers during extreme weather, change her feet, all conditions surrounding her, knowing nothing of her care, her little whims and fancies.

Fred still insisted the change should be made and about December 15 his sister arrived, informed she would like to take the baby. We informed her we had decided to give Fred his baby, to take her to him when she was better and we would be glad to give her all of our other reasons for not wanting her moved at this time.

They persisted, regardless of this, in immediately taking the baby. Mrs. Bixby at this time was working under an awful mental strain, and that she might be among true friends, not be annoyed, and secure quiet, rest and feel the security she so much needed. I sent her to Lark Hill, Fred informed us that he could not and would not be here for the holidays.

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We were able to understand how a man laboring under abnormal pressure and much grief, who knows nothing of baby life or the things necessary for their care, who feels the babe will fill a void in his life, can reason as he did. We are more than glad he has the affection for the baby that he has.

In going to the courts we were fighting for more than anything else, with the possible chance that the judge might confirm rights we claimed to her.

This the courts did not do, but we did accomplish what we agreed to do. We did get the baby and her father together, so she will not start with strangers. In the meantime Fred has learned much about her care and her little baby notions.

We have been governed all the way through by what seemed to us best for the baby and Fred's good. We hold him no ill will and are ready to make any sacrifice for settling up in the future.

Yours truly, F. A. BIXBY.

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