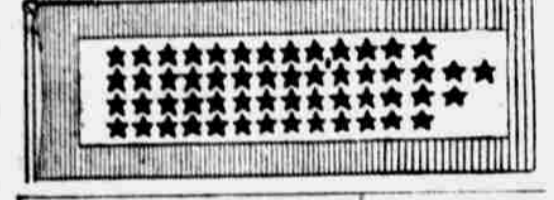


THE OMAHA BEE
DAILY (MORNING) - EVENING - SUNDAY
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR

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Pershing played '13' to the limit on his birthday.

A pair of patched trousers will also be a sign that the wearer is doing something to help win the war.

Another nation-wide slacker hunt is being organized. Uncle Sam means to get the skulkers if he can.

With Metz under American guns, it might reasonably be said the way to the Rhine is being well opened.

The Huns fled from St. Mihiel without destroying the town, a sure sign that they were surprised by Pershing.

The weather man again promises showers. He must not think he can scare anybody hereabouts with such predictions.

Another German naval expert announces that the U-boat will bring England to terms, but wisely he declines to say when.

Putting the packers under federal food license regulation is not likely to seriously affect the price of hogs, now well up to \$20, and still going.

Wonder if the Berliner Tageblatt has discovered more than 40,000 Yankee soldiers on the firing line yet? Ludendorff might enlighten that editor.

Von Falkenhayn and von Mackensen used to enjoy the "pincer" game, but they were working it on the Russians then. It is quite a different thing now.

The New York World is disturbed because Vardaman goes and La Follette remains in the senate. But wait until Wisconsin voters get another chance to clean house.

Several divisions lately employed by Ludendorff in defending the Hindenburg line are now regularly eating in prisoner cages. We know that these will not fight again in this war.

"Why do the Americans want to annihilate Germany?" querulously asks a titled lieutenant, just taken prisoner. The answer is, we do not; we merely want to destroy its power to harm the world.

Texas is a great, big state, but that does not prevent its thinking people from worrying over the fact that it has had 1,125 homicides within the last two years. Human life is almost as cheap there as in Russia.

The Nebraska State Railway commission will keep it up until the federal government takes notice of its antics, and then it will receive a benediction somewhat similar to that pronounced on the bull who disputed the right-of-way with the oncoming train.

President Interprets "Work or Fight."

The president of the United States took action in connection with certain labor troubles that will meet approval from all classes of citizens, even those most affected when they return to reason. To striking munition workers at Bridgeport, Conn., he gave the alternative of resuming work or preparing for speedy induction into the army. To the owners of a big firearms factory at Springfield, Mass., he gave notice that the plant had been commandeered for the war period. In both instances the trouble came over a wage award. Mr. Wilson plainly warns employers and employees alike that no controversy will be permitted to interfere with the production of material needed to win the war. "Work or fight" means exactly what it says, according to the president's interpretation. Squabbling over abstracts, bickering about details of payment of wages and all similar petty matters must get out of the way of the really big job we are engaged upon.

TODAY
One Year Ago Today in the War.
Sweden stopped transmission of German messages.
General Korniloff was arrested on order of Kerensky.
United States senate passed the \$11,538,000,000 war bond bill.
The Day We Celebrate.
I. S. Hunter wholesale fruit jobber with A. U. Chaney & Co., born 1855.
William Howard Taft, former president of the United States, born in Cincinnati, 61 years ago.
Prince of Piedmont, heir to the Italian throne, who has received his baptism of fire in the present war, born in Rome, 14 years ago.
William Brewster, one of the United States navy, born in Georgia, 61 years ago.
This Day in History.
1613-Duke de La Rochefoucauld who left the world a valuable set of maxims, born in Paris. Died there, March 17, 1680.
1789-James Fenimore Cooper, the first great American novelist, born at Burlington, N. J. Died at Cooperstown, N. Y., September 14, 1851.
1857-Brigham Young proclaimed martial law in Utah.
1884-Celebration of the centenary of the first balloon ascent in England.
1914-The French cathedral city of Reims was occupied by the allies.
1915-British House of Commons voted a \$1,250,000,000 war credit.

BOLSHEVIKI DECEPTION EXPOSED.

An interesting chapter of the war history is being supplied by the federal government, which has made public its proof of the bargain between the bolsheviks and the German government. When Lenin and Trotsky appeared in Petrograd, shortly after the revolution of March, 1917, the charge that they were German agents was openly made. Many events since that time have justified this, and now positive proof of their treachery to the cause of freedom is at hand.

Many apologists for this precious pair have arisen, in America and elsewhere, and they have had extravagant praise as devoted agents of the downtrodden. Extreme socialists have found in them the incarnation of brotherhood and peace, and sappy writers have glorified the puerile proclamation of peace to the proletariat, sent from Petrograd after the Smolny Institute group had captured the Winter Palace.

No people, avid for liberty, hopeful of its blessings, ever so shamelessly betrayed by those it looked to for guidance. The ignorant, superstitious mujik, accustomed to the resonant eloquence of fanatical dreamers, hazily groping for a firm hold on fundamentals, finds himself delivered helpless to his worst enemy, a victim of his credulity, and led to his own undoing by the prophets who had promised him the millennium.

Germany proudly boasts of how Russia's millions were brought to harmlessness as soldiers. Even the kaiser has hinted that this was one added proof of the valor of his army. Less may be said hereafter in Berlin on this topic, now that it is known to be but another triumph for the crafty double-dealing of the Potsdam gang, who know no morals, nor honor, nor any sense of truth. If such a thing were possible, another blot of shame is thus added to the German record of the war, already so black that this will hardly be noticed in the smudges and smears that have dishonored the kaiser's escutcheon.

Outdoing Attila in Devilry.

Innate and exuberant savagery marked the progress of the ancient Hun across Europe. Attila boasted the grass never grew again where his horse had passed. In the pride of his brutal strength he destroyed all he could reach just as far as he could. But he had his limitations, and, therefore, his boast was to a great degree merely a figure of speech. His successors are making a far more terrible record. They have advantages Attila had nothing of; he had no high explosives, no modern engineering, and well-built walls defied his strength, while woods and orchards waved long after he had passed.

These things are easy to the present-day German. With cold-blooded, scientific purpose he goes about to loot and then to raze the cities he passes through. His notions of rapine are fundamental and thorough. "The abandonment of this sector (north of the Oise) was prepared with our customary care," says a dispatch from the Wolff bureau, published in Berlin papers, "and we have been able without being interrupted to take away from this region everything that would be of any use to the adversary."

"Everything" means just that. Household furniture, clothing, bric-a-brac, ornaments of any kind, all the possessions of high or low, have gone in with the merchandise and similar loot, to be hauled away to Germany, sorted and sold. When that was done home and hovel, church and palace, factory and storehouse were destroyed, deliberately and completely. Military necessity did not require it, nor did the act itself deter the pursuing army to any advantage of the retreating Germans. The world's history holds no parallel for the wantonness that has marked the retirement of the invader from the region he held.

Organization for Selling.

One of the effects of the war will be to force Americans to adopt a method of doing business against which strong sentiment has long existed. Co-operative selling must be the rule, in our export trade at least, if we are to do business with the French. Plans already laid there for the rebuilding of the region devastated by the Germans involve co-operative buying. All reconstruction will be under the guidance of the government, which is to finance the operation. This necessitates group buying, because only so can raw materials be properly distributed to the factories that are to be started anew. Buying in such quantities implies the necessity of selling organization on an equal scale. We need not especially concern ourselves as to the details of the distribution in France, but we must change our present methods if we are to be prepared to properly supply that trade. The thought is not a new one, but had seriously been proposed before the war, when our great exporters found themselves at a decided disadvantage in dealing with the Germans, who purchased through group agency, and were able to play one American firm against another until notable concessions were gained. Business men have recognized the need, but wait for congress to give permission to properly meet it. It is one of the new conditions that must be met, and which will entail extensive modification of existing laws. Our common sense ought to save us from continuing a blundering policy to our own detriment.

Epic of the Doughnut

To the story of the triumph of American arms on the western front has been added another that should cause the breast of every true patriot to swell with pride. In a land where gastronomy is regarded as a science, and that has produced more accomplished chefs and a greater number of sauces, ragouts, entrees and desserts than any other, the doughnut, indigenous to our soil, has established itself as the soldier's favorite delicacy. It may be that this homely cake will prove the pioneer of a great movement to introduce and acclimatize the entire school of American cookery. In fancy one can see a great procession of our native dishes marching upon the great straggled French gastronomy, with pork and beans, properly cooked with little molasses, at their head. Following in close succession are baked Indian pudding, with its inimitable flavor, corn bread, light and crisp; smoked beef in cream, clam chowder and fritters, green corn on the cob and dozens of others almost as palatable.

The European nations know more about us now than ever before. As a race of fighting men and brave, unselfish, generous, and true, they have yet to learn of our achievements in the field that France calls her own.—New York Herald.

War Inspired Music Trivial
Most of It Falls Short of Artistic Excellence

J. N. R. in Rochester Post-Express.

John Philip Sousa is said to be composing an American wedding march to take the place of the wedding marches of Mendelssohn and Wagner. I dare say that the march would make a tolerable job of it, and it would not be surprising if the new generation will find it agreeable to be married patriotically to the strains of a wedding march "made in the United States," on its cover. But I fancy that some of our oldest, who were married to the decorative strains of Mendelssohn or the dramatic music of Wagner, will be treacherous enough to continue to hold these pieces in tender esteem. Most people are married but once and the wedding is an important occasion. It is those who are wedded to the music of the old nuptial marches will have a liking for them for the rest of their lives. The government can ban German music, it can make it a crime to play Bach or Wagner, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn, but it cannot outlaw sentiment.

What will be the effect of this war music? The glamour and the passion of battle have been the musician's theme since the trumpets rang out for the hosts of Troy and the banners blared forth the Roman challenge to Caradoc. Yet curiously enough few set battle pieces are examples of the highest art. When, however, the composer rises superior to jingoism and contemplates war as Shakespeare contemplates it in "Othello" then we get a masterpiece of the measure of the dedication of the work to Napoleon when the first concert became the emperor. Nevertheless the Corsican is his inspiration. It stands for the hero's struggle against great obstacles; it mourns his loss; it celebrates his apotheosis. The protagonist of this piece of symphonic weaving is no merely destructive force, no Tamerlane or Genghis Khan, but the upholder of the ideal, the triumphant asserter of the moral order. It is a marvelous tone portrait of a hero before his downfall. It is impossible to believe that the man who wrote this music, which someone has said is like watching the fighting before the eyes through the eyes of Homer, could, were he alive, find inspiration for another "Eroica" in the deeds of a von Hindenburg or a Ludendorff.

But to what musical heights would not Frederic Chopin ascend were he on earth today? When the news reached him of the downfall of his native Poland he was overwhelmed. But what he suffered in heart and mind he expressed in music. Within a few days he had composed the most insistent document that the art of music has ever brought forth. It is the "Revolutionary" etude. It is volcanic, eruptive, and the rhythmic undersons is as stern as the youthful Hannibal's oath of undying enmity against Rome.

How the soul of Frederic Chopin would be torn were he on earth today! The rape and ravage of Belgium, the wofling of Poland, the music of hate and the enmities would inspire in the heart and soul of the Pole. Like Raemakers, the Hun long since would have put a price on his head.

Patriotism has ever been an inspirer of music; and music, in turn, has ever been the begetter of patriotism. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not stop the singing of the "Wearing of the Green." The despotism and the tyranny of the house of Hapsburg could not bring the "Kakacy" march from Hungary. History proves that song may put into the heart of the patriot that which makes tyrants tremble. "With that tune and 20,000 men I could conquer the world," exclaimed Robert Emmet when Moore played him "Let Erin Remember." Whatever the horrors of the Reign of Terror, the song of liberty that Rouget de Lisle sang in the early days of the French revolution is the urgency of dawn against the oppression of darkness.

Very little is known regarding the military airs that have become associated with various regiments. In both American and British regiments the old Irish air, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is invariably played when a regiment is quitting a post. "The Campbells Are Coming," heard far in the distance by a little girl, announced the joyous tidings of the relief of Lucknow. All we know is that since that time the inspiring effect of martial music has been recognized. The various varieties of horn were much in evidence at the battle of Hastings, and tambours and drums figured largely in the inspiration of the Crusaders. Without its bagpipes a Scotch regiment would lose much of its usefulness. Kettledrums and rifles were allotted to every hundred soldiers in the sixteenth century, and Shakespeare refers to the fife in "The Merchant of Venice" when he speaks of the "wile squealing of the wry."

Whittled to a Point

Baltimore American: We shall be disappointed if we do not learn that some of our brave colored troops participated in the capture of Ham.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: A German general says that if the British dictate peace, the fatherland will be wiped off the map. And what a wonderful thing a nice, clean map will be!

New York World: When General Bernhardt wrote Germany and the Next War he did not foresee that Marshal Haig was to beat out of him a large part of his personal interest in the subject.

Brooklyn Eagle: In melting up the statues of dead kings the Prussians and the Bavarians show a lamentable misunderstanding of things. It's the living monarch that should be tackled and pulled down. He is the cause of all misfortune.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Bryan, speaking to 300 persons at Hot Springs, Va., offers sane advice: "Give implicit support to everything the government demands. Doing so will insure a quick end of the war, a quick return to old-fashioned Americanism."

Minneapolis Tribune: Talaat Pasha stands up before a squad. To him, with the sanction of the kaiser, are to be charged the Armenian outrages and wholesale massacres.

necked life." In the year 1797, or thereabout, the beats and calls of the drum were instituted; the tattoo calling soldiers to their quarters was once called "taptoto" from the Dutch word signifying no more drinks to be sold or tapped. The first regimental band appeared in 1787, in the Woolwich regiment. It was made up of five clarionets, two French horns, one bugle horn, one trumpet, two bassoons, one bass drum, two triangles, and two tambourines. Regimental marches, used not only to stimulate courage, but also to "insure the orderly advance of troops," date from the middle of the seventeenth century. One of these marches, still played by the Welsh regiments taking part in the world war—"The March of the Men of Llanelli."

This is military music. Field music is the music of the bugle by itself. In the artillery and cavalry drills the voice of the bugle is heard continually above the clanking sabres and wheels and the clatter of hoofs. Each evolution is designated by its special call, and the men—and the horses, too, for that matter—and the furrer word of command. In the infantry the spoken command is used more than in the artillery and the cavalry, but the bugle is used also. Just when the commands came to be signalled by trumpet and drum is rather indefinite. The innovation came gradually, beginning first, army officers think, with those ringing calls to announce the charge and the retreat, commands that obviously could not be heard above the roar of the overteeth century. One of these calls, that of the "retreat," is the "Retreat" at Monterey—is the "Retreat"—the sunset retreat; not the retreat that calls soldiers from the field of battle. It is played at dress parade just before the flag flutters from the masthead. The call dates back to the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. It has been traced to the First Crusade. The French army adopted it for its cavalry. We use it both in the army and the navy. In the latter arm of the service the call is known as "Evening Colors."

The original of our "Boots and Saddles" was the Boute-selle, first published in Antwerp in 1545. Our call is an amplification of the original. Our own tattoo was taken partly from the French and partly from that used in the British army. The first few bars constitute the French call, "Lights Out"—Napoleon's favorite call. In 1867 our bugle calls changed to their present status. They were transferred to the new regiments of their entirety. Musicians say that these calls cannot be improved upon. The most beautiful, the most poignant of all the calls, "Taps," originated in our own army. At least, investigation has never proved otherwise. It is sounded over the grave of general and private alike. Once heard, it lingers forever in the memory.

Mr. Roosevelt's Prize Money

Mr. Roosevelt's distribution of the Nobel peace prize money, which congress recently returned to him, is characteristic. He realizes how small, comparatively speaking, the total sum is if measured by the necessities of the time; and so he selects, not one or two war activities for remembrance, but a very inclusive list, with the view of appreciating and encouraging all. The Red Cross, the Young Men's Christian association, the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus and the Jewish Welfare board are among the more obvious of these. But Mr. Roosevelt's sympathies have so wide a range that he does not forget the needs of Belgium, Serbia, Roumania, Armenia, the victims of German cruelty in France, the Russians, the Czech-Slovaks, and a large number of more or less personal enterprises in which war workers are engaged. More welcome to these, in a sense, than the money will be the evidence that the former president of the United States is an ardent upholder of the causes they represent.—Philadelphia Ledger.

People and Events

Put your dollar through the hole of the doughnut. Army shoes are not of the bargain counter brand in price. The latest contract for new footwear calls for \$7.15 a pair.

Thirty-five million Americans carry life insurance totaling \$60,000,000,000. The business doubled in a little over a year. These official figures emphasize the development of protective thrift in the United States.

Advance couriers of the fourth Liberty loan expect to rally 20,000,000 subscribers in three weeks. The going is particularly good abroad. The speed of the home folks in digging up must not be less, but more, and then some.

Gasless Sundays east of the Mississippi river stages a startling quietness along country highways and city streets. Voluntary observance of the day markedly increased attendance at churches and left millions of gallons of gas unused in the tanks. Success of the gasless Sunday in the east suggests an early tryout west of the big river.

While the matter carries only a reminiscent interest hereabouts, it is worth while noting that the order shutting down all the remaining breweries in the country December 1 throws a pat of gloom over political workers in the wet belt. A severe shrinkage in the volume of campaign funds impends. The brewers, of course, will not chip in as usual. Unless new sources of oil are tapped the machines face a season of nerve-racking friction.

Down in southwestern Iowa, where exemptions or "conscientious objectors" of the Amish sect drifted in for farm work, resident farmers have entered an emphatic objection. They will have none of them and have warned the newcomers to seek other fields. The policy of the War department in granting exemption on sectarian grounds and at the same time drafting farmers does not look like a square deal to farmers on the spot, and they decline the exchange.

MIRTHFUL REMARKS.

"Your mother is putting down her foot hard at you for taking another helping of hard." "Yes, she always does that when she thinks we take too much." We call that mother's thrifty stamp.—Baltimore American.

"That novel has had a remarkable sale," commented the bookseller man. "Oh, yes; she always does that when she thinks we take too much." We call that mother's thrifty stamp.—Baltimore American.

"Bacon—What do you think of this work of 'fight order'?" "Robert—I think it's all right." "And do you think the unemployed will work?" "No, I think they'll fight—against working."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I have an idea for a summer novel." "That seems inconsistent." "How can it be a summer novel if you put an idea into it?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I know a man who sticks to his bust, no matter how he has had nothing but reverses since he entered it." "What does he do?" "TURNS SOMERSAULTS IN A VAUDEVILLE ACROBATIC TROUPE."—Baltimore American.

"Tommy—Pop, what is an optimist?" "Tommy's Pop—An optimist, my son, is a person who not only hopes for the best, but actually expects to get it."—Philadelphia Record.

"The world owes me a living." "Mister, nowadays that is all changed. You owe the world a year or two in the trenches."—Detroit Free Press.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," murmured the romantic maiden. "Well, here's looking at you!" replied the practical youth.—Life.

"The government seems to be getting results." "His is a pessimist, my son, is a person who not only hopes for the best, but actually expects to get it."—Philadelphia Record.

"The world owes me a living." "Mister, nowadays that is all changed. You owe the world a year or two in the trenches."—Detroit Free Press.

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