

CZECHO-SLOVAK TELLS OF TAKING VLADIVOSTOK

Occupation of City Described by Soldier Who Took Part in All of the Ceremonies.

Washington, Oct. 26.—From Vladivostok comes a Czechoslovak soldier, Jaromir Spacek by name, with many strange stories to tell of the occupation of the Czechoslovaks in that city.

Their vanguard arrived on week 20, but it was a number of weeks before their full strength of 14,000 reached the terminal of the Trans-Siberian railway. When a sufficient number had come, the little army solemnly held a patriotic mass meeting. This ceremony was observed whenever they reached and occupied an important Siberian city. Apparently the citizenry of Vladivostok attended en masse and went home vastly impressed with the high degree of culture possessed by the newcomers. The singing especially pleased them. Within a short time, the Czechoslovaks were thoroughly popular.

You kept order in the streets. And they did it in a perfectly impartial fashion. The Czechoslovak patrols adopted the set rule of patrolling each and every street gathering that assumed large proportions. They wasted no words about it. The terse command, "razchodis" meaning "adjourn," boomed through the highways of Vladivostok at all hours of the day and night. And it was strictly heeded by the populace. When they were told to "razchodis," they obediently went home.

Crowds Enjoy Oratory.

The Vladivostok mobs seem to have been unlike the old Roman holiday crowds. They liked to listen to speeches and they always applauded the speaker who held the platform, no matter what he was advocating. An orator with energy and a loud voice could persuade them to do almost anything. It was this volatile quality of the Vladivostokians which made the city authorities positively forbid open air gatherings. Public assemblies must meet only in a hall, and then not without special permission from the mayor. And the Czechoslovak military patrols enforced this order. On one occasion a patrol of four soldiers pat to fight a mob of more than 400 persons.

Apparently the townspeople do not resent being ordered about by the military police. Occasionally they grumble at not being allowed to fight among themselves when they choose, but for the most part they are passive and well-behaved. One citizen spoke admiringly to Private Spacek of the efficiency of the Czechoslovak soldiers.

"You are great fellows!" he said. "You have so much vigor. We respect you. When you came here the order in the streets was not bad. Now it is still better. You know best of all how to keep order."

Liberty Surrendered.

One day Private Spacek encountered the sidewalk Jewish old lady who stopped him and gave utterance to her grievances.

"Where is our liberty now?" she whined. "We thought we were to get freedom, and now you come and order us about. Where is our liberty, I ask you?"

Private Spacek says he put his hand very gently on the old woman's shoulder and replied: "Auntie, you surrendered your liberty to the German emperor a good many months ago. Don't you know that?"

This seemed to convince her, for she sighed deeply and said: "Ah, yes, you are right. And if it were not for you we might all have been destroyed long ago!"

Cities Ask for Aid.

News of the peace and order prevailing in Vladivostok spread to other Siberian cities and a number of them sent delegations to the Czechoslovak officers, requesting them to send squads of soldiers for patrol duty. The officers objected that they had not enough men to be able to detach them for such duties. One city's delegation came back and said they would be satisfied with from two to five men. Another city offered to pay 15 roubles per month per man for all soldiers that should be turned over to them for police service.

But the labors of the Czechoslovak army in eastern Siberia have not been confined to keeping the civil population of the cities in good order. There has been sharp and bloody fighting in the hills and on the plains and marshes. Not long ago a small force of Czechoslovaks was sent out to defend a portion of the Eastern Chinese railway against the attacks of hostile troops. They had only one gun, while the enemy had seventeen. They did not fire a single shot, but crept up with bayonets and surprised the detachment of the enemy which was holding the seventeen guns. The enemy surrendered after a short fight, in which some of the Czechoslovaks were badly wounded.

Boches Make Everybody Work, Regardless of Age

With the American Troops in France, Oct. 15.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—Renewed evidence of German ruthlessness in dealing with the civilian population of invaded territory is contained in a captured army order. It prescribes the treatment and the procedure to be followed in a section south of the Vesle river (Marne salient).

All the inhabitants capable of working, the order says, must be used for the needs of the army, regardless of their age. Their "salaries" are to be paid in paper currency at the rate of 50 cents a day for the maximum men; 40 cents for men and women between the ages of 17 and 20, and 30 cents for boys from 15 to 17.

The inhabitants, however, must pay in French gold or silver for their rations. The supplies, of course, were taken from the population before being sold back to them.

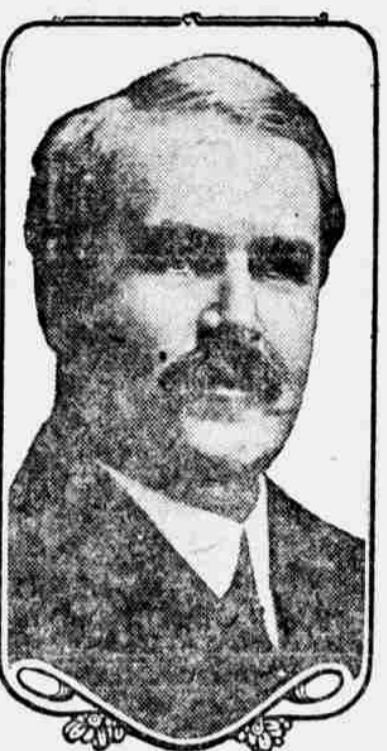
Northwest Hums with Echo of Ax and Saw; Bishop Stuntz Describes Big War Activity

By BISHOP HOMER C. STUNTZ.

While both coasts resound with the blows of shipbuilder's tools, our airplane program must stand or fall by what is done in the Pacific northwest. Here only grows the Sitka spruce, and upon Sitka wings our lads will fly over Unter den Linden and the Wilhelmstrasse within the next few months.

All the mighty northwest hums like a hive in its production and preparation of spruce for the defeat of the kaiser. One is seldom out of sight or sound of spruce production, either in hotel or street or parlor or hotel. Officers sit at near tables in the hotel or diner. Who are they? What are they doing? This straight, clear-eyed 40-year-old man with a tinge of gray at the temples and eagles on his shoulders—what is he here for? Ask this, and it will be told you that he is in command of the forces producing spruce for airplanes.

Gray cars filled with officers go shooting past you in the roads along the edges of the big timber, and you will learn that they are from "the spruce camp." That is all! You are supposed to know that you are always near one of these camps, and evidences multiply as your eyes become accustomed to interpret what you see hour by hour.



Bishop Homer C. Stuntz

Bishop Stuntz is now in China holding the annual Methodist conferences. He goes next to the Philippines and from there to India. We expect to hear from the bishop from time to time during his eight months absence from Omaha, and will share the good things he writes with our readers.

Big Mills at Vancouver.

Cars upon cars of spruce logs roll past you—huge fellows, three of them loading a flat car to its limit. Go deeper into the shadowed acres where the tall giants await the saw and axe, and there you hear the coughing of the donkey engine at its task of hauling and loading, and the rasping of the saw and the rhythmic stroke of the tireless choppers—cars and engines and men all in holy conspiracy to smash the Ham!

At Vancouver, just north of Portland and across the broad Columbia are the largest mills for cutting the logs into planks ready for freighting further east for the finer sawing and seasoning and fitting into the resilient wings of the perfect machine of which poor Darius Green only dreamed. It fairly takes the breath of a man from the corn belt to see the literal acres covered by the singing, whirling and dusty activities of this huge sawmill.

But why Sitka spruce? Douglas fir was supposed to be good airplane stuff but a few short months ago. But it is not so good as Sitka spruce, and it has compelled so often on the practice fields that Uncle Sam has decreed it shall not be used any more. And another question will come to the surface of one's mind as he sees these tremendous trainloads of logs, hears these donkey engines hauling more over the ridges and up the steep sides of ravines, to land them all bruised and red, by loading stations and sees the glistening saws eating swiftly into the heart of monster logs in the mills—why so much lumber?

Small Percentage Used. One feels the impossibility of using so much lumber no matter how staggering the air program may be. And then he finds that only a small percentage of the boards sawed from these trees is fit for the exacting demands of the builders of our immense air fleets. It has been estimated that for every 70 board feet in the standing tree but one board foot is usable in airplane wings! Improved methods of inspection and drying and working show some improvement in the percentage of lumber used, but the fact remains that but little of all that is cut and sawed is sufficiently straight of grain and resilient to carry the plane safely where eagles are at home.

Shipbuilding Records. In the building of wooden ships the Pacific Northwest has made records that amaze the world. Washington, on Gray's Harbor, holds the record for completion of a wooden ship, and I visited and addressed the workmen in a yard where they are out after a still better record which was stated to me (in confidence), as so astonishing as to seem miraculous. But I saw the hull on the "ways" and

these shipyards, and fruit growers Oregon and Washington are wondering how they will gather their apples and pears! Problems of a magnitude never before confronting our statesmen and publicists generally loom before us now. Will those mills be silent when the war is won? Or will mills and camps still be busy building the fleets needed to carry the commerce of our re-awakened America to the ends of that earth with which the war has made us familiar? Senators and congressmen should hear from their constituents on this matter and hear insistently until we get action.

Moss Is Aid to Surgery.

Who has heard of Sphagnum moss? In a dim way I had some conception of its surgical significance, but it had not come straight home to me that in this unique product of the Pacific northwest we are finding the means of saving the lives and mitigating the agencies of thousands in this war. This swamp moss when sorted and dried, proves the best known material for use in bandaging wounds. It is 20 times more absorbent than the best cotton, at its best, and women and children are bending every energy to gathering this moss. You see it on tracks in the streets, in yards, at Red Cross workshop and in all parts near where it may be gathered.

Prohibition has made tremendous good in the northwest. Moral conditions and the working efficiency of men in all branches of manufacturing and logging have improved incalculably since dry conditions prevailed.

A huge boulder, such as one seen

along country roads, was noticed among the trees. The big stone, five feet high and seven across, looked very real and yet this, too, was camouflage, a make-believe boulder in which an observer and machine gun could lurk.

Examining the stone, it felt rather like a big cardboard box and gave slightly to the pressure of the hand. The frame was wood, the covering burlap; painted a gray-brown, with patches of moss. And buried amid the moss the canvas flap raised to let through the nozzle of the machine gun.

"You have your own telegraph system," was remarked on observing the line of telegraph poles stretching across the plain.

The commander smiled. "Those are periscope telegraph poles," he explained.

The poles were veritable telegraph poles, with wires strung from the tops, just as they are seen along country roads. But each pole was hollow, to permit a periscope to be raised to a high observing point, while a covered pit at the base of the pole accommodated the observ-

er taking the readings of the periscope.

Besides the periscope poles, there were periscope trees, with hollow stumps from which the observer's instrument was manipulated and the readings made in pits below the tree. A camouflage stone wall was another curious device standing among the camouflage trees and poles. This wall, looking like the ruins of an old mill, was of light plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

NOTHING REAL AT CAMOUFLAGE POST OVERSEAS

Everything Deception at the American Workshop Behind Lines of Khaki-Clad Soldiers.

Correspondence of Associated Press. Behind the American Lines in France, Sept. 30.—Nothing is real in the great American camouflage station here. All is deception.

Huge willow trees like those in Flanders with trunks two feet in diameter and a mass of sprouting branches at the top are steel tubes designed to hide an observer. Even on close inspection they looked like real trees to The Associated Press correspondent who visited the station and, with the commandant, explored their mysterious underground recesses.

They were of plaster cloth wood about the central steel tube and with pieces of real bark fitted around the trunk. A small gauze orifice, painted to match the bark, was not noticed until pointed out by the officer. This was for the observer standing within the steel core of the tree.

Ten feet away the turf opened, disclosing a passage with steps leading to a tunnel and thence to the base of the tree. With a light we groped through the tunnel and up into the tree. It was a tight fit in this tree trunk, but from the gauze orifice one had a sweep of the whole nearby country.

A huge boulder, such as one seen along country roads, was noticed among the trees. The big stone, five feet high and seven across, looked very real and yet this, too, was camouflage, a make-believe boulder in which an observer and machine gun could lurk.

Examining the stone, it felt rather like a big cardboard box and gave slightly to the pressure of the hand. The frame was wood, the covering burlap; painted a gray-brown, with patches of moss. And buried amid the moss the canvas flap raised to let through the nozzle of the machine gun.

"You have your own telegraph system," was remarked on observing the line of telegraph poles stretching across the plain.

The commander smiled. "Those are periscope telegraph poles," he explained.

The poles were veritable telegraph poles, with wires strung from the tops, just as they are seen along country roads. But each pole was hollow, to permit a periscope to be raised to a high observing point, while a covered pit at the base of the pole accommodated the observ-

er taking the readings of the periscope.

Besides the periscope poles, there were periscope trees, with hollow stumps from which the observer's instrument was manipulated and the readings made in pits below the tree. A camouflage stone wall was another curious device standing among the camouflage trees and poles. This wall, looking like the ruins of an old mill, was of light plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

er taking the readings of the periscope.

Besides the periscope poles, there were periscope trees, with hollow stumps from which the observer's instrument was manipulated and the readings made in pits below the tree. A camouflage stone wall was another curious device standing among the camouflage trees and poles. This wall, looking like the ruins of an old mill, was of light plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

"A wrecked house often serves us as very good camouflage," said the commander. "We had one with the windows all gone so the enemy could look straight through to the walls inside. By painting false canvas walls just back of the windows, the enemy still thought he was looking at the real walls opposite. But back of the canvas our observers and snipers were at work and the device was very effective."

A pile of gravel stood near the wall—or what appeared to be a pile of gravel, for this, too, was camouflage. The pebbles were heaped around a hollow frame with its plaster construction painted and weather-worn to resemble a real mill.

D.D.D. Prescription for Eczema

—For 15 years the standard skin remedy—A liquid used externally—insistent relief from itching, the mildest of cleansers—keeps the skin always clean and healthy. Come in and ask us about both.

Sherman & McConnell Drug Co.

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Sunday, October 27, 1918—STORE NEWS FOR MONDAY—Phone Douglas 2100

Fluey!—The Captain flips a merry pencil.—by Captain Kidder

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Dr. Manning Says—

Avoid Draughts Avoid Dust Ventilate

Burgess-Nash offers the well-proved—

Continental Window Ventilator

Works like an adjustable screen, but is covered with fabric. Sleep in fresh air! No excuse now. Not new—we sold thousands last winter. Needed every winter and on rainy nights at any season.

Vitally helpful now. No advance in prices.

39c	49c	49c	69c
9 ins. high. Extension 23 to 37 ins.	9 ins. high. Extension 31 to 49 ins.	15 ins. high. Extension 23 to 37 ins.	15 ins. high. Extension 31 to 49 ins.

Eat normally; keep cool when walking; keep warm when riding or sleeping, and forget the influenza. Bring window measurements for screens.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Downstairs Store

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Sunday, Oct. 27, 1918—STORE NEWS FOR MONDAY—Phone Douglas 2100

Announcing Another Important Feature of Our Store—the Installation of a Department in Which We Offer You

COAL

at 35c

The Bushel Basket—Sixty Pounds Delivered to Your Home

THIS new feature is just another phase of our constant effort to be of the "greatest service to the greatest number"—and realizing how next to impossible it will be for many to buy any quantity of coal for the winter season, we have planned to assist in this way—a plan which has the indorsement of Mr. David Cole, local head of the Fuel Administration.

Arrangements have been made with one of the largest coal companies of the city to carry the supply from which we will draw as the orders are taken.

The Coal offered is the

"MISSOURI NUT"

An extremely good coal; in appearance, burning and heat producing qualities closely resembling "Cherokee," but a little larger in lump size; screened and put up into galvanized iron baskets of standard bushel size, holding on the average of sixty pounds.

Owing to the very low price no phone orders will be accepted and to prevent dealers from buying we have placed a limit of two baskets to each order, delivered to any home address any one day.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Downstairs Store

\$2.00 MONDAY

Two dollars you would otherwise spend on trifles, as first payment on a Standard Rotary sewing machine

Will Save You Many Dollars in the Future

Every woman knows the saving made possible by home sewing. It is necessary now. The biggest sewing machine offer of the whole year is still open for those who join our

"49 Club"

What You Pay: You pay only \$39.50 for one of these Standard Rotary machines that we bought before the advance in wholesale prices. This special price of \$39.50 to club members is 20% less than the present retail price now. And you don't need ready cash. \$2.00 will start your machine—then only \$1.00 A WEEK.

What You Secure: A new four-drawer, automatic lift, 1918 model of the famous guaranteed Standard Rotary Sewing Machine. It sews both lock and chain stitch with ease—the swiftest, easiest, quietest running sewing machine made. Complete with all attachments. An exceptional value at \$39.50.

FREE A copy of "Sewing Efficiency," full of valuable sewing hints and suggestions, with every machine.

JOIN MONDAY Only a limited number of machines in this sale. Don't wait.

Don't Suffer From Piles

Sample Package of the Famous Pyramid Pile Treatment. Offered Free to Prove What It Will Do for You.

Pyramid Pile Treatment gives quick relief, stops itching, bleeding or protruding piles, hemorrhoids and such rectal troubles, in the privacy of your home. 50 cents a box at all druggists. Take no substitutes. A 50-cent box is sufficient. Free sample for trial with booklet mailed free in plain wrapper, if you send coupon below.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY, 564 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Please send me a Free Sample of Pyramid Pile Treatment, in plain wrapper.

Name..... Street..... City..... State.....