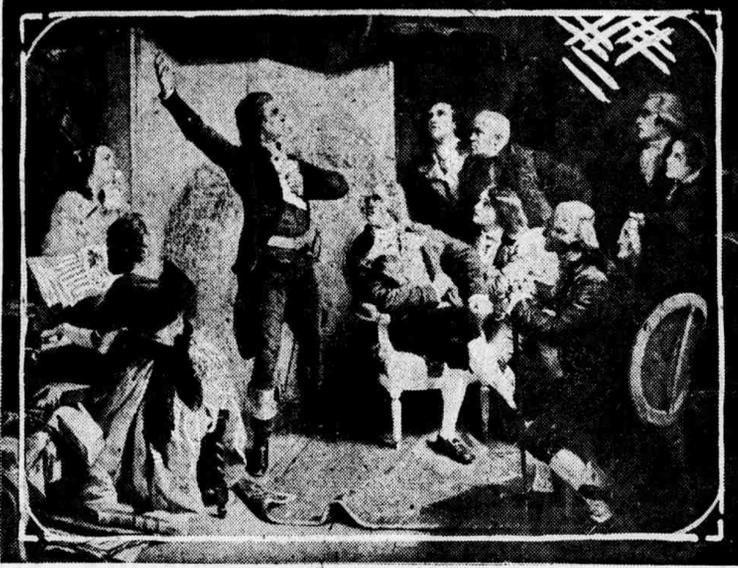


Fiery Poet-Captain, Author of Stirring French Anthem Revered Throughout the World, Died in Abject Poverty

Composer of 'Marseillaise' Writes of Memorable Event for Alexandre Dumas.

There is a song to honor which the 2,000,000 doughboys of the A. E. F. habitually rose to their feet when it was sung. It was the "Marseillaise," "freedom's universal song."



Rouget de Lisle, author of the "Marseillaise," singing the beloved, fiery French anthem for the first time, a few moments after composing it in a half hour, at the home of the mayor of Metz, in 1792.

To honor it an American city has just done a doubly unique thing. Milwaukee has erected, for the first time in history, an American city's tablet in Europe, and, equally for the first time in history, a song has had a tablet put up in its honor.

Less than a month ago in Paris I was present at a banquet in welcome of the Milwaukee committee, on its way to Strasbourg, where the "Marseillaise" was written, in 1792. And at that banquet we heard, along with Lawrence King's eloquent statement of Milwaukee's motives in making the dedication of the tablet—"in grateful commemoration of the births of the "Marseillaise," the glorious inspiration of Rouget de Lisle, in abiding friendship for France, and in deep joy over the return of the far-proved provinces of Alsace and Lorraine to France, their true mother."

Today, when they are preparing, once again, to put Rouget de Lisle in the Paris Pantheon, it will interest all Americans who rise to "Freedom's universal song" to hear the pathetic, heart-breaking story of its immortal composer.

Most of us imagine the author of the "Marseillaise" as the gallant young poet-captain of his youth, in garrison at Strasbourg, beloved and feted. But he died poor and obscure, an aged, broken man, in 1836. A venerable dame of Choisy-le-Roi was the unhappy Rouget's next door neighbor during the last five years of his life, and he lived in a room of a poor old man, who they all called him owes nothing to romance or legend.

"I saw Rouget de Lisle twice a day during five years," said Mme. Desperieres. "He lived immediately on our left, and two houses from ours, on the right, lived his friend, M. Voiart, of Metz, one-time administrator of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse. Although his functions had not enriched him—contrary to the case of certain others—M. Voiart took on himself the care of the poor old man's last years. They lunched together, often on a crust and a piece of cheese, and they wrote poetry together."

"At 4 o'clock every afternoon, regularly, Rouget de Lisle went out to chat and dine with his other old friend, General Blein. His place at the table was always set; the poor old man never lacked his family dinner."

"We used to watch him pass. It was pitiful. I see him still, as if it were yesterday, aged, broken, lopsided, hair snow-white, he looked 100 years old. I never knew him to have but the one suit, a long redingote grise, like Napoleon, except that he wore long trousers, like everybody nowadays, and on his head a battered Alsatian cap. Leaning on his cane, he went gently, and on his face there was something so unhappy that no one dared to speak to him. He spoke to no one."

"Often we used to point him out, saying: 'It is Rouget de Lisle, who made the "Marseillaise." And the people answered: "We know it.""

Center of War. Surely, the poor old man, who had only one suit and who looked so unhappy that no one dared speak to him, dreamed no more than that in his fulgent youth, when he dashed it off in a hour of fevered enthusiasm, that his "Hymn Against Invasion" would go round the world, be forbidden by kings and emperors, become the song of the republic against coalized kings in three wars, and move millions of republicans across the seas to rise and stand in veneration at its singing.

world-famed stanzas, then heard for the first time: "What! shall three foreign hordes Make the law of our hearth?" Never was a song written so rapidly, exclaimed so instantly! To cries of "No!" "No!" "Never!" and then, "Yes!" "Yes!" "Ah, Yes!" the terrific chorus was taken up, from room to room: "To arms, citizens! Line up your battalions! March on! March on!"

Reproach Hurts. Others called out suggestions. "It's too short!" "Make a verse for the children!" "And a verse for mothers!" Others asked: "Is there no pardon for the misled, for the deceived?"

Rouget de Lisle covered his face with his hands. "Wait," he murmured, "you will see that my heart does not merit that reproach." Then, throwing back his head, the noble youth intoned the holy strophe in which is said to be found the entire soul of France:

Franchemen, as warriors great of heart, Strike or hold back your blow: Stars and victors for your part, Fatehood armed to their worst! "Yes!" "Yes!" came from all sides, "mercy, pardon for the misled, for brother-slaves, pushed against us by bayonets!" "Yes," took up Rouget de Lisle—

But against those despoils sanguinary Against tigers without pity To arms, citizens! Line up your battalions! and the chorus again thundered: "March on! March on! May an impure blood Water our blood-torrents!" Silence.

To Your Knees. "Now!" exclaimed the post captain, "to your knees, all of you, no matter who you are!" They knelt. Rouget de Lisle alone remained upright, rested one foot on the rung of a chair "as on the first step of the Temple of Liberty," and lifting his two arms to heaven, sang the last couplet, the invocation: "Oh, sacred love of home and native land, Conduct, sustain our vengeance end, Liberty, dear Liberty, Combat for those who Thee defend."

Thirty-Eight Years Later. "Thirty-eight years afterwards," wrote Alexandre Dumas in one of his historical works which have never been translated, "in recounting that great night—to me, young men who had only then, for the first time (in the Revolution of 1830) heard the sacred hymn sung by the powerful voice of the people 38 years after, the forehead of Rouget de Lisle shone with the splendid aureole of 1792. And it was only justice.

The reference of Dumas to his having heard the "Marseillaise" sung by the voice of the people for the first time, in 1830, is due to the fact that the restoration (after the fall of Napoleon) had suppressed it—the first act of the legitimate kings of France, returning to the throne, was to cut it out. And so, Napoleon III, "the people's choice by plebiscite."

His reference to dying and re-born liberty dates from the revolution of 1848 and its short-lived republic—whose first patriotic impulse was to put the "Marseillaise" on all the theatrical stages of Paris. So it was throughout the world war, from 1914 to armistice, when the stages of the allies thrilled to beautiful white-draped artists in the genre of Mlle. Chenal, personifying the Hymn—exactly as did Rachel, the great tragic actress of her day, for nearly a year, in 1848.

said, "come to my house. I have asked some friends, and my family and Jacques at the piano." Alfred de Musset was among the guests. He acted as stage manager, and seated them fan-wise, with the pianist behind a Chinese screen. Rachel came out in a white tunic, with Greek cap and laetets of red silk in her hair. She held a tri-color flag in her left hand—first model, exact, unchanged, for all future personifiers of the Marseillaise. Her voice gave the hymn its just accent, it came from her lips, each effect brought out, impassioned, anguished, implacable, terrible! Thus sang it those inexorable volunteers of the south, who, coming up from Marseilles in 1792, had adopted the new song as their hymn and given it their name. A shudder ran through the audience, taking a step forward, her eyes flaming, the great Rachel threw out the cry: "To arms, citizens!"

Come to Supper. "Her power of expression was such," said Lockroy, many years afterwards, "her mimic was so really striking, her voice took such a hold of the heart strings, that, with the last couplet, the crowd of hardened theatrical artists and critics burst out in emotion that surprised them. Then Rachel, swinging forward, her fists on her hips like a fisherwoman, gazed Lockroy in her triumph, saying: "Eh, bien, my little Lockroy, are you convinced?"

He struck his breast. "One must have nothing there," he gulped, "not to be convinced!" "Then come to supper," said Rachel. "Alfred will carve the chicken."

Rachel was still singing the Marseillaise, when Louis Napoleon, profligate by the liberty which it represented, got himself elected president in four departments. "Now, we shan't be long!" exclaimed the future emperor—already joined up, as he was, with the royalists to squelch the republic. Which completes the justification of Dumas—"last cry of dying liberty, first cry of liberty reborn!"

much judgment. They prefer younger men. None of them considered me seriously as a possible husband." De Grofsky did not advance any reason for his long life. In fact, he said he had never thought of it. He does not smoke or chew, but occasionally likes a little vodka.

Is Very Spry. He is very spry for his age and explained that he carried his cane only because it was fashionable. He was born in Russia and came here 32 years ago. He has four sons, three daughters, 45 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

He has only been near death once, and that time he was very close to it. It was on one of his trips across the Atlantic (he has made six). He became seriously ill and was pronounced dead by the ship's surgeon. He came to and made vigorous protests against the proceedings while he was being sewed in a sail, preparatory to burial at sea.

Attached to measuring spoons patented by a New York inventor is a pivoted scraper to level off their contents.

Chicago, Dec. 4.—Samuel De Grofsky has decided not to try to marry again. The women seem to favor the younger men, and he can't make them believe he's serious, so he is going to remain a bachelor the rest of his days.

He Is Only 112, But Will Die Single. Girls Don't "Fall" for Him So He Decides to Pass 'Em Up.

Chicago, Dec. 4.—Samuel De Grofsky has decided not to try to marry again. The women seem to favor the younger men, and he can't make them believe he's serious, so he is going to remain a bachelor the rest of his days.

De Grofsky says present-day women haven't much judgment, and so he is satisfied. The fact he is only 112 years old should not be held against him, he thinks.

"I have decided to die single," he said. "My wife died when she was 70 years old. Only once since then have I thought of marrying again. That was when I was 102 years old. But the women nowadays haven't

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Riotous Revelry Staged Nightly In Vienna Cabarets

Champagne Bottles Pop Like Kettle-Drums and Colored Streamers Make Mardi Gras.

Chicago Tribune-Omaha Bee Foreign News Service. Vienna, Dec. 4.—From the looks of the cafes and cabarets of Vienna these days one would think prosperity and joy had returned to the capital of Austria. Champagne bottles are popping like kettle drums, confetti and colored streamers make mardi gras every night, laymen dance with the abandon, to see which one pays high prices in an American theater, women make up for the lowness and highness of their dresses by robing themselves with strings of pearls and diamonds. Men pay bills in four figures.

That is a common picture American visitors find. They see also the thousands at the races in the fall, the buying of millions of crowns, the crowds in the theaters, the silk stockings on the Ring, the de luxe stores of Kaerntnerstrasse, the arrogant display of wealth by the war profiteers.

Nothing to Prepare. But out in Ottakring and the neighboring wards they are preparing for the worst winter in the history of Vienna. "Preparing" is hardly the right word. There is nothing to prepare, except perhaps a little wood, a few crusts of bread and their minds. They still go to the Wienerwald and cut 60 pounds of wood for their week's allowance and some of them still frequent the municipal garbage dumps and eat bits of decayed meat and the green, mouldy scum at the bottoms of cans of American condensed milk. I have seen as many as a hundred women and children there at one time.

Live In Luxury. The war profiteers, the rich refugees from other countries, the members of foreign missions, the food smugglers, the jewel merchants and foreign visitors generally, live in luxury and gay music, but the masses of Vienna are no better off than they were last winter. Every American in position to know, members of the American mission and of other American activities and members of European missions who have investigated and sent official reports to their governments agree that starving Vienna is certainly no better off than last winter. Some believe Vienna is worse off. That is why certain reports in American publications written by visitors to the cafes, cabarets, and stores of the Ring section have made such a bad impression. For instance, one report says:

Won't Help Selves. "Vienna is not starving. Vienna is in far better shape than propaganda and uninformed sentimentalists have taught us to believe. The main trouble with Austria is that she cannot get the masses to help themselves. Whatever assistance is offered by the powers should be in the way of constructive finances, and granted

only after the establishment of a system of taxation which will eventually enable Austria to liquidate the indebtedness. "Meat, butter, sugar, shoes, clothes, fabrics are expensive, but plentiful. One may walk for miles past windows filled with jewelry, plate, silks. 200,000 Children Fed. The American Child Welfare mission, which has been forced to extend its work until it feeds 200,000 children in Vienna once daily, finds such reports from American visitors to the fashionable hotels, the cafes, and cabarets of the Ring very harmful. It is the opinion of the welfare workers and, in fact, all Americans who investigate the masses, not the gay night life, that the picture of Vienna last winter has not been exaggerated and that no rosy hues can be splashed on the canvas this winter.

Americans Lose Jewels In Paris

Gang of International Thieves Believed to Be Working French Capital.

Paris, Dec. 4.—"Keep your money, jewels and furs carefully locked away." Such is the advice being given by the managers of prominent Parisian hotels to their guests. The need for such advice is found in the ever-growing frequency of robberies committed in hotels. A gang of international thieves is thought to be operating in all leading hotels and the French authorities, although they have sent out their best detectives and police after members of the

gang, have failed to discover any culprits. American visitors are usually the biggest sufferers and their money and jewels disappear practically before their very eyes. Recently an American woman living at a prominent hotel found that a pearl and diamond barpin valued at \$24,000 which she had left on her dressing table at night was missing in the morning. The next day at another hotel another gem valued at \$4,000 had disappeared in the same way. Two days later a South American who had only just arrived here ordered coffee for his breakfast and after having drunk this fell into a sound sleep. When he awoke he discovered that his pocketbook and various pieces of jewelry were gone. It is believed that this gang of gangs have women accomplices working in the hotels and the police are baffled by the daring shown by the thieves.

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