

MAIL SERVICE TO WEST DELAYED BY NEW TRAIN ORDER

Trade Conditions Depending Upon Rapid Interchange of Mails Threatened by McAdoo Changes.

Omaha and other places having trade relations with the Pacific coast and interior cities are seriously affected by the McAdoo order eliminating a number of passenger trains throughout the country.

The change has worked havoc with mail service, and since it has gone into effect has resulted in the delay of important mails and threatens to seriously cripple the business relations that exist between the east and west.

Changes in the mail schedules during the week ending June 8 have already emphasized what threatens to bring about a demoralization of trade conditions that depend upon the rapid interchange of mails between important centers.

Heretofore mails brought from the east to Omaha by the various fast mail trains were immediately dispatched to points of destination by connecting fast morning or afternoon trains.

Held in Omaha.

With the consolidation of west bound fast mail trains No. 5, which formerly departed at 9:30 a. m., and No. 9, which left at 2:30 p. m., over the Union Pacific the combined service now takes all the mail received from eastern mail trains up to the departure of the new train at 11 a. m. Any west bound mails received after the departure of train 5, except for some that go to the northwest, are held up for Union Pacific train No. 13, which leaves Omaha after midnight or for the departure of train 5 next day.

In many instances important mails are delayed at this point for more than 24 hours.

Cases have already developed where several pouches of first class mails have been received from the regular afternoon trains and because of a lack of connections were held over until the following day, for the 11 a. m. train.

Lack of Help.

It has been the custom to open pouches of such mail and rework it into direct packages, but because of a lack of competent help only a small quantity of this mail can now be worked into "directs" and those not opened are dispatched intact to the next west bound train and passed on to be worked out somewhere along the line.

An instance has already developed of several cars of fast mail destined for western points being held from a regular afternoon fast mail train to the next morning for dispatch because of lack of connections.

No blame can be attached to local officials for the breaking down of service, and which threatens demoralization to western business, but rather to the drastic order of the director of transportation, and which made no provision for the rapid dispatch of important mails to Pacific coast and interior points west of the Missouri river.

Day of Opportunity for Elderly Women at Hand

Elderly women are coming into their own at last. Time was when the woman whom the most courteous could no longer call young was decidedly at a discount in the working world. Now, according to Miss Grace Oddie of the employment bureau at the Young Women's Christian association, there is a dearth of elderly women to fill places awaiting them.

Many people would like to offer a home to an elderly woman in return for a little help with the work, but it is impossible in most cases to find a woman to go into even the most desirable homes on these terms, as work at a living wage awaits her if she prefers it, which she generally does.

Miss Oddie believes this is not entirely a wartime condition, although the work in the factories under government contracts has helped, but she says that work for the older women was becoming plentiful even before this country went into the war.

Manager of Tractor Events Tells of Plans for This Year

A. E. Hildebrand, manager of the tractor demonstrations staged last year by the National Tractor Manufacturers' association, was in Omaha Monday. Mr. Hildebrand is on his way to Chicago, where a meeting of the tractor manufacturers' association is to be held Tuesday, at which time the location and date of the national demonstration, for the last few years held at Fremont, Neb., will be decided.

Mr. Hildebrand says that the big demonstration will be held somewhere in the central west this year, probably in either Nebraska or Kansas. He is on his way from Pullman, Wash., where he has been attending a local demonstration, managed by the Washington State college, but sanctioned by the national association. This was a very successful affair, about 20,000 people being in attendance.

Oliver Plow Company to Help in Winning War

More than 20,000 persons, members of one great organization, will devote the week of June 10 in "unselfish service to the farmers of the country on whose successful work so much depends."

J. D. Oliver, president of the Oliver Chilled Plow works, South Bend, Ind., in a special bulletin to R. E. Farrett, manager of the Omaha branch instructs him to use his entire organization during the week of June 10. That week is to be known as National Oliver week and, according to the bulletin, "it signifies the contribution of the whole Oliver organization to help win the war." The same bulletin has gone to every Oliver branch in the United States and from the branches the message will be carried to the Oliver dealers.



Harry Lauder in the War Zone

"A Minstrel in France" Tells His Personal Experiences on the Western Fighting Front

CHAPTER XVII.

Before we left Boulogne a definite program had been laid for the Rev. Harry Lauder, M. P. tour. We had decided that we would get better results by adopting a program and sticking to it at all our meetings or concerts. So, at all the assemblies that we gathered, Hogge opened proceedings by talking to the men about pensions, the subject in which he was so vitally interested, and in which he had done and was doing such magnificent work. Adam would follow him with a talk about the war and its progress.

He was a splendid speaker, was Adam. He had all the eloquence of the fine preacher that he was, but he did not preach to the lads in the trenches—not he! He told them about the war, and about the way the folks at home in Britain were backing them up. He talked about war loans and food conservation, and made them understand that it was not they alone who were doing the fighting. It was a cheering and an inspiring talk he gave them, and he got good round applause wherever he spoke.

They saved me up for the last, and when Adam had finished speaking either he or Hogge would introduce me, and my singing would begin. That was the program we had arranged for the Hole-in-the-Ground theater, as the Canadians called their amphitheater. For this performance, of course, I had no piano. Johnson and the wee instrument were back where we had left the motor cars, and so I just had to sing without an accompaniment—except that which the great booming of the guns was to furnish me.

I was afraid at first that the guns would bother me. But as I listened to Hogge and Adam I ceased, gradually, to notice them at all, and I soon felt that they would annoy me no more, when it was my turn to go on, than the chatter of a bunch of stage hands in the wings of a theater had so often done.

When it was my turn I began with "Roamin' in the Gloamin'." The verse went well, and I swung into the chorus. I had picked the song to open with, because I knew the soldiers were pretty sure to know it, and so would join me in the chorus—which is something I always want them to do. And there were no exceptions to the general rule. But, just as I got into the chorus, the tune of the guns changed. They had been coughing an spitting intermittently, but now, suddenly, it seemed to me that it was as if someone had kicked the lid off the fireworks factory and dropped a lighted torch inside.

Every gun in the battery around the hole began whanging away at once. I was jumpy and nervous, I'll admit, and it was all I could do to hold to the pitch and not break the time. I thought all of Von Hindenburg's army must be attacking us, and, from the row and din, I judged he must have brought up some of the German navy to help, instead of letting it lie in the Kiel canal where the British fleet could not get at it. I never heard such a terrific racket in all my days.

I took the opportunity to look around at my audience. They didn't seem to be a bit excited. They all

had their eyes fixed on me, and they weren't listening to the guns—only to me and my singing. And so, as they probably knew what was afoot, and took it so quietly, I managed to keep on singing as if I, too, were used to such a row, and thought no more of it than of the ordinary traffic noise of a London or Glasgow street. But if I really managed to look that way my appearances were most deceptive, because I was nearer to being scared than I had been at any time yet!

But presently I began to get interested in the noise of the guns. They developed a certain regular rhythm. I had to allow for it, and make it fit the time of what I was singing. And as I realized that probably this was just a part of the regular day's work, a bit of ordinary straining, and not a feature of a grand attack, I took note of the rhythm. It went something like this, as near as I can give it to you in print:

"Roamin' in the —PUH-LAH—glom'in'—BAM!
"On the—WHUFF!—BOOM!—bonny—BR-R-R!—banks o'—BIFF—Clyde—ZOW!"

And so it went all through the rest of the concert. I had to adjust each song I sang to the odd rhythm of the guns, and I don't know but what it was just as well that Johnson wasn't there! He'd have had trouble staying with me with his wee bit piano, I'm thinkin'!

And, do you ken, I got to see, after a bit, that it was the gunners, all the time, havin' a bit of fun with the guns. For when I sang a verse the guns behaved themselves, but every time I came to the chorus they started up the same inferno of noise again. I think they wanted to see, at first, if they could no shake me enough to make stop singing, and they liked me the better when they found I would no stop. The soldiers soon began to laugh, but the joke was not all on me, and I could see that they understood that, and were pleased. Indeed, it was all as amusing to me as to them.

I doubt if "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" or any other song was ever sung in such circumstances. I sang several more songs—they called, as every audience I have seems to do, for me to sing my "Wee Hoose Among the Heather"—and then Captain Godfrey brought the concert to an end. It was getting along toward mid-afternoon, and he explained that he had another call to make before dark.

"Goodbye, Harry—good luck to you! Thanks for the singing!" Such cries rose from all sides, and the Canadians came crowding around to shake my hand. It was touching to see how pleased they were, and it made me rejoice that I had been able to come. I had thought, sometimes, that it might be a presumptuous thing, in a way, for me to want to go so near the front, but the way I had been able to cheer up the lonely, dull routine of that battery went far to justify me in coming. I thought, I was sorry to be leaving the Canadians. And I was glad to see that they seemed as sorry to have me go as I was to be going. I have a very great fondness for the Canadian soldier. He is certainly one of the most picturesque and interesting of all the men who are fighting under the

flags of the allies, and it is certain that the world can never forget the record he has made in this war—a record of courage and heroism unexcelled by any and equalled by few.

I stood around while we were getting ready to start back to the cars, and one of the officers was with me. "How often do you get a shell right inside the pit here?" I asked him. "A fair bit, I mean?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said, slowly. He looked around. "You know that hole you were singing in just now?"

I nodded. I had guessed that it had been made by a shell.

"Well, that's the result of a boche shell," he said. "If you'd come yesterday we'd have had to find another place for your concert!"

"—is that so?" I said. "Aye," he said, and grinned. "We didn't tell you before, Harry, because we didn't want you to feel nervous, or anything like that, while you were singing. But it was obliging of Fritz—now wasn't it? Think of having him take all the trouble to dig out a fine theater for us that way!"

"It was obliging of him, to be sure," I said, rather dryly. "That's what we said," said the officer. "Why, as soon as I saw the hole that shell had made, I said to Campbell: 'By Jove—there's the very place for Harry Lauder's concert tomorrow! And he agreed with me.'"

Now it was time for handshaking and goodbyes. I said farewell all around, and wished good luck to that battery, so cunningly hidden away in its pit. There was a great deal of cheery shouting and waving of hands as we went off. And in two minutes the battery was out of sight—even though we knew exactly where it was!

We made our way slowly back, through the lengthening shadows, over the shell pitted ground. The motor cars were waiting, and Johnson, too. Everything was shipshape and ready for a new start, and we climbed in.

As we drove off I looked back at Vimy Ridge. And I continued to gaze at it for a long time. No longer did it disappoint me. No longer did I regard it as an insignificant hillock. All that feeling that had come to me with my first sight of it had been banished by my introduction to the famous ridge itself.

It had spoken to me eloquently, despite the muteness of the myriad tongues it had. It had graven deep into my heart the realization of its true place in history.

An excrecence in a flat country—a little hump of ground! That is all

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Absolutely Removes Indigestion. Druggists refund money if it fails. 25c

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LAKEWOOD, N. J.
Summer session from July to October. Rapid preparation for college for boys wishing to enter government service. Military training by experts, horseback riding, land and water sports. If you have a son from 12 to 18 you will be interested in our new booklet. Address secretary.

there is to Vimy Ridge. Aye! It does not stand so high above the ground of Flanders as would the books that will be written about it in the future, were you to pile them all up together when the last one of them is printed! But what a monument it is to bravery and sacrifice—to all that is best in this human race of ours!

No human hands have ever reared such a monument as that ridge is and will be. There some of the greatest deeds in history were done—some of the noblest acts that there is record of performed. There men lived and died gloriously in their brief moment of climax—the moment for which, all unknowing, all their lives before that day of battle had been lived.

I took off my cap as I looked back, with a gesture and a thought of deep and solemn reverence. An so I said goodby to Vimy Ridge, and to the brave men I had known there—living and dead. For I felt that I had come to know some of the dead as well as the living.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Judge Woodrough is Holding Federal Court in West

Federal Judge Woodrough is holding court at Pueblo, Colo., for a few days. He has exchanged with Judge Lewis of the Colorado bench. Judge Lewis is hearing an equity case at North Platte. R. C. Hoyt, clerk of the United States district court, and Deputy Marshal Nickerson are also at North Platte.

Wheat Products Taboo in Clay County Eating Places

Dr. J. W. Archerd, food administrator for Clay county, has advised Food Administrator Wattles that every public eating place in the county, with one exception, has eliminated all wheat products from the daily menu. He adds the elimination will be continued until after harvest, when the flour from the new wheat is on the market.

Graduating Nurses Class Volunteers for Red Cross

Eight nurses, who compose the graduating class of the Nicholas Sent training school for nurses, have volunteered their services to the Red Cross and will use their skill to nurse wounded Sammie back to health. The class held its commencement program Monday afternoon in the living room of the hospital. Presentation of diplomas was by Dr. A. P. Condon, chief of staff.

Several social affairs are being given for the class. Picnic day was held at Manawa Saturday. A dinner was given Sunday at the home of Mrs. Karl L. Patrick, a sister of one of the graduates. The graduation supper will be given at the Henshaw hotel tonight.

The members of the class are: Ruth Taylor, Anna Hagenberg, Irene Blinter, Marie Cook, Mildred Hutton, Edith Richardson, Lucile Bell and Allida Carlson.

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY.

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Monday, June 10, 1918—STORE NEWS FOR TUESDAY—Phone Douglas 137

Our Annual June Sale of the Finer Qualities of Muslin Underwear

Including Filipino Hand Made Lingerie At Prices Based on the Cost of Months Ago

It is your opportune time to lay in a generous supply because each succeeding day sees increasing costs of cotton and mill labor. The undermuslins in this sale are all standard lines made under the most sanitary conditions, without skimping an inch on measurements or a penny on cost or quality.

Dainty Undermuslins, At \$1.95

Including—
Gowns of fine nainsook, in wide variety of styles in pink or white. Envelope chemise of nainsook in variety of pretty styles. Also Filipino hand-made gowns and envelope chemise beautifully hand embroidered to match.

Exquisite Undermuslins, \$2.45

Including—
Filipino hand embroidered gowns. Filipino hand embroidered chemise. Filipino hand embroidered petticoats. Filipino hand embroidered combinations. Also fine American made pajamas of batiste, nainsook and crepe. Gowns of nainsook, envelope chemise and crepe de chine camisoles.

Filipino Undermuslins, \$3.95

Exquisitely hand embroidered, including gowns, chemise, combinations, corset covers, drawers and petticoats, also bloomers of wash satin, and tub silk, trimmed with lace and hemstitching and envelope chemise of flesh or pink colored crepe de chine and wash satin, prettily trimmed.



Pretty New Undermuslins \$2.95

A big generous assortment, including Filipino beautifully hand embroidered gowns, chemise, combinations, corset covers, drawers and petticoats. Also fine nainsook and batiste gowns and envelope chemise and pajamas, daintily trimmed with laces and embroidery.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Second Floor.

One-Minute Store Talk

Make every day count in your work this summer; the country demands it.

The days that you feel right, you work right. To feel right every day a man needs a good variety of cool clothes; from underwear to outerwear. We've everything to make

Every Day a "Good" Day



Society Brand Clothes

Light Clothes of Character---

NEW styles, interpreting the modes in the most distinctive and original weaves, are revealed in our collection of light clothes—including Society Brand Clothes, Fashion Park, Hickey-Freeman and a host of other fine lines—the supreme style leaders.

Our garments may be selected and worn with full confidence. The business models are substantial and sensible. The sport models are quite as comfortable in feel as they are smart in appearance. The lapels and shoulders in the styles we show are identical in line and treatment with reputable English Work.

Custom Finish Without the Annoyance of a Try-On.

\$25 \$30 \$35 \$40 \$45

Smart Suits in Half, Quarter or Skeleton-Lined.

Palm Beach Suits, Mohair Suits, Tropical Worsted Suits **\$10 to \$25**

Men's and Young Men's Clothing, Entire Second Floor Main Building and Annex.

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SEE OUR WINDOWS TODAY

CORRECT APPAREL FOR MEN AND WOMEN

ON THE SQUARE AT THE ELEVATOR TUESDAY Women's Pure Silk Hose \$1.00

Pure thread silk hose, black, white and fancy stripes, seamless and regular made foot with double garter tops.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Main Floor

Providing for Substantial Savings on Nemo Corsets

We know that thousands of our customers are constantly practicing the economy of saving health and good looks by wearing these world-famous hygienic corsets. This month we are going to give you the opportunity of practicing an additional Nemo economy—

Buy Nemo Corsets Now and Avoid the Further Price Advances Effective On MONDAY, JULY 1.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Second Floor.

Attention! Street Car Men

YOUR OFFICIAL SUMMER BLOUSE OF BLUE CHAMBRAY IS HERE FOR YOU

\$1.35

THEY'RE the official blouse—the style authorized by the Street Railway Company.

Made of the finest quality Blue Bell chambray, strictly fast color. Cut extra full and roomy, double stitched seams. Three pockets and three pleats in back. Extra well made and perfect fitting. All size neckband. \$1.35 each.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Fourth Floor.

In the Down Stairs Store

<p>Percales, 25c</p> <p>Good quality percale, light or dark colors, for aprons or dresses, at 25c per yard.</p>	<p>Draperies, 19c</p> <p>One table of short lengths, 1 to 6 yards, from our regular stock, nets, voiles, marquisettes, madras, etc., 36 and 40 inches wide, for curtains or over-drapes. Some are priced at less than half. 19c per yard.</p>	<p>Etamines, at 15c</p> <p>One counter of fancy etamines, scrims, etc., plain or hemstitched edges, white, cream or ecru, desirable lengths for curtains, at 15c yard.</p>
<p>Wash Goods, 15c</p> <p>36 and 40-inch voiles and non-shrinkable modette. A very serviceable cloth for summer dresses, light grounds with floral patterns. Very special, 15c yard.</p>	<p>Cretonnes, at 39c</p> <p>One lot of 36-inch cretonnes, special at 39c yard.</p>	<p>Muslins, 21c</p> <p>Good quality unbleached muslin mill remnants, 38 inches wide, for sheets, etc. 21c yard.</p>

Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store