

### LAST RITES FOR DR. C. C. ALLISON, FAMOUS SURGEON

Hundreds Attend Funeral Services at St. Cecilia's Cathedral; Faculties of Two Colleges Pay Respects.

Several hundred persons, including prominent business and professional men of Omaha, doctors from cities in other states and members of the faculties of the college of medicine of Creighton university and the University of Nebraska, attended funeral services for Dr. Charles C. Allison at St. Cecilia's cathedral at 9 o'clock Saturday morning.

Dr. Allison, prominent Omaha surgeon, died Wednesday.

Faculties of the two colleges of medicine attended the services in a body.

Archbishop at Services. Requiem mass was read and Father D. P. Harrington, pastor of St. Cecilia's cathedral, delivered the funeral sermon.

He paid a high tribute to the memory of Dr. Allison and spoke of his great work among the citizens of Omaha.

Archbishop Harty was present in the sanctuary.

A long funeral procession accompanied the body to the grave.

Burial was in Holy Sepulcher cemetery.

Active pallbearers were—Joseph Barker, W. D. Hooford, A. B. Warren, A. C. Smith, C. F. Koutas, George Tinsion, Victor Rosewater, L. P. Crofoot.

Honorary pallbearers were—J. H. Millard, John A. McShane, E. H. Bruce, W. F. Gurley, John L. Webster, Charles Piekens, Judge W. A. Redick, Luther Drake, Judge Leo Eutsels, M. C. Peters, F. A. Brogan, Frank T. Hamilton.

German Intrigue Hard On the Russian Officers

Peking, June 22.—More German intrigue, in this instance with the object in view of removing from little Russia Russian army officers of pro-ally sympathies, has come to light through what appears to be far-reaching propaganda. Such officers are led to believe that the American government is holding out flattering inducements to them to go to America and join the army, providing to that end passports, steamer tickets and funds and guaranteeing them a commission.

Several trusting officers have staked everything on such representations and got as far as Changchun, Manchuria, where they arrived at the end of their resources to learn that they were victims of a hoax.

The matter has been brought to the attention of the American minister in Peking for action, it seemed advisable, to combat the propaganda through Ambassador Francis and American consuls in Russia.



## Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

### CHAPTER XXIII. My Most Strenuous Day.

Now it was time to take the motor cars again, and I was glad of the thought that we would have a bracing ride. I needed something of the sort, I thought. My emotions had been deeply stirred, in many ways, that day. I felt tired and quite exhausted. This was by all odds the most strenuous day the Rev. Harry Lauder, M. P., Tour had put in yet in France. So I welcomed the idea of sitting back comfortably in the car and feeling the cool wind against my cheeks.

First, however, the entertainers were to be entertained. They took us, the officers of the divisional staff, to a hut, where we were offered our choice of tea or a wee hauf yin. There was good Scotch whisky there, but it was the tea I wanted. It was very hot in the sun, and I had done a deal of clambering about. So I was glad, after all, to stay in the shade a while and rest my limbs.

Getting out through Arras turned out to be a ticklish business. The Germans were verri wasteful of their shells that day, considering how much siller they cost! They were punching away, and more shells, by a good many, were falling in Arras than had been the case when we arrived at noon. So I got a chance to see how the ruin that had been wrought had been accomplished.

Arras is a wonderful sight, noble and impressive even in its destruction. But it was a sight that depressed me. It had angered me, at first, but now I began to think, at each ruined house that I saw: "Suppose this were at home in Scotland!" And when such thoughts came to me I thanked God for the brave lads I had seen that day who stood, out here, holding the line, and so formed a bulwark between Scotland and such black ruin as this.

We were to start for Tramecourt now, but on the way we were to make a couple of stops. Our way was to take us through St. Pol and Hesdin, and, going so, we came to the town of Le Quesnoy. Here some of the 11th Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders were stationed. My heart leaped at the sight of them. That had been my boy's regiment, although he had belonged to a different battalion, and it was with the best will in the world that I called a halt and gave them a concert.

I gave two more concerts, both brief ones, on the rest of the journey, and so it was quite dark when we approached the chateau at Tramecourt. As we came up I became aware of a great stir and movement that was quite out of the ordinary routine there. In the grounds I could see tiny lights moving about,

like fireflies—lights that came, I thought, from electric torches.

"Something extraordinary must be going on here," I remarked to Captain Godfrey. "I wonder if General Haig has arrived, by any chance?"

"We'll soon know what it's all about," he said, philosophically. But I expect he knew already.

Before the chateau there was a brilliant spot of light, standing out vividly against the surrounding darkness. I could not account for that lighted spot then. But we came into it as the car stopped; it was a sort of oasis of light in an inky desert of surrounding gloom. And as we came full into it and I stood up to descend from the car, stretching my tired, stiff legs, the silence and the darkness were split by three tremendous cheers.

It wasn't General Haig who was arriving! It was Harry Lauder!

"What's the matter here?" I called, as loudly as I could.

"Been waitin' for ye a couple of 'ours, 'Arry," called a loud cockney voice in answer. "Go it now! Get it off your chest!" Then came explanations. It seemed that a lot of soldiers, about 400 strong, who were working on a big road job about 10 miles from Tramecourt, had heard of my being there, and had decided to come over in a body and beg for a concert. They got to the chateau early, and were told it might be '11 o'clock before I got back. But they didn't care—they said they'd wait all night, if they had to, to get a chance to hear me. And they made some use of the time they had to wait.

They took three big acetylene head-lights from the motor cars, and connected them up. There was a little porch at the entrance to the chateau, with a short flight of steps leading up to it, and then we decided that that would make an excellent makeshift theater. Since it would be dark they decided they must have lights, so that they could see me—just as in a regular theater at home! That was where the headlights they borrowed from motor cars came in. They put one on each side of the porch and off in front, so that all the light was centered on the porch itself, and it was bathed in as strong a glare as ever I sang in on the stage. It was almost blinding, indeed, as I found when I turned to face them and to sing for them. Needless to say, late though it was and tired as I was, I never thought of refusing to give them the concert they wanted!

I should have liked to eat my dinner first, but I couldn't think of suggesting it. These boys had done a long, hard day's work. Then they had marched 10 miles, and, on top of all that, had waited two hours for me and had fixed up a stage and a

lighting system. They were quite as tired as I, I decided—any they had done a lot more. And so I told the faithful Johnson to bring wee Tinkle Tom along, and get him up to the little stage and I faced my audience in the midst of a storm of the ghostliest applause I ever hope to hear!

I could hear them, do you ken, but I could not see a face before me! In the theater, bright though the foot-lights are, and greatly as they dim what lies beyond them, you can still see the white faces of your audience. At least, you do see something—your eyes help you to know the audience is there, and, gradually, you can see perfectly, and pick out a face, maybe, and sing to some one person in the audience, that you may be sure of your effects.

It was utter, Stygian darkness that lay beyond the pool of blinding light in which I stood. Gradually I did make out a little of what lay beyond, very close to me. I could see dim outlines of human bodies moving around. And now I was sure there were fireflies about. But then they stayed so still that I realized, suddenly, with a smile, just what they were—the glowing ends of cigarettes, of course!

There were many tall poplar trees around the chateau. I knew where to look for them, but that night I could scarcely see them. I tried to find them, for it was a strange, weird sensation to be there as I was, and I wanted all the help fixed objects could give me. I managed to pick out their feathery lines in the black distance—the darkness made them seem more remote than they were, really. Their branches, when I found them, waved like spirit arms, and I could hear the wind whispering and sighing among the topmost branches.

Now and then what we call in Scotland a "batty bird" skimmed past my face, attracted, I suppose, by the bright light. I suppose that bats have not been disturbed before for generations have been aroused by the blast of war through all that region and have come out of dark cavernous hiding places, as those that night have done, to see what it is all about—the tumult and the shouting!

They were verri disconcertin', those bats! They bothered me almost as much as the whizz bangs had done, earlier in the day. They swished suddenly out of darkness against my face, and I would start back, and hear a ripple of laughter run through that unseen audience of mine. Aye, it was verri funny for them, but I did not like that part of it a bit! No man likes to have a bat touch his skin. And I had to duck quickly to evade those winged cousins of the mouse—and then hear a soft guffaw arising as I did it.

theaters in which it was pretty difficult to find the audience. And such audiences have been nearly impossible to trace, later, in the box office reports. But that is the first time in my life, and, up to now, the last, that I ever sang to a totally invisible audience. I did not know then how many men there were—there might have been 40, or 400, or 4,000. And, save for the titters that greeted my encounters with the bats, they were amazingly quiet as they waited for me to sing.

It was just about 10 minutes before 11 when I began to sing, and the concert wasn't over until after midnight. I was distinctly nervous as I began the verse of my first song. It was a great relief when there was a round of applause; that helped to place my audience and gave me its measure, at once.

But I was almost as disconcerted a bit later as I had been by the first chorus of the bats. I came to the chorus, and suddenly, out of the darkness, there came a perfect gale of sound. It was the men taking up the chorus, thundering it out. They took the song clean away from me—I could only gasp and listen. The roar from that unseen chorus almost took my feet from under me, so amazing was it, and so unexpected, somehow, used as I was to having soldiers join in a chorus with me, and disappointed as I should have been had they ever failed to do so.

But after that first song, when I knew what to expect, I soon grew used to the strange surroundings. The weirdness and the mystery wore off, and I began to enjoy myself tremendously. The conditions were

simply ideal; indeed, they were perfect, for the sentimental songs that soldiers always like best. Imagine how "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" went that night!

I had meant to sing three or four songs. But instead I sang nearly every song I knew. It was one of the longest programs I gave during the whole tour, and I enjoyed the concert, myself, better than any I had yet given.

My audience was growing all the time, although I did not know that. The singing brought up crowds from the French village, who gathered in the outskirts of the throb to listen—and, I make no doubt, to pass amazed comments on these queer English!

At last I was too tired to go on. And so I bade the lads good-night, and they gave me a great cheer and faded away into the blackness. And I went inside, rubbing my eyes, and wondering if it was no all a dream!

"It wasn't Sir Douglas Haig, who arrived, was it, Harry?" Godfrey said, slyly.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

### Trench Mouth Puzzles British Army Doctors

London, June 21.—"Trench mouth" is one of the war diseases which is engaging the attention of British army doctors. Cases of the disease have been for some time under observation and treatment in both the British and French armies. It appeared first in the German army where the experts attributed it for a long time to their war bread. Later observers thought it arose from a prolonged diet of canned food.

### Bavarian Soldier Puts Guilt of War On Emperor William

Paris, June 21.—French aviators are dropping behind the German lines and upon German cities and towns thousands of copies of an appeal written by a Bavarian urging his compatriots to protest against Prussian tyranny and autocracy.

The document was found recently on a Bavarian prisoner of war captured by the French. In it the writer places upon Emperor William the guilt of the war and expresses other sentiments against Prussian militarism well known to exist in Bavaria, despite frequent official testimonials of alleged solidarity and unity between both two German states.

As its circulation in Germany is, of course, prohibited, the French authorities undertook its distribution by air route. Some copies accidentally have fallen on the French lines.

### National Restaurant Operated in London

London, June 21.—The first national restaurant, operated here by the British government, supplies a satisfying hot meal, at midday or in the evening, for about 25 cents. There is seating accommodation for 200. In the evening the dinners are served to outside customers if a deposit is made for the tins containing the three-course meal, which is delivered by messenger.

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## Monday Will Start Round-Up Week

**To Victor Rosewater**  
EDITOR, OMAHA BEE:

We extend to you, on the Silver Anniversary of your editorship, heartiest congratulations. We wish for you and yours all the good things that can come to you. For your immediate family good health, long life and such measure of prosperity as may be conducive to happiness, and not so much of worldly gear as might be inimical to its welfare and development.

The Omaha Bee has been a great power. We hope it may grow and prosper, and continue to use its influence for the upbuilding of our city and state—encouraging all who have its best interests at heart and a terror to the evildoer, political and otherwise.

Methods have changed, in the conduct of newspapers, just as they have in other institutions. It was no light thing to take up the mantle of one who was one of the few great editors whose fame was national. We believe if he is privileged to look across the Great Divide, after your quarter of a century as pilot, he will say, "well done."

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# Of the GREAT JUNE SALE

Nothing will be overlooked—every corner will be searched for mavericks—when found they will be branded, so marked, we assure you, that there will be no question of ownership. More stocks will change hands this great Round-Up Week than ever before.

Supply and demand governs here just as it does at the stock yards. Little coming in and much going out causes price advance. Much of our stock was secured when prices were much lower than at present. If it were not so we could not speak so confidently.

Don't buy if you do not need, but if ye do have needs, prepare to **SUPPLY THEM NOW.** This may look like an announcement from South Omaha, but it isn't; it's the preliminary notice of the final Round-Up of the great June Sale of Dry Goods at

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