

PRIDDY SPEAKS AT MEETING OF INSURANCE MEN

President of National Association of Underwriters Talks to Omaha and Lincoln Members.

Lawrence Priddy, president of the National Association of Life Insurance Underwriters, addressed the annual convention of Lincoln and Omaha Association of Life Underwriters at the Chamber of Commerce yesterday afternoon.

After he had described some things that the national association has accomplished, 16 new agents signed their names to applications for membership.

He described the labors of the New York members following the life insurance investigations.

"For seven weeks," he said, "about 1,500 life insurance men from New York labored in Albany and in that time secured 250 amendments to proposed insurance legislation. One of these things concerned the commission to agents which are fixed in the original bill at 30 per cent and four renewals. This was had changed to 50 per cent and nine renewals."

He has much of the Billy Sunday manner of rapid-fire talking and held his audience's attention closely as he told some of his own experiences in writing insurance. He is a past-president of the famous \$200,000 club, a club made up of New York life insurance company members who write more than \$200,000 in one year. An Omaha man, Ed Wolverson, is in the race for the presidency this year. The presidency of the club goes to the agent who writes the greatest amount of insurance. Wolverson is in the lead now.

Writes Millionaires.

Mr. Priddy has written the insurance of some New York multi-millionaires. He told how he, as president of the national association, has prosecuted men who practice the life insurance evils of rebating and "twisting."

"All the states of the union now have anti-rebating laws," he said. "If you know of anyone in your community suspected of doing this it is your duty to set a trap for him, catch him and have his license revoked. And it won't be long before the revoking of a man's license to write life insurance in one state will result automatically in the revoking of his license throughout the nation."

American Casualty List

- Washington, June 24.—The army casualty list today contained 62 names, divided as follows:
- Killed in action, 8.
 - Died of wounds, 4.
 - Died of disease, 2.
 - Wounded severely, 45.
 - Wounded, degree undetermined, 3.
- Killed in Action.**
- Corp. Frank A. Rafferty, Armagh, Ireland.
 - Charles S. Golden, Huguin, Wash.
 - Philip Henry Gillie, Gratiot, Wis.
 - Wayne C. Jackson, Salem, Ore.
 - Joseph Kanaski, Wocatawek, Russia.
 - Joseph Savinsky, Warsaw, Poland.
 - Martin L. Shelton, Fayetteville, Ark.
 - Giro Ursolao, Worcester, Mass.
 - Died of Disease.
 - Ernest Dillon, Peru, N. Y.
 - Luther Hunter, Lafayette, Ala.
 - Died of Wounds.
 - Lt. Edward G. Tomlinson, Baltimore, Md.
 - Corp. Lewis A. Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa.
 - Ernest P. Hoerr, Portsmouth, O.
 - Hurlbert E. Zumbalt, Boise, Idaho.
 - Boris, Clarence C. Johnson, Decora, S. D.
 - Martha Popiacki, Baltimore, Md.
 - Corp. Clifford C. Castor, Jr., Ia. J.; Fred A. McMill, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Claud Turner, Hamburg, Ark.
 - Privates Clifton Allen, Kent, O.; Harry E. Anderson, Copenhagen, Denmark; Alfred Anderson, Eldridge, N. D.; Luther Thomas Ball, Clbourne, Tex.; Giuseppe Adillo, Utica, N. Y.; Paul E. Cagle, Clinton, Ky.; James A. O'Keefe, Stanton, Pa.; Louis Cohen, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harry M. Cuff, Jersey City, N. J.; Michael A. Cunningham, Cincinnati, O.; Edwin T. Depue, Perawood, Miss.; Merritt E. Durham, Blue Mountain, Miss.; James H. Enck, Creek, Ky.; James J. Greene, Cleveland, O.; William D. Hammer, Fayetteville, Pa.; Helms, Washaw, N. C.; Ivan G. Hoffman, Berne, Pa.; Orpha E. Hober, West Hope, N. D.; John Kacmarcik, Horevitch, Ill.; Nathan Lager, Sulphur, La.; Bert Langland, Berg, N. D.; Eugene B. Little, Evinston, Va.; Oscar Martin, Baldston, Ky.; James Mullen, Cincinnati, O.; John Paladna, Nashua, N. H.; Ray M. Prout, Newport, Ky.; William Reid, Jr., Eldorado, Ill.; Ernest C. Ross, Milner, Ga.; Ambers D. Sanders, Vincennes, Ind.; Charles W. Scott, Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Oscar Segal, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Max Slesin, East Milwaukee, Wis.; Michael J. Sullivan, East Ferrisburgh, Mass.; Henry Swanson, Janesville, Wis.; Gottfried Thompson, Chicago, Ill.; William A. Thompson, Durham, N. C.; Peter Tomas, Chester, Pa.; Stanley Winossek, Flushing, O.; John F. Zeuner, New York.
 - Wounded, Degree Undetermined.
 - Privates Charles W. Anderson, San Francisco, Cal.; Arthur Blimbo, New Haven, Conn.; Gaetano Falco, Buccino, Italy.

Wife Tossed Through Pullman Car Window, Husband Admits Deed

Macon, Mo., June 24.—Irving Morgan, alias John R. Jackson, who told the police he pushed his wife through the window of a sleeping car near Shelby, Mo., was brought here early from Kansas City. The authorities deemed wise not to take him into Shelby county, the scene of the death, because of reports there might be a demonstration against him.

"I don't know why I did it," Morgan said. "It was not anger that caused it. It was not jealousy. I think it was because I loved her so much. I more than loved her—I worshipped her."

Government Denies Any Tax Considered on Farmers' Crops

Washington, June 24.—Rumors circulated among Colorado farmers that the government intends to tax broom corn and other crops \$5 an acre were officially denied by the department of agriculture today with the announcement that steps have been taken to stop the spread of such stories, designed to discourage food production.

Harry Lauder in the War Zone



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

CHAPTER XXIV. In the Shadow of Ruin.

Albert, when we came to it, we found a ruin indeed. The German guns had beaten upon it until it was like a rubbish heap in the backyard of hell. Their malice had wrought a ruin here almost worse than that at Arras. Only one building had survived although it was crumbling to ruin. That was a church, and, as we approached it, we could see, from the great way off, a great gilded figure of the Holy Virgin, holding in her arms the infant Christ.

The figure leaned at such an angle, high up against the tottering wall of the church, that it seemed that it must fall at the next moment, even as we stared at it. But—it does not fall. Every breath of wind that comes sets it to swaying, gently. When the wind rises to a storm it must rock perilously indeed. But still it stays there, hanging like an inspiration straight from heaven to all who see it. The peasants who gaze upon it each day in reverent awe whisper to you, if you ask them, that when it falls at last the war will be over, and France will be victorious.

That is rank superstition, you say? Aye, it may be! But in the region of the front everyone you meet has become superstitious, if that is the word you choose. That is especially true of the soldiers. Every man at the front, it seemed to me, was a fatalist. What is to be will be, they say. It is certain that this feeling has helped to make them indifferent to danger, almost, indeed, contemptuous of it. And in France, I was told, almost everywhere there were shrines in which figures of Christ or of His Mother had survived the most furious shelling. All the world knows, too, how, at Rheims, where the great cathedral has been shattered in the wickedest and most wanton of all the crimes of that sort that the Germans have to their account, the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, who saved France long ago, stands untouched.

How is a man to account for such things as that? Is he to put them down to chance, to luck, to a blind fate? I, for one, cannot do so, nor will I try to learn to do it.

Fate, to be sure, is a strange thing, as my friends the soldiers know so well. But these is a difference between fate, or chance, and the sort of force that preserves statues like those I have named. A man never knows his luck; he does well not to brood upon it. I remember the case of a chap I knew, who was out for nearly three years, taking part in great battles from Mons to Arras. He was scratched once or twice, but was never even really wounded badly enough to go to hospital. He went to London, at last, on leave, and within an hour of the time when he stepped from his train at Charing Cross he was struck by a 'bus and killed. And there was the strange case of my friend, Tamson, the baker, of which I told you earlier. No—a man never knows his fate!

So it seemed to me, as we drove toward Arras, and watched that mysterious figure, that God himself had chosen to leave it there, as a sign and a warning and a promise all at once. There was no sign of life, at first, when we came into the town. Silence brooded over the ruins. We stopped to have a look around in that scene of desolation, and as the motors throbbed beneath the hoods it seemed to me the noise they made was close to being blasphemous. We were right under that hanging figure of the Virgin and of Christ and to have left the silence unbroken would have been more solemn.

But it was not long before the silence of the town was broken by another sound. It was marching men we heard, but they were scuffling with their feet as they came; they had not the rhythmic tread of most of the British troops we had encountered. Nor were these men, when they swung into sight, coming around a pile of ruins, just like any British troops we had seen. I recognized them at once as Australians—Kangaroos, as their mates in other divisions called them—by the way their campaign hats were looped up at one side. These were the first Australian troops I had seen since I had sailed from Sydney, in the early days of the war, nearly three years before. What years! To think of it—and of those three years had seen!

"Here's a rare chance to give a concert!" I said, and held up my hand to the officer in command.

"Halt!" he cried, and then: "Stand at ease!"

I was about to tell him why I had stopped them, and make myself known to them when I saw a grin rippling its way over all those bronzed faces—a grin of recognition. And I saw the officer knew me, too, even before a loud voice cried out:

"Good old Harry Lauder!"

That was a good Scots voice—even though its owner wore the Australian uniform.

"Would the boys like to hear a concert?" I asked the officer.

"That they would! By all means!" he said. "Glad of the chance. And so'm I! I've heard you just once before—in Sydney, away back in the summer of 1914."

Then the big fellow who had called my name spoke up again.

"Sing us 'Calligan,'" he begged.

"Sing us 'Calligan,' Harry! I heard do so, I could not sing it for him. But if he was disappointed, he took it in good part, and he seemed to like some of the newer songs I had to sing for them as well as he could ever have liked old 'Calligan.'"

I sang for these Kangaroos a song I had not sung before in France, because it seemed to be an especially auspicious time to try it. I wrote it while I was in Australia, with a view, particularly, to pleasing Australian audiences, and so repaying them, in some measure, for the kindly way in which they treated me while I was there. I call it "Australia Is the Youngest of 23 Years Ago, in Motherwell town hall!"

"Calligan!" The request for that song took me back indeed, through all the years that I have been before the public. It must have been at least 23 years since he had heard me sing that song—all of 23 years. "Calligan" had been one of the very earliest of successes on the stage. I had not thought of the song, much less sung it, for years and years. In

fact, though I racked my brains, I could not remember the words. And so, much as I should have liked to Land for Me," and this is the way it goes:

There's a land I'd like to tell you all about
It's a land in the far South Sea.
It's a land where the sun shines nearly every day
It's the land for you and me.
It's the land for the man with the big strong arm
It's the land for big hearts, too.
It's a land we'll fight for, everything that's right for

Australia is the real true blue!
Refrain:
It's the land where the sun shines nearly every day
Where the skies are ever blue.
Where the folks are as happy as the day is long
And there's lots of work to do.
Where the soft winds blow and the gum trees grow
As far as the eye can see,
Where the magpie chaffs and the cuckoo-burra laughs
Australia is the land for me!
Those Kangaroos took to that song as a duck takes to water! They raised

the chub with me in a swelling roar as soon as they had heard it once, to learn it, and their voices roared through the ruins like vocal shrapnel. You could hear them whoop "Australia Is the Land for Me!" a mile away. And if anything could have brought down that tottering statue above us it would have been the way they sang. They put body and soul, as well as voice, into that final patriotic declaration of the song.

We had thought—I speak for Hogge and Adam and myself, and not for Godfrey, who did not have to think and guess, but know—we had thought, when we rolled into Albert, that it was a city of the dead, utterly deserted and forlorn. But now, as I went on singing, we found that that idea had been all wrong. For as the Australians whooped up their choruses other soldiers popped into sight. They came pouring from all directions.

I have seen few sights more amazing. They came from cracks and crevices, as it seemed; from under tumbled heaps of ruins, and dropping down from shells of houses where there were certainly no stairs. As I

live, before I had finished my audience had been swollen to a great one of 2,000 men! When they were all roaring out in a chorus you could scarce hear Johnson's wee piano at all—it sounded only like a feeble tinkle when there was a part for it alone.

I began shaking hands, when I had finished singing. That was a verri-judeicious thing for me to attempt there! I had not reckoned with the strength of the grip of those laddies from the underside of the world. But I had been there, and I should have known.

Soon came the order to the Kangaroos: "Fall in!"

At once the habit of stern discipline prevailed. They swung off again, and the last we saw of them they were just brown men, disappearing along a brown road, bound for the trenches.

Swiftly the mole-like dwellers in Albert melted away, until only a few officers were left beside the members of the Reverend Harry Lauder, M. P., Tour. And I grew grave and distraught myself.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Pattison Buys Portion of Miller Farm Near Table Rock

Table Rock, Neb., June 24.—(Special.)—John Pattison has purchased of Mrs. J. I. Miller, 320 acres of the Miller farm, four miles southwest of Table Rock at \$100 an acre.

Recently Roella and Earnest Munsinger, children of Leslie Munsinger, were handling an argum, when it was accidentally discharged, the shot entering the girl's face just below the right eye. The wound is not regarded as dangerous.

At the eighth grade commencement exercises held in Pawnee City, Table Rock had the largest class in the county, consisting of 19 members.

The recent labor registration of Pawnee county shows that there are 24 ministers in the county, 70 merchants, 85 railroad men, 58 carpenters, 105 retired farmers, 48 clerks, 160 laborers and 2,213 farmers.

County Treasurer Albright, who has been in the Pawnee City hospital for several weeks, has so far recovered that he was able to be taken to his home.



Are You Getting 100% Efficiency Out of Your Gillette?

WE want to help you to do this: we want to help you enjoy all the velvet smoothness and comfort that is a rightful part of the Gillette shave!

It's a "Get-Together" proposition—a sort of Gillette "Old Home Week."

Even though you are fully satisfied with the results you are getting, there may be more in the Gillette Razor than you ever got out of it.

There is something rather wonderful in it, or the Gillette would not be so much the greatest razor success the world has ever known.

You may be sure there is something unusual about a razor that meets every day every sort of shaving problem in every part of the world—every kind of face, type of beard, or texture of skin.

The man who says his shaving problem is individual and peculiar—and that the Gillette is not the shave for him—may think he is right, but the evidence is against him!

He has not caught the simple knack of using the Gillette. Ten million other men have, and he could do it in two minutes if he would try.

NOW, if you are an old Gillette user, this is what we want you to do:

Take your Gillette to the window where the light is good and carefully look it over.

You remember those times you knocked the razor off the shelf or dropped it on the bathroom floor! The teeth may have sprung a trifle. Or the guard may have been bent. Or the screw-holes may have been worn by long use, so that they allow the razor blade too much "play," or throw the blade out of perfect alignment.

You may be shaving every morning with just such a razor—and you may believe it's all right.

But we know that if it has been injured by accident or by wear you're not getting 100% efficiency out of your Gillette.

ANOTHER thing, you may have got into the careless habit of leaving your razor undried just as you used it.

There may be some little knack of holding the razor that would improve your shave.

Now this is Gillette Service Week. Our Service Experts are right here in town—direct from headquarters.

The stores are all showing the latest new models in Gillette Razors and Shaving Sets.

The experts and the merchants are ready to discuss Gillette Razors, Blades, or Shaving Methods.

This is the time to make sure you have the Gillette knack.

It's a little thing—but it makes a lot of difference in the shave.

If you can't have a personal word with our Service Expert, however, try this suggestion tomorrow morning.

Hold the razor naturally and easily, and tilt the handle so you can just feel the blade engage the beard.

(Here's where some men make a mistake. They tilt the handle up or down too much and make a scraper of a Gillette, instead of a razor.)

Keep the edge of the blade as nearly flat against the skin as you possibly can. Then shave with short, slanting strokes.

MOST men get the best results by screwing the blade tight down to the guard. But if you want an extra-close shave, just unscrew the handle a part turn to loosen the edge a trifle from the guard.

Millions of men, who have caught this knack, know the real "range" of the Gillette.

Wherever men go, the Gillette goes with them—and No Stopping, No Honing. They need it in their business—no matter what that business may be.

The Meaning of Gillette Service

The Gillette Service Experts and all Gillette dealers want to be of service to every Gillette user.

They will show you that little knack of the Gillette Shave—how to prepare the face for shaving; the correct angle stroke; the adjustment for a light or a close shave.

Bring in your Gillette, have it looked over. It may be damaged, bent, out of alignment—they may make some valuable suggestions as to how to put your razor in shape free of charge.

Try this when you shave tomorrow morning. Lather the beard thoroughly and rub well in—that's essential with any shave.

Put in a new blade and screw the handle down tight. Then if you want a specially close shave, unscrew the handle a part turn.

Hold the razor naturally and easily, and tilt the handle so you can just feel the blade engage the beard.

(Here's where some men make a mistake. They tilt the handle up or down too much and make a scraper of a Gillette instead of a razor.)

Then shave with short, slanting strokes. It doesn't require any brute force to shave with a Gillette—the razor does the work.

Keep the edge of the blade as nearly flat against the skin as you can. Any man will catch the knack of using his Gillette in one or two shaves so he won't feel the slightest pull. In fact, when the Gillette is properly used the beard slips off without your knowing it.

The all-important thing is to lather well, and to hold the razor easily, with the handle tilted so the blade just engages the beard.




GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Come talk with the Gillette Service Experts. You will find them in the stores of the following Gillette dealers on the specified dates:

- June 24 to 29—SHERMAN & McCONNELL DRUG CO., 16th & Harney Sts.
- June 24 to 29—MILTON ROGERS & SONS CO., 1515 Harney St.
- June 24 to 29—TOWNSEND GUN COMPANY, 1514 Farnam St.
- June 24 to 29—C. B. BROWN COMPANY, 16th and Farnam Sts.