

CREIGHTON MAN SLAIN IN ACTION ON FRENCH FIELD

Lieut. John Rosenwald, Former Foot Ball Star, Member Army Medical Corps, Among Casualties.

The first Creighton university man has sacrificed his life for his country in France. He is Lieutenant John Rosenwald of Minneapolis, reported killed in action on the American battle front.

Lieutenant Rosenwald was a graduate of the medical college of Creighton university in the class of 1910. He came to Creighton in the fall of 1909, an advanced student owing to three years of previous study at the University of Minnesota, and he was given his degree in one year.

At Minnesota Rosenwald was a foot ball player of nation-wide prominence. He played right guard on the famous Gopher eleven of 1908, the team captained by Orren Safford, and of which the celebrated Johnny McGovern was a member. That was the eleven which defeated every team in sight except Nebraska. The Cornhuskers held the sensational Gophers to a scoreless tie.

Rosenwald was one of the individual stars of the team and vied with Johnny McGovern for first honors. Western foot ball experts have called Rosenwald the greatest guard the west ever saw, and some have gone so far as to say that he should be given a place on the all-American team.

Lieutenant Rosenwald was born in Mankato, Minn., 34 years ago. Following his graduation at Creighton he practiced medicine in Mankato and Minneapolis. Soon after the war started he enlisted, earned a commission and went to France. A short time ago he was decorated with the French war cross for heroic action in battle. He is survived by a widow, who resides in Minneapolis.

Fort Crook Lieutenant Dies After Illness of One Week

Lieutenant John R. Pieper, 31 years old, died at Fort Crook Monday night following a week's illness. Death was caused by rheumatic fever. He was an officer in the quartermaster's corp of the 20th company, 41st infantry. His home is in Sioux City, Ia., and the body will be taken there for burial. He is survived by his father, two brothers and a sister. The young officer received his commission at the first officers' training camp at Fort Snelling.

Joe Eaton Enlists in Navy To Be Hospital Apprentice

Joe Eaton, 19-year-old stepson of John Gamble, president of the Standard Chemical Manufacturing company, and who has been city salesman for Bruce & Co., wholesale druggists, enlisted in the navy Monday as hospital apprentice. Mrs. Gamble now has two sons in the navy. Cedric Eaton, who enlisted a year ago, was recently promoted to ensign in the navy.

SHELLPROOF MACK

A Common Soldier's Recital of Thrilling Adventures in the Terrific Struggle for World Democracy

By ARTHUR JAMES M'KAY. (Copyright, 1918, by Small, Maynard & Co., Inc.)

Arthur James McKay, "Shellproof Mack," American citizen, enlisted in one of the English hantam regiments after the sinking of the Lusitania and the failure of the United States to declare war immediately.

After various experiences he reached the front and was wounded four different times and gassed once. After receiving his first wound Mack applied for his discharge on grounds of being an American citizen, but lost up his application when an officer explained the need for his presence.

On Christmas, 1917, Mack told his fellow soldiers of the previous Christmas in the trenches and faithfully predicted the program which Fritz would put up for their edification.

As the battle of Meuseless Ridge approached Mack told of the gigantic preparations for the blowing up of Hill 60 and following the fearful explosion of 1,000,000 pounds of ammonite and his mates go over the top for the attack on the enemy. The tanks expected to assist in the attack failed to put in an appearance.

After a considerable wait Mack and his batt started over the top and through galling machine gun and rifle fire they finally reached the German trenches. When told that the casualties had been comparatively light, Mack asked a sergeant what he meant by that statement, and was told that the losses totaled about 20 per cent of the men who went over in the charge.

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.) We had still 800 yards to go to make our objective and we soon were ordered out to start again. This time we got a shell-fire that was worse than anything else I saw over there. At least half a dozen shells struck so close to me that I was staggered by the shock and yet wasn't scratched. Men seemed to be going down by scores. Two more officers fell, leaving the company in command of a second lieutenant. Still we kept on and soon found ourselves approaching the White Chateau.

The White Chateau was a country place surrounded by a little park, which still had some of the trees standing. The house was a big one painted white and over it flew the Red Cross flag. In rehearsals we had been told that this place was a Red Cross station and that were to let it strictly alone. A detail from the last wave was to take it over and guard it. As we came up to the chateau we split and were going by on each side when the house began to belch machine gun fire.

How anybody managed to live through that fire I don't know. It was at short range and there was a lot of guns. Right here we disobeyed orders. We didn't pass the chateau as we had the wood back by the canal. Not we. Led by the little officer man, who was a gallant lad, we turned as one man and made for the chateau. We charged without orders right up through the remains of the little park and up to the house, and began heaving bombs through the windows.

I came up on one side along with six or seven other chaps. I remember chucking two bombs through a window, and when the explosions came off, another window, which had been closed and unbroken before, heaved out and came away from the casement

bodily. Then a sergeant yelled to let up on the bombs and hollered: "Now, then, up, with you two little fellers. Pitch 'em in, lads." The men grabbed me and one other and heaved us up and into the window. With my hundred pounds weight and a boost by a pair of big huskies, I simply floated up and lit on the broad window sill.

The inside of the room I landed in was a mess. There was a machine gun upset near the window and a lot of bodies all about. I stood there staring through the smoke for a minute, and then stepped into the room carefully and easy, right up on my toes, with the rifle poised all ready to stick the trusty little old pin into anything that moved. A Hun over there in the corner rolled over and held up a good arm and slobbered out, Mercy, kamarrad.

Then I yelled, "Come out of that. Come out, ye blankety blank Boches." I cursed real cordial for a minute or so, and then a door opened slowly and out sneaked three Germans, whining "Kamarad," with their hands up.

Well, we cleaned that chateau. They

didn't make a tap of resistance after we got inside, and we harvested forty-off men and four or five officers. The officers were all in the cellar and they had a perfect telephone system to other parts of the line. Upstairs in the tower there was a regimental sergeant-major, with telephones leading down from his lookout to the cellar. There were two huge red crosses painted on the white roof to keep off the airplanes, and the cross was painted on all four sides of the house. There cannot be any doubt that the Huns had used this place for observation under the protection of the Red Cross for a long time. There was nothing about the chateau to show that it had ever been used for a hospital. It was a clear case of treachery and the use of the Red Cross for a military blind. We left 100 dead in the chateau besides the prisoners, but their loss couldn't have been a tenth part of what they had inflicted on us through their dirty work. It's this kind of thing that will win the war for the Hun—if the rest of the world lets him win. If he does win, here's one American citizen and believer in world democracy that will go away to the headwaters of the Amazon or some such place and bury himself in the jungle to associate with the decent beasts.

After cleaning out the chateau we might have passed there without an-

ger, as the German batteries evidently had orders not to shell the place and nothing was coming within 100 yards. They had the range perfect, as was shown by the way the shells fell all around the chateau and didn't land on it. Well, we couldn't stop there, as we had to make our objective, which was still about 300 yards distant. So we got out and went for it. Half that distance was under heavy shell fire. I made it in approximately 30 seconds. Nobody timed me, but I am confident that I broke all records for the 300 yards, either professional or amateur.

I fell into the trench and sat on the fire-step puffing at the old pipe like a steam engine. She was out, but that didn't make any difference. Somebody ran up and said: "Mack, you're hit. Get that tunic off."

I looked and found that I was covered with blood all down the left side. I began to get faint and imagined that my shoulder pained me. After a while I peeled out of the jacket slow and easy, and there wasn't a scratch on me. I never did know where that blood came from.

After a short rest we all turned to and began to consolidate the trench and to turn it around. The traverses were in good shape and wide, and about all we had to do was to transfer the sandbags and put in a new fire-step. The shell and machine gun fire

was still heavy and there were scores of airplanes flying very low. Some came down so near that we waved to the pilots and yelled to them and they answered.

After we had the trench tidied up we had breakfast. We were all as hungry as wolves. I had a tin of cold bully beef and a chunk of rooty—that's trench lingo for bread—and found an onion smuggled down in the corner of the haversack, and believe me, that meal tasted good.

We had to stand to all day for the expected counter attack, but it didn't come. Along around dusk a funny stunt came off and I had the pleasure of seeing the only German I was ever sorry for. We were well consolidated and were keeping a sharp lookout over the parapet when suddenly out of a shell hole about 20 yards in front there jumped a German soldier, who started to leg it for the German lines. He had a small sandbag over his shoulder. Our one officer shouted to the fellow to stop, but he kept going and about 20 of us cut loose at him. He went down in a heap, and still hanging onto his precious sack, crawled into a shallow shell hole. The lieutenant was a good deal worried about the bag and rather thought that it must contain papers of some kind.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Here's A Gentle Laxative For Elderly People

A daily free movement of the bowels becomes a serious problem as you step from middle-life into old age, and much dependence can no longer be placed on nature herself. The bowels find artificial aid necessary.

The stronger the physic, as old people soon learn, the greater the contraction of the bowels thereafter, and so the wise purposely avoid salt waters, pills and other harsh purgatives. Many have learned to place absolute reliance on the gentle but positive action of a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin sold by druggists under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.

It produces an agreeable movement as nearly natural and free as high pharmaceutical skill can make it. Thousands use it regularly, in the small dose prescribed, and keep themselves in fine health and good cheer, and entirely free from constipation.

The druggist will refund your money if it fails to do as promised.

NO INCREASE
In spite of enormous increased laboratory costs due to the War the manufacturers of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin are sacrificing their profits and absorbing the war taxes, so that this family laxative may remain at the pre-war price of 50c and \$1 a large bottle. So sold by druggists for 26 years.

FREE SAMPLES—Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the largest selling liquid laxative in America. If you have never used it, send your address for a free trial bottle to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 468 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. If you have babies in the family send for a copy of "The Care of the Baby."

Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN
The Perfect Laxative

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Store Hours: 8:30 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Tuesday, May 7, 1918 STORE NEWS FOR WEDNESDAY Phone D. 137

We Feature for Wednesday

A Wonderful Sale of NEW SILK DRESSES

Involving the Newest Style Ideas at Prices That Are Less Than the Cost of Material Alone

at \$10.95 and \$12.95

IN THE DOWN STAIRS STORE

"WEAR SILK" says the government, in order to conserve woolen and cotton material, which is so much in demand.

There isn't a woman in Omaha that can afford to miss this sale of dresses we feature Wednesday. They are the latest models introducing all the little style features that make them so distinctive and individual.

The Materials Are: Taffetas, Silk Ginghams, Foulards, Messaline, Pongee.

The Colors Are: Navy, Black, Grey, Brown, Tan and Fancy Stripe.

We have placed the entire assortment in two groups and priced them at \$10.95 and \$12.95. You can't judge the value of these dresses until you have seen them yourself. They will be placed on sale Wednesday in the Down Stairs Store. Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Tuesday, May 7, 1918 STORE NEWS FOR WEDNESDAY. Phone Douglas 137.

An Unusual Offering of SILK ENVELOPE CHEMISE at \$1.49

BEAUTIFUL and dainty silk underwear is the delight of all women and these chemise we offer Wednesday, made of washable satin stripe silk are so attractive and such splendid values that you will want to buy by the number when you see them. They are daintily trimmed with lace yoke back and front, finished with satin ribbon; flesh only. Sizes 34 to 44. Very special, at \$1.49.

Silk Vest Camisoles 95c

Made of a heavy quality jersey silk, French finish. Flesh color only. These are extreme values at 95c each.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Second Floor.

ODD Lots of Infants' Vests, 35c and 65c

The assortment consists of discontinued models, broken sizes and odd and ends of Vanta, Ruben and Carter makes.

Wool, wool and cotton and wool and silk. Sizes 3 to 6.

Put in two groups and priced at 35c and 65c.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Second Floor.

Men's Athletic Union Suits, Specially Priced, \$1.00 Suit

RECENTLY we received a shipment of men's athletic union suits. Pin check nainsook and large barred nainsook, some made of crystal cloth; knee length, no sleeves. Just the garment for the season now coming on. Buy 1/2 dozen suits or more, according to your requirements at 1/4 to 1/2 the price of regular goods bought in the regular way.

Price \$1.00 the suit.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Main Floor

Girls' Coat Style Middies 49c

Made with long or short sleeves, sailor collar, trimmed with checked, striped or plain colored material. Sizes 4 to 16; priced special, at 49c.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store

Dresses for Little Tots 59c

Bright plaid and plain colored gingham and chambray. Collar, belt, cuffs and pockets trimmed on contrasting materials. 1 to 6 years. Limited quantity to each person.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store

Childrens' Beach Overalls 29c

A very special offering for Wednesday only. Made of striped gingham or plain chambray. Sizes 1 to 8 years. No phone or mail orders and no deliveries. Limited number to customer.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store

Illinois Three-Door Side Icing Refrigerators, \$19.50

OUTSIDE case made of ash lumber, heavily varnished, food chamber is white enamel, patent trap, ice capacity 60 lbs. Special, \$19.50.

Illinois top icing type refrigerators, made of ash, ice capacity 45 lbs., galvanized lined food chambers, two wire shelves, at \$11.95. With white enameled food chamber, \$14.95.

Automatic Refrigerators

Made of heavy ash lumber, coated with water-proof varnish. Food chambers are all white enameled and have three tinned wire shelves. Ice chamber has all-metal ice rack and automatic trap.

We are showing a line of Jewett Solid Porcelain Refrigerators from \$270 to \$340.

75 lbs. capacity, at \$37.50
100 lbs. capacity, at \$42.50

Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store