

# CITY HALL LINEUP IS AGREED UPON BY THE NEW MEN

Smith, Mayor; Ure, Finance; Ringer, Police, and Towl, Improvements, is Arrangement.

Ed. P. Smith, mayor and superintendent of department of public affairs.

W. G. Ure, superintendent of department of accounts and finance.

J. Dean Ringer, superintendent of department of police, sanitation and public safety.

Roy N. Towl, superintendent of department of public improvements.

The foregoing arrangement has practically been settled between the four commissioners-elect mentioned, although no official statement has been made and a complete and final agreement will not be reached until after the new city council meets next Monday morning.

**Canvass of Situation.**  
A canvass of the situation leaves little doubt that the four departments referred to will be assigned as outlined.

Mr. Smith would not commit himself, saying that this was a hard-and-fast agreement, but he inferentially affirmed that he would be made mayor, and Ure, Ringer and Towl will have charge of the departments as above shown.

This would leave the fire, park and streets departments between Harry B. Zimman, Thomas Falconer and Dan B. Butler.

Mr. Smith gave an interview as mayor-elect. "It is safe to say that every man subject to the mayor's appointment will be changed, not that all of them are necessarily incompetent, but I believe the people desire that there should be a change," he said.

**Voted for "Housecleaning"**  
"The city voted for a housecleaning and we are going to have men who are in thorough sympathy with my administration. The legal department will be reduced from six to four attorneys. I am confident that four men can do the work. It is proposed to have the city attorney defend lawsuits against the city and he should be a high-grade man. It is also proposed to have a confidential legal advisor for the city council whom you might refer to as corporation counsel."

"We will have some big problems coming up, such as the gas plant, and the council should have the best advice on these matters. The two prosecutors in the police court should be able to devote some of their time to the legal department office, such as obtaining information in connection with suits filed against the city."

"I am going to Lincoln Saturday to learn when the street railway's 6-cent fare case will be heard before the State Railway commission and I will urge that the city shall intervene and resist the application filed by Mr. Wattles. A high-grade man will be required to defend the city in this case."

**Probable "As" Victims.**  
Mr. Smith stated that Health Commissioner Conwell, Gas Commissioner Butler and City Clerk O'Connor are among those who will be replaced.

The present personnel of the appointive officers within the jurisdiction of the mayor's department, known as "public affairs," most of whom will have to go, follows:  
Legal Department—John A. Rine, W. C. Lambert, H. B. Fiehart, L. J. TePoel, T. J. McGuire and Fred Anshuser

City Clerk—T. J. O'Connor.  
Gas Commissioner—J. P. Butler.  
City Abstracter—Wood Hartley.  
Clerks of Police Courts—John Murrell and Perry Wheeler.

License Inspector—Anton Hoffmann.  
Marketmaster—John Killian.  
Weights and Measures—Amos Serugga.  
City Hall Superintendent—Emil Wahlstrom.

**Agreeable to Ure.**  
Mr. Ure stated that the proposed arrangement of Smith for mayor and himself for superintendent of accounts and finances, with Ringer for police department, and Towl for public improvements, was agreeable. He stated that was the logical solution and added that he wished to lend himself to a logical and agreeable arrangement.

Mr. Zimman said: "I am willing to get together with the other commissioners-elect and discuss the problem of assigning the departments on the bases of qualifications. I do not care to state at this time just what my preference may be."

Mr. Butler conferred with the head of the Falconer organization. Butler gave this statement:  
**Would Retain Department.**

"I take it that the vote I received was an endorsement of my administration as superintendent of the department of accounts and finance. I owe it to my staff, as much as to myself, to retain this department. Naturally I will vote for the man for mayor who will help me attain my end. I owe nothing to any of the successful candidates in the way of helping make the mayor."

Some of Butler's democratic "friends" have him slated for superintendent of the department of street cleaning and maintenance and are even trying to help him into that berth. Other wise men of the east or west have Zimman slated for the fire department and Falconer for parks and boulevards. As matters now stand at "allied" headquarters, Zimman may have fire, parks or street department, according to his inclination.

Henry F. Wolf, only defeated candidate on the "allied" ticket, will be cared for by the new administration. He will have a place in the city building department, as his experience has been along building lines.

**Man Held Up and Robbed of Diamond Ring and Watch**  
Stanley Dillon, 522 North Twenty-third street, was held up at the point of a gun and robbed of a \$60 diamond ring and a gold watch at Twenty-fourth and Cass streets about 12 o'clock Wednesday night.

# SHELLPROOF MACK

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

By ARTHUR JAMES M'KAY.  
(Copyright, 1914, by Small, Maynard & Co., Inc.)

Arthur James McKay, who won the soubriquet of "Shellproof Mack" when he joined a British regiment after the sinking of the Lusitania and when the United States had failed to declare war immediately, reached the front and was wounded several times and gassed once.

He withdrew an application for discharge, account of being an American citizen, when told of his need by the English. The gigantic battle of Messines Ridge was related by Mack in connection with the plan to blow up Hill 60. Mack and comrades go over the top when 1,000,000 pounds of ammonium are exploded. They reach the enemy trenches through a heavy machine and rifle fire. The British casualties were 50 per cent of them men when they went over.

The Tommies were passing a large white chateau with Red Cross signs painted on roof and sides, indicating a hospital, when they face a tremendous gunfire. They storm the treacherous chateau and capture the Germans therein concealed.

Mack relates the severe discipline of the English army and refers to an instance when a man faced the firing squad because he refused to divulge identity of comrades who aided him in getting away to visit his family.

### CHAPTER XIII. Hollebeke. (Continued.)

It was interesting to look over the surrounding country that day from the shell holes. This was the same ground that we had fought over on the 7th of June. When we had last passed over it, shot and shell had been falling thick and fast and most of us had never expected to pass that way again. It looked different now. During our little rest to the rear the engineers had been busy and roads had been constructed and reconstructed. On any advance the bringing up of good roads is of the utmost importance, as supplies and ammo and the big guns have to be got up immediately or it is impossible to hold against counter-attacks.

We could see the White Chateau away off there in front and to the right—the place where we had cleaned out the treacherous Hun from his hiding place behind the Red Cross flag. A wide and very good road led up to the chateau. The remains of an old German light railroad led away from where we were to this new road. Just after sundown we started for the front, following this old rail and eventually hitting the main road. It was bright moonlight. Things were comparatively quiet all along the line. On the way up we passed several fatigued cleaning up, and several carrying parties going out after grub or ammo.

They told us that Fritz had been very meek for some days and that it was nearly time for a savage counter-attack. In fact, such an attack was expected into a jam like that! We had been in the thick at Messines and here we were coming back to take the punishment on the counter.

"It's good we've got a navy," says one fellow.

"Wot 'th' blinkin' 'ell's the use," says somebody else. "We got to fight the whole bloomin' war, that's plain." And then someone struck "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." An officer stopped that, and the rest of the trip we just groused under our breaths.

Not a shell came over until we were nearly up to the chateau. Then at Oak Dump they came, good and plenty. The first one burst near me and killed two men who were elbow to elbow with me. We tried to get into artillery formation and scattered. Shortly we were all over the place and had lost touch with all our officers. But nearly all of us knew the way up to the front, and all through the night we struggled in by threes and fours.

The front line was in the town of Hollebeke. This had been a considerable place before the war, but it had been battered into powder. No semblance of a wall was standing. Even the cellars had been filled in and leveled off with fine crushed debris. It was possible to make out the outlines of the streets and some of the larger buildings, but that was all. Hollebeke, when we found it, was a name—a signboard.

The trench was a good one, new and dry. For a bloomin' wonder

someone had done a good job of trench building. There was no parapet of sandbags, but the ditch was deep and well drained and the fire step was solid and at the right height.

There was the customary lack of dugouts—nothing you could really call more than a head-and-shoulder shelter.

The rumor went around that first night that there was almost certain to be a German counter-attack within a few hours. There was some reason for expecting this, for, although Fritz had been somewhat tame, he had a victory to his credit that heartened him a lot.

It had happened in this way. During the time that our batt was out resting the British had tried an attack in front of Hollebeke that had been a complete washout. Not only had it been a failure, but it had been terribly costly.

The Germans seemed to know every move that our troops were about to make, their objectives, the number to come to each point, and so on; and they had met the British at every point with perfect preparation.

The reason for this was disclosed to the men officially—that is, each batt was paraded and a statement was read as issued from headquarters. This was it:

Two days before the attack a sergeant named Phillips from a Welsh regiment had been taken prisoner by the Germans. When the attack came off a German officer was taken prisoner, and on him were found documents giving every detail of the proposed attack and the statement that the information had been furnished by the man Phillips who had disappeared. Now it was not known whether or not Phillips was a deserter or whether he had given up the information under torture, or what. It was enough that he had given the information. And the story was read out to us as a warning.

I do not mention this occurrence to give the impression that it was a common thing for inside plans to be betrayed by men in our ranks. It was not. As a rule a British soldier will suffer the worst kind of third degree before he will give up. It simply shows how easy it is for a man to ruin the plans of his superiors and play into the hands of the enemy.

It can readily be seen what a disastrous thing it might turn out to have alien enemies in our army. I personally believe that in a great nation like ours, which is really a conglomeration of many nationalities, we should examine very carefully the record, the ancestry and the sympathies of every soldier, high and low.

Our first night up at Hollebeke we were under a heavy bombardment which continued through the next day. Our casualties were quite heavy. It was clear that the attack might come off at any minute, and all hands had to stand to all the time. We had to keep a sharp lookout all the time for gas, too, and the officers were watching the wind every moment. In preparation for the attack an extra large number of machine guns had been brought up and were emplaced both on the parapets of the front trench and in the supports. The artillery to the rear had the range marked down and were ready for the signal to begin to pepper Fritz when he started to come over.

We felt sure enough that we could stop him, but the waiting, humped up on the fire step under the parapet, was wearing. Along about half past four the bombardment increased to a terrible fury and held so for half an hour; then the shells began dropping to the rear and in the supports and we saw the Germans coming over.

It really was a magnificent sight. They were Bavarians, big, husky, heavy-lidded, and they came in mass formation, four deep. Our rockets went up and before they were well on their way we were dropping shells into them and over them. They came forward in a great gray wave at a double, heads down, rifles at the hip. We cut loose with a hellish machine gun fire and every man was on the fire step, going through the "mad minute"—that is, a rapid fire of all the cartridges your rifle will hold; and some of the men were so excited that they jumped up on the parapet yelling.

"Come on, you blighters, come on!" They came. We had no wire up and it looked as though they might come right on through. But the shell fire got them early. Great gaps opened up in the close-packed line. These filled and they came on again.

The machines ripped into them and laid out windows of dead.

Our officers walked up and down the crowd trench—we had every available man on the fire step—calling: "Stick to it, boys! Hold 'em and give 'em hell!"

I think that as the Fritzies came nearer we almost wished that some of them would get to us. The strain of waiting and watching that advance

was so great that a fight hand-to-hand would be a relief. Very few got to us. Their lines were so broken when they were nearly up to us that the greater part of those still on their feet either turned and ran or dropped into shell holes.

The few that did reach us were smothered as soon as they dropped into the trench. The men jumped on them like terriers on a rat and hacked them to pieces. The only damage they did was with the few bombs they managed to lob over just before they got to us.

When the attack was over the ground out in front was strewn thick with the dead and wounded. From

then up to dark we amused ourselves picking off anything that moved. Our own casualties for the day were 86.

During the next five days we had to stop six of these attacks. Twice they got into our trench and there was some brisk hand-to-hand fighting. Personally, I was fortunate enough to avoid this. I hated the bayonet then, as always, and had no relish whatever for mixing it with a Bavarian weighing two or three hundred pounds.

On the whole we held them better than we had any right to expect during those five days; for they did sure

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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# MRS. CORA SCOTT LOST 60 POUNDS IN YEAR'S TIME

Troubles Disappear After Taking Tanlac and She's Regaining Weight.

The remarkable results being obtained from Tanlac by the people of Omaha and vicinity is further evidenced in the case of Mrs. Cora Scott, who resides at 3002 Lindsey avenue. Mrs. Scott called at the Sherman & McConnell Drug company's store, Sixteenth and Dodge streets, recently, for her fourth bottle of the medicine and said:

"I tell you most anybody who gets the wonderful relief I have will praise the medicine that did it. Before I took Tanlac I was suffering from a number of ailments and was up all hours of the night, so nervous and miserable I couldn't sleep. My stomach was all out of order and my appetite was so poor that I couldn't eat more than two meals a week. I couldn't digest anything properly and suffered more or less all the time with indigestion. I was badly constipated and had dizzy spells and awful headaches. I also suffered from catarrh of the head and had rheumatism in both legs and the upper part of both arms, which was very painful. I had been in this condition for almost a year and the way I fell off in weight was alarming. I lost 60 pounds—going down from 185 pounds to 125—and while I had too much will power to give up, it was all I could do to drag around and do my work. And tired as I was at night, I couldn't get any sound sleep and always got up in the mornings feeling even worse than when I lay down.

"I spent so much money for medicines of different kinds without getting any benefit that I had begun to think nothing could help me. But pretty soon after I commenced taking Tanlac I found I was mistaken, for I began feeling better with my first few doses. My appetite is fine now and my stomach has improved until I can eat anything I want and never feel a sign of indigestion. My strength has increased until I can work from morning till night and then go to bed and sleep all night like a child. The catarrh has left me entirely and the rheumatism is so much better that I hardly notice it any more. I am now regaining my lost weight and am a real booster for Tanlac because it has done so much for me."

Tanlac is sold in Omaha by Sherman & McConnell Drug Company, corner 16th and Dodge streets; Owl Drug Co., 16th and Harney streets; Harvard Pharmacy, 24th and Farnam streets; Northeast corner 19th and Farnam streets, and West End Pharmacy, 49th and Dodge streets, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative.—Adv.

## DOCTOR GIVES RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR

Well Known New York Physician Gives Recipe for a Home-Made Gray Hair Remedy.

A. L. Paulson, M. D., who has practiced medicine in New York City for many years, gave out the following recipe for home-made gray hair remedy: "Gray, streaked or faded hair can be immediately turned black, brown or light brown, whichever shade you desire, by the following simple remedy that you can make at home:

"Merely get a small box of Orlex powder at any drug store. It costs only 25 cents and no extras to buy. Dissolve it in one ounce of water and comb it through the hair. Full directions for use come in each box.

"You need not hesitate to use Orlex as a \$100.00 gold bond comes in each box guaranteeing the user that Orlex does not contain silver, lead, zinc, sulphur, mercury, aniline, coal-tar products or their derivatives.

"It does not rub off, is not sticky or greasy and leaves the hair fluffy. It will make a gray-haired person look twenty years younger.—Adv.

## A Simple Way to Remove Dandruff

There is one sure way that has never failed to remove dandruff at once, and that is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, common liquid arvon from any drug store (this is all you will need), apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning most if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.—Adv.

## This Fire-Fighter Says This

"I have used several packages of Cadomene Tablets and found them very beneficial, and have recommended them to several members of the fire department, who also speak well of the results. Most respectfully,

"LOUIS J. EAGLE,  
"Fire Marshal, Lansdowne, Pa."

For nervous, weak, impoverished men and women there is nothing so good to build up as Cadomene Tablets. Sold in sealed tubes by all druggists.—Adv.

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