

BAND CONCERTS FEATURE SECOND WAR FUND DRIVE

Message From No Man's Land
Heard in Open Air; Pro-
claimed in Pulpits on Eve
of Campaign.

(Continued From Page One.)

the American people, few realized the magnitude of its undertaking.

In a nutshell, last year's Red Cross activities included the expenditure of \$30,936,103 in war-ravaged France, \$2,086,131 in down-trodden Belgium, \$4,588,826 in Italy, \$1,206,906 in Russia, \$2,676,368 in Roumania, \$894,580 in Serbia, \$3,260,230 in Great Britain, \$4,476,300 for other foreign relief work, and \$9,723,123 for American relief overseas and in Belgium.

Not a Membership Campaign.

The Douglas county campaign is not a membership drive—it is a voluntary gift affair, an opportunity to demonstrate the generosity, as never before, of American people in America.

Three-fourths of the \$200,000 raised here will be devoted to the war fund of the American Red Cross in its first and supreme object—the care of our own men in the army and navy.

Twenty-five per cent will stay in Douglas county for the maintenance of Red Cross activities here.

One feature about the giving—when you give \$100 to the Red Cross, that amount actually means \$102. Two per cent interest is added from the bank deposits.

In various churches yesterday, girls passed Red Cross envelopes to members of the congregation as a part of the morning program.

The amount collected will be turned in the coming week to swell the fund underway.

In Riverview Park.

Exercises in the parks were opened with patriotic music by volunteer musicians of Omaha—members of the union who contributed their talent to boost the movement in their home city.

O. Cunningham presided in Riverview park. The speaker was Senator Norris Brown. The Fort Crook 41st infantry band played here.

"In this war the American army is the whole American people," the senator said. "Some of the army is in uniform, either in France or on the way. The rest of the army is at home, not in uniform. But every American citizen is an American soldier."

"We can no more escape the burdens that belong to us in this war than can the soldier in France escape the dangers that confront him."

The soldier at the front who dares to fight, to suffer and to die for us—he has the right to know that everything we possess is dedicated to his service. If the soldier in uniform fails to do his duty, a courtmartial decree condemns him. If we fail in our duty, a courtmartial decree should condemn us.

That the Red Cross in its merciful ministrations is a figure of the charity that Christ preached on earth was the declaration of W. F. Gurley in an open air address in Hanscom park.

"The Red Cross is as broad in its ministrations and broader in its administration than any other organization—it has no creed except that of service, no theology except that of tenderness, no law except that of love."

In those simple words of Massfield—"Help the Red Cross and you comfort a broken man"—are epitomized all that Christ lived for, all that He died for.

Introduced by Mr. Fraser, Chairman W. C. Fraser, in introducing Mr. Gurley, referred to the Red Cross as the greatest humanitarian organization in existence today.

"The Red Cross is everywhere," he said, "and we need no fear that one cent of money raised will be spent for charitable and humanitarian purposes, even though the war end tomorrow."

The exercises in Miller park were under the chairmanship of Yale C. Holland.

"The greatest activity in connection with the world war," said the speaker in Miller park, A. S. Ritchie, "is the Red Cross. I think we may also say, truthfully, that it is the only service performed in war whose consideration can give any satisfaction, any pleasure."

It seeks to rebuild where the war has devastated. It seeks to stop the blood flowing from the wounds of war. It bathes those wounds and dresses them up, and it is present when death calls the soldier, to render to him the comfort and consolation which only religion can give.

An Opportunity for Omaha.

Chairman Holland asserted that the best a soldier can hope for in this war is that he have a chance to come back and start life over again.

"It is asking too much that they be permitted and assisted to make the new start with a sound body, or a body as nearly sound and free from the ravages of wounds and disease as the best care and nursing that money can buy will accomplish? I think not."

Some people lay up treasurers in Heaven; others rent safety deposit boxes, but the wise let the Red Cross act as their investment agent, according to J. J. Boucher, who spoke in Kountze park.

The boys who fight have every right to look to us to pay; they bear the brunt, so do your part—Subscribe to the Red Cross today."

Mr. Boucher's Admonition.

With this introductory rhyme, Mr. Boucher told the hundreds in the park to "give to the Knights of Columbus, to the Young Men's Christian association, and buy Liberty bonds and War Savings stamps until your purse and then subscribe to the Red Cross until it quits hurting."

the American people, few realized the magnitude of its undertaking.

Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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neighbors. What of the German navy? Was it out? Were there scattered ships and there, that might swoop down upon Australia's shores and bring death and destruction with them?

But even before we sailed, next day, I could see that order was coming out of that chaos. Everywhere recruiting offices were opening, and men were flocking to them. No one dreamed, really, of a long war—though John laughed, sadly, when someone said it would be over in four months. But these Australians took no chances; they would offer themselves first, and let it be decided later whether they were needed.

So we sailed away. And when I took John's hand, and kissed him good-bye, I saw him for the last time in his civilian clothes.

"Well, son," I said, "you're going home to be a soldier, a fighting soldier. You will soon be commanding men. Remember that you can never ask a man to do something you would not dare to do yourself!"

And oh, the braw look in the eyes of the bonnie laddie as he tilted his chin up to me from his making a home port. They had their choice, most of them, between being interned in some neutral port and setting out to do as much mischief as they could to British commerce before they were caught. Caught they were sure to be. They must have known it. And some there were to brave to issue and match themselves against England's great naval power.

Perhaps they knew that few ports would long be neutral! Maybe they knew of the abominable war the Hun was to wage. But I think it was not such men as those who chose to take their own chances in a thousand miles were sent out, later, in their submarines, to send women and babies to their deaths with their torpedoes!

Be that as it may, we sailed away from Melbourne. But it was in Sydney harbor that we anchored next—not in Wellington, as we, on the ship, all thought it would be! And the reason was that the navy, getting word that the German cruiser Emden was loose and raiding, had ordered our captain to hug the shore, and to put in at Sydney until he was told it was safe to proceed.

We were not much delayed, and came to Wellington safely. New Zealand was all ablaze with the war spirit. There was no hesitation there. The New Zealand troops were mobilizing when we arrived, and every recruiting office was besieged with men. Splendid laddies they were, who looked as if they would give a great account of themselves. As they did—as they did. Their deeds at Gallipoli speak for them and will forever speak for them—the men of Australia and New Zealand.

There the word Anzac was made—made from the first letters of these words: Australian, New Zealand army corps. It is a word that will never die.

Even in the midst of war they had time to give me a welcome that warmed my heart. And there were pipers with them, too, skirling a tune as I stepped ashore. There were tears in my eyes again, as there had been at Sydney. Every laddie in uniform made me think of my own boy, well off, by now, on his way home to Britain and the duty that had called him.

They were gathering, all over the empire, those of British blood. They were answering the call old Britain had sent across the seven seas to the far corners of the earth. Even as the Scottish clans gathering now. It was a great thing to see that in the beginning; it has comforted me many a time since, in a black hour, when news was bad and the Hun was thundering at the line that was so thinly held in France.

Here were free peoples, not held, not bound, free to choose their way. Britain could not make their sons come to her aid. If they came they must come freely, joyously, knowing that it was a right cause, a holy cause, a good cause, that called them. I think of the way they came—the way I saw them rising to the summons, in New Zealand, in Australia, later in Canada, Aye, and I saw more—I saw Americans slipping across the border, putting on Britain's khaki there in Canada, because they knew that it was the fight of humanity, of freedom, that they were entering. And that, too, gave me comfort later in dark times, for it made me know that when the right time came America would take her place beside old Britain and brave France.

New Zealand is a bonnie land. It made me think, sometimes, of the Highlands of Scotland. A bonnie land, and here are its people! They made me happy there, and they made much of me.

At Christchurch they did a strange thing. They were selling off, at auction, a Union Jack—the flag of Britain. Such a thing had never been done before, or thought of. But here was a reason and a good one. Money was needed for all sorts of things. To buy them small comforts, and tobacco, and such things as the government might not be supplying them. And so they asked me to be their auctioneer.

I played a fine trick upon them there in Christchurch. But I was not ashamed of myself, and I think they have gorg'en me—those good bodies at Christchurch!

Here was the way of it. I was auctioneer; you ken—but that was not enough to keep me from bidding myself. And so I worked them up and on—and then I bid in the flag for myself for a hundred pounds—\$500 of American money.

I had my doots about how they'd be taking it to have a stranger carry their flag away. And so I bided a wee. I stayed that night in Christchurch, and was to stay longer. I could wait. Above you town of Christchurch stretch the Merino hills. On them graze sheep by the thousand—and it is from those sheep that the true Merino wool comes. And in the gutters of Christchurch there

Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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of her speed a day or so out, for there was smoke on the horizon that gave some anxious hours to our officers. Some thought the German raider Emden was under that smoke. And it would not have been surprising had a raider turned up in our path. For just before we sailed it had been discovered that the man in charge of the principal wireless station in New Zealand was a German, and he had been interned. Had he sent word to German warships of the plans and movements of British ships? No one could prove it, so he was only interned.

Back we went to Sydney. A great change had come since our departure. The war ruled all deed and thought. Australia was bound now to do her part. No less faithfully and splendidly than New Zealand was she engaged upon the enterprise the Hun had thrust upon the world. Everyone was eager for news, but it was woefully scarce. Those were the black, early days, when the German rush upon Paris was being stayed, after the disasters of the first fortnight of the war, at the Marne.

Everywhere, though there was no lack of determination to see the war through to a finish, no matter how remote that might be, the feeling was that this war was too huge, too vast, to last long. Exhaustion would end it. War upon the modern scale could not last. So they said—in September, 1914! So many of us believed—and this is the spring of the fourth year of the war, and the end is not yet, it not in sight, I fear.

Sydney turned out, almost as magnificently as when I had first landed upon Australian soil, to bid me farewell. And we embarked again upon that same old Sonoma that had brought us to Australia. Again I saw Papa-Papa and the natural folk, who had no need to toil nor spin to live upon the fat of the land and be aristocrats in the garments that were always up to the minute in style.

Again I saw Honolulu, and, this time, stayed longer, and gave a performance. But, though we were there longer, it was not long enough to make me yield to that temptation to cuddle one of the brown lassies! Aweel, I was not so young as I had

Back to them I gave it—and with it the money they had brought, to be added to the fund for the soldier boys. And so that one flag brought £300 sterling to the soldiers. I wonder did those folk at Christchurch think I would keep the money and make a profit on that flag?

Had it been another time I'd have stayed in New Zealand gladly a long time. It was a friendly place, and it gave us many a new friend. But home was calling me. There was more than the homebound tour that had been planned and laid out for me. I did not know how soon my boy might be going to France. And his mother and I wanted to be near him before he went, and to be as his arm as might be.

So I was glad as well as sorry to sail away from New Zealand's friendly shores, to the strains of pipers softly skirling.

"Will ye no come back again?" We sailed for Sydney on the Minnehaha, a fast boat. We were glad

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ENEMY AIRPLANE MASQUERADES AS FRENCH MACHINE

German Aviator, Decorated as Friendly Flier, Escapes American Pursuers When Rise Is Discovered.

(Continued From Page One.)

With the American Army in France, May 19.—A German airplane bearing French markings was discovered flying over the American lines northwest of Toul. American aviators tried to intercept him but he made his escape.

The incident shows what cunning and deceit American airmen have to deal with and what caution they have to display in dealing with a supposed friend.

An enemy observation balloon opposite Toul broke away late yesterday after its two occupants had parachuted from it, and it floated two kilometers inside our lines.

Our aviators were called out, but by the time they reached the locality the balloon had risen and floated back toward Germany. American airmen chased the craft 12 kilometers until it went up so high that it was impracticable to pursue it further.

for some time, has been honorably discharged, and has left for his home in Oskaloosa, Ia.

Arizona draft men will begin arriving here May 27 for the training companies under command of Major Sheppard B. Philpot of Fort Dodge, Ia. Seven thousand selects will be sent here from different states.

General J. A. Johnston, who will come here to command this division from Boston, is said to have abandoned the management of commercial estates worth much money in New England to resume army service, from which he had resigned before the war.

U. S. CASUALTY LIST CONTAINS 59 NAMES

Private Jake Levering of Maurice, Ia., Dies of Wound; Lieut. R. B. Rhett Prisoner in Germany.

Washington, May 19.—The army casualty list issued today contained 59 names, divided as follows:

Killed in action, 4; Died of wounds, 4; Died of accidents, 2; Died of disease, 3; Wounded severely, 36; Wounded slightly, 6; Missing in action, 4.

Officers named in the list were Lieutenant Jefferson D. Vincent of Buffalo, N. Y., who died of an accident, and Lieutenant Robert B. Rhett of Summerville, S. C., who previously was reported missing and is now found to be a prisoner in Germany.

The list follows: Killed in Action: Corporal Carl E. Miller, Howorth, Ill.; Cook Henry Bierzicki, Sierzicki Blumek, Russia; Privates George Devin, Philadelphia; John W. White, Woburn, Mass.

Died of Wounds: Sergeant William Bell, Jr., Atlanta, Ga.; Corporals Harold Jackson, Bryants Pond, Maine; Earl Thomas, South Charleston, O.; Private Jake Levering, Maurice, Ia.

Died of Disease: Privates Jesse Chaney, Greenville, N. C.; James J. Doonan, New York, N. Y.; Thomas L. Walker, Crews, Va. Died of Accident: Lieutenant Jefferson Davis Vincent, Buffalo, N. Y.; Private Louis W. McManus, Salem, Mass.

Wounded Severely. Sergeants—Clarence J. Callahan, New Britain, Conn.; Albert Mathon, Waterbury, Conn. Corporals—Joseph E. Donovan, New Britain, Conn.; William C. Greffus, Colvers, Pa.; Frederick E. Jackson, Dorechester, Mass.; Edward B. Leblanc, Natchez, N. H.; Earl C. Leiman, South Windsor, Conn. Mechanics—Ernest L. Bulmer, Willimantic, Conn.; Elbert L. Gregory, 1971 Broadway St., Keokuk, Ia.; Charles Harris, Medford, Conn.; Cooks—Henry Clark, Bridgeport, Conn.; Francis J. Higgins, Meriden, Conn.

Privates—Lawrence R. Batoon, Ferrysville, Conn.; Morley J. Bourgeois, Thompsonville, Conn.; John J. Burke, Meriden, Conn.; William B. Coffey, Nashua, N. H.; Stanley Russell, Bristol, Conn.; Harry G. Crisman, 377 Thirtieth street, San Francisco; Martin J. Cummings, New York; William Barker, Wallis Hall, N. Y.; Lawrence Dewey, Meriden, Conn.; Irving M. Hawkes, New Haven, Conn.; Max Herbert Hoffman, Ripon, Wis.; William Holmes, Wabeno, Wis.; Charles Berger Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Leslie L. Lane, New Haven (no state given); John B. Latour, Nashua, N. H.; Joseph L. Hart, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Theodore T. Mednan, Cambridge, Mass.; Feodos Ostapchuck, Hartford, Conn.; William H. Sargent, Manchester, Conn.; Julius Bepko, New York; John Seraphin, Hartford, Conn.; Chester Smith, Danbury, Conn.; Carroll Storey, Newport, Vt.; Edward L. Williams, Philadelphia.

Missing in Action—Master engineer senior grade George L. Mackay, Ocala, Fla. Privates—Joseph Z. Lagassey, Bristol, Conn.; William Lagassey, Bristol, Conn.; Carl H. Nilson, Plainville, Conn. Prisoner (previously missing): Lieutenant Robert B. Rhett, Summerville, S. C.; Private Louis E. Patsold, Pine City, Minn.

Good Roads Enthusiasts Meet With County Commissioners

At a good roads meeting of the county commissioners Saturday morning, reports from consulting committees of business men were read and a brief discussion of the proposed work entered into.

Committees from the Rotary club, Chamber of Commerce, Manufacturers' association and Automobile club gave their views on the question of where the \$167,000 to be expended this year, should be placed and the recommendations were taken under advisement by the commissioners.

Alumni Give Banquet

West Point, Neb., May 19.—(Special.)—The annual alumni banquet for the graduating class of 1918 was given at the auditorium. One hundred and twenty members were present, among whom were two surviving members of the first graduates of the class of 1887, Mrs. E. J. DeBell and Miss Emma R. Merer, county superintendent.

The banquet was a great success, the entertainment furnished being of a high order and all of a patriotic nature.

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