

SOUTH SIDE WHISKY RUNNER SHOT LEFHOLZ, LATEST THEORY

Business Associates of Film Manager Hold to View That Bootlegger Mistook Auto Party for Officers.

That the attempted assassination of Harry F. Lefholz, assistant manager of the Universal Film company, 1304 Farnam street, who was shot by an unidentified man while in an automobile on the Fork Crook road four miles south of Omaha early Thursday morning, was committed by a septinel stationed there by whisky runners to watch for officers, is the most likely theory advanced by M. C. Rogers and Walter C. Denny, officials of the film company who were with Lefholz when the shooting occurred.

Rogers and Denny scout the idea that the fact that Lefholz had been actively engaged in this part of the state in the promotion of "The Beast of Berlin," a motion picture aimed at the kaiser and kaiserism, had any connection with the shooting.

That the distinguishing green lights with which the Ford Livery garage equips its cars, and from which the car in which the party was riding was hired, may have caused the assassin to mistake the occupants of the car, is another advanced by the film company officials.

"It all happened so quickly that we did not have a chance to get a good look at the man," Mr. Rogers of the film company said. "He sprang out of the shadows at the side of the road and fired without warning, and then stood in the road some distance back as we drove away. We were not armed, and it would have been foolhardy to attempt to apprehend him.

The party drove to the South Side police station, where considerable delay was experienced as the officers thought they were bootleggers. Lefholz was weakened from the loss of blood by the time the police had finished their questioning and made a search of the car for liquor.

The wounded man was taken to the South Side hospital where it was found that the bullet had pierced the left side just below the heart. He was reported as resting easily late Thursday night.

SEEK FOUR MORE IN ZAGAR CASE ON SOUTH SIDE

With the arrest of William Johnson, 2427 Lake street, Henry Harvey, 2212 Seward street, negroes, and William Alexander, 2909 Michigan avenue, whom, police say, were hired to deliver 125 cases of liquor to the farm home of Anton Zagar, two miles south of Omaha, every effort is being made to apprehend four other men alleged to have purchased the liquor in St. Joseph and to have hired the trio to deliver it.

According to a confession Alexander made to South Side police Thursday, the liquor was purchased for Stanley Zagar, proprietor of a soft drink parlor at Thirtieth and Q streets, but ordered delivered to his brother for safe-keeping.

Dr. Wilson to Preach Memorial Sermon for Soldiers Sunday

Dr. C. C. Wilson, pastor of Grace Methodist church, will preach the annual Memorial sermon on "The American Soldier," Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, under the auspices of Phil Kearney post.

All members of the G. A. R. post, and the Woman's Relief corps, are requested to meet at Munt's drug store, Twenty-fourth and F streets, at 10:45 o'clock.

The subject for discussion in the Business Men's class, preceding the morning sermon, will be "How to Americanize Naturalized Christians?"

The pastor's subject for the night service will be "Job's Friends."

Serum Company Members Consider Naming Secretary

Members of the Associated Serum Companies of America met with Chairman J. F. McAnany, president and manager of the Grain Belt Supply company, at the Exchange building Thursday to discuss the appointment of a national secretary. Several prominent men were mentioned, but the appointment will not be made until the regular semi-annual meeting, which will be held in Omaha July 8.

Among those who attended the meeting were J. F. Hoaglin of the Royal Serum company, Kansas City, and Dr. J. M. McFarland of the Purity Laboratories, Sioux City.

Rummage Red Cross Sale.

The salvage department of the Red Cross will hold a rummage sale on the South Side Saturday. Used clothing of fine quality and in good repair, shoes and 100 women's hats donated by a local wholesale millinery concern, will be offered for sale.

South Side Brevities

Mrs. C. E. Kullbom, 2832 South Twenty-sixth street, assisted by Meddies Phil Shields and J. B. Thip, will entertain the Women's Home Missionary society of Grace Methodist church Friday afternoon.

Jim Ferris, laborer, 2810 South Thirtieth street, suffered a broken finger and lacerations of the hands when he was knocked down by a motorcycle ridden by Mike Steve, 4242 South Twenty-sixth street, at Twenty-fourth and Q streets.

Omaha Social Welfare Workers Back From Kansas City Meet

Mrs. Rose Ohaus of the Omaha Welfare board and other social workers who attended the national social work convention in Kansas City, returned to Omaha Thursday enthusiastically about the meeting. More than 4,000 attended. The regular meeting of the Welfare Board was postponed from Thursday afternoon until Monday night.



Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

"Wounded."

"Wounded and in hospital" That might have meant anything. And for a full week that was all we knew. To hope for word more definite until—unless—John himself could send us a message, appeared to be hopeless. Every effort we made ended in failure. And, indeed, at such a time, private inquiries could not well be made. The messages that had to do with the war and with the business of the armies had to be dealt with first.

But at last, after a week in which his mother and I almost went mad with anxiety, there came a note from our laddie himself. He told us not to fret—that all that ailed him was that his nose was split and his wrist mashed up a bit! His mother looked at me and I at her. It seemed bad enough to us! But he made light of his wounds—aye, and he was right! When I thought of men I'd seen in hospitals—men with wounds so frightful that they may not be told of—I rejoiced that John had fared so well.

And I hoped, too, that his wounds would bring him home to us—to Blighty, as the Tommies were beginning to call Britain. But his wounds were not serious enough for that and so soon as they were healed, he went back to the trenches.

"Don't worry about me," he wrote to us. "Lots of fellows out here have been wounded five or six times, and don't think anything of it. I'll be all right so long as I don't get knocked out."

He didn't tell us then that it was the bursting of a shell that gave him his first wounded stripe. But he wrote to us regularly again, and there were scarcely any days in which a letter did not come either to me or to his mother. When one of those breaks did come it was doubly hard to bear now.

For now we knew what it was to dread the sight of a telegraph messenger. Few homes in Britain there are that do not share that knowledge now. It is by telegraph, from the war office, that bad news comes first. And so, with the memory of that first telegram we had had, matters were even worse, somehow, than they had been before. For me the days and nights dragged by as if they would never pass.

There was more news in John's letters now. We took some comfort from that. I remember one in which he told his mother how good a bed he had finally made for himself the night before. For some reason he was without quarters—either a billet or a dug-out. He had to skirnish around, for he did not care to sleep simply in Flanders mud. But at last he had found two handfuls of straw, and with them made his couch.

"I got a good two hours' sleep," he wrote to his mother. "And I was perfectly comfortable. I can tell you one thing, too, mother. If I ever get home after this experience, there'll be one in the house who'll never grumble! This business puts the grumbling out of your head. This is where the men are. This is where every man ought to be."

In another letter he told us that nine of his men had been killed. "We buried them last night," he wrote, "just as the sun went down. It was the first funeral I have ever attended. It was most impressive. We carried the boys to one huge grave. The padre said a prayer, and we lowered the boys in the ground, and we all sang a little hymn: 'Peace, Perfect Peace!' Then I called my men to attention again, and we marched straight back into the trenches, each of us, I dare say, wondering who would be the next."

John was promoted for the second time in Flanders. He was a captain, having gotten his step on the field of battle. "Promotion" came swiftly in those days to those who proved themselves worthy. And all of the few reports that came to us of John showed us that he was a good officer. His men liked him, and trusted him, and would follow him anywhere. And little more than that can be said of any officer.

While Captain John Lauder was playing his part across the channel, I was still trying to do what I could at home. My hand still traveled up and down, the length and width of the United Kingdom, skirling and drum-

ming and drawing men by the score to the recruiting office.

There was no more talk now of a short war. We knew what we were in for now.

But there was not thought or talk of anything save victory. Let the war go on as long as it must—it could end only in one way. We had been forced into the fight—but we were in, and we were in to stay. John, writing from France, was no more determined than those at home.

It was not very long before there came another break in John's letters—that brought no word. Not until the second day and the third day passed without a word, did Mrs. Lauder and I confess our terrors and our anxiety to ourselves and one another. This time our suspense was comparatively short-lived. Word came that John was in hospital again—at the Duke of Westminster's hospital at Le Touquet, in France. This time he was not wounded; he was suffering from dysentery, fever and a nervous breakdown. That was what staggered his mother and me.

A nervous breakdown! We could not reconcile the John we knew with the idea the words conveyed to us. He had been high strung, to be sure, and sensitive. But never had he been the sort of boy of whom to expect a breakdown so severe as this must be if he had sent him to the hospital.

We could only wait to hear from him, however. And it was several weeks before he was strong enough to be able to write to us. There was no hint of discouragement in what he wrote then. On the contrary, he kept on trying to reassure us, and if he ever grew downhearted, he made it his business to see that we did not suspect it. Here is one of his letters—like most of them it was not about himself:

"I had a sad experience yesterday," he wrote to me. "It was the first day I was able to be out of bed, and I went over to a piano in a corner against the wall, sat down, and began playing very softly, more to myself than anything else.

"One of the nurses came to me, and said a Captain Webster, of the Gordon Highlanders, who lay on a bed in the same ward, wanted to speak to me. She said he had asked who was playing, and she had told him Captain Lauder—Harry Lauder's son." "Oh," he said, "I know Harry Lauder very well. Ask Captain Lauder to come here."

"This man had gone through ten operations in less than a week. I thought perhaps my playing had disturbed him, but when I went to his bedside he grasped my hand, pressed it with what little strength he had left and thanked me. He asked me if I could play a hymn. He said he would like to hear 'Lead, Kindly Light.'

"So I went back to the piano and played it as softly as I could, as gently as I could. It was his last request. He died an hour later. I was very glad I was able to soothe his last moments a little. I am very glad now I learned the hymn at Sunday school as a boy."

Soon after we received that letter there came what we could not but think great news. John was ordered home! He was invalided, to be sure, and I warned his mother that she must be prepared for a shock when she saw him. But no matter how ill he was, we would have our lad with us for a space. And for that much British fathers and mothers had learned to be grateful.

I had warned John's mother, but it was I who was shocked when I saw him first on the day he came back to our wee hoose at Dunoon. His cheeks were sunken, his eyes very bright, as a man's are who has a fever. He was weak and thin; there was no blood in his cheeks. It was a sight to wring one's heart to see the lad who so brought down—him who had looked so braw and strong the last time we had seen him.

That had been when he was setting out for the wars, you ken! And now he was back, sae thin and weak and pitiful as I had not seen him since he had been a bairn in his mother's arms.

Aweel, it was for us, his mother and I, and all the folks at home, to mend him, and make him strong again. So he told us, for he had but one thing in his mind—to get back to his men.

"They'll be needing me, out there," he said. "They're needing men. I must go back so soon as I can. Every man is needed there."

"You'll be needing your strength back before you can be going back," I told him. "If you fash and fret it will take you but so much the longer to get back."

He knew that. But he knew things I could not know, because I had not seen them. He had seen things that he saw over and over again when he tried to sleep. His nerves were shattered utterly. It grieved me sore not to spend all my time with him, but he would not hear of it. "He drove me back to my work."

"You must work on, Dad, like every other Briton," he said. "Think of the part you're playing. Why, you're more use than any of us out there—you're worth a brigade!"

So I left him on the Clyde, and went on about my work. But I went back to Dunoon as often as I could, as I got a day or a night to make the journey. At first there was small change of progress. John would come downstairs about the middle of the day, moving slowly and painfully. And he was listless; there was no life in him; no resiliency or spring.

"How did you rest, son?" I would ask him.

He always smiled when he answered.

PHOTOPLAYS.

MUSE
Peggy Hyland
—IN—
Peg of the Pirates
'The Eagle's Eye'

PHOTOPLAYS.

"Oh, fairly well," he'd tell me. "I fought three or four battles, though, before I dropped off to sleep."

He had come to the right place to be cured, though, and his mother was the nurse he needed. It was quiet in the hills of the Clyde, and there was rest and healing in the heather about Dunoon. Soon his sleep became better and less troubled by dreams. He could eat more, too, and they saw to it, at home, that he ate all they could stuff into him.

So it was a surprisingly short time, considering how bad he had looked when he first came back to Dunoon, before he was in good health and spirits again. There was a bonnie, wee lassie who was to become Mrs. John Lauder ere so long—she helped our boy, too, to get back his strength.

Soon he was ordered from home. For a time he had only light duties with the Home Reserve. Then he

went to school. I laughed when he told me he had been ordered to school, but he didn't crack a smile.

"You needn't be laughing," he said. "It's a bombing school I'm going to now-a-days. If you're away from the front for a few weeks, you find everything changed when you get back. Bombing is going to be important."

John did so well in the bombing school that he was made an instructor and assigned, for a while, to teach others. But he was impatient to be back with his own men, and they were clamoring for him. And so, on September 16, 1916, his mother and I bade him good-by again, and he went back to France and the men his heart was wrapped up in.

"Yon's where the men are, Dad," he said to me, just before he started.

(Continued Tomorrow)

PHOTOPLAYS.

GERMAN-IRISH PLOT BARED TO BRITISH CABINET

London, May 23.—Evidence concerning the German plot in Ireland will be submitted to the British cabinet today by Edward Shortt, chief secretary for Ireland.

If it is thought any part of the evidence could or should be published, compatible with the public interest, it will be done, says the dispatch.

Dublin, May 23.—A sensation was caused in Dublin today by the death in the workhouse hospital, known as the South Dublin Union, of Mrs. Emily Ricketts, sister of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, the famous Irish patriot.

SON
MARY MILES MINTER
IN
"SOCIAL BRIARS"
BILLY RHODES COMEDY and NEWS WEEKLY

BOYD
THE WARRIOR
Adults, 25c; Children, 15c

Hipp
TODAY AND SATURDAY
DOROTHY PHILLIPS in
'THE GRAND PASSION'

SERGEANT EMPY
"OVER THE TOP"
AUDITORIUM
Mat. Today, 2:30; Night, 7 and 9 p. m.

Strand
WALLACE REID
"The Thing We Love"

SUBURBAN
TODAY—DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
in "AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY"

HAMILTON
TODAY—WILLIAM S. HART in
"WOLVES OF THE RAIL"

LOTHROP
TODAY AND SATURDAY
"TARZAN OF THE APES"

GRAND
TODAY—HAROLD LOCKWOOD
in "THE AVENGING TRAIL"

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPRESS
VAUDEVILLE AND PHOTOPLAYS

Presenting
CIRCUS DAYS
Maudie Moore Musical Comedy With Girls.

KIMBALL & KENNETH
Banjo Entertainers.

JOE BARTON
The Tramp Cyclist

DON HILL & FRANCES
Comedy Harmony Singers

Edith Story
—IN—
"The Claim"

Story of a Soul
Redeemed by
Mother Love.

BRANDEIS
THEATRE

TONIGHT, Saturday SAT. NIGHT
MARGARET ANGLIN
in the
"THE CORNER STORE"

"BILLETED"
"Make us forget the measles, whooping, colds, diphtheria days."—Lita.
Matinee, 2:30 to 5:30; Nights, 8:00 to 10:00.

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Madden & Co.; Lew Reed & The Wright Girls; Clayton & Lennie; Oakes & Delour.

ORPHEUM TRAVEL WEEKLY.

BASE BALL
OMAHA vs. HUTCHINSON

MAY 21, 22, 23, 24
ROURKE PARK
Friday May 24, Ladies' Day
Games Called 6:30 P. M.

MANAWA PARK
—Opens—
NEXT SUNDAY

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from the time it is manufactured until
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ing, good, and good for
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The flavor is excellent
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