



Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

CHAPTER VII. Waiting for News.

John's mother, his sweetheart and I all saw him off at Glasgow. The fear was in all our hearts, and I think it must have been in all our eyes as well—the fear that every father and mother and sweetheart in Britain shared with us in these days whenever they saw a boy off for France and the trenches. Was it for the last time? Were we seeing him now so strong and hale and hearty, only to have to go the rest of our lives with no more than a memory of him to keep?

Aweel, we could not be telling that! We could only hope and pray! And we had learned again to pray long and hard for him. He was no boy, you ken, going blindly and gaily to a great adventure; he had need of the finest courage and devotion a man could muster that day.

For he knew fully now what it was that he was going back to. He knew that the Hun had made, in all conscience, before they did their part to make it worse. And he was right to make it worse. He could live over, and I make no doubt he did, in those days after he had his orders to go back, every grim and dreadful thing that was waiting for him out there. He had been through it all, and he was going back. He had come out of the valley of the shadow and now he was to ride down into it again.

And it was with a smile he left us! I shall never forget that. His thought was all for us, lest we should worry too greatly and think too much of him.

"I'll be all right," he told us. "You're not to fret about me, any of you. A man does take his chances out there—but they're his chances every man must take these days if he's a man at all. I'd rather be taking them than be safe at home."

We did our best to match the laddie's spirit and be worthy of him. But it was cruelly hard. We had lost him and found him again, and now he was being taken from us for the second time. It was harder, much harder, to see him go this second time than it had been at first, and it had been hard enough then, and bad enough. But there was nothing else for it. So much we knew. It was a thing ordered and inevitable.

And it was not many days before we had slipped back into the way things had been before John was in the world. It is a strange thing about life, the way that one can become used to things. So it was with us. Strange things, terrible things, outrageous things, that in time of peace we would never have dared so much as to think possible, came to be the matters of every day for us. It was so with John. We came to think of it as natural that he should be away from us, and in peril of his life every minute of every hour. It was not easier for us, indeed, it was harder than it had been before, just as it had been harder for us to say goodbye the second time. But we thought less often of the strangeness of it. We were really growing used to the war, and it was less the monstrous, strange thing that it had been in our daily lives. War had become our daily life and portion in Britain. All who were not slackers were doing their part—every one. Men and woman and child were in it, making sacrifices. Those happy days of peace lay far behind us, and we had lost our touch with them and our memory of them was growing dim. We were all in it. We had all to suffer alike; we were all in the same boat, we mothers and fathers and sweethearts of Britain. And so it was easier for us not to think too much and too often of our own griefs and cares and anxieties.

John's letters began to come again in a steady stream. He was as careful as ever about writing. There was scarcely a day that did not bring its letter to one of the three of us. And what bonnie, brave letters they were! They were as cheerful and as bright as his first letters had been. If John had had bad hours and bad days out there he would not let us know it. He told us what news there was, and he was always cheerful and bright when he wrote. He let no hint of discouragement creep into anything he wrote to us. He thought of others first, always and all the time; of his men and of us at home. He was quite cured and well, he told us, and going back had done him good instead of harm. He wrote to us that he felt as if he had come home. He felt, you ken, that it was there, in France and in the trenches, that men should feel at home in those days, and not safe in Britain by their ain firesides.

It was not easy for me to be cheerful and comfortable about him, though. I had my work to do. I tried to do it as well as I could, for I knew that that would please him. My hand still went up and down the country, getting recruits, and I was speaking, too, and urging men myself to go out and join the lads who were fighting and dying for their own country. They told me that was good work, that I was a great force in the war. And I did, indeed, get many a word and many a handshake from men who told me I had induced them to enlist. "I'm glad I heard you, Harry," man after man said to me. "You showed me what I should be doing and I've been easier in my mind ever since I put on the khaki!"

I knew I could never regret it, no matter what came to them. No man will that's done his duty. It's the slackers who couldn't or wouldn't see their duty men should feel sorry for. It's not the lads who give every thing and made the final sacrifice. It was hard for me to go on with my work of making folks laugh. It had been growing harder steadily ever since I had come home from America and that long voyage of mine to Australia, and had seen what war was and what it was doing to

Britain. But I carried on and did the best I could.

That winter I was in the big review at the Shaftesbury theater, in London, that was called "Three Cheers." It was one of the gay shows that London liked because it gave some relief from the war and made the Zeppelin raids that the Huns were beginning to make so often now a little easier to bear. And it was a great place for the men who were back from France. It was partly because of them that I could go on as I did. We owed them all we could give them. And when they came back from the mud and the grime and the dreariness of the trenches they needed something to cheer them up—needed the sort of production we gave them. A man who has two days' leave in London does not want to see a serious play or a problem drama, as a rule. He wants something light, with lots of pretty girls and jolly tunes and people to make him laugh. And we gave him that. The house was full of officers and men, night after night.

Soon word came from John that he was to have leave, just after Christmas, that would bring him home for the New Year's holidays. His mother went home to make things ready, for John was to be married when he got his leave. I had my plans all made. I meant to build a wee house for the two of them, near our own house at Dunoon, so that we might be all together, even though my laddie was in a home of his own. And I counted the hours and the day against the time when John would be home again.

While we were playing at the Shaftesbury I lived at a hotel in Southampton Row called the Bonington. But it was lonely for me there. On New Year's eve—it fell on a Sunday—Tom Vallance, my brother-in-law, asked me to tea with him and his family in Clapham, where he lived. That is a pleasant place, a suburb of London on the southwest, and I was glad to go. And so I drove out with a friend of mine in a taxicab and was glad to get out of the crowded part of the city for a time.

I did not feel right that day. Holiday times were bad, hard times for me then. We had always made so much of Christmas, and here was the third Christmas that our boy had been away. And so I was depressed. And then, there had been no word for me from John for a day or two. I was not worried, for I thought it likely that his mother or his sweetheart had heard and had not time yet to let me know. But, whatever the reason, I was depressed and blue and I could not enter into the festive spirit that folk were trying to keep alive despite the war.

I must have been poor company during that ride to Clapham in the taxicab. We scarcely exchanged a word, my friend and I. I did not feel like talking, and he respected my mood and kept quiet himself. I felt at last that I ought to apologize to him.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," I told him. "I simply don't want to talk. I feel sad and lonely. I wonder if my boy is all right?" "Of course he is!" my friend told me. "Cheer up, Harry. This is a fine time when no news is good news. It's anything were wrong with him they'd let you know."

Well, I knew that, too. And I tried to cheer up and feel better so that I would not spoil the pleasure of the others at Tom Vallance's house. I tried to picture John as I thought he must be—well and happy and smiling the old, familiar boyish smile I knew so well. I had sent him a box of cigars only a few days before, and he would be handing it around among his fellow officers. I knew that! But it was no use. I could think of John, but it was only with sorrow and longing. And I wondered if this same time in a year would see him still out there in the trenches. Would this war ever end? And so the shadows still hung about me when we reached John's house.

They made me very welcome, did Tom and all his family. They tried to cheer me, and Tom did all he could to make me feel better and to reassure me. But I was still depressed when we left the house and began the drive back to London.

"It's the holiday—I'm out of gear

with that, I'm thinking," I told my friend.

He was going to join two other friends, and, with them, to see the New Year in in an old-fashioned way, and he wanted me to join them. But I did not feel up to it; I was not in the mood for anything of the sort.

"No, no, I'll go home and turn in," I told him. "I'm too dull tonight to be good company." He hoped, as we all did, that this New Year that was coming would bring victory and peace. Peace could not come without victory; we were all agreed on that. But we all hoped that the New Year would bring both—the new year of 1917. And so I left him at the corner of Southampton Row and went back to my hotel alone. It was about midnight, a little before, I think, when I got in, and one of the porters had a message for me.

"Sir Thomas Lipton rang you up," he said, "and wants you to speak with him when you come in."

I rang him up at home directly. "Happy New Year, when it comes, Harry!" he said. He spoke in the same bluff, hearty way he always did. He fairly shouted in my ear. "When did you hear from the boy? Are you and Mrs. Lauder well?"

"Aye, fine," I told him. And I told him my last news of John. "Splendid!" he said. "Well, it was just to talk to you a minute that I rang you up, Harry. Goodnight—Happy New Year again."

I went to bed then. But I did not go to sleep for a long time. It was New Year's, and I lay thinking of my boy and wondering what this year would bring him. It was early in the morning before I slept. And it seemed to me that I had scarce been asleep at all, when there came a pounding at the door, loud enough to rouse the heaviest sleeper there ever was.

My heart almost stopped. There must be something serious indeed for them to be rousing me so early. I rushed to the door, and there was a porter, holding out a telegram. I took it and tore it open. And I knew why I had felt as I had the day before. I shall never forget what I read:

"Captain John Lauder killed in action, December 28. Official War Office."

It had gone to Mrs. Lauder at Dunoon first, and she had sent it on to me. That was all it said. I knew nothing of how my boy had died, or where—save that it was for his country.

But later I learned that when Sir Thomas Lipton had rung me up he had intended to condole with me. He had heard on Saturday of my boy's death. But when he spoke to me and understood at once, from the tone of my voice, that I did not know, he had not been able to go on. His heart was too tender to make it possible for him to be the one to give me that blow—the heaviest that ever befell me.

(Continued Tomorrow)

A Peaceful Revolution.
Magistrate—Prisoner, the evidence shows that, after being a model husband for 26 years, you threw your wife out of the house and ran amuck, attempting to murder everybody you met.
Defendant (sobbingly)—It was only a peaceful revolution at the start, your honor, but after I had overthrown the autocracy I lost my head.—Puck.

5 Per Cent Federal Farm Loan Bonds

The Federal Land Bank of Omaha offers \$500,000 of these bonds at the new 5% interest rate.

U. S. Government Supervision.
Unlimited tax exemption and the increased interest rate combine to make this a most attractive investment.

Denominations, \$25, \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000.

Priced 101 and accrued interest from May 1.

Send subscriptions or write for further information to
E. D. MORCUM, Treasurer,
The Federal Land Bank of Omaha,
1205 W. O. W. Bldg.

Complaints of Unsanitary Condition Near School

E. G. McGilton of the Board of Education states that he hopes the new health commissioner will take cognizance of what he complains is an unsanitary condition east of the Saratoga school, Twenty-fourth street and Amc. avenue.

Burgess-Nash Choir Plans Fort Omaha Entertainment

The Burgess-Nash choir will give an entertainment Friday night in the Young Men's Christian association hut at Fort Omaha for the soldier boys.

Changes Will Be Made in Postoffice Next Monday

Next Monday the parcels post, "C. O. D." and insured letter departments of the postoffice will be moved from the south to the extreme north corridor on the main floor of the federal building. This was necessitated by the increased amount of business transacted in these departments, resulting in congestion near the stamp windows.

Phoenix Hosiery

SILK and SILK LISLE, 55c to \$2.00
Thirty Newest Shades to Select From.
Out Sizes in Black and White.
WALK-OVER BOOT SHOP
317 South 16th

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BURGESS-NASH COMPANY

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Friday, May 24, 1918 Store News for Saturday Phone Douglas 137

MEN: Saturday on Our Main Floor is the Time and Place to Get That New Straw Hat

EVERYTHING that is new and snappy is represented in the very newest blocks, sailors, fedoras, telescopes, in the flat top with pencil curl or the turn down brim in the Equatorians, South American Panama, Bangkok, Leghorn, Mackinaw and Porto Ricos, with plain black or pugree bands, price range, \$2.00 to \$10.00. Sennets, split braids and milan straws, \$1.50 to \$5.00.



Men's Cloth Hats

We just received a shipment of extra well made cloth hats, silk lined. Good shapes, shepherd plaids, khaki color and gray mixtures. Suitable for street, motor-ing, golf or any sport wear. Specially priced at \$3.00.

Men's Spring Caps, \$2.00

An assortment of men's caps form Spear & Co., recognized as the highest grade manufacturers of men's caps, splendid new patterns all new. Saturday, \$2.00.

Odd Lots of Caps, 45c and \$1.00

Other makes of men's caps, odd lots and broken lines, at \$1.00 and 45c. White or Khaki canvas hats, 50c.

We Doubt if You Find Better Suit Values Than You Can Find at Burgess-Nash

SUITS that are in a variety of models and patterns that will appeal to the young man as well as the more conservative dresser. There are all sizes for every one—stouts, slims, stubs and regulars—and we know you will find the style and kind of suit you have in mind.

Every garment is strictly tailored throughout by expert tailors and made according to our specifications, the

Burgess-Nash Standard

of quality, which means the best possible at the price.

The fabrics—new in weave, in color, in texture. And each is guaranteed unqualifiedly as to fastness and wear (important just now, you know.)

We Feature for Saturday Men's Suits \$25.00

Featuring the best in fabrics, patterns, styles and colorings, styles that appeal to the young men who give a great deal of attention to their dress as well as the more conservative.

Men's Suits, Priced At \$18.00, \$22.50 to \$40

Suits that are designed and tailored by the best artists possible to secure—styles in a variety that will appeal to you, no matter what your idea may be, correct in model, best and most favored materials, all sizes for regulars, stubs, slims and stouts.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Fourth Floor

Men's Banister Oxfords

Special for Saturday

\$7.50 PAIR

In a number of new lasts and a generous saving on every pair.



Brown Russian calf. Tan Russian calf. Black Russian calf. Tan kid skin. Black kid skin.

Choice of any Banister oxford for Saturday, only \$7.50.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Fourth Floor

A Complete Line of Beau Brummel and Star Shirts

RECENT shipments in both celebrated lines gives us a most complete assortment of neckbands. Coat style, same with collars to match. Made of extra fine percale, colored madras, ducettes and many other materials. Suitable for summer shirts. Moderately priced at \$1.50 to \$3.50, silks slightly higher.

Athletic Union Suits, \$1.00
Men's athletic union suits "Haberdasher" brand, well made "Sport tops" and all over garments. \$1.00 per suit and up.

Knitted Union Suits, \$1.50
Men's knitted union suits made of fine lisle yarn, ecru or white color ¼ and long sleeves and knee, ¾ and ankle lengths. Most desirable garments for this season, the "Richmond Mesco" brand. Specially priced at \$1.50 per suit.

Wash Silk Neckwear, 55c
Men's wash silk neckwear, panel stripes, extra quality wash silk, good colorings, French fold Four-in-hands. About ¼ regular price, 55c.

Sample Hose, 19c.
Special No. 1 black, tan, white and gray and black with split sole, ecru color. Sample hose mostly double heel, toe and sole, price 19c.

Silk Hose, 39c.
Men's thread silk hose, gun metal black, white and palm beach, 39c.

Silk and Fibre, 50c.
Men's plain and fancy plaid silk and silk fibre ¼ hose, samples, 50c the pair.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Main Floor

Fit the Boy Out Saturday With Everything He Needs

Special values that will interest parents with boys to clothe.

Boys' Suits \$8.95 to \$16.50

We are displaying a most complete line of Boys' Suits. Trench models with belt and slash pockets; Norfolk models, 3-piece and patch pockets. Prices range from \$8.95 to \$16.50.

Boys' Wash Hats
White, tan, rose and khaki colors, 65c, 75c and \$1.00.

Boys' Straw Hats
Tan Madagascar straw hats at 65c, 75c and \$1.00. White Milan straw hats, \$1.50 to \$5.00. Black straw in all the new shapes and sizes, \$1.50 to \$4.00.

Boys' Blouses
Splendid selection of patterns, guaranteed colors, at 75c to \$5.00.

Boys' Pants
Washable, good materials and patterns, 75c to \$2.50.

Boys' Wash Suits
Newest styles, guaranteed colors, ages 2 to 8 years, for \$1.50 to \$6.95.



Special Victrola Offer

Gen. Pershing's Men Write: "Keep Up the Spirits of the Folks at Home."

You can do your patriotic bit by taking advantage of this

For a Limited Period:
A large size latest style XIA Victrola with 20 selections of 10-inch double face 85c records of your own choosing for

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