



# Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

## CHAPTER VIII.

**Death Takes the Boy.**

It was on Monday morning, January 1, 1917, that I learned of my boy's death. And he had been killed the Thursday before! He had been dead four days before I knew it! And yet—I had known. Let no one ever tell me again that there is nothing in presentiment. Why else had I been so sad and uneasy in my mind? Why else, all through that Sunday, had it been so impossible for me to take comfort in what was said to cheer me? Some warning had come to me, some sense that all was not well.

Realization came to me slowly. I sat and stared at that slip of paper that had come to me like the breath of doom. Dead! Dead these four days! I was never to see the light of his eyes again. I was never to hear that laugh of his. I had looked on my boy for the last time. Could it be true? Ah, I knew it was! And it was for this moment that I had been waiting, that we had all been waiting, ever since we had sent John away to fight for his country and do his part. I think we had all felt that it must come. We had all known that it was too much to hope that he should be one of those to be spared.

The black despair that had been hovering over me for hours closed down now and enveloped all my senses. Everything was unreal. For a time I was quite numb. But then, as I began to realize and to visualize what it was to mean in my life that my boy was dead there came a great pain. The iron of realization slowly seared every word of that curt telegram upon my heart. I said it to myself, over and over again. And I whispered to myself, as my thoughts took form, over and over, the one terrible word, "Dead!"

I felt that for me everything had come to an end with the reading of that dire message. It seemed to me that for me the board of life was black and blank. For me there was no past and there could be no future. Everything had been swept away, erased, by one sweep of the hand of a cruel fate. Oh, there was a past, though! And it was in that past that I began to deliver. It was made up of every memory I had of my boy. I fell at once to remembering him. I clutched at every memory as if I must grasp them and make sure of them, lest they be taken from me as well as the hope of seeing him again that the telegram had forever snatched away.

I would have been destitute indeed then. It was as if I must fix in my mind the way he had been wont to look, and recall to my ears every tone of his voice, every trick of his speech. There was something left of him that I must keep, I knew, even then, at all costs, if I was to be able to bear his loss at all.

There was a vision of him before my eyes. My Bonnie Highland lad, die, brave and strong in his kilt and the uniform of his country, going out to his death with a smile on his face. And there was another vision that came up now, unbidden. It was a vision of him lying stark and cold upon the battlefield, the mud on his uniform. And when I saw that vision I was like a man gone mad and possessed of devils who had stolen away his faculties. I cursed war as I saw that vision, and the men who caused war. And when I thought of the Germans who had killed my boy a terrible and savage hatred swept me, and I longed to go out there and kill with my bare hands until I had avenged him or they had killed me, too.

But then I was a little softened. I thought of his mother back in our wee hoose at Dunoon. And the thought of her, bereft even as I was, sorrowing, even as I was, and lost in her frightful loneliness, was pitiful, so that I had but the one desire and wish—to go to her and join my tears with hers, that we who were left alone to bear our grief might bear it together and give one to the other such comfort as there might be in life for us. And so I fell upon my knees and prayed, there in my lonely room in the hotel. I prayed to God that He might give us both, John's mother and myself, strength to bear the blow that had been dealt us and to endure the sacrifice that He and our country had demanded of us.

My friends came to me. They came rushing to me. Never did man have better friends, and kinder friends than mine proved themselves to be on that day of sorrow. They did all that good men and women could do. But there was no help for me in the ministrations of friends. I was beyond the power of human words to comfort or solace. I was glad of their kindness, and the memory of it now is a precious one, and one I would not be without. But at such a time I could not gain from them what they were eager to give me. I could only bow my head and pray for strength.

That night, that New Year's night that I shall never forget, no matter how long God may let me live, I went north. I took train from London to Glasgow, and the next day I came to our wee hoose—a sad, lonely wee hoose it had become now!—on the Clyde at Dunoon, and was with John's mother. It was the place for me. It was there that I wanted to be, and it was with her, who must be after be all the world to me. And I was eager to be with her, too, who had given John to me. So as my grief was, stricken as I was, I could comfort her as no one else could hope to do, and she could do as much for me. We belonged together.

I can scarce remember, even for myself, what happened there at Dunoon. I cannot tell you what I said or what I did, or what words and what thoughts passed between John's mother and myself. But there are some things that I do know, and that I will tell you.

Almighty God, to whom we prayed, was kind, and He was pitiful and merciful. For presently He brought us both a sort of sad composure. Presently He assuaged our grief a little and gave us the strength that we must have to meet the needs of life and the thought of going on in a world that was darkened by the loss of the boy in whom all our thoughts and all our hopes had been centered. I thanked God then, and I thank God

## Iowa Woman Dedicates Verse to Mr. Lauder's Son

Mrs. John Palmer Nye, Shenandoah, Ia., has written a poem in memory of Captain John Lauder, son of Harry Lauder. A copy has been mailed to his father. The poem is reproduced here for the first time:

**MY BONNY LAD.**

"My lad," I said, "ye must not ask  
The men who look to you  
For anything on God's green earth  
That ye would never do!"  
He tilted up his chin and said,  
"Yes, I'll remember, Dad!"  
And, Oh, the brow look on his face  
Will always make me glad!

Ye ken I had my doots about  
War being right or wrong,  
But not a doot about the boy  
I'm loving in my song!  
I took his hand and said goodby,  
And kissed my bonny lad,  
Who pledged himself in hearty word,  
"I will remember, Dad!"

So long as we could see a bit  
Of that old dock in sight,  
We saw him waving to his Dad,  
That everything was right!  
We sailed away—we left him there,  
To go his way alone,  
The days were long without the lad,  
Who was our only one.

My bonny lad, my bonny lad,  
He's faded from my sight,  
A wee bit road is left to me,  
I want to make it right!  
While God shall let me hold the Flag,  
And gie me strength to sing,  
I'll have a care for other lads  
And comfort to them bring!

My bonny lad, your Dad's old heart  
Is well nigh broke in two,  
The while he sings to other lads  
The songs he sang to you;  
For in each boyish, upturned face  
He sees that other lad,  
Who signals from an unknown port,  
"I did remember, Dad!"

now, that I have never denied Him nor taken His name in vain. For God gave me great thoughts about my boy and about his death. Slowly, gradually, He made me to see things in their true light, and He took away the sharp agony of my first grief and sorrow and gave me a sort of peace.

John died in the most glorious cause, and he died the most glorious death it may be given to a man to die. He died for humanity. He died for liberty, and that this world in which life must go on, no matter how many die, may be a better world to live in. He died in a struggle against the blackest force and the direst threat that has appeared against liberty and humanity within the memory of man.

And were he alive now, and were he called again today to go out for the same cause, knowing that he must meet death—as he did meet it—he would go as smilingly and as willingly as he went then. He would go as a British soldier and a British gentleman, to fight and die for his king and his country. And I would bid him go.

I have lived through much since his death. They have not let me take a rifle or a sword and go into the trenches to avenge him. But of that I shall tell you later.

Ah, it was not at once that I felt so! In my heart, in those early days of grief and sorrow, there was rebellion, often and often. There were moments when in my anguish I cried

out aloud, "Why? Why? Why did they have to take John, my boy—my only child?"

But God came to me, and slowly His peace entered my soul. And He made me see, as in a vision, that some things that I had said and that I had believed were not so. He made me know, and I learned, straight from Him, that our boy had not been taken from us forever, as I had said to myself so often since that telegram had come.

He is gone from this life, but he is waiting for us beyond this life. He is waiting beyond this life and this world of wicked war and wanton cruelty and slaughter. And we shall come, some day, his mother and I, to the place where he is waiting for us, and we shall all be as happy there as we were on this earth in the happy days before the war.

My eyes will rest again upon his face. I will hear his fresh young voice again as he sees me and cries out his greeting. I know what he will say. He will spy me, and his voice will ring out as it used to do. "Hello, dad!" he will call, as he sees me. And I will feel the grip of his young, strong arms about me, just as in the happy days before that day that is of all days of my life the most terrible and the most hateful in my memory—the day when they told me that he had been killed.

That is my belief. That is the comfort that God has given me in my grief and my sorrow. There is a God. Ah, yes, there is a God! Times there are, I know, when some of those who look upon the horrid slaughter of this war that is going on, hour by hour, feel that their faith is being shaken by doubts. They think of the sacrifices, of the blood that is being poured out, of the sufferings of women and children. And they see the cause that is wrong and foul prospering for a little time, and they cannot understand.

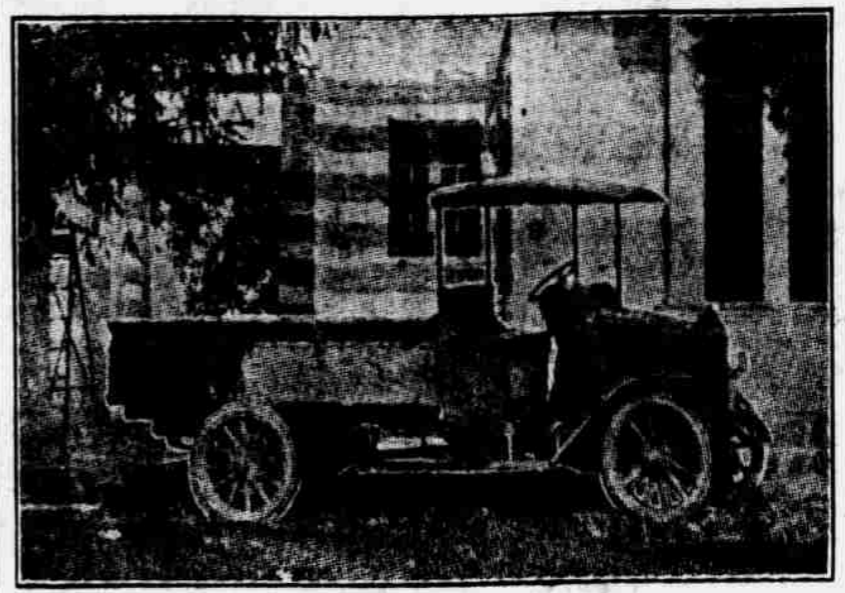
"If there is a God," they whisper to themselves, "why does He permit a thing so wicked to go on?"

But there is a God—there is! I have seen the stark horror of war. I know, as none can know until he has seen it at close quarters, what a thing war is as it is fought today. And I believe as I do believe, and as I shall believe until the end, because I know God's comfort and His grace. I know that my boy is surely waiting for me. In America, now, there are mothers and fathers by the scores of thousands who have bidden their sons goodby; who water their letters from France with their tears—who turn white at the sight of a telegram and tremble at the sudden clamor of a telephone. Ah, I know—I know! I suffered as they are suffering! And I have this to tell them and to beg them. They must believe as I believe—then shall they find the peace and the comfort that I have found.

So it was that there, on the Clyde, John's mother and I came out of the blackness of our first grief. We began to be able to talk to one another. And every day we talked of John. We have never ceased to do that; his mother and I. We never shall. We may not have him with us bodily, but his spirit is never absent. And each day we remember some new thing about him that one of us can call to the other's mind. And it is as if, when we do that, we bring back some part of him out of the void.

Little, trifling memories of when he was a baby, and when he was a boy, growing up! And other memories of later days. Often and often

## First Denby Truck Still Operating on Detroit Streets



It was the days that were furthest away that we remembered best of all, and things connected with those days. But I had small wish to see others. John's mother was enough for me. She and the peace that was coming to me on the Clyde. I could not bear to think of London. I had no plans to make. All that was over. All that part of my life, I thought, had ended with the news of my boy's death. I wanted no more than to stay at home

## Friction Responsible for 25 Per Cent Loss in Motor Power

To the motorist who realizes that 25 per cent of the power delivered by his engine is lost in friction, the question of lubrication is one of paramount importance. Grease cups are gone over, oil reservoirs are watched carefully, bearings are inspected regularly and frequently cleaned.

Care in the selection of lubricants is important to him, too, as he realizes that each bearing, gear or spring requires its particular kind of lubricant. Engineers who are experts in the line of automobile lubrication point out that plain oils and greases squeeze out under great pressure and heat. When flake motor graphite is mixed in, however, the oil or grease serves as a vehicle to carry the graphite to all parts of the bearing or part to be lubricated. The flakes of graphite adhere to the surface, fill all the minute irregularities and form a tough, durable film which prevents metallic contact. The graphite does not squeeze out.

## Overland Used Car Branch Enlarges Its Show Rooms

The Overland used-car department at 2406 Leavenworth has enlarged its show room so as to have more floor space for display purposes and to increase its capacity for immediate delivery. Jack Alwood is manager. He believes that the biggest feature of the department is that every Overland distributor in the Van Brunt Automobile company's territory has access to 2406 Leavenworth. He is very proud of 84 sales in 79 days without a dissatisfied customer.



# Ever-Tyte

## PISTON RINGS

STOP 90 PER CENT OF ALL MOTOR TROUBLES  
Designed and built on mechanical and practical lines.

**THEY DO WHAT REAL PISTON RINGS SHOULD DO.**

*They cure that oil-pumping cylinder  
They stop that lost compression  
They save oil and gas, and  
Make motoring a pleasure.*

Get "The Piston Ring Primer"—an interesting booklet on Piston Rings,—from your dealer, or write

**The EVER TIGHT PISTON RING Co.,**  
Dept. D. ST. LOUIS, MO.

National Ad. No. 114

# MARMON 34



Not only for formal affairs, but for business, drives and touring, the Marmon closed car is serviceable and appropriate.

## Good Form Dictates Closed Cars

The Closed Car occupies today the position not only of a social necessity, but of all-year-round utility.

And Marmon Closed Cars are especially so regarded because they are masters of all conditions of weather and travel.

They are supremely comfortable, yet not a luxury because of their limitless serviceability and unrivaled economy in operation.

Car buyers are learning these facts, and anyone who contemplates the purchase of a car must recognize them.

In the morning, regardless of weather, the Marmon Closed Car serves to take the man of affairs to his offices and the woman to her shopping. In the afternoon it dutifully serves in Red Cross work, in charities or calls.

In the evening, and for formal affairs, the Marmon Closed Car insures a privacy and a comforting protection.

For every-day driving and even for touring, the Family Sedan, the Limousine and Landulet have the advantage of parlor car comfort and security from dust and storms.

May we not have the pleasure of showing you the new Marmon attractions in coach design and upholstery? Please call, or telephone and we will call.

136-inch wheelbase—1100 pounds lighter

*K. Pelton* Marmon Cars  
2205 Farnam St.

# Cadillac Wins in Cuba

Motorists have become so accustomed to the unusual performance of Cadillac motor cars that nothing but topnotch performance is expected of them.

Just as a matter of record, however, we feel that a brief statement regarding this latest Cadillac achievement is worthy of mention:

On April 14, at Oriental Park, Havana, Cuba, a Cadillac Eight finished first in an official race with two racing cars of international reputation.

A cash prize of \$1500 was awarded to Amador, the owner and driver, who piloted the Cadillac, and cups were presented by the Automobile Club of Cuba and the Cuban-American Jockey Company. This is the fifth race won by Marcelino Amador in his Cadillac Eight.

The Cadillac is constantly proving in the hands of owners its right to the well-earned title, "The World's Greatest Road Car."

The ever-increasing demand for Cadillac motor cars and the increasing shortage makes it quite necessary to order your Cadillac now if you wish to be assured of delivery.

A third shipment of individually colored models has arrived. Come and select yours now while you still have the opportunity.

## Jones-Hansen-Cadillac Co.

Ask us for a demonstration  
Harney 710 Farnam at 26th