

## COMMENCEMENT AT CREIGHTON BEGINS JUNE 1

Patriotic Services Will Be Held  
May 29 on University Lawn,  
to Be Addressed by Arch-  
bishop Harty.

The Twenty-eighth commencement exercises of Creighton university, comprising the five departments, will be held Saturday morning, June 1, at 10 o'clock in the university gymnasium. C. J. Smyth, chief justice of the United States court of appeals, District of Columbia, will deliver the principal address.

The commencement exercises will be preceded and followed by several events of great importance among the student bodies.

Wednesday afternoon, May 29, at 2:30 o'clock, patriotic exercises will be held on the college lawn. Archbishop J. J. Harty will deliver an address on "The Test of Devotion." Following the raising of the colors, an address will be delivered by Mayor Ed P. Smith. B. M. Riley, president of the Creighton Alumni association, will present the service flag to Rev. F. X. McMenamy, president of the university. Robert Cowell will speak on "America, the Home of the World."

Colors to Be Presented.

At 3:30 o'clock, following the patriotic exercises, the colors will be presented to the cadet battalion on the Creighton field by Rev. Thomas F. Wallace. An address to the battalion will be delivered by Lieutenant Porter Wiggins, after which the cadets will pass in review before the assembly.

On Thursday, May 30, Memorial day, Creighton cadets will participate in the Memorial day parade.

Saturday the commencement exercises will be held. Members of the Creighton faculty, the graduating classes and academic body will form in line in California street, near Twenty-fifth at 10 o'clock and will march to the gymnasium, where the program will start at 10:30 o'clock. Rev. Francis X. McMenamy, president of Creighton university, will deliver the introductory. Chief Justice Andrew Morrissey will administer the oath to the law graduates. Following this, Chief Justice Smyth will speak.

Presentation of Graduates.

The presentation of the graduates will be made by the following: College of medicine, Dean J. R. Clemmons; college of law, Dean Paul L. Martin; college of liberal arts, Dean Robert M. Killep; college of dentistry, Dean A. Hugh Hinkle; and college of pharmacy, Dean Howard C. Newton. The university orchestra will furnish the musical entertainment and there will be several song selections.

Tuesday morning, June 4, at 9 o'clock, the student body of Creighton college of law and high school will attend solemn high mass at St. John's church. At 10 o'clock the final assembly for undergraduates of Creighton college and students of Creighton high school will be held in the Creighton auditorium. At that time the graduation exercises of the high school and awarding of prizes will take place, followed by the awarding of commissions in the Creighton cadet battalion.

Normal Notes.

The annual senior play given at the Pace Friday night, May 24. The class presented "Morality Mary Ann," a comedy in four acts by Israel Zangwill.

At chapel time, Wednesday, several girls of the expression department gave a clever and humorous farce entitled "The Furthest." Their presentation showed very good talent and careful training.

President and Mrs. Elliott gave a reception to the seniors and faculty, in Mr. Yarnall's studio. The guests were entertained by Mr. Townsend, who played a violin solo, and by Josephine Moore, Lucille Scott and Frances Smith, who gave two clever sketches in pantomime. Music from a beautiful new Edison phonograph which the normal has purchased for the dormitory, also furnished a part of the evening's entertainment. After the program ended, the normal faculty, in the dining room of the domestic science department. The seniors and faculty are very grateful to President and Mrs. Elliott for a delightful evening.

Dr. Titus Lowe preached a most excellent sermon at the baccalaureate services Sunday morning. The normal chapel was filled to overflowing, and chairs were placed in the hall for the accommodation of the crowd. The subject of the sermon was one that is of the greatest interest to everyone, and the vividness of Dr. Lowe's experiences, together with the force and feeling of his delivery, brought home to everyone the fact that we are at war. At dinner at the Blaine hotel, after the service, Dr. Lowe continued his talk with the normal faculty in the same entertaining and effective way.

The model school will give an entertainment at the Pace theater.

President Elliott delivered a commencement address at Rushville. He delivered the following address last week: Alliance, May 24, and Ogallala, May 25.

Mr. Richardson, international Young Women's Christian association railroad secretary, gave an address on interesting features of Panama and the Panama canal.

Anna Hoffman, Vida Metzger, Nell Durham and Leona Farnsworth, of Creighton, served a delicious three-course dinner to 12 guests. Gladys Bradlock, Jean Blinn and Katherine Mandelblad, served a three-course dinner to eight members of the faculty.

The class of 22, with their sponsor, Miss Deibel, had the annual picnic. They went to Napier's grove.

Miss Helen Salisbury, Elwood, passed commencement week with her sister, Hattie, of Green Terrace Hall.

Miss Anna V. Jennings, librarian, will pass her week's vacation. Mrs. and Mrs. Harty, who is a senior at Kearney, have recently purchased a home on 2114 Sixth avenue.

Miss Cora O'Connell, supervisor of the high school department, will pass her vacation at her home in Tecumseh, Neb.

A statue of George Washington, the gift of the class of 1918 to the Kearney State Normal school, was presented at convocation hour, Wednesday morning.

The senior class was entertained at breakfast by Prof. and Mrs. A. J. Mercer Thursday morning. Mr. Mercer is advisor of the senior class.

Miss Ida Simon, Kearney, a preparatory student, has accepted a position as stenographer for the Gibraltar Lumber company of Kearney.

Mrs. A. N. Deane of Tecumseh, Neb., formerly dean of women here, passed the weekend in Kearney visiting.

Mrs. L. V. Reed of Omaha has moved to Kearney. She and her daughter, Hattie, who is a senior at Kearney, have recently purchased a home on 2114 Sixth avenue.

Mrs. Charles Wiley, formerly Miss Mabel Roe, Kearney, who has been at Hot Springs, Ark., attending the National Federation of Woman's club as a delegate from California, her home state, spoke at the convocation hour Monday.

An entertainment for the benefit of the community club was given at Riverdale Saturday night by students of Kearney Normal. The play, "Captain Joe," was given. The Misses Ida Armstrong, Phyllis Johnson and Isla Grandstaff gave readings. Ole Snedaker sang "The Country Boy," and Ralph Eggleston talked on "The German Spy System."

President and Mrs. George S. Dick entertained the senior class and faculty at a reception, which was held in the reception room of the dormitory last Saturday. Those at the head of the receiving line were Mrs. Dick, Mrs. A. J. Mercer, Mrs. Dan Morris and Mr. and Mrs. George S. Dick. The room was decorated with large silk flags, and red and white carnations.

## Harry Laurer in the War Zone

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

### CHAPTER IX.—GRIEF.

And then one thing and another brought the thing to my mind, so that I had to face it and tell people how I felt about it. There were neighbors, wanting to know when I would be about my work again. It was that first made me understand that others did not feel as I was feeling.

"They're thinking I'll be going back to work again," I told John's mother. "I can't!"

She felt as I did. We could not see, either one of us, in our grief, how anyone could think that I could begin again where I had left off.

"I can't! I will not try!" I told her, again and again. "How can I take up again with that old mummy? How can I laugh when my heart is breaking, and make others smile when the tears are in my eyes?"

And she thought as I did, that I could not, and that no one should be asking me. The war had taken much of what I had earned, in one way or another. I was not so rich as I had been, but there was a reason. There was no need for me to go back to work, so far as our living was concerned. And so it seemed to be settled between us. Planning we left for the future. It was no time for me to be making plans. It mattered little enough to us what might be in store for us. We could take things as they might come.

So we bided quiet in our home, and talked of John. And from every part of the earth and from people in all lands, and conditions of life there began to pour upon us letters and telegrams of sympathy and sorrow. I think there were 4,000 kindly folk who remembered us in our sorrow, and let us know that they could think of us in spite of all the other care and trouble that filled the world in those days. Many celebrated names were signed to those letters and telegrams, and there were many, too, from simple folk whose very names I had given them.

John, who told me that I had given them, and that they felt that they were friends of mine, and must let me know that they were sorry for the blow that had befallen me.

Then it came out that I meant to leave the stage. They sent word from London, at last, to ask when they might look for me back at the Shaftesbury theater. And when they found what it was in my mind to do all my friends began to plead with me and argue with me. They said it was my duty to myself to go back. "You're too young a man to retire, Harry," they said. "What would you do? How could you pass away your time if you had no work to do? Men who retire at your age are always sorry. They wither away and die of dry rot."

"There'll be plenty for me to be doing," I told them. "I'll not be idle."

But still they argued. I was not greatly moved. They were thinking of me, and their arguments appealed to my selfish interests and needs, and just then I was not thinking very much about myself.

And then another sort of argument came to me. People wrote to me, men and women, who, like me, had lost their sons. Their letters brought the tears to my eyes again. They were tender letters, and beautiful letters, most of them, and letters to make proud and glad, as well as sad, the heart of the man to whom they were written. I will not copy those letters down here, for they were written for my eyes, and not others. But I can tell you the message that they all bore.

"Don't desert us now, Harry!" It was so that they put it, one after another, in those letters. "Ah, Harry—there is so much love and grief and pain in the world that you, who can, must do all that is in your power to make them easier to bear! There are few forces enough in the world today to make us happy, even for a little space. Come back to us, Harry—make us laugh again!"

It was when those letters came that, for the first time, I saw that I had others to consider beside myself, and that it was not only my own wishes that I might take into account. I talked to my wife, and I told her of those letters, and there were tears in both our eyes as we thought about those folks who knew the sorrow that was in our hearts.

"You must think about them, Harry," she said.

Yet, even with all such thoughts and prayers to move me, I did not see how I could yield to them and go back. Even after I had come to the point of being willing to go back if I could, I did not think I could go through with it. I was afraid I would break down if I tried to play my part. I talked to Tom Vallance, by brother-in-law.

"It's very well to talk, Tom," I said. "But they'd ring the curtain down on me!"

You must! he said. "Harry, you must go back! It's your duty! What would the boys be saying and having you do? Don't you remember, Harry: John's last words to his men were: 'Carry On! That's what it is they're asking you to do, Tom, Harry, and it's what John would have wanted. It would be his wish.'"

And I knew that he was right. Tom had found the one argument that could really move me and make me see my duty as the others did. So I

gave in. I wired to the management of "Three Cheers," and I took the train to London. And as I rode in the train it seemed to me that the roar of the wheels made a refrain, and I could hear them pounding out those two words, in my boy's voice: "Carry On!"

But how hard it was to face the thought of going before an audience again! And especially in such circumstances. There were to be gayety and life and light and sparkle all about me. There were to be lassies, in their gay dresses, and the merriest music in London. And my part was to be merry, too, and to make the great audience laugh that I would see beyond the footlights. And I thought of the Merryman in The Yeoman of the Guard, and that I must be a little like him, though my cause for grief was different.

But I had given my word, and though I longed, again and again, as I rode toward London, and as the time drew near for my performance, to back out, there was no way that I could do so. And Tom Vallance did his best to cheer me and hearten me, and relieve my nervousness. I have never been so nervous before. Not since I made my first appearance before an audience have I been so near to stage fright.

I would not see anyone that night, when I reached the theater. I stayed in my dressingroom, and Tom Vallance stayed with me, and kept everyone who tried to speak with me away. There were good folk, and kindly folk, friends of mine in the company, who wanted to shake my hand and tell me how they felt for me, but he knew that it was better for them not to see me yet, and he was my bodyguard.

"It's no use, Tom," I said to him, again and again, after I was dressed and in my makeup. I was cold first, and then hot. And I trembled in every limb. "They'll have to ring the curtain down on me," he said.

"So soon as all right, Harry," he said. "You'll be all right, friends! Remember, they're all your friends!"

But he could not comfort me. I felt sure that it was a foolish thing for me to try to do that I could not go through with it. And I felt sorry, for the thousandth time, that I had let them persuade me to make the effort.

A call boy came at last to warn me that it was nearly time for my first entrance. I went with Tom into the wings, and stood there, waiting. I was pale under my makeup, and I was shaking and trembling like a baby. And even then I wanted to cry off. But I remembered my boy, and those last words of his—"Carry On!" I must not fail him without at least trying to do what he would have wanted me to do!

My entrance was with a lilting little song called "I Love My Lean." And I knew that in a moment my cue would be given, and I would hear the music of the song beginning. I was as cold as if I had been in an icy street, although it was hot. I thought of the 2,000 people who were waiting for me beyond the footlights—the house was a big one, and it was packed full that night.

"I can't, Tom—I can't," I cried. But he only smiled, and gave me a little push as my cue came and the music began. I could scarcely hear it; it was like music a great distance off, coming very faintly to my ears. And I said a prayer, inside. I asked God to be good to me once more, and to give me strength, and to bear me through this ordeal that I was facing, as He had borne me through before. And then I had to go into the full glare of the great lights.

I felt as if I were in a dream. The people were unreal—stretching away from me in long, sloping rows, their white faces staring at me from the darkness beyond the great lights. And there was a little ripple that ran through them as I went out, as if a great many people, all at the same moment, had caught their breath.

I stood and faced them, and the music sounded in my ears. For just a moment they were still. And then they were shaken by a mighty roar. They cheered, and I knew that they were cheering. They stood up and waved to me. I could hear their voices rising, and cries coming to me, with my own name among them.

"Bravo, Harry!" I heard them call. And then there were more cheers, and a great clapping of hands. And I have been told that everywhere in that great audience men and women were crying, and that the tears were rolling down their cheeks without ever an attempt by any of them to hide them or to check them. It was the most wonderful and the most beautiful demonstration I have ever seen, in all the years that I have been upon the stage. Many and many a time audiences have been good to me. They have clapped me and they have cheered me, but never has an audience treated me as that one did. I had to use every bit of strength and courage that I had to keep from breaking down.

To this day I do not know how I got through with that first song that night. I do not even know whether I really sang it. But I think that somehow, blindly, without knowing what I was doing, I did get through; I did sing it to the end. Habit, the way that I was used to it. I suppose, helped me to carry on. And when I left the stage the whole company, it seemed to me, was waiting for me. They were crying and laughing, hysterically, and they crowded around me and kissed me, and hugged me, and wrung my hand.

It seemed that the worst of my ordeal was over. But in the last act I had to face another test.

There was a song for me in that last act that was the great song in London that season. I have sung it all over America since then—"The Ladies Who Fought and Won." It has been successful everywhere—that song has been one of the most popular I have ever sung. But it was a cruel song for me to sing that night!

It was the climax of the last act and of the whole piece. In "Three Cheers" soldiers were brought up each night to be on the stage behind me when I sang that song. They were from the battalion of the Scots Guards in London, and they were real soldiers, in uniform. Different men were used each night, and the money that

was paid to the Tommies for their work went into the company fund of the men who appeared, and helped to provide them with comforts and luxuries. And the war office was glad of the arrangement, too, for it was a great song to stimulate recruiting.

There were two lines in the refrain that I shall never forget. And it was when I came to those two lines that night that I did, indeed, break down. The song was: "When we all gather round the old fireside, And the fond mother kisses her son—"

Were they not cruel words for me to have to sing, who knew that his mother could never kiss my son again? They brought it all back to me! My son was gone—he would never come back with the ladies who had fought and won!

For a moment I could not go on. I was choking. The tears were in my eyes, and my throat was choked with sobs. But the music went on, and the chorus took up the song, and between the singers and the orchestra they covered the break my emotion had made. And in a little space I was able to go on with the next verse, and to carry on until my part in the show was done for the night. But still I wondered how it was that they had not had to ring down the curtain upon me, and that Tom Vallance and the others had been right and I the one that was wrong!

Ah, well, I learned that night what many and many another Briton had learned, both at home and in France—that you can never know what you can do until you have to find out!

Yon was the hardest task ever I had to undertake, but for my boy's sake, and because they had made me understand that it was what they would have wanted me to do, I got through with it.

They rose to me again, and cheered and cheered, after I had finished singing "The Ladies Who Fought and Won." And there were those who called to me for a speech, but so much I had to deny them, good though they had been to me, and much as I loved them for the way they had received me. I had no words that night to thank them, and I could not have spoken from that stage had my life depended upon it. I could only get through, after my poor fashion, with my part of the show.

But the next night I did pull myself together, and I was able to say a few words to the audience—thanks that were simply and badly put, it may be, but that came from the bottom of my overflowing heart.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

### 'BOOZE,' RED CAPS AND TRAVELER IN COMPLICATIONS

A "finger" of booze, coupled with the mischievous actions of two red caps at the union station, caused unlimited trouble for Louis Morrison, machinist, who stopped here between train time Sunday morning on his way to his home in Denver.

When Morrison complained to a conspicuous copper nearby that a couple of "red caps" had taken his belongings, including several drums of rare port from his grip, while soothing his tired frame in deep sleep, both boys turned evasive against the traveler by "squealing" on Morrison.

The finale of the rumpus was the detention of Morrison at the central police station and the discharge of both red caps from their necessary duties "from now on."

Reserve Seed Corn Ready for Distribution by Express

Washington, May 26.—The Department of Agriculture announced today that reserve seed corn is stored at points convenient for distribution by express, into the corn belt for late planting and replanting. It can be purchased from the department at cost.

Hastings College Notes.

The college council, recently organized, held its first meeting. Miss Janet Carpenter was elected president and conducted a discussion.

Prof. McCracken has obtained the International prohibition contest for Hastings this year. It is to be held in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening of commencement week.

The annual May day fete was held on the college campus Wednesday afternoon. This year the exercises were simple but unusually pretty. Miss Dorthy Howell, crowned queen and Miss Mary Sims was her maid-of-honor.

Wednesday evening the faculty entertained in honor of the "H" winners for this year. Representatives from the faculty and student body reviewed the athletic and social record of the year and winners in foot ball, basketball, track, oratory and debating were presented with prizes.

Hastings college participated in the Red Cross parade.

The college assisted in the benefit program for the Red Cross at the Wonderland last Thursday evening.

Two baby pictures from the South Pasadena church have recently been added to the museum exhibits.

Dean Ferguson gave the commencement address at the commencement exercises.

Prof. Fuhr was a member of the cast of the Irish play given at the Sunny Side fete at the Dietrich home Wednesday.

Prof. McCracken went to Holstein on Friday, where he delivered the high school commencement address.

Dr. Knauber supplied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church last Sunday. Dr. Warner will preach at the same place next Sunday.

Visitors at the college included Mrs. Prince of Ord, Mrs. McClelland of Beaver City, Roland Scott, 15 of Imperial, Leonard Sims, 14 of Glenwood Springs, Colo., Mrs. Scherich and Miss Billa Scherich of Indiana and Mr. C. M. Jones of Harrington.

Doane College.

The commencement chapel exercises at Doane college were held Friday morning in Lee Memorial chapel. The program was in charge of the two Christian association cabinets and was led by Donald Hasford.

The commencement concert was held in the evening in Lee Memorial chapel. The Men's Glee club and the Ladies' club and orchestra took part. Miss Wilkins, violinist, and Miss Lillian Elche, violin-cellist played two numbers in a trio with Miss Ruth Jensen and Miss Sara Marshall at the piano.

At the thirty-first annual Dances Oratorical contest, founded by ex-Governor James W. Dawes, Helen Hieb won first prize of \$25, Robert Van Pelt, second, \$15, and Hazel Lauritzen, third, \$10.

Vocal solos were rendered by Alice Johnson, Rosalee Pierce, Ruby Vennum and Nellus Voss. Elsie Schlangen accompanied with Maynard Lillenberg in violin obligato.

Immediately following the contest were the annual freshmen-sophomore stunts. The freshmen put on a mock registration day on May 26, and the sophomores acted in imitation of the registrar brought forth a host of laughter.

## CONGREGATION PRESENTS \$700 TO RABBI COHN

Three Hundred Attend Ban-  
quet in Celebration of Build-  
ing of Temple Israel at  
Blackstone.

Almost 300 guests were present at the congregational banquet at the Blackstone hotel Sunday night in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the building of the present Temple Israel, corner of Park avenue and Jackson street. The banquet closed the three-days celebration of the rededication of the temple.

As a special reward for the diligent and faithful services of Dr. Frederick Cohn as rabbi of the congregation, the congregation presented him with a check for \$700. The envelope was presented by Arnold Brower during the toasts. Although denied the floor by the toastmaster, William Holzman, Mr. Brower persisted in his efforts and, after some bandying of words, presented the gift.

"I am glad that you allowed Mr. Brower to speak," said Rabbi Cohn, in a few brief words of thanks upon receiving the check. "I shall further express my thanks when I am called upon later in the evening."

Sing National Anthem.

The singing of "America," and the toasting of the president preceded the dinner. A toast "to the success of the American army," was drunk.

"Our Congregation" was the subject of the first toast which was given by Charles Elgutter. Mr. Elgutter, president of the congregation, told of the cost and circumstances of the building of the present house of worship.

"Against assets of almost \$100,000," he said, "the congregation has a debt of only \$10,000. We have at present the largest membership in our history. In three years we will have reached the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of this congregation."

The address on "Our Sisterhood," by Mrs. Samuel Katz, president of the sisterhood, was read by Mrs. Cora Wolf because of the absence of Mrs. Katz.

Miss Helen Sommer, while speaking of "Our Sunday School," told of the work of the religious school and its present value.

The alumni of the temple was represented by Bert Hene.

"There is no race nor creed that has responded more eagerly to the call of its country than the Jews," said Mr. Hene, while speaking of the boys of the altar, who have joined the colors. "Seventeen of our 51 boys are serving their country."

Boys in the Service.

Lieutenant Morton Hiller represented the boys in the service. He told of the treatment of the Jews in the army and its democratizing influence upon them.

"There is no such thing as race or creed in the army," said Lieutenant Hiller. "They are all Americans."

Morris Levy, a former president of Temple Israel, made a few humorous remarks. N. A. Spiesberger, also a past president, sent a letter which was read by his son, Mayer. The letter told of the raising of the revenue for the building of the present temple, and the compromise upon the salary of Rabbi Cohn and the speedy burning of the mortgage. Samuel Frank, the last president, urged co-operation by the members with their officers.

John Merritt, oldest living member of the congregation, gave a toast on "Our Patriarchs."

Samuel Leon responded to the toast "Our New Members." He pledged the whole-hearted support of the families of the members who have joined the Temple Israel during the last year.

Rabbi Cohn, in an eloquent address on "Our Future," expressed his gratification on the success of the celebration.

Supreme Court

The following are rulings on miscellaneous motions and stipulations in the supreme court of Nebraska.

20092—Ostergard against Norcker. On motion of appellee to strike appellant's brief from the files, and to affirm, appellee given until June 2, 1918, to serve and file briefs; cause set for hearing at session of court commencing June 3, 1918.

20093—Schwabe against American Rural Credit Association. Motion of appellee to dismiss appeal granted. Overruled.

20094—Alden McCallie Company against Randall Receiver. Motion of appellee to advance, sustained; cause set for hearing at session commencing September 16, 1918, appellee to serve briefs by May 15, 1918.

20095—Miss Dorthy Howell against Stipulation allowed; cause continued to session commencing September 16, 1918; rule day extended to June 3, 1918.

20096—St. John against Eddy. Stipulation allowed; cause continued to session commencing June 3, 1918.

20097—Gleason against Nevens. Dismissal allowed; appeal dismissed at costs of appellant; mandate to issue forthwith.

20098—Graham against State. Order suspending sentence entered.

20099—Crimley against McCracker. On motion of appellee to dismiss, and to dismiss, affirm or advance; appeal dismissed at costs of appellant.

20100—Whitney against State. Stipulation allowed; rule day extended to July 1, 1918.

20101—Day against State. Stipulation allowed; rule day extended to May 20, 1918.

20102—Pulte against Napoleon State Bank. Motion of appellee to dismiss appeal, sustained; appeal dismissed at costs of appellant.

20103—State Ex Rel Harding against Shumway. On motion of respondent, to advance and for appointment of referee; cause advanced.

20104—Loren against Savidge. Stipulation allowed.

Mr. Chambers' Summer Classes in Dancing

Reduced Rates for Summer Term

Opens May 25  
Closes August 31

For Children—Classic dancing, bar work and technique, and ball room dancing every Saturday.

Pupils, four to eight years, at 2 p. m. Nine to fifteen years, 10:30 a. m. Ladies—Classic dancing, bar work and technique every Friday at 8 p. m., opening on May 24.

Ball Room Dancing Classes for Adults—Every Monday, Thursday and Saturday at 8 p. m.

Private lessons at any time by appointment.

STUDIO—1818½ Harney St. Douglas 1871. Residence, Walnut 521.

## "EVERY MEMBER" DRIVE IN OMAHA STARTS IN RUSH