



Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

CHAPTER X. Back at Work.

I had not believed it possible. But there I was, not only back at work, back upon the stage to which I thought I had said goodby forever, but successful as I had thought I could never be again. And so I decided that I would remain until the engagement of "Three Cheers" closed. But my mind was made up to retire after that engagement. I felt that I had done all I could, and that it was time for me to retire, and to cease trying to make others laugh. There was no laughter in my heart, and often and often, that season, as I cracked my merriest jokes, my heart was sore and heavy and the tears were in my eyes.

But slowly a new sort of courage came to me. I was able to meet my friends again, and to talk to them, and to talk to my boy. I met brother officers of his, and I heard tales of him that gave me a new and even greater pride in him than I had known before. And my friends begged me to carry on in every way.

"You were doing a great work and a good work, Harry," they said. "The boy would want you to carry on. Do not drop all the good you were doing."

I knew that they were right. To sit alone and give way to my grief was a selfish thing to do at such a time. If there was any duty to try to do, still, it was my duty to try to do it, no matter how greatly I would have preferred to rest quiet. At this time there was great need of making the people of Britain understand the need of food conservation, and so I began to go about London, making speeches on that subject wherever people could be gathered together to listen to me. They told me I did some good. And at least, I tried.

And before long I was glad, indeed, that I had listened to the counsel of my friends and had not given way to my selfish desire to nurse my grief in solitude and silence. For I realized that there was a real work for me to do. These folk who had begged me to do my part in lightening the gloom of Britain had been right. There was so much sorrow and grief in the land that it was the duty of all who could dispel it, if even for a little space, to do what they could. I remembered that poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox—"Laugh and the World Laughs With You!" And so I tried to laugh, and to make the part of the world that I chanced to be in laugh with me. For I knew there was weeping and sorrowing enough.

And all the time I felt that the spirit of my boy was with me, and that he knew what I was doing, and why, and was glad, and that he understood that if I laughed it was not because I thought less often of him, or missed him less keenly and bitterly than I had done from the very beginning.

There was much praise for my work from high officials, and it made me proud and glad to know that the men who were at the head of Britain's effort in the war thought I was being of use. One time I spoke with Mr. Balfour, the former prime minister, at Drury Lane theater to one of the greatest war gatherings that was ever held in London.

And always and everywhere there

Owne the hospitals, full of the laddies who had been brought home from France. Ah, but they were pitiful, those laddies who had fought, and won, and been brought back to be nursed back to the life they had been so bravely willing to lay down for their country! But it was hard to look at them, and know how they were suffering, and to go through with the task I had set myself of cheering them and comforting them in my own way! There were times when it was all I could do to get through with my program.

They never complained. They were always bright and cheerful, no matter how terrible their wounds might be; no matter what sacrifices they had made of eyes and limbs. There were men in those hospitals who knew that they were going on, no more than half the men they had been. And yet they were as brave and careless of themselves as if their wounds had been but trifles. I think the greatest exhibition of courage and nerve the world has ever seen was to be found in those hospitals in London and, indeed, all over Britain, where those wonderful lads kept up their spirits always, though they knew they never again would be sound in body.

Many and many of them there were who knew that they could never walk again the shady lanes of their home-land or the little streets of their home towns! Many and many more there were who knew that even after the bandages were taken from about their eyes, they would never gaze again upon the trees and the grass and the flowers growing upon their native hillsides; that never again could they look upon the faces of their loved ones. They knew that everlasting darkness was their portion upon this earth.

But one and all they talked and laughed and sang! And it was there among the hospitals, that I came to find true courage and good cheer. It was not there that I found talk of discouragement and longing for early peace, even though the final victory that could alone bring a real peace and a worthy peace had not been won. No—not in the hospitals could I find and hear such talk as that! For that I had to listen to those who had not gone—who had not had the courage and the nerve to offer all they had and all they were and go through that hell of hells that is modern war!

I saw other hospitals besides the ones in London. After a time, when I was tired, and far from well, I went to Scotland for a space to build myself up and get some rest. And in the far north I went fishing on the River Dee, which runs through the Durrie estate. And while I was there the Laird heard of it. And he sent word to tell me of a tiny hospital hard by where a girl lady named Mrs. Baird was helping to nurse disabled men back to health and strength. He asked me would I no call upon the men and try to give them a little cheer. And I was glad to hear of the chance to help.

I laid down my rod forthwith, for here was better work than fishing—and in my own country. They told me the way that I should go, and that this Mrs. Baird had turned a little school house into a convalescent home, and was doing a fine and wonderful work for the laddies she had taken in. So I set out to find it, and I walked

along a country road to come to it, as it seemed, pushing a wheel chair along the road toward me. And in the chair sat a man, and I could see at once that he had lost the use of his legs—that he was paralyzed from the waist down. It was the way he called to him who was pushing him that made me take notice.

"Go to the right, mon!" he would call. Or, a moment later, "To the left now."

And then they came near to the disaster. The one who was pushing was heading straight for the side of the road, and the one in the chair bellowed out to him, "Mon—ye're taking me into the ditch! Where would ye be going with me, any-way?"

And then I understood. The man who was pushing was blind! They had but one pair of eyes and the one pair of legs between the two of them, and it was so that they contrived to go out together without taking help from anyone else! And they were both as cheerful as wee laddies out for a lark. It was great sport for them. And it was they who gave me my directions to get to Mrs. Baird's.

They disputed a little about the way. The blind man, poor laddie, thought he knew. And he did not—got quite. But he corrected the man who could see but could not walk.

"It's the wrong road you're giving the gentleman," he said. "It's the second turn he should be taking, not the first."

And the other would not argue with him. It was a kindly thing, the way he kept quiet, and did but wink at me, that I might know the truth. He trusted me to understand and to know why he was acting as he was, and I blessed him in my heart for his thoughtfulness. And so I thanked them, and passed on, and reached Mrs. Baird's, and found a royal welcome there, and when they asked me if I would sing for the soldiers, and I said it was for that that I had come, there were tears in Mrs. Baird's eyes. And so I gave a wee concert there, and sang my songs, and did my best to cheer up those boys.

Ah, my poor, brave Scotland—my bonnie little Scotland!

No part of all the United Kingdom, and, for that matter, no part of the world, has played a greater part in proportion to its size and its ability, than has Scotland in this war for humanity against the black forces that has attacked it. Nearly a million men has Scotland sent to the army—out of a total population of 5,000,000! One in five of all her people have gone. No country in the world has ever matched that record. Ah, there were no slackers in Scotland! And they are still going—they are still going! As fast as they are old enough, as fast as restrictions are removed, so that men are taken who were turned back at first by the recruiting officers, as fast as men see to it that some provision is made for those they must leave behind them, they are putting on the king's uniform and going out against the Hun. My country, my Scotland, is not great in area. It is not a rich country in worldly goods or money. But it is big with a bigness beyond measurement, it is rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice,

in patriotism, in love of country, and in bravery.

We have few young men left in Scotland. It is rarely indeed that in a Scottish village, in a given man, these days, you see a young man, these men of middle age. And you know why the young men you see are there. They cannot go, because, although their spirit is willing their flesh is too weak to let them go, for one reason or another. Factory and field and forge—all have been stripped to fill the Scottish regiments and keep them at their full strength. And in Scotland, as in England, women have stepped in to fill the places their men have left vacant. This war is not to be fought by men alone. Women have their part to play, and they are playing it nobly, day after day. The women of Scotland have sent their duty; they have heard their country's call, and they have answered it.

You will find it hard to discover anyone in domestic service today in Scotland. The folk who used to keep servants sent them packing long since, to work where they would be of more use to their country. The women of each household are doing the work about the house, little though they may have been accustomed to such tasks in the days of peace. And they glory and take pride in the knowledge that they are helping to fill a place in the munitions factories or in some other necessary war work.

Do not look along the Scottish roads for folk riding in motor cars for pleasure. Indeed, you will waste your time if you look for pleasure-making of any sort in Scotland today. Scotland has gone back to her ancient business of war, and she is carrying it on in the most businesslike way, sternly and relentlessly. But that it true all over the United Kingdom: I do not claim that Scotland takes the war more seriously than the rest of Britain. But I do think that she has set an example by the way she has flung herself, tooth and nail, into the mighty task that confronts us all—all of us allies who are league against the Hun and his plans to conquer the world and make it bow its neck in submission under his iron heel.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Poultry Raisers to Meet in City Hall Wednesday Night

Problems of solving the troubles of "back yard" poultry raising will be discussed at a meeting to be held at 8 o'clock Wednesday night in the council chamber of the city hall. Joseph Ihm, club leader of the State Junior Extension association, will preside. Robert A. Harrison, Lincoln, representative of the National Poultry association, will give a short talk on back yard poultry raising. Boy and girl representatives of 10 grade schools will meet at 3:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon in the Saratoga school to listen to lectures given by experienced poultry raisers.

Letter Carriers Meet Here in Annual Convention Thursday

The Nebraska Association of Letter Carriers will hold its annual convention Thursday in the Swedish auditorium, Sixteenth and Chicago streets. Delegates from all parts of the state will attend and Omaha is planning a number of entertainments for the visitors. Increased salary legislation and a pension for superannuated employees will be discussed and probably some definite plan of action will be adopted. F. M. Traux of St. Paul, Minn., will give an address.

Omaha Lawyer Brings Suit For Fee Against Best and Harte

The trial of a suit by John P. Breen, Omaha attorney, against Frank C. Best and Gus Harte, former county commissioners, for \$200, an amount alleged to be due him for attorney's fees, was started Monday in district court.

The suit is the outgrowth of a test case brought by Harte and Best several months ago against the county for two years' salary, which was cut from their term of office by a recent law. The case was decided against Harte and Best, and Breen alleges that they refused to pay him for the services he rendered as their attorney.

Affairs of Traction Company May Be Probed, Lambert Says

Corporation Counsel Lambert has returned from Lincoln, where he filed with the State Railway commission an answer in behalf of the city to the application of the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway company for a 6-cent passenger rate in Omaha.

"The commission will submit to the traction company a questionnaire, and if the replies of the company should be unsatisfactory, evasive or suspicious, then it is the plan of the commission to assign a corps of investigators to check up the company's affairs," Mr. Lambert stated. No date has been set for a public hearing.

Henry E. Ostrom Funeral Will Be Held Wednesday

Funeral services for Henry E. Ostrom, deputy election commissioner, who died last Saturday, will be held at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon at the residence, 5126 North Twenty-third street. The Masonic lodge will have charge of the services. Active pallbearers will be Robert Smith, W. G. Ure, Emmet G. Solomon, Harley G. Moorhead, F. A. Shottwell and E. W. Field.

Honorary pallbearers will be D. M. Haverly, Gus Hart, Frank Lewey, Judge Troup, Judge Day and A. Steere. Interment will be in Forest Lawn cemetery.

Brandeis Stores

Cool Comfortable Clothes for Decoration Day

"EXTRAVAGANT ECONOMY is when a man fails to wear successful looking clothes."

There's a heap of truth in that—and nine out of every ten successful men are well dressed men. Look around you.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Are Top-Notchers in Every Respect



They're decidedly smart in style, but with practical utility. Graceful military models, five-seam backs, welt-waist styles. New shades in browns and greens; new iridescent weaves; many silk-lined Suits of Gabardines, Tweeds and Worsteds.

\$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$50 and \$60

The choice things of America and Great Britain are here—master-tailored, at about half the custom tailor's price. Sizes to fit all figures.

Blue Serge Suits \$18.00 to \$35.00

Decoration Day really opens the season for these light-weight, durable, likeable, fast-color Suits. We consider ourselves fortunate to be able to offer you values like these:

- Outing Trousers, \$5 to \$10
- White Flannel, Blue Serge and others with self-stripes. Splendid for golf, tennis and outing wear.
- Golf Togs, \$15 to \$35.
- Golf Suits \$15.00 to \$35.00
- Golf Trousers \$3.50 to \$7.50

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MAKE EVERY DAY POTATO DAY



MAKE EVERY DAY POTATO DAY

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Are Now the Cheapest Highly Nutritious Food

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The SHORTAGE of WHEAT is ALARMING

The SURPLUS of POTATOES is TREMENDOUS

EAT MORE POTATOES NOW

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Soft Collars and Soft Shirts For Solid Summer Comfort



SOFT COLLARS will be worn more than ever this season. They mean the utmost of comfort to every man. Our stock is very complete and our prices are very low—the most approved styles. Pointed corners, round corners, square corners—in pique and cotton materials, as well as silk 20c to 50c

THE RIGHT KIND OF A SHIRT. We recommend Cheviot White Shirts with button-down collar, splendid value at \$2

Bathing Suits for Men, \$1.25 to \$5.98

The one-piece styles, made of cotton, wool mixtures and wool with mercerized silk stripes. All sizes and a score of styles.

Main Floor, Men's Building.

Straw Hats and Outing Hats



In the Straws we are showing stiff brims, soft brims, Panamas and Sailors; high crown Hats, low crown Hats, narrow brims and wide brims—

- Panamas \$3.50 to \$10
- Porto Ricans \$2 to \$3
- Split Braids \$2 to \$5
- Bangkoks and Leghorns. \$5
- Straws, special at 65c

HATS OF SILK AND PALM BEACH CLOTH, light weight and light colors; samples, and for that reason the price is \$2.50

Caps in the widest variety

Silk Caps, \$1.50 | Palm Beach | Fancy Caps, 65c to \$2 | Caps, \$1, \$1.25 to \$2

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you should do so, if you never fished before, and why, if you have fished, you should fish the more.

1. It's a bully pastime that takes you into the Great Healthful Outdoors.
2. It reduces the high cost of living by providing fresh, nourishing, palatable-tasting food.
3. It conserves the meat so necessary for our fighting men and thereby contributes to the winning of the war.
4. The extra hour of daylight makes it possible for you to go fishing almost any evening, or every evening that the spirit moves you to do so; indeed, it permits you to mix pleasure with profit as never before has been possible.

Main Floor, Men's Building.