

NEBRASKA UNIT REPLACES JUNE CASUALTY LIST

General Gervey, Director of Operations, Makes Final Decision of Disposition of Nebraska Troops.

Washington, June 4.—(Special Telegram)—If there was any doubt as to why national guardsmen should not be brigaded with any unit trained for overseas service it is dissipated by the following letter to General Henry Jersey, acting assistant chief of staff, director of operations, to Congressman Lobeck, who presented Governor Neville's reasons why the Nebraska National Guardsmen at Camp Cody should be kept intact. General Jersey says on direction of General March that in the present crisis when so much depends upon the time in which the United States will deliver her assistance, some organizations must make a sacrifice and furnish these replacements.

Trained men must be sent to take the places of those who are wounded and killed among the forces overseas. Our divisions are now bearing their share of the burden of the struggle on the western front and these divisions must be kept at full strength. A casualty must be replaced and replaced at once by a trained man.

In addition to the 44th division three other divisions were similarly called to furnish June replacements of troops, previously other divisions have furnished their quota of replacements for other months.

"In selecting the four divisions it was obviously necessary to limit the choice to those divisions that were not soon scheduled to proceed overseas. Moreover, other divisions already depleted could not be called upon to furnish these men.

Change in Plans Fatal.

"It is earnestly requested that you assist the War department in this matter, especially in reference to that portion of the Hon. Keith Neville's letter, in which he states that he feels sure that Nebraska's representatives in Washington have sufficient influence to cause the department to change their plans with reference to the disruption of these organizations. changed plans mean delay and at present time is the vital factor.

"It is not practicable to move brigades or regiments, as the men of the replacement draft are sent overseas to replace individual casualties as they occur, and not organizations.

"Replacement training camps have recently been instituted, and as soon as they have been in operation a sufficient time to furnish trained men, all replacements will be drawn from these camps.

"The War department sincerely regrets the necessity which demands that men be taken from a unit composed entirely of men from one state, but you will undoubtedly realize that the necessity is urgent and that trained individuals must be sent overseas as replacements."



Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

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CHAPTER XV.

Ye ken that tale? There was an American who had enlisted, like so many of his fellow countrymen before America was in the war, in the Canadian forces. The British army was full of men who had told a white lie to don the king's uniform. Men there are in the British army who winked as they enlisted and were told: "You'll be a Canadian."

"Aye, aye, I'm a Canadian," they'd say.

"From what province?"

"The province of Kentucky—or New York—or California!"

Well, there was a lad, one of them, was in the first wave at Vimy Ridge that April day in 1917. 'Twas but a few days before that a wave of the wildest cheering ever heard had run along the whole western front, so that Fritz in his trenches wondered what was up the noo. Well, he has learned since then! He has learned, despite his kaiser and his officers, and his lying newspapers, that that cheer went up when the news came that America had declared war upon Germany. And so it was a few days after that cheer was heard that the Canadians leaped over the top and went for Vimy Ridge and this young fellow from America had a wee silken flag. He spoke to his officer.

"Now that my own country's in the war, sir," he said, "I'd like to carry her flag with me when we go over the top. Wrapped around me, sir—" "Go it!" said the officer.

And so he did. And he was one of those who won through and reached the top. There he was wounded, but he had carried the Stars and Stripes with him to the crest.

Vimy Ridge! I could see it. And above it, and beyond it, now, for the front had been carried on, far beyond, within what used to be the lines of the Hun, the airplanes circled. Very quiet and lazy they seemed, for all I knew of their endless activity and the precious work that they were doing. I could see how the Huns were shelling them. You would see an airplane hovering and then, close by, suddenly a tall of cottony white smoke. Shrapnel that was bursting, as Fritz tried to get the range with an anti-aircraft gun—an Archie, as the Tommies call them. But the plane would pay no heed except, maybe, to dip a bit or climb a little higher to make it harder for the Hun. It made my think of a man shrugging his shoulders, calmly and imperturbably, in the face of some great peril, and I wanted to cheer. I had some wild idea that maybe he would hear me, and know that some one saw him, and appreciated what he was doing—someone to whom it was not an old story! But then I smiled at my own thought.

Now it was time for us to leave the cars and get some exercise. Our steel helmets were on, and glad we were of them, for shrapnel was bursting nearby sometimes, although most of the shells were big fellows, that buried themselves in the ground and then exploded. Fritz wasn't doing much casual shelling the noo, though. He was saving his fire until his observers gave him a real target to aim at.

It was not more than a mile we had to cover, but it was rough going, bad going. Here war had had its grim way without interruption. The face of the earth had been cut to pieces. Its surface had been smashed to a pulpy mass. The ground had been plowed, over and over, by a rain of shells—German and British. What a planting there had been that spring, and what a plowing! A harvest of death it had been that had been sown—and the reaper had not waited for summer to come, and the harvest moon. He had passed that way with his scythe, and where we passed now he had taken his terrible, his horrid, toll.

At the foot of the ridge I saw men fighting for the first time—actually fighting, seeking to hurt an enemy. It was a Canadian battery we saw, and it was firing steadily and methodically, at the Huns. Up to now I had seen only the vast industrial side of war; its business and its labor. Now I was for the first time in touch with actual fighting. I saw the guns belching death and destruction, destined for men miles away. It was high angle fire, of course, directed by observers in the air.

But even that seemed part of the sheer, factorylike industry of war. There was no passion, no coming to grips in hot blood, here. Orders were given by the battery commander and the other officers as the foreman in a machine shop might give them. And the busy artillerymen worked like laborers, too, clearing their guns after a salvo, loading them, bringing up

fresh supplies of ammunition. It was all methodical, all a matter of routine.

"Good artillery work is like that," said Captain Godfrey, when I spoke to him about it. "It's a science. It's all a matter of the higher mathematics. Every thing worked out to a dozen places of decimals. We've eliminated chance and guesswork just as far as possible from modern artillery actions."

But there was something about it all that was disappointing, at first sight. It let you down a bit. Only the guns were acting as they should, and showing a proper passion and excitement. I could hear them growling ominously, like dogs locked in their kennels when they would be loose and about, and hunting. And then they would spit, angrily. They inflamed my imagination, did those guns; they satisfied me and my old-fashioned conception of war and fighting, more than anything else that I had seen had done. And it seemed to me that after they had spit out their deadly charges they wiped their muzzles with red tongues of flame, satisfied beyond all words or measure with what they had done.

We were rising now, as we walked and getting a better view of the country that lay beyond. And so I came to understand that, and to listen to things I heard with different ears. But those are things no one can tell you of; you must have been at the front yourself to understand all that goes on there, both in action and in the minds of men.

We obeyed Captain Godfrey readily enough, as you can guess. And so I was alone as I walked toward Vimy Ridge. It looked just like a lumpy expanse on the landscape; at home we would not even think of it as a toothill. But as I neared it, and as I remembered all it stood for, I thought that in the atlas of history it would loom higher than the highest peak of the great Himalaya range.

(Continued Tomorrow)

TWO FACE CHARGE STEALING AUTO OF J. UNZFURTH

Detectives arrested Glenn Clark, 2668 Douglas street, and L. H. Compton, 2417 Poppleton avenue, Tuesday afternoon, charged with stealing an automobile belonging to Jack Unzfurth, taxi driver, Council Bluffs. The automobile, which was stolen from Seventeenth and Douglas streets Monday night, was recovered in a garage in the rear of 1432 North Nineteenth street, which Clark had rented.

Detectives lay in wait for Clark and arrested him when he came to the garage. Compton was arrested an hour later when Clark "squealed" on his accomplice.

Detectives say that Clark and Compton have gained notoriety over their convictions of automobile thefts in the past.

own mad purpose of vengeance.

It was all I could do, I tell you, to restrain myself—to check that wild, almost ungovernable impulse to rush to the guns and grapple with them myself—myself fire them at the men who had killed my boy. I wanted to fight! I wanted to fight with my two hands—to tear and rend, and have the consciousness that I flash back, like a telegraph message from my satiated hands to my eager brain that was spurting me on.

But that was not to be. I knew it, and I grew calmer, presently. The roughness of the going helped me to do that, for it took all a man's wits and faculties to grope his way along the path we were following now. Indeed, it was no path at all that led us to the Pimple—that topmost point of Vimy Ridge, which changed hands half a dozen times in the few minutes of bloody fighting that had gone on here during the great attack.

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(Continued Tomorrow)

Fast Trains From Chicago Are Delayed by Washouts

Fast trains from Chicago to Omaha were delayed by washouts Monday night on the Milwaukee, Rock Island and Northwestern lines. The Overland Limited, the Northwestern Union Pacific trans-continental train, was six hours late. No. 11 on the Northwestern was also six hours late. These delays were due to track trouble between Marshalltown and Ames, Ia. Telegraph lines were down so that the exact nature of the trouble was not ascertained.

Rock Island train No. 13 from Chicago was held so long by high water east of Des Moines that it was annulled for the day.

Milwaukee train No. 11 from Chicago for Omaha was five hours late because of track conditions east of Atlantic, Ia.

The Burlington roadbed was in a somewhat soft condition in spots between Omaha and Lincoln because of frequent rains and high water. Telegraph poles were washed out on this line between Omaha and Ashland.

And I can truthfully say that, that at least, I felt no great fear or nervousness. Later I did, as I shall tell you, but that day one overpowering emotion mastered every other. It was the desire for vengeance! You were the Huns—the men who had killed my boy. They were almost within my reach. And as I looked at them in their lines a savage desire possessed me, almost overwhelming me, indeed, that made me want to rush to those guns and turn them to my

specifications.

Shoes Make Poor Savings

Bank; Pruym Loses \$6

W. B. Pruym, 2735 Caldwell street, declares he will resort to extreme methods to conceal his money, other than hiding it in his shoes, hereafter.

He reported to the police that same Monday night a sneak thief entered his room and stole \$6 out of his shoe. On account of deep sleep of Pruym the crafty burglar was not disturbed during his purloining.

More than \$50 worth of cigars, candies and tobacco were taken from the Fregger Drug company, 1848 North Sixteenth street, some time during the night when burglars ransacked the place. A side window was found broken, through which the thieves entered.

CREIGHTON ARTS COLLEGE HOLDS FINAL ASSEMBLY

Medals Awarded High School
After Address to Graduating Class by Jerry
J. Burns.

The final assembly of the Creighton College of Liberal Arts and of the Creighton High school was held jointly with the commencement exercises of the high school at the Creighton auditorium Tuesday morning.

Solemn high mass was celebrated in Father Louis Kellinger officiating. Father Francis Riley delivered the sermon.

Father Robert M. Kelley, dean of the college of liberal arts and principal of the high school, made the award of medals. Medals were awarded as follows:

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS.

Junior Class—Wayne P. Keltges.

Senior Class—Lyle Dornan.

Sophomore Science and Medicine—Frank E. Duffy.

Freshman Class—Arts—Ralph Swoboda.

Harold Dryer.

Prudential—Legal—George W. Rogers.

Commercial—Medal—James W. Goss.

Evidence of Religion—Patrick Darcy.

Scholarship Public Debate Medal—T. J. McGovern, Ralph L. Lear, Brandon F. Brown.

College Elocution Medal—Paul B. Duffy.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Fourth Year Class Honors—George F. Heneghan.

Third Year Class Honors—Frank J. Callie.

Second Year Class Honors—Clarence R. Rosch.

First Year Class Honors—James D. Paul, Clarence R. McAuley, Leonard Diger.

High School Debate Medal—Edward P. McNeely.

Elocution Medals, Fourth Year—Herbert A. Saul, Lee R. Atchison, Odie F. Sully.

Jerry J. Burns delivered the address from the graduating class of the high school. Rev. Father F. X. McMenamy, president of Creighton University, presented diplomas to six students of the classical department of the high school and to fifteen students of the non-classical department.

Honors for the college department were read by Father Kelley as follows:

First Class—Wayne P. Keltges.

Sophomore Class—Arts—Lyle Dornan.

Sophomore Class—Science and Medicine—Frank E. Duffy.

Freshman Arts—Ralph E. Swoboda.

Freshman Science and Medicine—Harold Dryer.

Freshman Pre-Legal—George Rogers.

Lyle W. Doran was appointed cadet major in the Creighton Cadet battalion. Seven captains were also appointed for the ensuing year.

Rev. Father F. X. McMenamy, president of the university, delivered the main address of the morning, one of congratulation to the successful graduates and prize winners.

Matthew J. Severin sang a solo, and the program closed with the assemblage singing "Alma Mater."

Bob Fregger Drug Store.

More than \$50 worth of cigars, candies and tobacco were taken from the Fregger Drug company, 1848 North Sixteenth street, some time during the night when burglars ransacked the place. A side window was found broken, through which the thieves entered.

HARDLY ABLE TO WALK AND COULD FIND NO RELIEF

Contractor's Wife Takes Tanlac and All Her Troubles Begin to Disappear.

"I never cared anything for publicity myself, but Tanlac has done me so much good that I feel it my duty to tell the world about it and I have already recommended it to several of my friends," said Mrs. Christine Thielka, wife of a well-known general contractor, and living at 5026 South Twenty-third street, the other day.

"About a year ago," she continued, "I had a severe attack of la grippe that left me in such a badly rundown condition that my nerves were simply shattered and I could get little or no rest at night. My stomach, too, was all out of order and my food soured so much that I would be greatly distressed for hours after eating anything. I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism and my limbs from my knees down would ache so that at times I could hardly walk. I was so tired and worn out and had so little ambition that each day I lived seemed to be more miserable than the last.

"I tried all kinds of medicines that I saw advertised, but they didn't do me any good, and I began to lose hope of finding anything that would help me, when I heard so much about Tanlac that I decided to see if it would, at least, help my rheumatism. Well, I have taken only four bottles so far and it has given me such a fine appetite that I feel ashamed to eat all I want; my nerves are in good shape and I sleep just like a child all night. My rheumatism is so much better that I hardly notice it at all and I don't have that tired, wornout feeling any more. In fact, ever since I started on Tanlac I feel fine in every way, and just want to be stirring about and doing something all the time."

Tanlac is sold in Omaha by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., corner Sixteenth and Dodge streets; Sixteenth and Farnam streets; northeast corner, Nineteenth and Farnam streets, and West End Pharmacy, corner Forty-ninth and Dodge streets, under the personal direction of a special Tanlac representative.—Advertisement.



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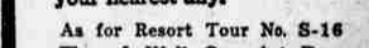
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