



Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

CHAPTER XVI.

Wierd Game of Hide and Seek.

The Germans knew perfectly well that there was a battle somewhere near the spot where I had found my gunners. Only the exact location was hidden from them, and they never ceased their efforts to determine that. Fritz's airplanes were always trying to sneak over to get a look. An airplane was the only means of detection the Canadians feared. No—I will not say they feared it! The word fear did not exist for that battery! But it was the only way in which there was a tolerable chance even for Fritz to locate them, and for the sake of the whole operation at that point, as well as for their own interest, they were eager to avoid that.

German airplanes were always trying to sneak over, I say, but nearly always our men of the royal flying corps drove them back. We came as close, just then, to having command of the air in that sector as any army does these days. A few hostile flyers can get through the heaviest barrage and the staunchest air patrol. And so, every once in a while, an alarm would sound and all hands would crane their necks upward to watch an airplane flying with an iron cross painted upon its wings.

Then, and, as a rule, then only, fire would cease for a few minutes. There was far less chance of detection when the guns were still. At the height at which our archers—the anti-aircraft guns are called by Tommy Atkins—faced the boche to fly there was little chance of his observers picking out this battery, at least, against the ground. If the guns were giving voice that chance was tripled—and so they stopped, at such times, until a British flyer had had time to engage the Hun and either bring him down or send him scurrying for the safe shelter behind his own lines.

Fritz, in the air, liked to have the odds with him, as a rule. It was exceptional to find a German flyer like Boelcke who really went in for single-handed duels in the air. As a rule they preferred to attack a single plane with half a dozen, and so make as sure as they could of victory at a minimum of risk. But that policy did not always work—sometimes the lone British flyer came out ahead, despite the odds against him.

There was a great deal of firing on general principles from Fritz. His shells came wandering querulously about, striking on every side of the battery. Occasionally, of course, there was a hit that was direct, or nearly so. And then, as a rule, a new mound or two would appear in the little cemetery, and a new set of crosses that for a few days you might easily enough have marked for new because they were not to be weathered yet. But such hits were few and far between, and they were lucky, casual shots of which the Germans themselves did not have the satisfaction of knowing.

"Of course, if they get our range really and find out all about us we'll have to move," said the officer in command. "That would be a bore, but it couldn't be helped. We're a fixed target, you see, as soon as they know where we are, and they can turn loose a battery of heavy howitzers against us and clear us out of here in no time. But we're pretty quick movers when we have to move. It's great sport in a way, too, sometimes. We know all the camouflage behind and sometimes Fritz will spend a week watching the position that was moved away at the first shell that came as if it meant they really were on us."

"I wondered how a battery commander would determine the difference between a casual hit and the first shell of a bombardment definitely planned and accurately placed.

"You can tell, as a rule, if you know the game," he said. "There'll be searching shells, you see. There'll be one too far, perhaps. And then, after a pretty exact interval, there'll be another, maybe a bit short. Then one to the left—and then to the right. By that time we're off as a rule—we don't wait for the one that will be scored a hit! If you're quick, you see, you can beat Fritz to it by keeping your eyes open and being ready to move in a hurry when he's got a really good argument to make you do it."

But while I was there, while Fritz was inquisitive enough, his curiosity got him nowhere. There were no casual hits even, and there was nothing to make the battery feel that it wasn't being made ready for a quick retreat.

"Was that no weird, strange game of hide and seek that I watched at Vimy Ridge? It gave me the creeps; that idea of battling with an enemy you could not see! It must be hard at times, I think, for the gunners to realize that they are actually at war, but so—there is always the drone and the squawking of the German shells, and the pop-pop, from time to time, as one finds his mark in the mud near by. But to think of shooting always at an enemy you cannot see!"

"I brought to my mind a tale I had heard at home in Scotland. There was a hospital in Glasgow, and there a man who had gone to see a friend stopped suddenly, in amazement, at the side of a cot. He looked down at features that were familiar to him. The man in the cot was not looking at him and the visitor stood gazing, staring at him in the utmost astonishment and doubt.

"I was in the reserve, do ye ken. And I was standin' in front of my hoose one day in August, thinkin' of nothin' at all. I marked a man who was coming doon the street wi' a blue paper in his hand and studin' the numbers on the doorplates. But I paid no great heed to him until he stopped and spoke to me.

"He had stopped outside my hoose and looked at the number and then at his blue paper. And then he turned to me.

"Are ye Tamson, the baker?" he asked me—just as ye asked me that same question the noo.

"And I said to him, just as I said it to ye, 'Aye, I'm Tamson, the baker.' "Then it's Hamilton barracks for ye, Tamson," he said, and handed me the blue paper.

"Four hours from the time when he handed me the blue paper in front of my hoose in Glasgow I was at Hamilton barracks. In twelve hours I was in Southampton. In twenty hours I was in France. And about as soon as I got there I was in a lot of shooting and running this way and that they ha' told me since was the battle of the Marne.

"And in twenty-four hours more I was on my way back to Glasgow! In forty-eight hours I wake up in Stobe Hill infirmary and the nurse was saying in my ear: 'Ye're all right the noo, Tamson. We ha' only just amputated your leg!'

"So I think I ha' been to the war, but I can only say I think so. I only know what I was told—that ha' never seen a damn German yet!"

That is a true story of Tamson, the baker. And his experience has actually been shared by many a poor fellow—and by many another who might have counted himself lucky if he had

lost not more than a leg, as Tamson did.

But the laddies of my battery, though they were shooting now at Germans they could not see, had had many a close-up view of Fritz in the past and expected many another in the future. Maybe they will get one some time after the fashion of the company of which my boy, John, once told me.

The captain of this company—a Highland company it was, though not of John's regiment—had spent most of his time in London before the war and belonged to several clubs which in those days employed many Germans as servants and waiters. He was a big man and he had a deep, bass voice, so that he roared like the bull of Bashan when he had a mind to raise it for all to hear.

One day things were dull in his sector. The front line trench was not far from that of the Germans, but there was no activity beyond that of the snipers, and the Germans were being so cautious that ours were getting mighty few shots. The captain was bored, and so were the men.

"How would you like a pot shot, lads?" he asked.

"Fine!" came the answer. "Fine, sir!"

"Very well," said the captain. "Get ready with your rifles and keep your eyes on yon trench."

It was not more than thirty yards away—pointblank range. The captain waited until they were ready. And then his voice rang out in its loudest, most commanding roar.

"Waiter!" he shouted.

Forty helmets popped up over the German parapet and a storm of bullets swept them away.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

General Session Will Be Until Friday Inclusive by Nebraska Association; Mayor to Welcome Delegates.

The seventh biennial convention of the Nebraska Association of Workers for the Blind will be called to order next Tuesday morning at the Rome hotel, where general session will be held until Friday, inclusive.

Invocation will be offered by Rev. Edwin Hart Jenks at the opening meeting and Mayor Smith will welcome the visitors. Lyle A. Harris, president of the association, will respond. An informal reception has been arranged for Tuesday night and a picnic at Manawa will be held on Wednesday afternoon.

Wednesday morning's program will be: "Our War Program," Lyle A. Harris; "The Man of the Hour,"

Colonel Roosevelt minced no words on the German-American who claims he is loyal to this country but cannot help loving the Fatherland too.

"That man should be believed as readily as the man who tells you that he loves his wife—yes, but he loves other women as well as his wife," said Teddy.

Which was a simile the point of which no Daughter of Eve could miss no matter how little her comprehension of war terms.

"Teddy" found a place in the hearts of all the women who heard—and gave him the attention they give few political speakers. Here was a patriot, pleading the cause of "the" country—theirs as well as his. That his words came straight from his heart, a little service flag of five stars gave silent testimony. No woman could think of the four sons and son-in-law on French battlefields—one of them wounded and lying on a hospital cot, without heeding his words.

When Rev. Titus Lowe in his invocation prayed for the speaker of the evening to be granted the vision not only to see the right but the strength and energy to execute the right, those nearest Roosevelt saw him shake his head vigorously in assent and his lips moved seemingly in prayer for the same hope.

Plainly clothed in a gray business suit, there was nothing savoring of the celebrity about him, nothing oratorical, for he stood in the same position and only his expressive face was a constant play of emotions.

Among the things Omaha liked about Teddy was his utter willingness to admit his own delusions and misconceptions in the early days of the war.

"I was among those deluded by the German-American Alliance," he admitted and that some of his presumably best friends before the war had shown themselves disloyal, that is, loyal to Germany. It took months to realize this, he said, but his strong sense of fairness would not permit him to stop on mincing no words on the treatment of German-Americans. For the American of German origin, he admonished the audience to treat with the greatest favor on pain of themselves forfeiting the right to claim true American citizenship.

After he had laid down these simple principles of Americanism—one nation, one language—he told in simple words why the war was being fought and the need for men, first of all to fight, he called on the young men in the audience to join the colors.

"If you have an unwise female relative who doesn't want you to, don't listen to her," he advised them.

And when with a return of the old Rooseveltian fire, he offered to leave the decision for continuing to prosecute the war to the mothers of the land—after they knew the facts as he knew them—there wasn't a mother in the audience who wasn't ready to help win the war by making the biggest sacrifice—the offer of her boy!

General Session Will Be Until Friday Inclusive by Nebraska Association; Mayor to Welcome Delegates.

Workers for Blind Will Meet Tuesday

FURS! GET 'EM STORED QUICKLY

Drescher Bros. Spend \$2,000 on Added Devices for Their Concrete and Steel Fur Storage Vaults.

Baker Ice Machine Co. of Omaha Produces the New Equipment Just Installed at This Modern Plant.

George C. Rothery; report by L. N. Much, vice president; "Our Future Obligations," Don Arnold.

The program on Thursday morning will be: "Educational Retrospection," Lyle A. Harris; "Future Work for the Blind," N. C. Abbott; "What I Am Learning From My Pupils," E. C. Cook; "Salesmanship for the Blind," A. H. Gibson, Thursday afternoon; "Your Best and My Best in Chains,"

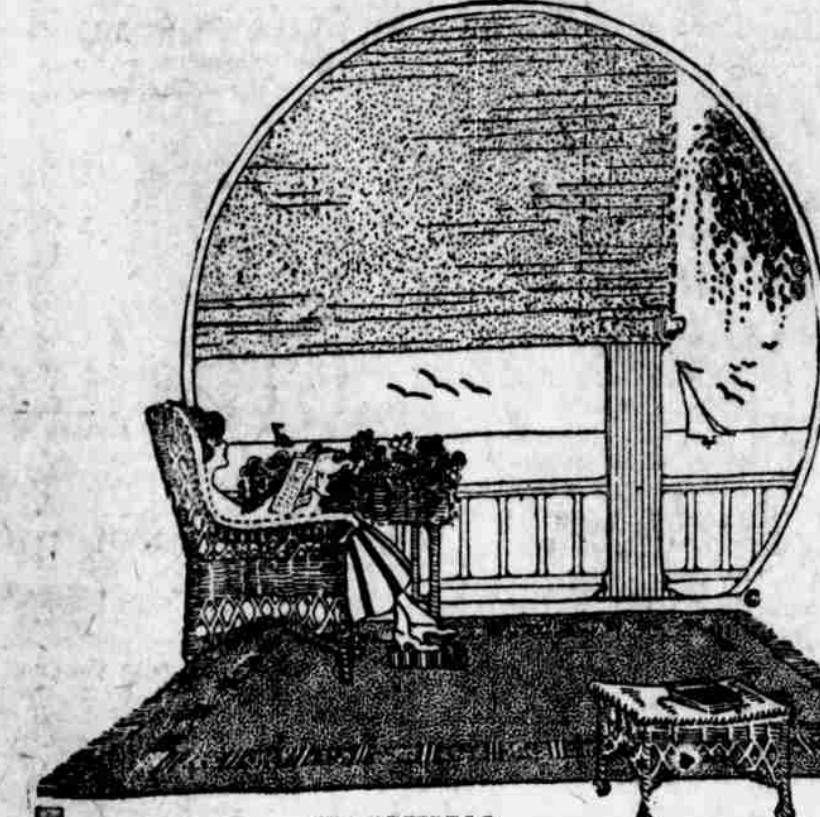
H. J. Gierau; "Professional Piano Tuning," L. B. Gillett; "Remunerative Employment for Blind Women," J. Louise Tucker; "Home Economics," Mrs. E. C. Cook; "Woman's Sphere," Lena Vista Smith.

Mrs. W. O. Shrum First Woman In State to Win Dietz Medal

Mrs. W. O. Shrum, 3819 Parker street, a member of the Willing Workers' Red Cross auxiliary, is the first woman in Nebraska to have the honor of receiving the medal donated by Gould Dietz as a reward for having spent 500 hours or more working for the Red Cross. She has knitted 29 sweaters, eight pairs of wristlets and four helmets, besides assisting with sewing, Mrs. Shrum is the mother of Winfield Shrum, first lieutenant machine gun company, 352d infantry, stationed at Camp Dodge.

Consumption Tax Proposed

Washington, June 8.—A consumption tax on necessities was forecast today by Representative Longworth of Ohio, a member of the house ways and means committee, at its hearing on a new revenue bill.



SEASONABLE HOME FURNISHINGS

For Indoor and Outdoor Use

HARTMAN'S offers a wonderfully varied, complete stock of seasonable furniture for your selection, at prices which are bound to interest you immediately. This exhibit should prove of equal interest to brides—just beginning to furnish their homes—and to the experienced home-builder, who knows the value of attractive furniture in a home. But no matter what you need—a single reed chair or a complete outfit for any number of rooms—you will find the greatest dollar-for-dollar values at Hartman's.

INVESTIGATION AND COMPARISON CORDIALLY INVITED.

Convenient Terms of Payment Gladly Arranged if Desired

ARTISTICALLY DESIGNED QUEEN ANNE DRESSER, has roomy base 21x42 in. fitted with dust proof drawers, pattern-shaped, French plate mirror 24x39 in., elegant imitation Chippendale walnut finish, at only—

\$28.85

34-INCH ROUND TOP FIBER REED TABLE, securely braced. Your choice of either brown or natural finish; but the thing for porch or sun room. Be sure and see this value; specially quoted while they last—

\$6.75

SUBSTANTIAL FOUR PASSES SWING, it stands 8 ft. high; seat 35 in. wide, finished natural; frame of a milled red; securely braced and bolted, only—

\$4.95

Children's 2-pc. singer lawn swing, like illustration—

\$2.75

COLONIAL DRESSER, built of solid oak, your choice of fumed or golden oak finish, base is 28 in. wide with 3 roomy drawers, French oval plate mirror, at only—

\$10.35

COMFORTABLE FULL-SIZE FIBER REED GONDOLA, closely woven fabric, large rubber-tired wheels; your choice of different finishes; interior upholstering to match; comfortable springs, price only—

\$22.65

SANITARY HIGH SIDE WOOD CRIE, closely fitted fillers, flexible spring, measures 2 ft. 8 in. by 4 ft. 8 in., has automatic drop sides and is splendidly finished in white enamel, priced at—

\$9.25

WHITE ENAMEL LINED DEPENDABLE Ice-Saving Refrigerator, built of seasoned ash, with rounded corners; sanitary removable wire shelves, roomy ice-chamber, 50-lb. capacity, only—

\$12.98

A STUNNING SOLID MAHOGANY DA-BED in the William and Mary design; has satin dulc finish frames with cane panel inset at either end; upholstered in a splendid grade of figured tapestry over soft steel spring construction; a high grade piece of furniture, moderately priced at only—

\$53.75

Stand to fit, \$4.95.

HIGH-GRADE COUCH HAMMOCK, heavy link fabric spring, fitted with adjustable head-rest and covered with brown canvas, with magazine pocket at either end; soft mattress; price of swing (sun shade not included), only—

\$11.45

WELL BUILT NEATLY DESIGNED ROCKER, with frames of genuine quartered oak, finished golden; backs and seats are upholstered in genuine Spanish leather; a pleasing design, quoted specially for this week at—

\$11.37

GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE CHIFFONIER, wardrobe section fitted with sliding coat and trouser hanger, 5 roomy drawers, large hat compartment, extra as illustrated; priced at, now—

\$14.89

DAVENPORT ILLUSTRATED, 2 mahogany finish, artistic cane back and sides, special—

\$46.65

CHIPPENDALE CHAIR, antique mahogany finish, artistic cane back and sides, special—

\$46.65

A WELL MADE AND COMFORTABLE FULL REED OUTING "BULKY," has handy drawer under seat for bottles, etc.; full reed hood, reclining back, comfortable foot rest, rear bumper wheels; our low price while they last—

\$13.50

GUARANTEED "SIMMONS" BRASS BED, heavy 2-in. outside post, ten substantial fillers, finished in rich satin, full size only; specially quoted for this week's selling—

\$14.95

KITCHEN CABINETTE, solid oak construction, 50-lb. tilting flour bin, sliding nickel top utensil drawer and roomy pan compartment; price for this week at—

\$10.98

Columbia Grafonola

Vacation Model

Made for Outdoor Music

For those jolly informal parties by seashore, lake or river, the most popular entertainers is always a COLUMBIA VACATION GRAFONOLA. This friendly, companionable Grafonola is a good sport and a good sport. Take him along with you on your holiday trip this year. You have no idea how much added pleasure it will mean for you and your friends.

This Splendid Model in Mahogany or Quartersawn Oak Case and 12 RECORD SELECTIONS Your Own Choice, Only

\$49.50

\$4.00 CASH, 75c A WEEK

HARTMAN'S

413-15-17 South 16th Street

THIS IS A QUEEN ANNE CHIFFONIER MATCHES dresser shown to right; upper compartment conceals three full length drawers, two small and two large drawers below; metal period drawer pulls; an exceptional value.

\$21.98

STRONGLY BUILT FIBRE REED ROCKER, in a new and pleasing design; has cushion seat done in figured crotonne, broad seat and high back, finished in a beautiful brown or natural, suitable for sunroom or porch; priced at only—

\$7.98

WELL BUILT NEATLY DESIGNED ROCKER, with frames of genuine quartered oak, finished golden; backs and seats are upholstered in genuine Spanish leather; a pleasing design, quoted specially for this week at—

\$11.37

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