SEA LORD SCOFFS AT SUB BLOCKADE OF U. S. SHORES

English First Admiral Declares U-Boat Activity on American Coast Should Not Be Taken Seriously.

(By Associated Press.)

London, June 15.—German submarine activity off the Atlantic coast of the United States should not be taken seriously, as the Germans probably will not attempt to blockade the American shores.

This is the opinion of Vice Admiral Sir Rossiyn Wemyss, first sea lord of the British admiralty.

The admiral believes there is only one submarine operating off the American coast and the purpose of its trip across the Atlantic was to frighten the Americans.

German ruthlessness at sea, the first sea lord declared, must be met by centralized warfare in the North Sea and the Mediterranean.

U. S. Navy in Europe.

Admiral Wemyss paid tribute to the co-operation of the American naval forces in European waters. He said the American ships not only were stationed in the north, but were also operating in the Mediterranean and off Gibraltar.

"The Germans cannot hope to maintain anything in the character of a blockade," he said. "The distance is too great from their bases.

"You will remember that Napoleon declared that 'exclusiveness of purpose is the secret of great success and of great operations.' Now, if the Germans could cause a dispersal of naval force, this demonstration off the American coast would achieve its purpose.

Centralization of Effort.

"I hold firmly to two principles. I believe firmly in decentralization in administration of effort against the enemy. I think it was Admiral Mahan who said that the great end of a war fleet is not to chase nor to fly, but to control the seas.

"Now, with that statement in mind, glance at an ordinary school atlas. You will observe that the central powers have formed a block in Europe running down from the North Sea to the Adriatic and to the point where the Dardanelles debouches into the Mediterranean.

"Any submarine to reach the American coast has to pass either to the north or south of the British Isles or along the Mediterranean, where Gibraltar stands sentinel over the narrow exit.

Fighting Subs by Strategy.

"That atlas is illuminating. It indicates sound strategic methods of dealing with the submarine campaign. We must fight the U-boat in the narrow seas. In other words, we must centralize, concentrating all our forces in what is really the decisive area.

"The Germans, you may be sure, have been studying the charts, and in sending one of their so-called submarine cruisers to the American coast they thought to raise an outcry against the policy of fighting the submarines. I judge that they have already failed in their purpose.

"It looks as though they had merely brought the war home to the American people, reminding them that they have a common interest in conquering the power which invented this modern form of piracy. That represents another defeat for the Germans.

Not Taken Seriously.

"We shall have to wait on events before final judgment can be formed as to whether the enemy will persist in this new policy. I am not inclined to take the business seriously. It cannot be serious in relation to the immense volume of sea traffic between the United States and Europe. But I must enter one caveat.

"The proper policy is, as I have said, centralization of effort in the decisive areas, the narrow waters through which all the submarines, whether intended to cruise off our shores or off the American coast, must pass.

"That is the right policy, as every seaman will, I am sure, agree, but that does not mean that no submarine can escape and cross the Atlantic.

To Convoy Traffic.

"What, then, should be done? I see it is reported that American coastbound traffic will be convoyed. If taht is to be the case the same principle will be adopted as has proved successful during the past year or so, but this will be quite a secondary effort, I imagine, since, according to the statement of the naval secretary in Washington, the American naval authorities are convinced that if the submarine is to be mastered it must be mastered in the narrow seas.

"American resources are developing rapidly and the two policies, I hope, may not prove incompatible; namely, co-operation in the main offensive with a measure of protection to local traffic.

"You know, of course," the first sea lord continued, "that for more than a year past American men-of-war have been operating from Queenstown in the Mediterranean. I do not think it can be regarded as a secret from the Germans that American men-of-war are also acting against the enemy off Gibraltar.

Closing Arguments Made In Irrigation Wrangle

Arguments in a lawsuit with important bearings on the irrigation development of western Nebraska closed Friday at North Platte, when Judge Robert E. Lewis of the Colorado district, holding court in Nebraska, took under advisement the pleas of attorneys for the United States government against the Nebraska state engineer, the state water commissioner and the Ramshorn Ditch company.

The government is seeking to restrain by injunction the state and the ditch company from the ownership of water seeping from the North Platte river below the Pathfinder dam and cutting new channels through a range of sandhills and then back into the North Platte river by way of Dry and Wet Sheep creek.

Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

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CHAPTER XIX.

Seven Concerts in One Day.

There was some wonderful choruses along those war-worn roads we traveled. "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" was still my featured song, and all the soldiers seemed to know the tune and the words and to take a particular delight in coming in with me as I swung into the chorus. We never passed a detachment of soldiers without stopping to give them a concert, no matter how it disarranged Captain Godfrey's plans. But he was entirely willing. It was these men, on their way to trenches, or on the way out of them, bound for rest billets, whom, of course, I was most anxious to reach, since I felt that they were the ones I was most likely to be able to help and cheer up.

The scheduled concerts were practically all at the various rest billets we visited. These were, in the main, at chateaux. Always, at such a place, I had a double audience. The soldiers would make a great ring, as close to me as they could get, and around them, again, in a sort of outer circle, were French villagers and peasants, vastly puzzled and mystified, but eager to be pleased, and very ready with their applause.

It must have been hard for them to make up their minds about me, if they gave me much thought. My kilt confused them; most of them thought I was a soldier from some regiment they had not yet seen, wearing a new and strange uniform. For my kilt, I need not say, was not military, nor was the rest of my garb warlike!

I gave, during that time, as many as seven concerts in a day. I have sung as often as 35 times in one day, and on such occasions I was thankful that I had a strong and durable voice, not easily worn out, as well as a stout physique. Hogge and Dr. Adam appeared as often as I did, but they didn't have to sing!

Nearly all the songs I gave them were ditties they had known for a long time. The one exception was the tune that had been so popular in "Three Cheers"—the one called "The Laddies Who Fought and Won." Few of the boys had been home since I had been singing that song, but it has a catching lilt, and they were soon able to join in the chorus and send it thundering along. They took to it, too—and well they might! It was of such as they that it was written.

We covered perhaps a hundred miles a day during this period. That does not sound like a great distance for high-powered motor cars, but we did a good deal of stopping, you see, here and there and everywhere. We were roaming around in the backwater of war, you might say. We were out of the main stream of carnage, but it was not out of our minds and our hearts. Evidences of it in plenty came to us each day. And each day we were a little nearer to the front line trenches than we had come the day before. We were working gradually toward that climax that I had been promised.

I was always eager to talk to the officers and men, and I found many chances to do so. It seemed to me that I could never learn enough about the soldiers. I listened avidly to every story that was told to me, and was always asking for more. The younger officers, especially, it interested me to talk with. One day I was talking to such a lieutenant.

"How is the spirit of your men"? I asked him.

I am going to tell you his answer, just as he made it.

"Their spirit?" he said, musingly. "Well, just before we came to this billet to rest we were in a tightish corner on the Somme. One of my youngest men was hit—a shell came near to taking his arm clean off, so that it was left just hanging to his shoulders. He was only about 18 years old, poor chap. It was a bad wound, but, as sometimes happens, it didn't make him unconscious — then. And when he realized what had happened to him, and saw his arm hanging limp, so that he could know he was bound to lose it, he began to cry.

"'What's the trouble?' I asked him, hurrying over to him. I was sorry enough for him, but you've got to keep up the morale of your men. 'Soldiers don't cry when they're wounded, my lad.'

"'I'm not crying because I'm wounded, sir!' he fired back at me. And I won't say he was quite as respectful as a private is supposed to be when he's talking to an officer! 'Just take a look at that, sir!' And he pointed to his wound. And then he cried out:

"'And I haven't killed a German yet!" he said, bitterly. 'Isn't that hard lines, sir?'

"That is the spirit of my men!"

I made many good friends while I was roaming around the country just behind the front. I wonder how many of them I shall keep—how many of them death will spare to shake my hand again when peace is restored! There was a Gordon Highlander, a fine young officer, of whom I became particularly fond while I was at Tramecourt. I had a very long talk with him, and I thought of him often, afterward, because he made me think of John. He was just such a fine young type of Briton as my boy had been.

Months after, when I was back in Britain, and giving a performance at Manchester, there was a knock at the door of my dressing room.

"Come in!" I called.

The door was pushed open and a man came in with great blue glasses covering his eyes. He had a stick, and he groped his way toward me. I did not know him at all at first—and then, suddenly, with a shock, I recognized him as my fine young Gordon Higlander of the rest billet near Tramecourt.

"My God—it's you, Mac!" I said, deeply shocked.

"Yes," he said, quietly. His voice had changed, greatly. "Yes, it's I, Harry."

He was almost totally blind, and he did not know whether his eyes would get better or worse.

"Do you remember all the lads you met at the billet where you came to sing for us the first time I met you, Harry?" he asked me. "Well, they're all gone—I'm the only one who's left—the only one!"

There was grief in his voice. But there was nothing like complaint, nor was there self-pity, either, when he told me about his eyes and his doubts as to whether he would ever really see again. He passed his own troubles off lightly, as if they did not matter at all. He preferred to tell me about those of his friends whom I had met, and to give me the story of how this one and that one had gone. And he is like many another. I know a great many men who have been maimed in the war, but I have still to hear one of them complain. They were brave enough, God knows, in battle, but I think they are far braver when they come home, shattered and smashed, and do naught but smile at their troubles.

The only sort of complaining you hear from British soldiers is over minor discomforts in the field. Tommy and Jock will grouse when they are so disposed. They will growl about the food and about this trivial trouble and that. But it is never about a really serious matter that you hear them talking!

I have never yet met a man who had been permanently disabled who was not grieving because he could not go back. And it is strange but true that men on leave get homesick for the trenches sometimes. They miss the companionships they have had in the trenches. I think it must be because all the best men in the world are in France that they feel so. But it is true, I know, because I have not heard it once, but a dozen times.

Men will dream of home and Blighty for weeks and months. They will grouse because they cannot get leave—though, half the time, they have not even asked for it, because they feel that their place is where the fighting is! And then, when they do get that longed-for leave, they are half sorry to go—and they come back like boys coming home from school!

A great reward awaits the men who fight through this war and emerge alive and triumphant at its end. They will dictate the conduct of the world for many a year. The men who stayed at home when they should have gone may as well prepare to drop their voices to a very low whisper in the affairs of mankind. For the men who will be heard, who will make themselves heard, are out there in France.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

FRENCH OFFICER RETREATS

Lt. Doyen Withstands Battle of Marne, But Shamelessly Surrenders in Omaha.

BEFORE OSCULATORY FIRE

A gallant young French lieutenant, who had braved the terrific onslaughts of the Hun hordes at the battle of the Marne, and who had bared his breast to shrapnel, grenades and shells in a multitude of major and minor engagements in the trenches on the western battle front for three long years, had to withstand a bombardment of kisses at the Union station Saturday morning.

He was at the depot awaiting the departure of his train and four determined and tearful ladies surrounded him. At the psychological moment, which was just before he boarded a train for the south, the ladies made an assault in force and captured him with side arms. He was a prisoner and powerless. Then each gave him a kiss on each of his cheeks.

There was nothing in the incident to shock observers, nor did it reflect on the observance of the conventions by Omaha members of the fair sex, for the women in the engagement had a perfect right to do what they did.

The young man was Daniel Doyen of the French army and a member of the Gallic mission to America. He is an instructor of the 54th brigade, United States army, stationed at Camp McCullough, Anniston, Ala., and the ladies who parted with him so endearingly were his aunt, Mrs. Theresa Goodwin, 541 Twenty-sixth street, a cousin and two friends.

Lieutenant Doyen entered the French army at the outbreak of the war and just before he had arrived at the age for military service. His record was brilliant and heroic and he was made one of the instructing officers loaned to the United States by the French government as a recognition of his efficiency.

He had been the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Goodwin, and his cousin, Mrs. George Campen, for the last week and left Saturday morning for his post of duty.

Senate Votes to Prohibit German in Capital Schools

Washington, June 15.—The senate came out today in opposition to the teaching of German in schools when it accepted an amendment to an appropriation bill prohibiting the teaching of German in the public schools of the District of Columbia.

Funeral Services for William Creedon Monday

Funeral services for William Creedon, former Omaha contractor, who died Thursday at Norfolk, Neb., will be held from John A. Gentleman's mortuary Monday morning at 8:45 to St. John's church at 9 o'clock. Interment will be in Holly Sepulcher cemetery.

National Army Men Are Entertained by C. of C.

More than 200 national army men were entertained at lunch at the Omaha Chamber of Commerce Saturday noon before they left for Lincoln, where they are enrolled as "students of Uncle Sam."

The men are those of Omaha's quota of 1,000 men who have been chosen for special training in radio or mechanical work at the government school which has been opened at Lincoln. The remaining 800 men will leave Omaha June 24. Half of them will be sent to Fort Logan, Col., and half to Fort Riley, Kan.

The war activities committee of the Chamber of Commerce was in charge of the luncheon for the drafted men. W. W. Slabaugh gave a patriotic address. Desdunes band played, and the Columbia quartet sang a group of songs. The Red Cross women distributed cheer and cigars and postal cards and chewing gum.

At 1 o'clock the men, headed by a platoon of police and accompanied by the band, marched to the Burlington station where they entrained for Lincoln.

Alaskans To Register For Draft; General Crowder Gives Order

Washington, June 15.—Alaskans, who have become 21 years of age since June 5, 1917, are required to register in the period from July 2 to Sept. 3, in an order issued today by Provost Marshal General Crowder.

June 31 was designated as registration day for the Hawaiian Islands.

Gay on War Board

Washington, June 15.—Appointment of Edwin F. Gay of Harvard university as chairman of the division of planning and statistics of the war industries board was announced today.

FREIGHTER HAS RUNNING FIGHT WITH SUBMARINE

An Atlantic Port, June 15.—The British freighter Keemun from far eastern ports, had a running fight of an hour's duration with a German submarine off the Virginia coast last Thursday evening and escaped by the superior speed of the steamship, according to a report made to the naval intelligence officers here today by Captain T. H. Collister, commander of the Keemun.

U. S. Supplies Razors

Washington, June 15.—Furnishing of safety razors, soap, hair brushes, combs, towels and tooth brushes to enlisted men in the American expeditionary forces in France has been put into effect, a War department announcement today said.