

WILLIAM B. PRICE PRIMED FOR RACE FOR U.S. SENATOR

Lincoln Man Quoted as Saying
Other Democratic Candidates
Fail to Meet People's
Standard.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

Lincoln, June 16.—(Special).—Believing it to be his "patriotic duty" to be a candidate for the democratic nomination for the United States senate, William B. Price of Lincoln, announced at the state house yesterday that he probably would get into the fight and file for that office some time this week.

He does not believe that either of the other three democratic candidates "stacks up" to the requirements.

He says that Governor Morehead has tied up with the Hitchcock-Mullen interests, that Lieutenant Governor Howard has killed himself off by his financial platform and that Attorney General Reed "won't get any votes anyhow."

This is very important if true, and if Colonel Price, after investigating the situation, has discovered that such a condition exists as he relates, the democratic party has yet time to seek a new Moses, and when it starts out on the hunt, Colonel Price expects to be sticking around where the hunting is good.

It has been generally understood that the Hitchcock-Mullen crowd was not satisfied with Governor Morehead. In fact it was an open secret not so very long ago that they were endeavoring to get Governor Neville to enter the race for the democratic nomination in place of defeat the ex-governor for the place. Whether Mr. Howard has killed himself off because of the financial plank in his platform, of course remains to be discovered, and the charge that Attorney General Reed will not get any votes, remains to be seen. To say the least, the attorney general has a good sized office force and there ought to be some votes sticking around in the crowd when the primary day comes.

Expects Little From Bryan.

Mr. Price does not expect to get many votes from the Bryan faction of the democratic party. It was Mr. Price who defeated William Jennings Bryan for delegate to the democratic national convention two years ago, and Mr. Price went to the national convention and received much publicity and a life-size picture on the front page of a St. Louis paper as the man who defeated the great commoner, so Mr. Price does not count very much on the Bryan support, except from such men who like himself, are for Price from a patriotic motive. Whether the Bryan faction will be likely to bury the political tommyhawk just for patriotic motives to vote for Mr. Price, must be left to Charlie Bryan to issue the order.

And speaking of Charlie Bryan brings up the matter of the democratic nomination for the governorship. Governor Neville has shied his castor into the ring. He is now a full fledged candidate for re-nomination with no "ifs" and "ands" about it. Mr. Bryan was noticed around the Lindell hotel last night, where politicians are wont to gather and make and unmake candidates, and had confidential conversations with leading democrats who were "sitting around."

When asked by The Bee correspondent if he might announce in the paper that Mr. Bryan was ready to file for the nomination, Mr. Bryan's eyes twinkled and he answered "not yet." However, it was pretty well understood after Mr. Bryan had boarded a passing asylum car, that it was probable that the ex-mayor would get in, and his boarding of the asylum car was only an incident and had no special significance.

U. S. CASUALTIES TO DATE 8,085

Washington, June 16.—Seven hundred and seventy casualties reported among the American expeditionary forces during the week ending today brought the total since American troops first landed in France nearly a year ago to 8,085.

The army casualty list today contained 57 names, divided as follows: Killed in action, 27; died of wounds, 13; died of accident, 1; wounded severely, 16.

Lt. Whitney W. Stark, Brooklyn, N. Y., who was severely wounded, was the only officer named in the list.

Killed in action: Sergt. Charles E. Bohn, Portsmouth, O.; Sergt. William A. Williams, Lindley, N. Y.; Corp. Cecil R. Secor, Winnetoon, Okla.; Corp. Frank Topinka, Chicago; Corp. Homer E. Weather, Cache, Okla.; Privates George Baldwin, Chicago; John H. Barnes, St. Paul, Ind.; Leonard William Beck, Buffalo, N. Y.; George H. Blyler, Ranshaw, Pa.; Clarence J. Cowgill, Elwood, Ind.; Howard S. Ehrie, Phillipsburg, N. J.; George H. Foster, Fairmount, Ind.; John L. Gardner, New York; Herman Goetz, Johnstown, Pa.; Richmond Hall, Grand Forks, N. D.; George W. Hill, Burr Oak, Kan.; Antononi Kisilowski, New York; Lloyd A. Long, Fort Wayne, Ind.; John J. Loudon, Springfield, Mass.; Robert R. Parks, Kansas City; George M. Schlicht, Milwaukee, Wis.; Frank S. Kelly, Toledo, O.; William H. Stone, Ogden, Kan.; Roger Sullivan, Perry, Me.; Floyd H. Symonds, Woodhull, N. Y.; Joseph A. Veilleit, Lowell, Mass.; John W. Vogel, Tell City, Ind.

Died of wounds: Sergt. Edward Harding, Cambridge, Mass.; Corp. Samuel W. Myers, Lancaster, Pa.; Wagoner Dewey W. Fink, Grand Forks, N. D.; Privates Ernest Godreau, Derry, N. H.; Harvey M. Husted, San Francisco, Cal.; Frank J. Krouth, Oak Vista, Cal.; Francesco Lucchessi, Oakland, Cal.; Frank C. McClenahan, Brentwood, Tenn.; John F. Miller, Michigan City, Ind.; John H. Musser, Lincoln, Pa.; William H. Noon, New Bedford, Mass.; John C. Propper, Gracemont, Okla.; Oliver R. Smith, Ipaiva, Ill.

Died of accident: Private Owen H. Johnson, Waterville, Wash.

Severely wounded: Lt. Whitney W. Stark, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Corp. Bernard J. Igo, West Homerville, Mass.



Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

CHAPTER XX.

Back of the Line—Peacefulness.

It was 7 o'clock in the morning of a Godly and beautiful day when we set out from Trammecourt for Arras. Arras, that town so famous now in British history and in the annals of this war, had been one of our principal objectives from the outset, but we had not known when we were to see it. Arras had been the pivot of the great northern drive in the spring—the drive that Hindenburg had fondly supposed he had spoiled by his "strategic" retreat in the region of the Somme, begun just before the British and the French were ready to attack.

What a bonnie morning that was, to be sure! The sun was out, after some rainy days, and glad we all were to see it. The land was sprayed with silver light; the air was as sweet and soft as a warm baby's breath. And the cars seemed to leap forward, as if they, too, loved the day and the air. They ate up the road. They seemed to take hold of its long, smooth surface—they are grand roads, over yon, in France—and reel it up in underneath their wheels as if it were a tape.

This time we did little stopping, no matter how good the reason looked. We went hurtling through villages and towns we had not seen before. Our horn and our siren shrieked a warning as we shot through. And it seemed wrong. They looked so peaceful, and so quiet, did those French towns, on that summer's morning! Peaceful, aye, and languorous, after all the bustle and haste we had been seeing. The houses were set in pretty enclosures of bright foliage, and they looked as though they had been painted against the background of the landscape with water colors.

It was hard to believe that war had passed that way. It had; there were traces everywhere of its grim visitation. But here its heavy hand had been laid lightly upon town and village. It was as if a wave of poison gas of the sort the Germans brought into war had been turned aside by a friendly breeze, arising in the very nick of time. Little harm had been done along the road we traveled. But the thunder of the guns was always, throbbing rhythm of the cannon, muttering away to the north and east.

It was very warm, and so, after a time, as we passed through a village, someone—Hogge, I think—suggested that a bottle of ginger beer all around would not be amiss. The idea seemed to be regarded as an excellent one, so Godfrey spoke to the chauffeur beside him, and we stopped. We had not known, at first, that there were troops in town. But there were—Highlanders. And they came swarming out. I was recognized at once.

"Well, here's old Harry Lauder!" cried one braw laddie.

"Come on, Harry—gie us a song!" they shouted. "Let's have 'Roamin' in the Gloamin'.' Harry! Gie us the Bonnie Lassie! We ha' na' heard 'The Laddies Who Fought and Won.' Harry. They tell us that's a braw song!"

We were not really supposed to give any roadside concerts that day, but how was I to resist them? So we pulled up into a tiny side street, just off the market square, and I sang several songs for them. We saved time by not unlimbering the wee piano, and I sang, without accompaniment, standing up in the car. But they seemed to be as well pleased as though I had had the orchestra of a big theater to support me, and all the accompaniments and trappings of it.

Cook John A. Lauder, Fond Du Lac, Wis.; Privates Joseph J. Curtik, Lawrence, Mass.; Charles E. Demsey, Trumbull, N. Y.; Stanis C. Elbert, Worcester, Mass.; George S. Forbes, Hoboken, N. J.; Charles Halfhide, Menomonee, Wis.; John B. Kearney, Worcester, Mass.; James L. Mackay, Oakland, Cal.; Andry Makarewch, New York, N. Y.; George H. Munder, New York City; Fred J. Polk, Charlotte, N. Y.; Abraham Schriber, St. Louis, Mo.; Joseph Steiner, Russian; John R. Williams, New York City.

Stéals Four Sacks Flour; Returns for Wheat Substitutes

"There is honor among thieves," says an old saw.

There is a certain misdirected patriotism among them, too, as was illustrated by the action of a burglar who looted a Council Bluffs grocery store.

The thief entered the store during the night and stole four sacks of flour. This was more than the quota allowed by the food administration, but the fellow, remembering the rule to use substitutes, came back the next night and helped himself to a five-pound allotment of corn meal.

He evidently came back for the corn meal to ease his elastic conscience, and square himself with the food administration.

Aviators Raid Paris.

Paris, June 16.—A group of enemy airplanes last night crossed the battle front and proceeded toward Paris. A few bombs were dropped in the capital finding several victims and doing some material damage.

Adandy Reason For Saving The Wheat is—

Post Toasties (BEST CORN FLAKES)

Need no Sugar Milk goes further

Bobby

the stage. They were very loath to let me go, and I don't know how much time we really saved by not giving them our full and regular program. For, before I had done, they had me telling stories, too. Captain Godfrey was smiling, but he was glancing at his watch, too, and he nudged me, at last, and made me realize that it was time for us to go on, no matter how interesting it might be to stay.

"I'll be good," I promised, with a grin, as we drove on. "We shall go straight on to Arras now!"

But we did not. We met a bunch of engineers on the road, after a space, and they looked so wistful when we told them we maun be getting right along, without stopping to sing for them, that I had not the heart to disappoint them. So we got out the wee piano and I sang them a few songs. It seemed to mean so much to those boys along the roads! I think they enjoyed the concerts even more than did the great gatherings that were assembled for me at the rest camps. A concert was more of a surprise for them, more of a treat. The other laddies liked them, too—aye, they liked them fine. But they would have been prepared, sometimes; they would have been looking forward to the fun. And the laddies along the roads took them as a man takes a grand bit of scenery, coming before his eyes, suddenly, as he turns a bend in the road he does not ken.

As for myself, I felt that I was becoming quite a proficient open-air performer by now. My voice was standing the strain of singing under such novel and difficult conditions much better than I had thought it could. And I saw that I must be at heart and by nature a minstrel! I know I got more pleasure from those concerts I gave as a minstrel wandering in France than did the soldiers or any of those who heard me!

I have been before the public for many years. Applause has always been sweet to me. It is to any artist, and when one tells you it is not, you may set it down in your hearts that he or she is telling less than the truth. It is the breath of life to us to know that folks are pleased by what we do for them. Why else would we go on about our tasks? I have had much

OMAHA WOMAN GAINS 34 POUNDS BY TAKING TANLAC

Says She Had Given Up All
Hope of Ever Being Well
Again.

"Only a few months ago my condition became so serious that I was actually given up to die, but Tanlac soon brought me up from my sick bed and I have gained thirty-four pounds since starting on it," was the remarkable statement made the other day by Mrs. Annie Sawerbiery, who lives at 974 North Twenty-sixth street.

"My troubles started," she continued, "with a disordered stomach that brought on a terrible case of indigestion. I had no appetite at all and what little I forced down would not digest properly. My food did not nourish me and in a little while I lost thirty-eight pounds and was as poor as a snake. I had rheumatism, too, in my back and knees that affected me so I could hardly get around. I suffered with awful pains through my body and sometimes the agony was so great that I could hardly stand it, and I never knew what it was to have a restful night. I got so bad off that as a last resort I was taken to a hospital for an operation, but after an examination I was told that nothing could be done for me and that I couldn't live over three months longer. I was taken back home and really never expected to leave my bed again."

"My husband had spent a big sum of money in trying to get my health restored, but nothing did me any good. Finally, on hearing Tanlac praised so highly by many who had taken it, I decided to see if it would help me any and sent for a bottle. Well, sir, Tanlac took hold of my case as if it had been made especially for me and the results have been little short of a miracle, for here I am able to walk about and even go to town to get medicine. My appetite picked up almost from the start and I can now eat and thoroughly digest anything I want. I feel no aches nor pains of any kind, I sleep all night like a baby and feel just fine when I get up in the morning. I have regained almost all my lost weight and am so much stronger that I am actually doing all my housework without any trouble at all. I am satisfied that Tanlac has given me a new lease of life and I cannot praise it too highly for the good it has done me."

Tanlac is sold in Omaha by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., corner Sixteenth and Dodge streets; Sixteenth and Harney; Owl Drug company, Sixteenth and Farnam streets; Harvard Pharmacy, Twenty-fourth 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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The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

applause. I have had many honors. I have told you about that great and overwhelming reception that greeted me when I sailed into Sydney harbor. In Britain, in America, I have had greetings that have brought tears into my eye and such a lump into my throat that until it had gone down I could not sing or say a word of thanks.

But never has applause sounded so sweet to me as it did along those dusty roads in France, with the poppies gleaming red and the corn-flow blue through the yellow fields of grain beside the roads! They cheered me, do you ken—those tired and dusty heroes of Britain along the French roads! They cheered as they squatted down in a circle about me in my kilt, and Johnson tinkling away as if his very life depended upon it, at his wee piano! Ah, those wonderful, wonderful soldiers! The tears came into my eyes, and my heart is sore and heavy within me when I think that mine was the last voice many of them ever heard lifted in song! They were on their way to the trenches, so many of those laddies who stopped for a song along the road. And when men are going into the trenches they know, and all who see them passing know, that some there are who will never come out.

Despite all the interruptions,

though, it was not much after noon when we reached Blangy. Here, in that suburb of Arras, were the headquarters of the Ninth division, and as I stepped out of the car I thrilled to the knowledge that I was treading ground forever to be famous as the starting-point of the Highland brigade in the attack of April 9, 1917.

And now I saw Arras, and, for the first time, a town that had been systematically and ruthlessly shelled. There are no words in any tongue I know to give you a fitting picture of the devastation of Arras. "Awful" is a puny word, a thin one, a feeble one. I pick impatiently at the coverlid of my imagination when I try to frame language to make you understand what it was I saw when I came to Arras on that bright June day.

I think the old city of Arras should never be rebuilt. I doubt if it can be rebuilt, indeed. But I think that, whether or no, a golden fence should be built around it, and it should forever and for all time be preserved as a monument to the wanton wickedness of the Hun. It should serve and stand, in its stark desolation, as a tribute, dedicated to the Kultur of Germany. No painter could depict the frightfulness of that city of the dead. No camera could make you see as it is. Only your eyes can do that for you. And even then you cannot realize it all at once. Your eyes are more merciful than the truth and the Hun.

The Germans shell Arras long after there was any military reason for doing so. The sheer, wanton love of destruction must have moved them. They had destroyed its military usefulness, but still they poured shot and shell into the town. I went through its streets—the Germans had been pushed back so far by then that the city was no longer under steady fire. But they had done their work! Nobody was living in Arras. No

one could have lived there. The houses had been smashed to pieces. The pavements were dust and rubble. But there was life in the city. Through the ruins our men moved as ceaselessly and as restlessly as the tenants of an ant hill suddenly upturned by a plowshare. Soldiers were everywhere, and guns—guns, guns! For Arras had a new importance now. It was a center for many roads. Some of the most important supply roads of this sector of the front converged in Arras.

Trains of ammunition trucks, supply carts and wagons of all sorts, great trucks laden with jam and meat and flour, all were passing every moment. There was an incessant din of horses' feet and the steady crunch—crunch of heavy boots as the soldiers marched through the rubble and the brickdust. And I knew that all this had gone on while the town was still under fire. Indeed, even now, an occasional shell from some huge gun came crashing into the town, and there would be a new cloud of dust arising to mark its landing, a new collapse of some weakened wall. Warning signs were everywhere about, bidding all who saw them to

beware of the imminent collapse of some heap of masonry.

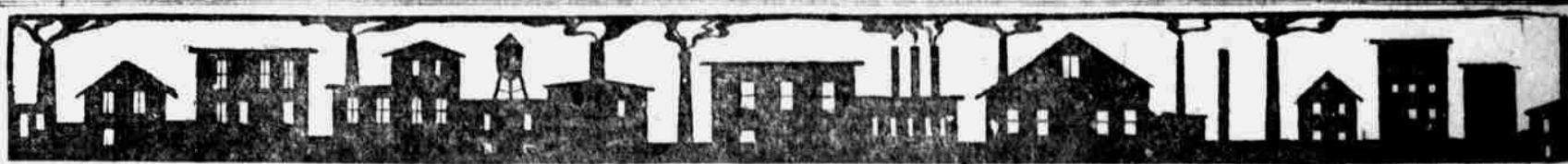
I saw what the Germans had left of the stately old Cathedral, and of the famous Cloth Hall—one of the very finest examples of the guild halls of medieval times. Goths—Vandals—no, it is unfair to seek such names for the Germans. They have established themselves as the masters of all time in brutality and in destruction. There is no need to call them anything but Germans. The Cloth Hall was almost human in its pitiful appeal to the senses and the imagination. The German fire had picked it to pieces, so that it stood in a stark outline, like some carcass picked bare by a vulture.

Our soldiers who were quartered nearby lived outside the town in huts. They were the men of the Highland Brigade, and the ones I had hoped and wished, above all others, to meet when I came to France. They received our party with the greatest enthusiasm, and they were especially flattering when they greeted me. One of the Highland officers took me in hand immediately, to show me the battlefield.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

His Stomach Trouble Over

John R. Barker, Battle Creek, Mich., writes, "I was troubled with heartburn, indigestion and liver complaint until I began using Chamberlain's Tablets, then my trouble was over." If you are troubled with indigestion or constipation give them a trial—they will do you good.



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Statisticians in the employ of the federal government estimate there is a waste of food wealth in small grains, such as wheat, corn and oats, of over \$100,000,000 annually.

This is a sum greater than will be realized by the farmers of Nebraska for their 50,000,000 bushel wheat crop this year, and the waste is due to the raids on granaries and bins of rats and other destructive vermin.

Then there is another scourge of waste due to the heating of small grains in poorly ventilated granaries, and to the ravages of weevils and other insects in granaries which are not air-tight and which cannot be fumigated.

The Nebraska & Iowa Steel Tank company of Omaha is engaged in a conservation movement which has for its object the elimination of this waste, and only awaits the co-operation of all the farmers of the middle-west to make the movement successful.

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