

Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

CHAPTER XXI. A Chapter Under Fire.

The boys in the trench were told that I had come to sing for them, and so, with no further preliminaries, I began my concert. I started with my favorite opening song, as usual—"Roamin' in the Gloamin'," and then went on with the other old favorites. I told a lot of stories, too, and then I came to "The Ladies Who Fought and Won." None of the men had heard it, but there were officers there who had seen "Three Cheers" during the winter when they had a short leave to run over to London.

I got through the first verse all right, and was just swinging into the first chorus when, without the least warning, hell popped open in that trench. A missile came in that some officer at once hailed as a whizz bang. It is called that, for that is just exactly the sound it makes. It is like a giant firecracker, and it would be deadly if it were not fired by the big guns behind the lines, but by the small trench cannon—worked, as a rule, by compressed air. The range is very short, but they are capable of great execution at that range.

Was I frightened? I must have been! I know I felt a good deal as I have done when I have been seasick. And I began to think at once of all sorts of places where I would rather have been than in that trench! I was standing on a slight elevation at the back, or parados, of the trench, so that I was raised a bit above my audience, and I had a fine view of that deadly thing, wandering about, spitting fire and metal parts. It traveled so that the men could dodge it, but it was throwing off slugs that you could neither see nor dodge, and it was a poor place to be!

And the one whizz bang was not enough to suit Fritz. It was followed immediately by a lot more, that came popping in and making themselves as unpleasant as you could imagine. I watched the men about me, and they seemed to be unconcerned, and to be thinking much more of me, and my singing, than of the whizz bangs. So, no matter how I felt, there was nothing for me to do but to keep on with my song. I decided that I must really be safe enough, no matter how I felt. But I had certain misgivings on the subject. Still, I managed to go on with my song, and I think I was calm enough to look at—though, if I was, my appearance wholly belied my true inward feelings.

I struggled through to the end of the chorus—and I think I sang pretty badly, although I don't know. But I was pretty sure the end of the world had come for me, and these laddies were taking things as calmly as they were simply because they were used to it, and it was all in the day's work for them. The Germans were fairly

sluicing that trench by now. The whizz bangs were popping over us like giant fire crackers, going off one and two and three at a time. And the trench was full of flying slugs and chunks of dirt, striking against our faces and hurting all about us.

There I was. I had a good "house." I wanted to please my audience. Was it no a trying situation? I thought Fritz might have had manners enough to wait until I had finished my concert at least! But the Hun has no manners, as all the world knows.

Along that embankment we had climbed to reach the trenches, and not very far from the bit of trench in which I was singing, there was a railroad bridge of some strategic importance. And now a shell hit that bridge—not a whizz bang, but a real, big shell. It exploded with a hideous screech, as if the bridge were some human thing being struck, and screaming out its agony. The soldiers looked at me, and I saw some of them winking. They seemed to be mighty interested in the way I was taking all this. I looked back at them, and then at a Highland colonel who was listening to my singing as quietly and as carefully as if he had been at a stall in Covent Garden during the opera season. He caught my glance.

"I think they're coming it a bit thick, Lauder, old chap," he remarked, quickly.

"I quite agree with you, colonel," I said. "I tried to ape his voice and manner, but I wasn't so quiet as he."

Now there came a ripping, tearing sound in the air, and a veritable cloudburst of the damnable whizz bangs broke over us. That settled matters. There were no orders, but everyone turned, just as if it were a meeting, and a motion to adjourn had been put and carried unanimously. We all ran for the safety holes or dugouts in the side of the embankment. And I can tell ye that the Reverend Harry Lauder, M.P., Tour were no the last ones to reach those shelters! No, we were by no means the last!

I had no doot that I might have improved upon the shelter that I found, had I had time to pick and choose. But any shelter was good just then, and I was glad of mine, and of a chance to catch my breath. Afterward, I saw a picture by Captain Bairnsfather that made me laugh a good deal, because it represented so exactly the way I felt. He had made a drawing of two Tommies in a wee bit of a hole in a field that was being swept by shells and missiles of every sort. One was groaning to his mate, and the other said to him:

"If you know a better 'ole go 'ide in it!"

I said we all turned and ran for cover. But there was one brave laddie who did nothing of the sort. He would not run—such tricks were not for him!

He was a big He'land laddie, and he wore naught but his kilt and his semmet—his undershirt. He had on his steel helmet, and it shaded a face that had not been shaved or washed for days. His great, brawny arms were folded across his chest and he was smoking his pipe. And he stood there as quiet and unconcerned as if he had been a village smith gazing down a quiet country road. I watched him, and he saw me and grinned at me. And now and then he glanced at me, quizzically.

"It's all right, Harry," he said, several times. "Dinna fash yourself, man. I'll tell ye in time for ye to duck if I see one coming your way!"

We crouched in our holes until there came a brief lull in the bombardment. Probably the Germans thought

they had killed us all and cleared the trench, or maybe it had been only that they hadn't liked my singing and had been satisfied when they had stopped it. So we came out, but the firing was not over at all, as we found out at once. So we went down a bit deeper into concrete dugouts.

This trench had been a part of the intricate German defensive system far back of their old front line, and they had had the pains of building and hollowing out the fine dugout into which I now went for shelter. Here they had lived, deep under the earth, like animals—and with animals, too. For when I reached the bottom a dog came to meet me, sticking out his red tongue to lick my hand and wagging his tail as friendly as you please.

He was a German dog—one of the prisoners of war taken in the great attack. His old masters hadn't bothered to call him and take him with them when the Highlanders came along and so he had stayed behind as part of the spoils of the attack.

That wasn't much of a dog, as dogs go. He was a mongrel-looking creature, but he couldn't have been friendlier. The Highlanders had adopted him and called him Fritz, and they were very fond of him and he of them. He had no thought of war. He behaved just as dogs do at home.

But above us the horrid din was still going on and bits of shells were flying everywhere—any one of them enough to kill you if it struck you in the right spot. I was glad, I can tell ye, that I was so snug and safe beneath the ground, and I had no mind at all to go out until the bombardment was well over. The casual sort of shelling I had had to fear at Vimy Ridge was nothing to this. This was the real thing.

And then I thought that what I was experiencing for a few minutes was the daily portion of these laddies who were all about me—not for a few minutes, but for days and weeks and months at a time. And it came home to me again, and stronger than ever, what they were doing for us folks at home, and how we ought to be feeling for them.

The heavy firing went on for three-quarters of an hour, at least. We could hear the chugging of the big guns and the sorrowful swishing of the shells, as if they were mournful because they were not wreaking more destruction than they were. It all moved me greatly, but I could see that the soldiers thought nothing of it and were quite unperturbed by the fearful demonstration that was going on above. They smoked and chatted and my own nerves grew calmer.

Finally there seemed to come a real lull in the row above and I turned to the general.

"Isn't it near time for me to be finishing my concert, sir?" I asked him.

"Very good," he said, jumping up. "Just as you say, Lauder."

So back we went to where I had begun to sing. My audience reassembled and I struck up "The Ladies Who Fought and Won" again. It seemed, however, the most appropriate song I could have picked to sing in that spot. I finished this time, but there was some discord in the closing bars, for the Germans were still at their shelling, sporadically.

So I finished and I said goodby to the men who were to stay in the trench, guarding that bit of Britain's far-flung battle line. And then the Reverend Harry Lauder, M.P., Tour was ready to go back—not to safety at once, but to a region far less infested by the Hun than this one where we had been such warmly received visitors.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Store Hours: 8:30 A. M. to 5 P. M. **BURGESS-NASH COMPANY.** Store Hours: 8:30 A. M. to 5 P. M.

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Wednesday, June 19, 1918. STORE NEWS FOR THURSDAY. Phone Douglas 137

Special June Sale of Toilet Requisites

For the Vacation and Hot Weather Period

YOU'LL do well to check over this list, the items you need for the toilet and bath, and come here Thursday and share in the saving advantages.

Bathing Caps, 39c Special lot of bathing caps at 39c.	Toilet Soaps Jergen's geranium, cake, 12c. Broadway bath soap, cake, 13c. Peroxide cold cream, 13c. Borabell castle, 15c. English elderflower, 13c. Honey glycerine bath soap, 13c. Cocoon oil soap, cake, 5c. Woodbury's soap, cake, 22c.	Tooth Pastes & Brushes Colgate's tooth paste, 10c and 20c. Peppodent tooth paste, 55c. Sanitol tooth paste, 30c. Euthymol tooth paste, 25c. Norwich dental cream, 25c. Kolynos tooth paste, 30c. Tooth brushes, transparent, 25c. Tooth brushes, ivory handle, 30c. Tooth brushes, transparent, 35c. Tooth brushes, ivory handle, 39c and 45c.	Bath Spray \$1.29 Good quality bath spray, special, \$1.29
Melbaline Face Powder, 25c	Face Powders Jardine De Rose face powder, 50c. Sweet orchid face powder, \$1.00. Gardenia face powder, \$1.00. Luxor face powder, 75c. Mid summer rose face powder, 50c. Colgate's face powder, 50c.	Perspiration Powder and Lotions Nonapi at 39c. Odorono at 27c, 54c and 89c. Odovan at 50c. Mum at 27c. Eversweet at 27c. Twilight lily at 25c. Spiro powder at 25c.	Bath Spray \$1.45 Extra size with heavy tubing, \$1.45.
Free 2 Cakes Palm Olive Soap With Bottle Shampoo, 39c	Toilet Water Racarma rose toilet water, \$1.00. Racarma lilac toilet water, \$1.00. Lov-Me toilet water, \$1.00. Melba violet toilet water, \$1.00. Melba piney wood toilet water, \$1.25. Hudnut violet scent toilet water, \$1.00. Colgate's toilet water, 65c and 75c. Mid-Summer rose toilet water, 75c.	Summer Drinks and Extracts Applju, 6-ounce12c Applju, 4 1/2-ounce25c Loju, 4-ounce10c Loju, 16-ounce30c Loju, quart bottles60c Cherry phosphate, makes 1 gal.25c Cherry phosphate, makes 3 gals.50c Cherry phosphate, makes 5 gal.\$1.00 Grape juice, pint25c Grape juice, quart50c	Talcum Powder, 1 Lot Ass'd, 8c
Kirk's Rose Geranium Toilet Soap, 12c	Talcum Powders Page talcum powder, 14c. Lilac rose talcum powder, 1-lb. cans, 18c. Colgate's talcum powder, 20c. Yankee clover talcum powder, 25c. Gardenia talcum powder, 25c. Sweet orchid talcum powder, 25c. Violet sec. talcum powder, 25c. Lov-Me talcum powder, 25c.	Summer Drinks and Extracts Applju, 6-ounce12c Applju, 4 1/2-ounce25c Loju, 4-ounce10c Loju, 16-ounce30c Loju, quart bottles60c Cherry phosphate, makes 1 gal.25c Cherry phosphate, makes 3 gals.50c Cherry phosphate, makes 5 gal.\$1.00 Grape juice, pint25c Grape juice, quart50c	Ginger Ale, Quart, Special 22c

Omaha "Tank" to Be Feature of Rotary Convention at K. C.

One of the "tanks" used in the third Liberty loan drive in Omaha has been shipped to Kansas City and will be a big feature at the national convention of Rotary clubs there next week. By use of it the Omaha delegation will command prime attention.

Arthur Thomas, manager of the Chamber of Commerce publicity bureau, has been invited to go with the Rotarians and attend to the public work for the tank and Omaha. With Gus Renze he will inaugurate a program of "stunts" to be performed by the tank which will make the delegates from all other cities open their eyes and carry home tales of the greatness of Omaha and the enterprise of Omaha Rotarians.

It was the intention to send the tank overland to Kansas City, but it was found to be too wide for some of the bridges. It was shipped by freight and a man went down to reassemble it there.

Omaha to Be Represented at Meeting of Grain Exchanges

In New York next Monday, a meeting of boards of trade and grain exchanges of the country, Omaha will be represented by President Linderholm of the Omaha Grain exchange. At this meeting Chicago will attempt to have the differential reduced between that city and Missouri river terminals.

At this time the differential is 5 cents a bushel. The claim of Chicago is that this gives Omaha a pronounced advantage. At the New York meeting it is contended that Chicago will ask for a reduction of between 2 and 3 cents, making the differential the difference in the freight rates, instead of a flat sum, as now.

The Omaha Grain exchange has instructed President Linderholm to resist any attempt for a reduction of the differential.

Tenshun! Beef Eaters; You May Order Steak at Noon

If you take your meals at a hotel, or a public eating house, to keep in with the orders of the food administration, you are permitted to order and eat beefsteak at the Thursday noon meal instead of at the Tuesday night dinner, as previously announced. The local food administration fixed upon Tuesday night as the time for eating the beefsteak, but later discovered that the national order provided for Thursday noon and consequently the change is made.

While beef eating rules apply only to the public eating places, the food administration has requested that householders do their share of conserving. To this end it has been ruled that one and a quarter pounds of clear beef per week per person is a reasonable allowance.

Doctor Says Wife Hampers His Professional Career

Dr. S. Goodrich Reed, answering his wife's divorce suit in district court, alleges she has been guilty of cruelty and has greatly hampered him in his endeavors to rise in the professional world. He says she has been "arrogant, haughty, flirtatious and fault-finding" toward his friends, both professional and personal, and that this conduct has been detrimental to his practice. He asks that her petition be denied and that he be given the divorce.

A Sharp Shooter

must have steady nerves, good rich blood, good eyesight, good stomach, liver and kidneys. From 40 to 70 per cent. of our boys were rejected on account of some impairment in their human mechanism. A large percentage was rejected on account of their kidneys. Backache is often caused by kidney disorder, which means that the kidneys are not working properly. Poisonous matter and uric acid accumulate within the body in great abundance, overworking the kidneys. Hence the congestion of blood causes backache in the same manner that a similar congestion in the head causes headache. One becomes nervous, despondent, sick, feverish, irritable, spots appearing before the eyes, and lack of ambition to do things.

In some people there are sharp pains in the back and loins, distressing bladder disorders and sometimes obstinate dropsy. The uric acid sometimes forms into gravel or kidney stones. When the uric acid affects the tissues, muscles and joints, it causes lumbago, rheumatism, gout or sciatica. This is the time to try Anuric, double strength. The folks in this city who have been benefited or cured, are delighted with the results they have obtained by using "An-uric," the new discovery of Dr. Pierce and his staff of the Invalide Hotel and Surgical Institute, in Buffalo, N. Y. Those who started the day with a

Nature's Remedy
NR-TABLETS-NR
Better Than Pills For Liver Ills. Get a 25c Box
 Beaton Drug Co., Omaha, Neb.

RUPTURE
 I have a successful treatment for Rupture without resorting to a painful and uncertain surgical operation. I am the only reputable physician who will take such cases upon a guarantee to give satisfactory results. I have devoted more than 20 years to the exclusive treatment of Rupture, and as it is dangerous. The advantages of my treatment are: No loss of time. No detention from business. No danger from chloroform, shock and blood poison, and no laying up in a hospital. Call or write, Dr. Wray, 506 Bee Bldg., Omaha.

A New Shipment of Victor Records Just Received From the Factory

THE following list comprises those numbers on which there has been a tremendous shortage on account of their popularity. We have been fortunate enough to secure a bountiful supply, but we would urge you to come in immediately and make your selection while the stock is yet complete. New complete record catalogues—ask for one, they are free.

17767 "Drowsy Waters"—Hawaiian instrumental	18467 "Keep Your Head Down Fritzie Boy"—Popular song	17710 "Honolulu March"—Hawaiian instrumental.	18457 "The Ostrich Walk"—Jazz Band.
18467 "What Are You Going to Do to Help the Boys?"—Popular song.	70117 "The Ladies Who Fought and Won"—Harry Lauder.	18352 "Just as Your Mother Was"—Popular song.	45130 "Over There"—Norma Bayes.
18029 "Cohen at the Telephone"—Comic.	64694 "There's a Long, Long Trail"—John McCormack.	18138 "I Ain't Got Nobody Much"—Popular song.	64773 "God Be With Our Boys Tonight"—John McCormack.
18370 "Over There"—Band selection.	35630 "Oh, Boy"—Fox Trot, Smith's Orchestra.	17781 "Pasadena Day March"—Band selection.	17677 "Fidelity March"—U. S. Marine Band.
18376 "Darktown Strutters Ball"—Saxophone selection.	35630 "Gems From Going Up"—Vocal Medley.	74534 "Aloha Oe"—Alma Gluck and chorus.	18361 "National Airs"—Accordion selections, by Pietro.
17808 "Aloha Oe"—Hawaiian instrumental.	18404 "Wait Till the Cows Come Home"—Instrumental.	18436 "I'll Take You Back to Italy"—Ada Jones and Billy Murray.	18460 "What Are We Going to Do with Him, Boys"—Popular Song.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Fourth Floor.

Manufacturers Sample Line Men's and Boy's Bathing Suits 85c and \$1.35

It's a cleanup of a big manufacturer's line at greatly reduced prices. Two groups:

At 85c
 One-piece bathing suits in black, navy, gray and dark oxford, with contrasting stripes at neck, armhole and skirt. Sizes 24 to 34 and 34 to 46, at 85c.

At \$1.35
 Cotton and wool mixtures one-piece bathing suits in black, navy, gray and oxford. Striking novelty effects, in high colors, black navy and dark oxford. First quality, and very special at \$1.35.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Main Floor

Extra Special Price Reductions on Summer Footwear

For Men, Women, Children and Infants

In the Down Stairs Store, Thursday

THE reductions are for two days only—Thursday and Friday—affording the season's biggest and best shoe values.

Women's Pumps less than 1/2 Price \$1.45 In patent colt and gun metal, light soles, leather Louis heels. Sizes to 4, B. C. D. widths, less than 1/2 the regular price, \$1.45.	Women's White Canvas Shoes, \$2.85 High lace with covered heels, light soles; cool, comfortable. Good fitting shoes, pair, \$2.85.	Infants' Soft Sole Shoes 39c Patent gray kid top, patent white kid top, all black kid, 39c.
Children's Strap Pumps, \$1.95 Child's and misses strap pumps—white duck, patent kid, gun metal. All sizes in this lot, at \$1.95.	Men's Shoes at \$3.35 Sample pair and short lines black calfskin, tan Russian calf. Wonderful values at \$3.35.	