

# 1400 TO ENTRAIN HERE FOR KANSAS CAMPS ON FRIDAY

**Business Men Prepare Rousing  
Sendoff for Boys About to  
Don Khaki to Battle  
for Country.**

Eleven hundred Omaha men of the June quota of the selective army and 300 men from out in the state will assemble on the court house square at noon Friday preparatory to marching to the station to entrain for Camp Funston.

The boys will dine at their homes before assembling at the court house. Contingents in the past have been entertained at the Chamber of Commerce at luncheon, but this one is so large that it would be totally beyond the capacity of the Chamber dining rooms. Arrangements to have them at the Chamber of Commerce, University club and Omaha club were also abandoned under the representation that they would prefer to dine with their people in their homes.

#### Plenty of Music.

Assembly at the court house is called for 12:30 noon. There will be a band, a male quartet and a women's quartet, which will provide a program of popular and patriotic songs.

Mayor Smith will deliver the main address, and then the whole crowd will be led by Jo Barton in singing "America."

A large number of Red Cross women will be present and at 1:15 o'clock, with the assistance of the Chamber of Commerce committee, they will present comfort kits to the men as they are lined up, ready for the march.

#### Headed by Police.

The march to the station will start down Farnam street at 1:30 sharp. A platoon of police will head the parade, followed by the band. The men will march directly to the waiting special trains on the Union Pacific road, which will take them to Camp Funston.

The committee, composed of Judge W. W. Slabaugh, Joseph Hayden and P. P. Fodrea, requests all citizens who can do so to join in the parade and march to the station to give the boys a good send-off.

#### Conservative Shows Large Gain in Its Resources

Paul W. Kuhns, president of the Conservation Savings and Loan association, reports that their association will close the fiscal year with assets of over \$14,300,000, showing a gain in resources for the year of over \$300,000.

"The war has naturally checked building demands, and in response to the government suggestions, our citizens have deferred doing much of the building that was contemplated," said Mr. Kuhns. "There has been a good demand on the part of the public for purchasing homes. Omaha people are fast acquiring the idea of owning their own homes rather than remaining tenants."

"Our association has made \$40 loans on city properties during the year, disbursing over \$1,250,000. In addition we have placed \$1,000,000 in loans on farms in that splendid section in eastern Nebraska."

"The association will have disbursed \$75,000 in dividends for the year, making a total of over \$4,695,000 disbursed in dividends since our organization."

"Our contingent loss fund and undivided profits amount to over \$475,000. This splendid reserve and the substantial cash balance and quick assets in choice bonds of over \$950,000 mark the policy of the association and preparedness which has always been keenly appreciated by the careful investing and saving public. As a year, the showing of the conservative is a very gratifying one to the directors and more than 23,000 shareholders."

#### Asks Husband Be Enjoined From Selling His Property

The alleged habit of applying vile epithets to his wife, as recited in her petition filed in district court, has led to divorce proceedings against Robert High, reputed owner of extensive land properties in and around Potter, Neb., by Helen High.

Mrs. High alleges that his cruelty has impaired her health. On several occasions, she alleges, High made the remark: "I don't care how you make your living." She alleges he is possessed of considerable wealth, as owner of crops, city lots, stock and other personal property. She says he is the half owner of 720 acres of growing wheat near Potter and that he is about to sell all his property for the purpose of cheating plaintiff. She asks a divorce and that he be enjoined from selling his property or disposing of money on deposit in a Potter bank.

#### Ringer to Have "at Home" Hours at City Hall Office

City Commissioner Ringer has found that interruptions by visitors to his office have been so frequent and disquieting that he has decided to be "at home" from 2 to 4 p. m. every week day except Saturday, when the welcome sign will be out from 10 a. m. to noon for the general public. "I believe that under this plan I will be able to give better service to the public, which employed me," he explained.

#### Negro Caught in Act of Rifling Till of 38 Cents

Floyd Robinson, negro, 5622 South Thirtieth-second street, arrested on a charge of breaking into George Wachter's soft drink parlor, Sixteenth and Martha streets, early Thursday morning, was bound over to the district court on a \$2,000 bond. Robinson was caught by policemen in the act of robbing the cash register. His "haul" amounted to only 38 cents.

#### Douglas County Pioneers to Hold Picnic Saturday

The Douglas County association of Nebraska Pioneers will hold its annual basket picnic on Saturday afternoon in Miller park. The rendezvous will be on the east side of the park. Luncheon will be started at 1 p. m. The officers of the organization urge all pioneers to attend.



# Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

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#### CHAPTER XXVI.

**The Hun Knows No Mercy.**

So, at last, I turned back toward the road, and very slowly, with bowed head and shoulders that felt very old, all at once, I walked back toward the Bapaume highway. I was still silent, and when we reached the road again, and the waiting cars, I turned, and looked back, long and sorrowfully, at that tiny hill, and the grave it sheltered. Godfrey and Hoggard and Adam, Johnson and the soldiers of our party, followed my gaze. But we looked in silence; not one of us had a word to say. There are moments, as I suppose we have all had to learn, that are beyond words and speech.

And then at last we stepped back into the cars, and resumed our journey on the Bapaume road. We started slowly, and I looked back until a turn in the road hid that field with its mounds and its crosses, and that tiny cemetery on the wee hill. So I said goodby to my boy again, for a little space.

Our road was by way of Poixieres, and this part of our journey took us through an area of fearful desolation. It was the country that was most bitterly fought over in the summer long battle of the Somme in 1916, when the new armies of Britain had their baptism of fire and sounded the knell of doom for the Hun. It was then he learned that Britain had had time, after all, to train troops who, man for man, outmatched his best.

Here war had passed like a consuming flame, leaving no living thing in its path. The trees were mown down, clean to the ground. The very earth was blasted out of all semblance to its normal kindly look. The scene was like a picture of hell from Dante's Inferno; there is nothing upon this earth that may be compared with it. Death and pain and agony had ruled this whole countryside, once so smiling and fair to see.

After we had driven for a space we came to something that lay by the roadside that was a fitting occupant of such a spot. It was like the skeleton of some giant creature of a prehistoric age, incredibly savage even in its stark, unlovely death. It might have been the frame of some vast, metallic tumble bug, that, crawling ominously along this road of death, had come into the path of a Colossus, and been stepped upon, and then kicked aside from the road to die.

"That's what's left of one of our first tanks," said Godfrey. "We used them first in this battle of the Somme, you remember. And that must have been one of the very earliest ones. They've been improved and perfected since that time."

"How came it like this?" I asked, gazing at it, curiously.

"A direct hit from a big German shell—a lucky hit, of course. That's about the only thing that could put even one of the first tanks out of action that way. Ordinary shells from field pieces, machine-gun fire, that sort of thing, made no impression on the tanks. But, of course—"

I could see for myself. The innards of the monster had been pretty thoroughly knocked out. Well, that tank had done its bit, I have no doubt. And, since its heyday, the brain of Mars has spawned so many new ideas that this vast creature would have been obsolete, and ready for the scrap heap, even had the Hun not put it there before its time.

At the Butte de Marlincourt, one of the most bitterly contested bits of the battlefield, we passed a huge mine crater, and I made an inspection of it. It was like the crater of an old volcano, a huge old mountain with a hole in its center. Here were elaborate dugouts, too, and many graves.

Soon we came to Bapaume. Bapaume was one of the objectives the British failed to reach in the action of 1916. But early in 1917 the Germans, seeing they had come to the end of their tether there, retreated, and gave the town up. But, what a town they left! Bapaume was nearly as complete a ruin as Arras and Albert. But it had not been wrecked by shell-fire. The Hun had done the work in cold blood. The houses had been wrecked by human hands. Pictures still hung crazily upon the walls. Grates were falling out of fire-places. Beds stood on end. Tables and chairs were wantonly smashed and there was black ruin everywhere.

We drove on then to a small town where the skirting of pipes heralded our coming. It was the headquarters of General Willoughby and the Forty-fifth division. Highlanders came flocking around to greet us warmly, and they all begged me to sing to them. But the officer in command called them to attention.

"Men," he said, "Harry Lauder comes to us fresh from the saddest mission of his life. We have no right to expect him to sing for us today, but if it is God's will that he should, nothing could give us greater pleasure."

My heart was very heavy within me, and never, even on the night when I went back to the Shaftesbury theater, have I felt less like singing. But I saw the warm sympathy on the faces of the boys. "If you'll take me as I am," I told them, "I will try to sing for you. I will do my best, anyway. When a man is killed, or a battalion is killed, or a regiment is killed, the war goes on, just the same. And if it is possible for you to fight with broken ranks, I'll try to sing for you with a broken heart."

And so I did, and, although God knows it must have been a feeble effort, the lads gave me a beautiful reception. I sang my older songs for them—the songs my own laddie had loved.

They gave us tea after I had sung for them, with chocolate eclairs as a rare treat! We were surprised to get such fare upon the battlefield, but it was a welcome surprise.

We turned back from Bapaume, traveling along another road on the return journey. And one the way we met about 200 German prisoners, the few we had seen in any numbers. They were working on the road, under guard of British soldiers. They looked sleek and well-fed, and they were not working very hard, certain-

ly. Yet I thought there was something about their expression like that of neglected animals. I got out of the car and spoke to an intelligent-looking little chap, perhaps about 25 years old—a sergeant. He looked rather suspicious when I spoke to him, but he saluted smartly, and stood at attention while we talked, and he gave me ready and civil answers.

"You speak English?" I asked.

"Fluently."

"Yes, sir!"

"How do you like be a prisoner?"

"I don't like it. It's very degrading."

"Your companions look pretty happy. Any complaints?"

"No, sir! None!"

"What are the Germans fighting for? What do you hope to gain?"

"The freedom of the seas!"

"But you had that before the war broke out!"

"We haven't got it now."

"I laughed at that."

"Certainly ot," I said. "Give us credit for doing something! But how are you going to get it again?"

"Our submarines will get it for us."

"Still," I said, "you must be fighting for something else, too?"

"No," he said, doggedly. "Just for the freedom of the seas."

I couldn't resist telling him a bit of news that the censor was keeping very carefully from his fellow Germans at home.

"We sank seven of your submarines last week," I said.

He probably didn't believe that. But his face paled a bit and his lips puckered, and he scowled. Then, as I turned away, he whipped his hand to his forehead in a stiff salute, but I felt that it was not the most gracious salute I had ever seen! Still I didn't blame him much!

Captain Godfrey meant to show us another village that day.

"Rather an interesting spot," he said.

"They differ, these French villages. They're not all alike, by any means."

Then, before long, he began to look puzzled. And finally he called a halt.

"It ought to be right here," he said.

"It was, not so long ago."

But there was no village! The Hun

had passed that way. And the village for which Godfrey was seeking had been utterly wiped off the face of the earth! Not a trace of it remained.

Where men and women and little children had lived and worked and played in quiet happiness the abominable desolation that is the work of the Hun had come. There was nothing to show that they or their village had ever been.

The Hun knows no mercy!

(Continued Tomorrow.)

#### Eleventh-Hour Rush Faces Tax Equalization Board

Only Friday, Saturday and Monday remain in which tax assessment complaints will be given consideration by the Board of Equalization. Its 20-day session will end Monday night. In spite of this, practically none of the larger firms of the city have appeared before the board, which hints at the 11th hour rush which characterized the board's session last year, when, on the last night of the session, more than 100 firms "pooled" their complaints and offered them at the same time.

#### Appointments in the Health Department Are Confirmed

The city council approved the following appointments by Commissioner Ringer: Dr. C. C. Tomkinson and Dr. F. A. Young, assistant health commissioners; Marian Figge, stenographer; James Chisick, milk inspector; W. L. McIntock, meat inspector; Henry Bridwell, sanitary plumbing inspector; James McCleod, bakery and lodging house inspector; William Donnelly and George Cathro, health inspectors.

#### Negro Woman Worker Talks Before Big Omaha Audience

Mary B. Talbert, president of the National Association of Colored Women, spoke to a large audience Wednesday night at St. John's Methodist church.

The lecture was given under the auspices of the Greater Omaha Improvement club. During her stay in Omaha, Mrs. Talbert is the guest of Mrs. Alfonso Wilson, 521 North Thirty-third street.



# The World Takes a Man Pretty Much at His Face Value

WE want to impress every young man with the importance of giving himself a fair shave.

For the spick and spanness—the clean, ruddy look that is the trademark of the Gillette everywhere—is the seal of approval that nature puts upon success.

And a successful man is never slovenly. He never neglects his personal appearance. For he knows the world takes him at his face value.

And if the world has to look through a quarter-of-an-inch of whiskers to see a man she may overlook him altogether.

You know that the Gillette will gain you time, money, and personal appearance. Aren't these things any good to you?

You don't have to strop or hone your Gillette. This saves labor. If you apply this labor to something constructive it might make a great difference to you. Also to everybody that thinks you are just about right.

DON'T waste time, labor, money, and that right-on-the-job appearance that belongs to you. Or that your employer is paying you for. And would gladly pay more if you gave him more of it to pay for.

But kick in. Join the legions of the top-notch men who are doing the world's big work—they are the Gillette users.

Another thing—and that is the importance of using the Gillette regularly and right. Hold the razor naturally and easily, and tilt the handle so you can just feel the blade engage the beard.

(Here's where some men make a mistake. They tilt the handle up or down too much and make a scraper of a Gillette instead of a razor.)

Keep the edge of the blade as nearly flat against the skin as you possibly can. Then shave with short, slanting strokes.

Most men get the best results by screwing the blade tight down to the guard. But if you want an

extra-close shave, just unscrew the handle a part turn, to loosen the edge a trifle from the guard.

NOW, just stand in front of the mirror, and check up on your razor technic a little. It will pay you to fuss around with this idea until you get it. It's a little thing, but it's important.

And don't go away and leave your razor to unscrew itself, wipe and dry its parts, and put itself back on the shelf again.

Help it out a little. How can you expect a clean shave with a rusty razor? It isn't in the deck at all.

We tell you these things for your good as well as for ours.

For we know that if you take care of your Gillette there isn't a beard on earth so tough and wiry or a skin so tender but the Gillette will deliver a velvet-smooth shave without roughness or irritation—and No Stropping—No Honing.

Don't take our word for this. But lather up well. And rub the lather in thoroughly. Then hold the razor like a razor. And see what happens.