



Harry Lauder in the War Zone

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

CHAPTER VIII. Kilt and Killies.

Some of the men I met at Aubigny had been out since Mons—some of the old kilted regiments of the old regular army, they were. Away back in those desperate days the Germans had dubbed them the Ladies from Hell, on account of their kilts. Some of the Germans really thought they were women! That was learned from prisoners. Since Mons they have been out, and auld Scotland has poured out men by the scores of thousands, as fast as they were needed, to fill the gaps the German shells and bullets have torn in the Scots ranks. Aye—since Mons, and they will be there at the finish, when it comes, these God-forsaken regiments of the Scots regiments in the British army, ever since the day when King Jamie the Sixth, of Scotland, of the famous and unhappy house of Stuart, became King James the First of England. The kilted regiments, the Highlanders, belonging to the immortal Highland brigade, include the Gordon Highlanders, the Forty-second, the world famous Black Watch, as it is better known than by its numbered designation, the Seaforth Highlanders, and the Argyll and Sutherland regiment, or the Princess Louise's Own. That was the regiment that in a territorial battalion of which my boy John belonged at the outbreak of the war and with which he served until he was killed.

Some of those old, famous regiments have been wiped out half a dozen times, almost literally annihilated, since Mons. New drafts and the addition of territorial battalions have replenished them and kept up their strength, and the continuity of their tradition has never been broken. The men who compose a regiment may be wiped out, but the regiment survives. It is an organization, a entity, a creature with a soul as well as a body. And the Germans have not discovered a way yet of killing the soul! They can do dreadful things to the bodies of men and women, but their souls are safe from them.

Of course there are Scots regiments that are not kilted and that have naught to do with the Highlanders, who have given as fine and brave an account of themselves as any. There are the Scots Guards, one of the regiments of the Guards Brigade, the very pick and flower of the British army. There are the King's Own Scottish Borderers, with as fine a history and tradition as any regiment in the army, and a record of service of which any regiment might well be proud; the Scots Fusiliers, the Royal Scots, the Scottish Rifles, and the Scots Greys, of Crimean fame—the only cavalry regiment from Scotland.

Since this war began other Highland regiments have been raised beside those originally included in the Highland Brigade. There are Scots from Canada who wear the kilt and their own tartan and cap. Every Highland regiment, of course, has its own distinguishing tartan and cap. One of the proudest moments of my life came when I heard that the Ninth battalion of the Highland Light Infantry, which was raised in Glasgow, but has its depot, where its recruits and new drafts are trained, at Hamilton, was known as the Harry Lauders. That was because they had adopted the Balmoral cap, with dice, that had become associated with me because I had worn it so often and so long on the stage in singing one of my most famous and successful songs, "I Love a Lassie."

But in the trenches, of course, the Highland troops all look alike. They cling to their kilts—or, rather, their kilts cling to them—but kilts and jackets are all of khaki. If they wore the bright plaids of the tartans they would be much too conspicuous a mark for the Germans, and so they have to forswear their much loved colors when they are actually at grips with Fritz.

I wear the kilt nearly always myself, as I have said. Partly I do so because it is my native costume, and I am proud of my Highland birth; partly because I revel in the comfort of the costume. But it brings me some amusing experiences. Very often I am asked a question that is, I presume, fired at many a Highland soldier, intimate though it is.

"I say, Harry," some one will ask me, "you wear the kilt. Do you not wear anything underneath it?"

I do, myself. I wear a very short pair of trunks, chiefly for reasons of modesty. So do some of the soldiers. But if they do they must provide it for themselves; no such garment is served out to them with their uniform. And so the vast majority of the men wear nothing but their kilts under the kilt. He is bare, that is, from the waist to the hose—except for the kilt. But that is garment enough! I'll tell ye so, and I'm thinkin' I know!

So clad the Highland soldier is a great deal more comfortable and a great deal more sanely dressed, I believe, than the city dweller who is trousered and underwared with an inch of his life. I think it is a matter of medical record that can be verified from the reports of the army surgeons, that the kilted troops are among the healthiest in the whole army. I know that the Highland troops are much less subject to abdominal troubles of all sorts—colic and the like. The kilt lies snug and warm around the stomach, in several thick layers, and a more perfect protection from the cold has never been devised for that highly delicate and susceptible region of the human anatomy.

Women, particularly, are always asking me another question. I have seen them eyeing me, in cold weather, when I was walking around, and would wonder to my knees, and I would know before they opened their mouths what it was that they were going to say.

"Oh, Mr. Lauder," they would ask me, "Don't your poor knees get cold—with no coverings, exposed to this bitter cold?"

Well, they never have! That's all I can tell you. They have had the chance, in all sorts of bitter weather. I am not thinking only of the comparatively mild winters of Britain—although up north, in Scotland, we get some pretty severe winter weather. But I have been in western Canada and in the northwestern states of the United States—Montana, North Dakota, Minnesota—where the thermometer drops far below zero. And my knees have never been cold yet. They do not suffer from the cold any more than does my face, which is as little covered and protected as they—and for the same reason, I suppose. They are used to the weather.

And when it comes to the general question of health, I am certain, from my own experience, that the kilt is the best. Several times, for one reason or another, I have laid my kilts aside and put on trousers. And each time I have been seized by violent colds, and my life has been made wretched. A good many soldiers of

my acquaintance have had the same experience.

Practical reasons aside, however, the Scots soldier loves his kilt, and would fight like a steer to keep from having it taken away from him, should anyone be so foolish as to try such a performance. He loves it, not only because it is warm and comfortable, but because it is indistinguishably associated in his mind with some of the most glorious pages of Scottish history. It is a sign and symbol of his homeland to him. There have been times, in Scotland, when all was not as peaceful in the country's relations with England as it now is, when the loyal Scot who wore the kilt did so knowing that he might be tried for his life for doing so, since death had been the penalty appointed for that "crime."

Aye, it is peace and friendship now between Scot and Englishman. But that is not to say that there is no friendly rivalry between them still. English regiments and Scots regiments have a lot of fun with one

another, and a bit rough it gets, too, at times. But it is all in fun, and there is no harm done. I have in mind a tale an officer told me—though the men of whom he told it did not know that an officer had any inkling of the story.

The English soldiers are very fond of harping on the old idea of the difficulty of making a Scotsman see a joke. That is a base slander, I'll say, but no matter. There were two regiments in rest close to each other, one English and one Scots. They met at the setamine or pub in the nearby town. And one day the Englishman put up a great joke on some of the Scots, and did get a little proof of that pet idea of theirs, for the Scots were slow to see the joke.

"Ah, weel, that was enough! For days the English rang the changes on that joke, teasing the Highlanders and making sport of them." But at last, when the worst of the tormentors were all assembled together, two of the Scots came into the room where they were havin' a wee drap-pie.

"Mon, Sandy," said one of them, shaking his head, "I've been thinking what a sad thing that would be! I hope it will no come to pass."

"Aye, that would be a sore business, indeed, Tam," said Sandy, and he, too, shook his head.

And so they went on. The Englishmen stood it as long as they could and then one turned to Sandy.

"What is it would be such a bad business?" he asked.

"Mon-mon," said Sandy. "We've

been thinking, Tam and I, what would become of England, should Scotland make a separate peace?"

And it was generally conceded that the last laugh was with the Scots in that affair!

My boy, John, had the same love for the kilt that I had. He was proud and glad to wear the kilt and to lead men who did the same. While he was in training at Bedford he organized a corps of cyclists for dispatch bearing. He was a crack cyclist himself, and it was a sport of which he was passionately fond. So he took a great interest in the corps, and it soon gained wide fame for its efficiency. So true was that that the authorities took note of the corps, and of John, who was responsible for it, and he was asked to go to France to take charge of organizing a similar corps behind the front. But that would have involved a transfer to a different branch of the army, and detachment from his regiment. And— it would have meant that he must doff his kilt. Since he had the chance to decline—it was an offer, not an order, that had come to him—he did, that he might keep his kilt and stay with his own men.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

21 Enemy Planes Downed

London, June 12.—Twenty-one enemy airplanes have been destroyed on the Italian front by the British air forces operating there, according to today's war office statement reporting British operations in this area.

Hun Prisoners Are Horror-Stricken at Comrades' Slaughter

With the French Army in France, June 12.—French cannon and machine guns have reaped a heavy toll since Sunday. An entire division of the famous Jaegers was cut to pieces at Recons-sur-Matz, while a guards division lost a great proportion of its effectives. Other divisions, it is learned, suffered equally during the preparation for the attack and the advance to the narrow valleys, all the passes of which were dominated by the allied guns. Every prisoner taken seems horror-stricken at the slaughter of his comrades.

Boy Breaks Arm Cranking Auto; Asks \$10,000 Damages

I. Bernstein is made defendant in a \$10,000 damage suit filed in district court Tuesday by Roy Williams, 12 years old, through Minnie Bell, his guardian. The Williams boy is alleged to have broken his arm while cranking an automobile belonging to Bernstein.

Lemon Juice For Freckles

Girls! Make beauty lotion at home for a few cents. Try it!

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of orchard white for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.—Adv.

Candidate for Governor Held Under Espionage Act

Pierre, S. D., June 12.—(Special Telegram)—The federal grand jury yesterday returned indictments against Orbill Anderson, socialist candidate for governor; Fred Fairchild, another prominent socialist of this state, and George Isenbuth, a leading business man of Huron, under the espionage law.

Enemy Attack Repulsed

London, June 12.—An enemy raiding party last night attacked the British post in Aveluy wood but was repulsed, the war office announced today. The British carried out a successful raid in the Boyelles region capturing a few prisoners.

BURGESS-NASH COMPANY

"EVERYBODY'S STORE"

Wednesday, June 12, 1918

STORE NEWS FOR THURSDAY

Telephone Douglas 137

Here's An Extraordinary Clearaway Thursday of

MEN'S SHIRTS

at \$1.05

That Represents Savings of 1/3 to 1/2 Usual Prices

IS ABLE TO WORK FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 2 YEARS

Says Tanlac Gave Him Biggest Surprise of His Life—Gains 20 Pounds.

"Well, I have just finished my third bottle of Tanlac, and do you know I had the surprise of my life the other day, when I got on the scales and found I had actually gained twenty pounds already," said W. S. H-1-11, living at 7308 Park avenue, Tacoma, Wash., recently.

"I hadn't been able to hit a lick of work in two years until now," he continued. "My appetite went square back on me, and what little I did manage to eat soured on my stomach, causing gas and intense suffering. My kidneys bothered me something awful and my back pained me so bad it was torture for me to have it rubbed. I was so nervous and miserable during those two years that I never knew what a good night's sleep was, and for seven months of that time I was flat on my back, hardly able to move. I, of course, was under treatment, spent sometime in the hospital, and took all kinds of medicine, but with it all I kept getting worse.

"I kept dropping off in weight until I lost forty-seven pounds, and was almost a living skeleton. When I left the hospital and decided to see what Tanlac would do for me, I weighed only ninety-five pounds. But Tanlac certainly has made a wonderful change in me. I sleep fine, and really it's the first time in two years I have been able to sleep the night through. My back and kidneys don't bother me any more and my stomach is in such a good condition that I can eat just anything I want without suffering a particle afterwards. The way I am getting back my lost weight is astonishing. As I said, I have already gained twenty pounds, and I am still gaining. Not only that, I feel better than I have in years, and I'm going back to my work, as I feel strong and well in every way, and I just can't praise Tanlac enough for what it has done for 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.

Ask Mr. Foster About your vacation trip. Service is free. Balcony

WOVEN MADRAS PONGEES
PRINTED MADRAS PERCALES
SILK STRIPE MADRAS POPLINS

In fast colors, either soft or stiff cuff styles. Some have collars attached; shirts that are cut full, well made, comfortable and well fitting.

Some are slightly soiled and mussed, and a few have slight imperfections, but so small that they will not impair the wearing qualities whatever.

The range of styles, coloring and pattern selection is very extensive—there are all sizes, 14 to 17 neck band represented, and we consider them the season's greatest shirt values offered anywhere.

Come prepared to buy a season's supply, for that's what you will do when you see the values offered.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Main Floor

STREET DANCE and CARNIVAL

For Benefit of the Canteen Work "OVER THERE."

Under Auspices of the Dundee WOMAN'S PATRIOTIC CLUB Thursday and Friday Nights, June 13 and 14.

DOUGLAS ST., 48th to 49th. 8 to 12 p. m.

DAN DESDUNES' FULL MILITARY BAND

Signor Hoganinski — Knife Thrower.

Greater Omaha Style Show. Prize Contests.

Scores of Added Features. Refreshments.

Military Police and Boy Scouts Assisting.

DANCING FREE

General Admission, 25c; Children, 10c (War Tax Added)

Billy Byrns, Director General.

"Dance Your Bit"

TRY THIS FOR ECONOMY

"Conserving," "Economy" and "Thrift" are the present-day watchwords and well they may be! Are you conserving your health? Are you economical in buying treatment for disease? You should be! If your stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood are not right in every sense, you should at once begin a treatment to restore good, healthy conditions. Sulphur cream of tartar and herb extracts in a sugar-coated form, called Sulpher Tablets is the surest relief that is economical. Get them in sealed tubes from druggists. Sulpher is the name—not "sulphur." Mrs. J. J. Devlin, 518 W. 152nd St., New York City, writes: "I would also like to say I find your Sulpher Tablets much pleased to recommend to all my friends, etc."

Preserve EGGS in WATER GLASS

THE Department of Agriculture and all real food economists—they who believe in having good foods economically and not "cheap" foods that fail to fool your stomach—advise packing eggs in water glass for use in winter.

Water glass is merely a solution of silicate of soda, comes in jars.

You increase its bulk by adding hot water, simply pack eggs in a jar and cover with liquid. Eggs remain as good as when packed.

Thursday on the Main Floor, near the Post Office, a young woman will demonstrate the process.

You can buy a 5-gallon covered stone jar and a bottle of water glass, all for \$1.50. This jar will hold 15 dozen eggs.

And you know eggs are apt to be 70c to \$1.00 a dozen next winter. Today the prices are 33c to 40c. Just good fortune that we got these jars at a low price (they are first quality.)

This is a service store.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Main Floor

American Flags For Flag Day

AS every loyal American should display the colors on Flag Day—Friday—we have arranged for your selection a special display of American flags, as well as those of the allies.

American flags, 5c to \$39.50.
American silk flags, 5c to \$60.00.

Allied flags, including British, French, Italian and Russian, 15c, 25c, 35c.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store

ON THE SQUARE AT THE ELEVATOR THURSDAY

Shirt Waist Lengths, 79c

Including 2 1/4 yards of white voile, plain, striped or plaid; lineweave flaxon, organdy and madras, 79c each.

Table Cloth Lengths of Damask, \$1.39

64x64-inch, satin finish, heavyweight, good patterns, \$1.39 each.

White Pique, 27 Inch, at 29c a Yard

Burgess-Nash Co.—Main Floor

Beautiful New Wash Materials in Dress and Skirt Pattern Lengths \$1.95

A VERY special offering for Thursday only, of desirable wash fabrics in lengths suitable for dresses and skirts, consisting of flaxons, batistes and voiles in pretty figured, striped and floral designs, also gabardine skirting with white grounds, pretty colored stripes and plaids for sport skirts, 2 1/2 to 7-yard lengths for \$1.95 each.

Dress Pattern Lengths, for \$2.95

Full dress pattern lengths of voiles in plaids, figured, striped and floral designs, light or dark ground, also plain wash suitings in poplins and fancy weaves. Light or dark shades, \$2.95 each.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Main Floor

A Big Clearaway of Men's, Women's and Children's SHOES

In the Down Stairs Store at LESS THAN 1/2 PRICE

IT'S a radical clearaway of all odd pairs and broken size assortments—the biggest and best shoe values offered this season.

WOMEN'S PUMPS AT \$1.65

Short lines of women's patent and dull calf pumps—plain and strap styles. Leather Louis heels, light soles, sizes to 4. Sale price, \$1.65 pair.

WOMEN'S SHOES AT \$2.95

A big lot of women's sample pairs, high cut lace. In white duck. Less Than 1/2 \$2.95

Patent, gray cloth tops.
Brown kid, ivory cloth tops.
Gun metal, gray cloth tops.
Bronze kid.

Men's Shoes at \$2.45

Mostly sample pairs and slightly shop worn, but good quality, good wearing shoes—kid and gun metal, button and lace, about 1/2 the regular price—\$2.45.

Big girls' patent colt Mary Jane pumps. Goodyear welt soles, sizes 2 1/2 to 6, at \$2.95.

Infants' Soft Sole Shoes, 39c

Patent with gray kid tops.
Patent with white kid tops.
Patent with black kid tops.

Burgess-Nash Co.—Down Stairs Store