



THE ARMY and THE NAVY

Communications will be answered promptly. Interesting news each week.

WANTED BEEFSTEAK AND ONIONS

One night last week over in France, behind the battle front, a truckload of fresh beef went rushing up to a certain hospital at the order of an American general. The general had visited a large number of American wounded at noon, passing from cot to cot inquiring, "Well, boys, what can I do for you?"

"This is the answer I got," he said telling of the visit: "General, can't you get us some good old beefsteak smothered in onions? They want to keep feeding us soup—and, general, a few smokes wouldn't go bad."

"I knew just how they felt. They're going to get their beefsteak, onions and smokes. They can have anything they want from me; I like that crowd."

Among several hundred wounded the general heard only three complaints about treatment. The doughboys are showing a wonderful spirit of self-sacrifice. For example, the doctors passed along one spot where wounded lay stretched beneath trees. The doctors were picking out the cases to be sent to the rear.

"Don't take me, doc; take Bill there; I'm not in bad shape. I can stand here awhile," said a Pennsylvanian.

"Shut up, Shorty," answered "Bill," "you go yourself; you're dying and know it and I'll knock what's left of your blooming head off if you say another word."

Another scene:

It took place Wednesday morning in a hospital further in the rear where a young Kentuckian lay mortally wounded. Unable to speak, he beckoned to a nurse and made signs indicating he was thirsty. She brought him a glass of water. He drank it eagerly, then motioned her to stoop near the side of his cot. He patted her on the cheek, then closed his eyes. His heart had ceased beating.

NEW ARMY RECRUITS.

Sergeant Tramel, in charge of the Alliance recruiting station for the regular army, reported the following new recruits sent to the recruiting station at Fort Logan, Colorado, during the week ending July 29:

Leroy Brewer, West Plains, Missouri, F. S. W. engineer corps.

Charles Giles, Elsmere, Nebr., F. S. W. engineer corps.

Fred J. Peacock, Great Falls, Mont., F. S. W. engineer corps.

Melvin J. McCluskey, Chicago, F. S. W. engineer corps.

Omar Hoffman, Hillcrest, South Dakota, F. S. W. engineer corps.

Carlton W. Shively, Morrill, Neb., F. S. W. engineer corps.

Edmond P. Habegger, Crawford, Neb., field artillery.

Harold Davis, Scottsbluff, Neb., M. S. W. cavalry.

William E. Blacksher, Opelousa, Louisiana, Q. M. corps, cooks and bakers.

Frank Huston, Ellsworth, Kansas, Q. M. corps, cooks and bakers.

Lynn O. Layman, Canon City, Colorado, Q. M. corps, cooks and baker.

A MONSTER COOK FOR ARMY.

Frank Huston, who enlisted for training in the cooks' and bakers' school at the Alliance recruiting office during the past week, and who was sent to Fort Riley, Kansas, to be there in the school three months, is declared by Recruiting Sergeant Tramel to be the biggest man ever enlisted through the Alliance office.

Huston weighed 227 pounds and was 72 inches in height. His chest measurement was 40-46. He has been cooking for the last twenty years and is a living, working, cutting example of his own success as a cook, for he declares that he does cut his own cooking. He will, undoubtedly graduate from the army school as an instructor with a salary of \$96 per month. There is undoubtedly little danger of the rookies getting "funny" with him.

Major Jackson tells of the visit of one of the generals to the trenches at the end of the British line. The general, who was a great stickler for discipline, said to the last man on the left: "Do you know, sir, that you're the most important soldier in the army?" Private Perkins murmured some modest rejoinder, but, as in duty bound, kept his eye glued to the periscope with its vista of no

FOR UNITED STATES SENATE



FORMER GOVERNOR JOHN H. MOREHEAD

BIRDS IN COMPACT

EAGLE AND FISH HAWK HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING

Monarch of the Air Watches Nest of Business Partner While the Latter Catches Food for Both Their Needs.

Everybody who summers on the Jersey coast has seen the fish hawk at work, though of late years the number of such birds seems to be decreasing.

The negroes down in Charles county, Maryland, in that faraway region of Rock Point on the lower Potomac where the river broadens out like a sea and where the fish hawk is common, have a story about it and the eagle which is interesting. While the fish hawk, or osprey, dives into the water for its food, which consists of fish and eels, the eagle is a "land-lubber" and would starve if he had to undertake to make a livelihood by braving the watery depths.

The story, that has its place in the folklore of the "Black Belt" of Maryland, is that one day the eagle was very hungry and meeting the fish hawk as he was flying home with a fine fish in his claws, said:

"Mr. Fish Hawk, you and I might as well be friends and join together and work for our mutual advantage."

"I am willing," said the fish hawk, soaring along with the eagle by his side, but keeping a tighter grip on the fish.

"As you agree with me, I'll tell you what we can do," said the eagle. "If you will catch all the fish you can and give me half what you get I'll keep watch in the old pine tree next to your nest and protect your wife and children from the sparrow hawks and your other enemies while you are at work fishing."

"All right," said the fish hawk. "I will do it."

From that day on, the story goes, the fish hawk has fed the eagle. He does this in an odd and interesting manner. His eyes are very keen and he can see to a considerable depth in the water, and as he skims along over the surface of the deep he picks out the fat fish he wants. Quick as lightning he plunges down, extends his claws and in the next instant rises with the wriggling prey in his talons. After taking a firmer hold on his victim he ascends by a spiral flight into the heavens. The eagle has been watching from a tall tree or crag and, as the fish hawk rises the eagle also darts into the sky above him. This is notice for all the fish hawk's enemies among the feathered tribe to retreat.

Just as the fish hawk gets to a point on a plane that is level with that of the eagle he relaxes his grip on the fish and it begins to fall. It is then the eagle's time for quick action. Like a shot from a rapid-fire gun he dives and in a second or two has the fish in his claws.

This aerial "throw and catch" game between the two great birds goes on continually over the broad waters of the Potomac, much to the edification of the onlookers. Of course, there must be times when the eagle fails to catch the fish as he swoops down through the air after it, but it cannot be proved by anyone who has witnessed this particular aerial feat on the part of the "bird of freedom." Nobody seems to have ever seen the eagle miss, and nobody seems to have ever known the fish hawk fail to catch a fish when he dived for it.

As the fish hawk rises in the air sometimes, especially on a sunny day, the sheen of the fish can be seen like a piece of silver in his claws, and sometimes the "silver" can be seen wriggling, impressing one strangely as their eyes witness this tragedy in the air in which the victim can have no hope of rescue.

War Has Affected Argentina.

Sulphate of aluminum is needed by Argentina for clarifying its water supply. It was formerly imported from Germany, but is now difficult to obtain anywhere. American firms are quoting \$120 to \$185 a ton for it, and the estimated needs for 1917 for the country are placed at 8,000 tons. As the result of a protest to the government by the Argentina public health works, a plant to manufacture the compound from native kaolin has been authorized at a cost of \$188,000. It is estimated that aluminum sulphate can be manufactured under present conditions at \$26 a ton and at \$10 a ton less when sulphuric acid falls to normal.

New Mass Formation.

An English officer, so a "war story" runs, went out marketing for his mess in a French town. He bought his poulets, his legumes and his poissons very cleverly, but spoiled his reputation for speaking like a native when at the end he remarked to the demoiselle behind the counter, "Vous savez, c'est pour la messe" (messe in French being the equivalent for mass in English).

The young woman's idea of what must go on at a "mass" in England, after this statement, would no doubt have astonished the officer.

Meteorites of All Sizes.

Among the collection shown in the new building of the National museum at Washington is a remarkably fine exhibit of meteorites. It includes complete meteorites ranging in size from the merest pebbles to great bowlder-like masses, and casts reproducing giant forms like that of Bacubirito, which has been estimated to weigh 25 tons and still rests where it fell in Mexico.

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THE OVERTON GARAGE

Walter Overton, Prop.

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