

## THE ARMY

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; like that crowd."

Among sevral 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. 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.

regular army, reported the following company of the last battalion of the new recruits sent to the recruiting station at Fort Logan, Colorado, during the week ending July 29: Leroy Brewer, West Plains, Mis-

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

Fred J. Peacock, Great Falis, Mont., F. S. W. engineer corps. Melvin J. McCluskey, Chicago, F. S. W. engineer corps.

OmroHoffman, Hillcrest, South Dakota, F. S. W. engineer corps. Carlton W. Shively, Morrill, Neb. F. S. W. engineer corps,

Edmond P. Habeggar, Crawford, Neb., field artillery. Harold Davis, Scottsbluff, Neb., M. S. W. cavalry.

William E. Blacksher, Opelousa,

Q. M. carps, cooks and bakers. orado, Q. M. corps, cooks and baker. beard."

#### A MONSTER COOK FOR ARMY.

school at the Alliance recruiting office during the past week, and who ly. there in the schoo three months, is said so," exclaimed the boy.

Huston weighed 227 pounds and dead!" was 72 inches in height. His chest measurement was 40-46. He has ing example of his own success as a group of admirers. his own cooking. He will, undoubt- some narrow escapes out yonder." ting "funny" with him.

Major Jackson tells of the visit of one of the benerals 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 mur-mured some modest rejoinder, but, as in duty bound, kept his eye glued' to the periscope with its vista of no

#### FOR UNITED STATES SENATE



man's land. "Yes," resumed the gen-Sergeant Tramel, in charge of the eral, "you're the last man in the last Alliance recruiting station for the squad of t'e last platoon of the last last regiment of the last brigat." After this impressive announcement the general turned on his heel and departed. Then the sergeant-major, lest Private Perkins should be puffed up by the suddenly conferred importance, added: "Yes, and if the army gets the command to form on the left you'll mark time for the rest of your bloodly natrual life." Any military man realizes what it would mean to be pivot man for a line 125 miles long.-San Francisco Argonaut. --0-

The first Tommy was rudy of countenance, with a huge beard of the hue politely known as auburn. The second was smoothshaven. "Hi uster ave a beard like that till I saw meself in the glass. Then I cut it off." Louissiana, Q. M. corps, cooks and But the beared man was not dismay-"Much better 'ave left it on, Frank Huston, Ellsworth, Kansas, mate," he returned gently. "I useter 'ave a face like yours till I saw Lynn O. Layman, Canon City, Col- it in the glass. ThenI growed this eagle's time for quick action. Like a

With an air of great importance claws. Frank Huston, who enlisted for the small boy of a Sunday school imtraining in the cooks' and bakers' parted this happy fact to his teacher: "The devil is dead," he said solemn-"What makes you think that?" was sent to Fort Riley, Kansas, to be asked the startled teacher. "Dad there in the schoo three months, is said so," exclaimed the boy. "I was declared by Recruiting Sergeant standing in the street with him Tramel to be the biggest man ever when a funeral passed, and when dad enlisted through the Alliance office. say it he said: "Poor devil! He's

been cooking for the last twenty France, was seated in the village "I suppose," cook, for hedeclares that he does eat said old farmer Wurzel, "ye had a fish when he dived for it. edly graduate from the army school "Well," answered the Tommy, "nothas an instructor with a salary of ing to speak of much, but I remem-\$96 per month. There is undoubt- ber one night I felt like a drink, so edly little danger of the rookies get- I goes down to the establishment. I'd just got me hand on the doorknob, when just then old Fritz sent one of his big ones over right on the house, and believe me, it knocked the old booming show down, and left me standing there, silly like, with the knob of the door in my hand."

A SOLDIER'S SONG

The following was clipped from 'The Hatchet"-published on the high seas, dated, Somewhere in France, Vol. 3. End of Vol.: When the burning thirst of the gods

of Hate Is quenched by their bloody wine; When the Huns are hurled from the western gate

And harried beyond the Rhine; When the flowers grow sweet where the crosses reign,

Set light in the crimson loam, Then each will go back to his girl Where she waits for him there at

home. And we will not speak of the hell of

As we sit with her, hand in hand; But of only the things we knew be-And only the things we planned.

So peace shall rest in the place of And happiness banish pain When we all come back from "over

there" Back to our girls again.

A member of the American Lafayette squadron had to make a precipitate descent and was fortunate enough to come down at a British airdome behind the lines, not, however, without mixing up things a bit.

After rescuing himself from a tangle of wire he limped slowly up to a brass hat.' "Are you the big noise of this

joint?" he asked. "I am the commanding officer, if that has apything to do with it," was

"Well," said the American. "I just looked in to tell you I have spread the petrol tank on your grass plot." -London Tit-Bits.

### 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 Jerey 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 engle 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 engle by his side, but keeping a tighter grip on the

"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 bawk 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 shot from a rapid-fire gun he dives and in a second or two has the fish in his

This aerial "throw and catch" game 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 wifnessed this particular aerial feat on Private Jenkins, just home from the part of the "bird of freedom." Nobody seems to have ever seen the years and is a living, warlking, eat- inn one evening surrounded by a eagle miss, and nobody seems to have ever known the fish hawk fail to catch

As the fish hawk rises in the air oftentimes, 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

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, e'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 bowlderlike masses, and casts reproducing giant forms like that of Bacubirito, which has been estimated to weigh 25 tons and still rests where it fell

# HARROUN

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